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PERIODICAL COLLECTION

THE
ODD FELLOW'S COMPANION,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Independent Order of Odd Fellows,

AND

GENERAL LITERATURE. /

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

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THE

ODD FELLOW'S COMPANION,

DEVOTED TO ODD FELLOWSHIP AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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EASTER EGGS.

Most things in the world have their poetical as well as their material side. What can be more commonplace than an egg? But in the French language it claims an entire cookery-book to itself, and enters into the simplest as well as into the most *recherche* of cuisines? It accompanies the poor man's homely rasher, and furnishes the Parisian exquisite with his *omelette soufflee* at the Trois Freres.

Yet the egg in all ages and in every country has been the subject of poetical myths and legends. The ancient Fins believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimainou, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water and it broke; the lower portion of the shell formed the earth, the upper the sky, the liquid white became the sun, and the yolk the moon; while the little fragments of broken shell were changed into stars. English and Irish nurses instruct children when they have eaten a boiled egg always to push the spoon through the bottom of the shell in order "to hinder the witches from making a boat of it." In France a similar custom prevails, but the reason assigned for it is that magicians formerly used the egg for their diabolical witcheries. They

emptied it adroitly, and traced on the interior cabalistic characters, able to cause much evil. The faithful were therefore instructed to break at the same time the shell and the spell.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom, so universal in France and Germany, and more or less prevalent throughout the world, of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and the Jews at the Festival of Easter. Amongst the Romans the year commenced at Easter, as it did amongst the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering. The symbolic meaning is striking; eggs are the germ of fecundity and abundance; and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within the slender shell when we offer this gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below.

The Romans commenced their repasts with an egg, whence the proverbial phrase, *ab ovo usque ad mala*; and we will say, to express going back to the very commencement, beginning *ab ovo*.

In Christian countries, from the fourth

century, the Church prohibited the use of eggs during the forty days of Lent, but as the heretical hens did not cease to lay, a large quantity of eggs were found to have accumulated at the end of the period of abstinence. These were usually given to the children, and in order to render them more attractive, they were dyed with gay colors or otherwise ornamented. A favorite game was to knock two eggs together, and whichever broke became the property of him who held the other. Of course this would not profit much if the eggs were in a fluid state, and thence came the custom of boiling them hard.

In some remote districts of France, it is still customary for the priest of the parish to go round to each house at Easter and bestow on it his blessing. In return he receives eggs, both plain and painted. In these same regions a belief still lingers that during Passion-week the bells of the churches set out for Rome in order to get themselves blessed by the Pope. During this period of mourning, the bells are sad and mute in their belfry, and the peasants firmly believe that they have started on their pious pilgrimage, and will return to send forth a joyous peal on the morning of Resurrection. People do not come back from so long a journey without bringing presents to good children. The joy-bells then always came first, and bore with them various beautiful playthings. The death-bells came last and brought nothing. Easter was then like a second New Year's-day. The peasant bestowed on his child an egg dyed with scarlet, like the cloak of a Roman cardinal, and supposed to come from Rome.

On Easter morning, at the sound of the rejoicing bells, fair angels with azure wings were believed to descend from heaven, bearing baskets of eggs, which they deposited in the houses of the faithful. Sometimes, however, it happened that the evil one slipped in an accursed

egg amongst those which came from heaven. An ancient legend of central France is founded on this belief:—

Long ago there lived in a village a widow and her daughter. Jeanne, so was the young girl named, was as good as she was beautiful. The poor blessed her, for she used to pass her time in visiting their hovels and relieving their distress. She had many suitors, but her mother shrank from parting with her only child, and put them off. "One year more," she said, "then Jeanne shall choose a husband."

On Easter morning, when returning from mass, Jeanne met an old beggar-woman whom no one in the village knew, and who implored her charity. The young girl bestowed her alms, the stranger, whose face was concealed by a ragged hood, as she received it, said with a husky voice,—

"Beautiful damsel, do not disdain the gift of a poor beggar. Take this egg, and before this day twelve months a young and handsome noble will ask for you in marriage. You will become a great lady. It is written in the book of fate. On your wedding-day break the egg; it contains a nuptial present."

So saying, she gave her a large egg of a brilliant scarlet hue. Jeanne took it, laughing at the prediction, and placed it in a casket. To her mother she spoke not of it; but visions of ambition, of pleasure, and of luxury, hitherto unknown to her pure and simple mind, floated before her, and troubled her occupations by day and her slumbers by night.

Near the village rose the towers of an ancient castle which had not been inhabited within the memory of man. One day a gentleman arrived, proclaiming himself the heir of the ancient lords, and he caused the castle to be restored and furnished with luxury. Numerous visitors arrived, and gay feasts, balls and

hunting-parties succeeded each other without intermission. The lord of the castle called himself Sire Robert de Volpiac. One day he chanced to see Jeanne, her beauty struck him, he sought an interview with her mother, and asked her in marriage. The widow at first was inclined to refuse, but Jeanne, dazzled by the splendor of the offer, prevailed on her to consent, and an early day was fixed for the marriage.

The union of the "very high and very noble Sire Robert de Volpiac and of Demoiselle Jeanne" was celebrated in the chapel of the castle by a stranger chaplain, and in presence of the bridegroom's friends. A brilliant festival, to which all the neighbors were invited, succeeded. But, amid all the gaiety and splendor which surrounded her, the bride did not forget her Easter egg. She had caused it to be brought in the casket and placed it in the nuptial chamber.

The feast was ended; the guests, one by one, had taken their departure, and the young mistress of the castle was conducted into its most magnificent chamber. Midnight sounded from the lofty tower when the bridegroom entered, and, advancing towards Jeanne, was about to embrace her, but she drew back, and said:

"My dear lord, before becoming yours, as I have sworn before the chaplain to be, I would fain know what this egg contains." She then told him its history, and prepared to break it. He stopped her, implored her to wait until the morrow. But Jeanne, without heeding him, seized the egg. It was burning hot, and she hastily let it fall. It broke: an enormous toad sprang out, leaped on the nuptial bed, vomiting flames which set fire to the curtains. The whole castle was speedily in conflagration, every soul within it perished, and the sun rose on a heap of smouldering ruins.

In the picturesque pages of the ancient

chronicle may be found the account of the "*mariage aux œufs*" between the beautiful Marguerite of Austria, governess of Flanders, and Philibert the Handsome, Duke of Savoy. The royal lady had come on a pilgrimage into the charming district of Bresse, lying on the western slope of the Alps. "*Ouf*," says the old chronicler, "*jeune fille pouvait resver moult.*"

The castle of Brou was gay, Marguerite had taken up her abode there, and serfs and nobles alike shared her hospitality. Philibert the Handsome, who was hunting in the neighborhood, came to the castle in order to render homage to the fair princess of Austria.

It was Easter Monday, high and low danced together on the green. The old men drew their bows on a barrel filled with wine, and when one succeeded in planting his arrow firmly in it, he was privileged to drink as much as he pleased, "*Jusqu' a merci.*"

A hundred eggs were scattered on a level space covered with sand, and a lad and a lass holding each other by the hand came forward to execute a dance of the country. According to the ancient custom, if they succeeded in finishing the "*branle*" without breaking a single egg, they became affianced; even the will of their parents might not avail to break their union. Three couples had already tried it unsuccessfully, and shouts of laughter derided their failure, when the sound of a horn was heard and Philibert of Savoy, radiant with youth and happiness, appeared on the scene. He bent his knee before the noble *châtelaine*, and besought her hospitality. And as the games continued he proposed to his hostess to essay with him the merry dance of eggs. How beautiful they looked as they stepped forward hand in hand! "Savoy and Austria!" shouted the crowd. The dance was finished without the breaking of an egg, and the

blushing Marguerite allowed her hand to remain within that of Philibert, as he said,

"Let us adopt the custom of Bresse."

So they were affianced, and their marriage soon took place. A few years of exquisite happiness were their portion, but an untimely death carried off the husband. Marguerite lived long, but never forgot her beloved Philibert. She caused to be built, and in 1511 dedicated to his memory, the beautiful church of Notre Dame of Brou. Within it is his tomb, and there Marguerite, too, rests by the side of her beloved husband. Visitors still admire the magnificent architecture which enshrines the buried love of Marguerite and Philibert.

Formerly at the approach of Easter all the hen-roosts of France were ransacked for the largest eggs, which were brought as a tribute to the king. At the conclusion of the Easter high mass in the chapel of the Louvre, lackeys brought into the royal cabinet pyramids of gilded eggs, placed in baskets adorned with verdure; and the chaplain, after having blessed them, distributed them in the presence of His Most Christian Majesty to all the persons about the court.

The idea of fabricating imitation eggs in sugar and pasteboard is of later origin; but their manufacture has become, both in France and Germany, a source of important traffic. In Paris, especially, that city, as Beranger says, "full of gold and misery," the splendor and luxury of the Easter eggs are almost fabulous. A few years since a Parisian house furnished, destined as a present for an Infanta of Spain, an egg which cost twenty thousand francs (\$4,000). It was formed of white enamel; on its inside was engraved the gospel for Easter-

day; and by an ingenious mechanism a little bird, lodged in this pretty cage, sang twelve airs from as many fashionable operas.

In Germany the tastes of the people are more simple and their means more limited than those of their Gallic neighbors; consequently the cost of an Easter egg, even when most gorgeous with colors and gilding, seldom exceeds two or three gulden. A curious custom prevails amongst them, of which I have in vain sought an explanation; hares are, in the popular belief, transformed for the nonce into oviparous animals, and you see in the pastry-cooks' windows animals of that species as large as life, modelled in sugar, and sitting upright in the nest, surrounded by any quantity of eggs. The fresh, simple-minded German children believe implicitly in this egg-producing power of the hare; and when about Easter time they see one running across a field, they clap their hands and shout after it, "Hare, good little hare, lay plenty of eggs for us on Easter-day!"

It is the custom in German families on Easter-eve to place sugar and real eggs, (the former usually filled with *bombons* or tiny playthings,) in a nest, and then conceal it in the house or garden, in order that the young ones, who always rise at break of day on that important morning, may have the delight of seeking and finding the hidden treasures. The shouts of innocent, joyous laughter which hail the discovery, are amongst my pleasantest reminiscences of the Fatherland. Happy the little ones who are thus taught to associate joy and pleasure with the deepest mysteries of that religion which amongst us is too often made the harbinger of gloom and restraint.

A D R I A N A .

CHAPTER X.

MR. BRADDICK was pacing up and down the library: every now and then he paused.

"Richard."

Mr. Etheredge was standing before the fire, apparently absorbed in the newspaper.

"Richard!"

"Well?"

Mr. Braddick resumed his walk, and Mr. Etheredge remained poring over the paper.

"Why can't you answer a fellow when he wishes to talk to you?" said Mr. Braddick, coming to a sudden halt.

"You've said 'Richard' at least four times, and I've said 'Well:' what more could I do?"

"It's awkward sometimes asking questions," said Mr. Braddick, giving the fire a poke and letting the poker drop. "Dick, I'm not accustomed to making confidences, as you know, but I want you to answer some questions, and make no comments."

"Hum, well?"

"Where did Miss Linden come from?"

"How should I know, Charles? I never inquired. Margaret advertised, Miss Linden answered, and Miss Linden came. That is all I know about the matter."

"Oh."

"I don't think she knew where she was coming."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Braddick.

"I don't think she knew *your* name was Braddick."

Mr. Braddick took two or three strides up and down the room.

"Confound it, Richard, I don't believe you have a particle of sympathy in you. Here am I wishing to draw you out upon your subject, and can't get a word from you."

"I thought I was to make no comments."

"Well, who wants you to make comments? I only want facts."

"I've told you I know nothing of how, why, wherefore, or whence Miss Linden came."

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Next to nothing; but I am willing to give you all the information I can. Miss Linden came to us in London, and came down here with us. One day on entering the library I find Miss Linden deeply absorbed in your picture. She is evidently agitated, and as evidently tries to conceal it. 'Whose portrait is it?' 'Mr. Braddick's.' Whereat she is evidently relieved. Afterwards I introduce my mother, Mrs. Cunningham. A sudden light flashes upon her. I am perplexed, and don't know what to make of it. Some time afterwards I look over the drawings you sent from India—a sketch drops out—I recognize it at once. I make surmises as to the state of affairs, but arrive at no certain conclusions."

"Richard," said Mr. Braddick, gravely, "I never was really in love but once."

"Very satisfactory indeed to Margaret."

"Margaret!—who was thinking of Margaret?"

"I was, of course."

"I wasn't," said Mr. Braddick, hastily.

"Dick, I got engaged to Margaret early, before I knew my own mind; then I saw Miss Linden, and knew my mind at once. What could I do?"

"Did Miss Linden know?"

"I never told her."

"Hem! Isn't that rather an evasion? What was Miss Linden's mind?"

"It's no vanity, Dick; I wish it had been. Her mind answered to mine. When I saw her last I hoped that I might never see her again. I hoped that in years I might forget the look of those sad eyes the night that we parted."

"And here, you've both met at my house—a pleasant dilemma. Charles, I never suspected you of flirting."

"Neither need you. I tell you what, there's a destiny,—a fate that urges one on. What could I do but be honorable to my engagement?"

"Hem! and be dishonorable to some one else—excuse plain speaking."

"I never said anything to mislead her."

"Did she know you were engaged?"

"No."

"Does Margaret know you have met before?"

"No, that is one awkward part of it; between the two I don't know what is best to be done. Explanations, besides being a bore, generally make matters worse. What's your advice?"

"Leave Miss Linden to take the initiative," said Mr Etheredg.

CHAPTER XI.

ADRIANA awoke the next morning with a vague feeling of weariness, a luxurious feeling nevertheless of disinclination for exertion,—a sort of half torpor, as though she were conscious and unconscious at the same moment. Her thoughts were in a state of inactivity also. She neither looked back nor looked forward; she was dwelling in an atmosphere of perfect repose. Nurse Alison had been in with Pearl and Charley to see her, and Pearl had begged to stay, but Adriana wished to be alone.

"I shall get up for dinner," said she; "so I must rest a little longer."

And they went away, and Adriana endeavored to collect her thoughts, and to fix them on some plan of action. She was surprised at her own calmness; she felt no agitation; she was perfectly composed. She lay revolving the past and the present until it was time to rise and dress for dinner. With a steady hand she opened the drawer, and lifted out

the soft gauzy black dress; with steady fingers she clasped the jet crescents in her ears, and wound the chain round her neck. With steady gaze she contemplated the figure in the glass. The effect was evidently satisfactory. The face might have been improved by a tinge of color in the cheeks, it was so white; but the dark brown eyes perhaps seemed the more lustrous through the contrast. The lips were firmly closed, and there was rather too set a look about the features altogether; but that might be owing to the fatigue through which she had passed.

She descended to the drawing-room. Only Mrs. Cunningham was there; presently Mrs. Braddick came in.

Adriana's eye jealously scanned her unconsciously victorious rival. She looked unusually well this evening; a curiously-carved coral bandeau relieved the extreme lightness of her hair. Her coral bracelets showed to greater advantage the fairness of her arms, and her rich silk dress, hanging in massy folds, swept the ground as she moved majestically across the room. Adriana felt herself shrink into insignificance before that stately figure. No wonder he preferred—was that the word? no—admired her; for Adriana could own the claim to admiration, though it smote her. For a moment she shrank, crushed, self-abashed by the contrast, then up flashed the pride, the strength of will, the self-reliance of her nature, and she nerved herself for the part she intended to play out.

Revenge! She called it by no milder name herself, she did not exculpate it, she sought not to palliate it; she looked at it firmly, and, despite its ugly nature, hugged it and gloated over it, as over some worthier impulse. Her eyes were lighted up by an unwonted fire, and Mrs. Cunningham wondered that she had never before considered Miss Linden a decidedly interesting-looking person. "Such an expressive face, so intellectual; she is not half so handsome as Margaret,

but I should get to think her so in a very short time."

The gentlemen joined them. Mr. Etheredge watched curiously for Miss Linden's initiative.

"My husband, Miss Linden."

The rigid features did not move a muscle; the glittering eyes looked up coldly, almost haughtily, and Adriana bowed. Mr. Braddick might have been a stranger from the antipodes.

"Miss Linden," (the voice carried her back to other days,) "how can I thank you for your care of my child?"

Mr. Etheredge, still watching, saw the fingers close more tightly round the bracelet on her arm, but no other sign of emotion; the voice was quiet and measured that answered:—

"Any one must love Charley, and one would do much for those we love. I was glad to be of service to Mrs. Braddick."

"And Charley is very fond of Miss Linden," interposed Mrs. Cunningham.

"Quite a case of love at first sight," said Mrs. Braddick. "I never saw Charley take a fancy to any one so quickly before."

Mrs. Braddick had become more lively since her husband's return. Then she had some sort of love for him. Adriana had imagined her utterly impassive. It was well Miss Linden was so pale, or Mr. Etheredge, who was still intently observant, would have seen the blood leave the lips and cheeks, and rush back to the heart in a bitter tide of jealousy.

"Utter ignoring of the past," mused Mr. Etheredge, "and on the whole, perhaps, the best thing to be done. A woman's intuition is seldom incorrect. How blind people are till their eyes are opened! There are my mother and sister-in-law utterly ignorant of an episode in their drama, an aside, as it were, of the principal actors, only intelligible to the audience. I stand for audience in the present case; but I wonder they

don't notice the change in Charles. Miss Linden has the best of it, whatever the antecedents may have been."

Adriana certainly had the best of it to all outward appearance; she was perfectly at her ease, and conversed with Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick without intermission, seemingly engrossed in all they were saying.

Mr. Braddick was silent. The lapse of time since he had met Miss Linden seemed to have contracted itself into a few hours. The image he saw before him was scarcely changed from the one he had carried in his mind for years,—the dress, the half-weary expression of the face, the clear sweet voice with a touch of sadness in it.

Once Miss Linden looked up, and met the fixed earnest gaze of Mr. Etheredge; again the resemblance to his brother that she had before noticed struck her. Some influence prompted her to look again. Mr. Etheredge's grave answering glance was almost a question. So Adriana felt it, and for a moment a faint tinge of color overspread her face. She turned hastily away, pretending to examine some hothouse plants on a stand near her, and in doing so her eye fell upon Mr. Braddick.

He was not by any means so composed as she was; there was an evident constraint in his manner.

"You have not recovered from your voyage yet, Charles," said Mrs. Braddick, moving to his side. Adriana's heart felt a convulsive twinge. "Thou shalt not covet," said the inner voice; but Adriana's ears were dull.

A servant announced dinner. Mr. Braddick started. He offered his arm to his mother.

"No, no," said she; "you and Margaret must go in together to-day. My son and daughter—it is so pleasant to have them both together again," said she to Adriana.

Twinge the second. Why had she

placed herself on the rack? Why had she not gone? Why torture herself with the sight of her rival's happiness?

Mrs. Braddick and Mrs. Cunningham were the only absorbed persons at the dinner-table. Mrs. Cunningham, delighted to have her favorite son once more with her, emerged from her wonted stateliness, and even Mrs. Braddick seemed inspired by an unusual liveliness.

"You must see all the beautiful presents that Charles has brought me, Miss Linden," and she proceeded to enumerate cashmeres, lama shawls, curious bracelets, and eastern ornaments; and Adriana listened and heard nothing, and Mr. Etheredge watched and found Miss Linden's face as calm and quiet as ever, and Mr. Braddick looked half-wearied and disinclined to talk.

It was a relief to Adriana to be in the drawing-room once more, but not one of long duration.

Music was proposed.

"Miss Linden sings all your favorite songs, Charles."

Mr. Braddick said nothing. Adriana continued turning over the leaves of a book.

"Do sing us something, Miss Linden," said Mrs. Braddick.

Adriana closed the book, and moved irresolutely to the piano. Mr. Braddick took up the volume she had been turning over. Mr. Etheredge quietly walked over to the piano and opened it.

"Would you rather not sing?" he asked in an undertone.

"No."

"What does that mean—yes or no?"

"I can sing."

"But would rather not?"

"I have no objection."

"What are you going to sing?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Is it not taxing Miss Linden's strength too much after her late fa-

tigue?" said Mr. Braddick, still looking at the book.

The glittering brown eyes gave a flash.

"I am not tired." They were almost the first direct words she had spoken to Mr. Braddick, but she did not look at him, nor he at her.

"What shall I sing, Mrs. Braddick?"

"Let me think; something lively, for we all seem to be getting rather sleepy."

"I hate lively tunes," said Mr. Braddick, quickly.

"Well, then, let us have 'Per Pieta,' Miss Linden. Charles used to be very fond of it, but I never could sing it to please him," said Mrs. Braddick. Adriana struck a few chords.

"'Per pieta non dir mi addio.'"

Her voice faltered as she began, but the rich clear tones gradually gained strength, and rose and died away in the pleading words. Her auditors listened breathlessly, lest a note should escape them. Mr. Etheredge had never heard her sing so well before; he was astonished. Mr. Braddick leaned back in his chair, and half closed his eyes.

Seven years had gone by; he was at Etheredge Court with his wife and children, and Miss Linden was singing! Could it be possible? Miss Linden singing as she used to do—no, far better. What an age those seven years have been! and now the interval seemed to be swept away, and it was but yesterday that he had heard that song. Supposing it were, and that he had it in his power to alter the current of his life!

"Pshaw!"

"My dear Charles!" said Mrs. Braddick, as the abrupt exclamation escaped him. "I thought you were so fond of 'Per Pieta,' and Miss Linden does not appear to please you any more than I did."

Mr. Braddick looked vexed.

"I beg Miss Linden's pardon. I had gone into a reverie. It was not the song

or the singing that elicited my very malapropos ejaculation."

"Now how very tiresome of you not to listen, when I wanted you so much to hear it."

"I was listening. I do admire the song. I suppose I scarcely dare ask Miss Linden to sing another after my apparent rudeness?"

Adriana looked up from the piano.

"I shall be happy to sing again."

She turned again to the piano, and sang song after song; the color stole into her cheeks with the excitement, her eyes shone brighter and brighter, and her voice sounded clear through the room as a silver bell. She could perceive without looking that Charles Cunningham, as he still was to her, was listening attentively, though to Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick it appeared as though his thoughts were wandering far away from the present scene, to which he was paying no attention. His thoughts were wandering far away. Adriana knew that also: her triumph was coming, her power was returning. Revenge is sweet! Revenge is bitter! Who can reconcile the two? yet they make but one. Adriana in her own room that night felt the working of two opposing elements, the sense of victory, the sense of shame, of self-reproach. Yet she should go on, the path was straight before her, easy to tread. Just one moment of undoubted triumph, and she would leave Etheredge Court. What of Mrs. Braddick? Adriana entirely set her aside; the chances were that she might never find out. So intensely absorbed in herself, argued Adriana, that she is never roused to look much beyond. How stupid some women are! And Adriana shrugged her shoulders, and mentally congratulated herself upon her own intellectual superiority.

Yet of what avail to her? Here she was on the brink of a precipice that the calm, passionless Mrs. Braddick would

never endanger herself by approaching. Was she not rushing on like a fool where "wise men," or rather wise women might "fear to tread?" "There are clever fools," mused Adriana; "perhaps I am one." Fools, fools—are not all mankind fools? Some one way, some another; all wise in their own conceit, all astray upon some point, all monomaniacs to a certain extent; perhaps the greatest of all monomaniacs being a comfortable belief in their own infallibility.

Adriana was one of those people whose consciences will not quite bring them to this last monomaniac state. She doubted her position, and she did not deny to herself that she doubted it. But she trusted to her strength to carry her through the part she had undertaken.

"Lead us not into temptation!"

She started; it seemed as if the words were spoken to her. No, she was alone; the inner voice alone had made itself heard. Perhaps it was the guardian angel drawing her away from the dark angel who was struggling for the mastery. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." The warfare of the inner life, of the soul against temptations. Whence come those temptations? Some deny the corrupt nature of man, and the existence of a devil. Bad logicians: if they deny the one, they ought to admit the other: else whence come temptations and incitements to sin? Why should there be any impulse to do aught but right if we get rid of these two uncomfortable agents? If there be no evil nature within and no evil agent without, surely man should be perfect. But it is an indisputable fact that there is sin in the world; and that sin must have an origin, so that the question is, if we set aside the devil and original sin, where upon earth does sin come from?

"Lead us not into temptation!" But Adriana would not hear. She was no

hypocrite; she opened not her Bible that night, nor many a succeeding one. She knew she should find no counsel there to strengthen her in her reckless path. The dark angel had laid his hand upon a willing shoulder, that wrenched itself not away from his grasp, but felt the stronger for the assistance. The mocking angel rose erect, triumphant, and the guardian spirit dropped a tear, yet followed meekly on, watching and waiting.

CHAPTER XII.

WATCHING and waiting! What a curious problem life is, if one sits down to solve it. Such a mixture of reality and unreality. Birth the starting-point and death the close; the beginning and ending of a middle space, that seems, in spite of every-day work, a sort of fever-dream, wherein the all-important "me" is the only actual person. A two-lived being, a worker and a dreamer, an outer life so dissimilar to the inner life, that one would almost imagine the two to be incompatible. Yet how strangely they harmonize, the one a prosaic story, dragging wearily page after page; the other a wild poem, now rising almost to the sublime, now sinking to the depths of despair, now quieting down its mad aspirations beneath holy influences, now again tossed like an angry sea, and writhing in pent-up throes like some restless volcano.

Adriana's life was twofold at this present time. Mrs. Braddick saw a quiet governess going through her duties with patient assiduity. She was all Mrs. Braddick could wish; she took Pearl and Charley off her hands, and was really teaching them something, and Charley was actually becoming amenable to behaving as he ought to do, and Mrs. Braddick did not totally despair of making a sensible woman of Pearl in the end. Mr. Braddick had certainly become more rational with regard to the children; he did not make so many foolish speeches

in their presence; he did not combat her views as strongly as he used to do. In fact, on the whole, Mr. Braddick was much improved by his Indian journey. "We get on much better than we used to do," was Mrs. Braddick's conclusion; and on the whole she felt that, taking one thing with another, she was as happy as most mortals, and a woman rather to be envied than otherwise. Which comfortable reflections caused Mrs. Braddick to look more placid than ever, and to emerge from her usual silence. Possibly this was no great change for the better, as Mrs. Braddick's mental endowments did not increase in proportion. She talked a great deal, but when she had finished talking no one remembered what she had been saying.

"I hope you are getting over your prejudice against Miss Linden, Richard. You see how well she manages Pearl and Charley," said Mrs. Braddick one day.

"I don't know that I ever had any prejudice against her," returned Mr. Etheridge.

"Now don't try to get out of a defeat when you are fairly beaten. Own that I have been most fortunate in meeting with Miss Linden."

"In what way?"

"In every way, of course. Such a very superior person—quite a lady. It is of the greatest advantage to Pearl to have such a person with her when she is young and susceptible of impressions. There is something I quite admire in Miss Linden's manner. By the bye, Charles," said Mrs. Braddick, turning to her husband, "I never have asked you how you like Miss Linden." Had a thunderbolt fallen at Mr. Braddick's feet, he could not have felt much more disconcerted than at this unexpected appeal. He looked annoyed and answered abruptly,—

"I don't know; I really can't tell you."

"Well, it is most singular," continued Mrs. Braddick. "I believe you and Rich-

ard are in league against Miss Linden. However, your mother and I are perfectly agreed upon the subject, and must fight her battles for her."

"I think Miss Linden can fight her own battles when there is any occasion," suggested Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

"You are most uncharitable. A more quiet person I can't imagine. Never dissatisfied with anything."

"Except with herself," said Mr. Etheredge, aside.

"You never will do her justice, I know," pursued Mrs. Braddick. "At any rate, you were pleased with her singing the other night, though Charles was not. I quite thought, Charles, that you would have been charmed with 'Per pieta.' Miss Linden sings it with so much expression, one would almost fancy she was singing it to some one."

"Would you like to have a ride to-day, Margaret? I will go and see after the horses," and Mr. Braddick left the room.

"All your geese are swans, Margaret," said Mr. Etheredge, laughing.

"Now, if you intend to apply that—"

"Oh, I don't intend to apply anything. I merely made a sort of sweeping assertion."

Mrs. Braddick had determined two points in her own mind: firstly, that Mr. Etheredge and her husband did not fully appreciate Miss Linden, and, secondly, that it was her intention to combat this non-appreciation upon every occasion. Mrs. Braddick was not often roused to action, but she was in particularly good spirits at the present time: the great accession of fortune, the handsome presents from India, combined to convert her ordinary impassibility into something like active good nature. She was very considerate to Adriana, even kind, and insisted upon her accepting one of the beautiful India shawls, which Adriana reluctantly took, seeing no way of escape without offending Mrs. Braddick. Adri-

ana pursued her twofold life, restless, unsatisfied. She would go—no, her purpose was yet scarce accomplished. She would stay, yet was she not teacherous to Mrs. Braddick? No: Mrs. Braddick wished her to stay, was perfectly satisfied. Pearl and Charley could not do without her. Her duty was here. She might stay on, and heap coals of fire on Charles Cunningham's head by doing good to his children. And she need scarcely ever see him; she was in the school-room all the day, she need never leave it unless sent for.

Wrong, wrong, utterly wrong sophistry all of it, though she would not see it. She has more than an inkling of it, but she has chosen her path. Yet she was not of an ungenerous nature, though she was pursuing a selfish course. There was the god-like struggling within her. Was more sorrow, more despair wanting, ere she could give up self? Like Job, she strove. Right in her own eyes she resisted the prickings of conscience. Right! nay she was not so excusable as the old patriarch, inasmuch as she was not strong in her own self-confidence. He had no misgivings. She had; and Eliphaz, the Temanite, Zophar, the Naamathite, and Bildad, the Shuhite, could not have exasperated Job more with their reproaches, than did the unconscious persons by whom she was surrounded irritate Adriana.

Restless, she paced the school-room when the children had left it. She had been sitting in desperate calmness, forcing herself to make clear his simple lesson to Charley; explaining with infinite minuteness the difficulties of her task to Pearl. Everything seemed so actual, so perceptible, so clearly cut, so very distinct. She saw, as in a stereoscopic view, objects sharply defined with a perceptible amount of distance between them, each in its relative position, without any atmospheric effect to soften the harshness of the lines. No haze to cast

a misty veil over the landscape; no sudden gleam of sunlight to exaggerate the shadows, or wake into prominence some peak or pinnacle; all was cold, regular, exact, immovable, lifelike, yet unliving.

Adriana was in a singular position, the result partly of circumstances over which she had no control. She had involuntarily placed herself in connection with Charles Cunningham's wife and children; but she might, upon discovering it, have voluntarily withdrawn, and she could not help acknowledging to herself now that it would have been wiser, happier for herself, had she done so; she had but revived the old feelings that had laid waste her life seven years ago, and which the hand of time had been gradually smoothing away.

The day was cold and gloomy, a deep snow had fallen during the night, and a few straggling flakes began to show that another snowstorm was nigh at hand. It did not matter; Adriana was oppressed, restless; she must go out to breathe freely; she wanted air; she could not collect her thoughts under the roof of Etheredge Court. Something seemed to weigh her down. She was powerless to think, to act; the keen, cold air would revive her, and would allay the feverish excitement that was consuming her.

So she wandered out, despite the threatening snowflakes and the piercing cold. The girl who had watched her on the night of Charley's recovery thought that Miss Linden must be demented to take a walk on such a day as this, and wondered that people who could stay in the house in winter should ever think of going out. Mrs. Braddick caught a glimpse of her retreating figure through the leafless avenue, and was roused to wonder where Miss Linden could be going. Mr. Etheredge looked up quickly, and Mrs. Cunningham paused in her knitting, and said:

"There is going to be a heavy snow-storm. How dark it is getting."

"I should think Miss Linden will turn back," said Mrs. Braddick, actually getting up, and looking out of the window. But Miss Linden's figure grew smaller and smaller until it appeared almost a speck in the distance. "What an extraordinary day to choose for a walk, and Miss Linden has not recovered her strength yet." And Mrs. Braddick went on wondering and wondering and treating her companions to her various theories upon the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE country round Etheredge Court was for the most part undulating and well wooded; though here and there a wild spot might be found. And it was to one of these that Adriana was making her way. It was a sort of ravine, whose steep banks, yellow in June with golden gorse blossoms, now rose like walls of purest white that almost touched the low-hanging clouds. A shallow brook that gurgled over the stones lazily in the summer time, was even quieter now, bound in its frosty fetters. There was an air of oppressive stillness about the place, no sound of life anywhere near; and as the clouds grew darker and darker, drawing ever nearer to the white walls, their whiteness grew ghastly, and Adriana felt as if she were entombed in a vast sepulchre. Yet on she went, the solitariness suited her; she was alone, she could think. She did not feel the cold, she heeded not the darkness. She would go to the end of the ravine, and return across the fields home.

A strange exhilaration possessed her; a sudden strength seemed imparted to her; her life seemed indestructible. She realized her being, she realized her two beings—the mortal and immortal; and the one seemed so predominant, so strong, that it bore the other up; it urged it on

without a sense of weariness, without a sense of cold, of fear. Lighter and lighter grew her step over the slippery ground; firmly she trod and quickly. The threatening snowflakes came down at shorter intervals, but she did not see them. The dim bars of faded crimson that had been struggling to become bright in the western sky had disappeared, the ghastly white walls were turning grey, and their summits melting into the grey of the descending clouds; faster and faster fell the snowflakes—thicker and thicker; the snow-storm had begun.

Two miles from Etheredge Court, and it was growing dark; the snow beat against her face. She could not see the path, but she knew the way so well that she had little uneasiness.

Yet she was going wrong; the turn she had taken did not lead to Etheredge Court, but to a common some miles distant. She did not immediately discover her mistake, and when she turned to retrace her steps, the blinding snow prevented her seeing where she was; she fancied she had come about half a mile since leaving the outlet of the ravine, but her thoughts had so occupied her, that she had not noticed the distance. She was utterly perplexed whether to advance or to remain where she was until the storm had a little subsided. She groped about, and, discovering the stump of an old tree, sat down, drew her cloak closely around her, and screened herself as well as she could from the snow.

Then she listened; the silence was intense, not a sound broke the stillness. The snow fell noiselessly, covering over all the land-marks by which she might hope to find her way home when the snow-clouds had exhausted themselves.

Alone, alone—she realized it now; she might have to succumb to the biting cold, and morning might find her lying there a frozen corpse. Had her destiny brought her hither to perish? Was it not a sign that Etheredge Court was no place for

her? Her morbid fancy strung events together, and took it for an omen. It was well, she could lie down quietly and take her rest. It was an easy death. Sleep, sleep, eternal rest! No waking to a troubled to-morrow.

There is a sound, a rustling in the bushes behind her; a thousand fears rise in her mind—perhaps a struggle for life! Up leaps the strong pervading influence, the death-antagonistic spirit so strong in man. She can almost feel the assassin's grasp upon her throat, can almost see the flash of the sharp knife uplifted for the murderous stab; and yet she cowers spell-bound. She has no power to move a finger, her faculties seem lost in the absorbing terror. But a moment since and she could have laid down her head on the soft snow and wooed the Destroyer. And now—but it is so horrible to be murdered, to wrestle agonizingly for life, to clutch the knife, to feel its sharp edge cut through the fingers as all relentlessly it is wrested from them to do its deadly work. To have life torn away bit by bit, each struggle becoming fainter than the last. And still she cannot move; she tries to utter a cry, but no articulate sound comes forth. A low choking sob rattles in her throat.

The noise grows louder and louder, the bushes crackle, the snow is scattered around her; but it is no human footstep she hears, only some animal breaking the dead twigs; her heart gives a bound of relief, and then a rough shaggy head is laid in her lap.

"Snap, Snap! good doggy!" and Adriana's tears fell upon Snap's rough coat.

But Snap did not stay long to comfort her; with a quick short bark he retraced his way through the bushes, and his bark sounded fainter and fainter and soon died in the distance. However, she did not feel so hopeless, for she had strong faith in Snap's sagacity, and he might bring help to her. An hour passed by;

the snow was falling thickly; she strained her ears to listen, but the stillness was unbroken. From time to time she shook off the flakes that coated her. Surely the storm was nearly over. The clouds somewhat cleared, and the moon tried to shine out through the mist; Adriana looked on every side, but could not determine in what direction to move. So she decided to remain where she was until the moon should throw a clearer light upon the dreary white waste by which she was surrounded.

At length came a faint bark, nearer and nearer. Could it be Snap returning? Once more she was caressing the dog. There was help near; the figure of a man was gradually becoming visible, though indistinctly seen through the fog. Her heart beat quickly, it was Charles Cunningham's walk. She should meet him once more alone, away from the surroundings of Etheredge Court. Was she glad? was she sorry? she scarcely knew which; she was so near what had been her desire for years—to speak to him once more; and yet now that the opportunity seemed within her grasp, she shrank from it and wished herself away.

But it was not Mr. Braddick; the brotherly resemblance had once more deceived her, and there was a shade of disappointment in her tone as she exclaimed:

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"You don't seem very glad to see me, Miss Linden. I should not have supposed you found your quarters so very delightful as to wish to remain in them."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Etheredge."

"To Snap rather than to me, Miss Linden; for I should not have known where to find you."

They walked on for some minutes in silence, then Adriana broke the pause.

"I think I should have found my way home when the moon came out, I know the country so well."

"So it seems," said Mr. Etheredge.

"In the light, I mean," added Adriana. "It was quite dark when I lost my way."

"People are generally in the dark when they lose their way," said Mr. Etheredge, "bodily and mentally. Light is the only corrective, either as it affects the outer senses or the mind."

"Not always; people miss their way in the daytime."

"True."

"And do wrong with their eyes open."

"What is conscience?"

"A sort of sun illuminating the inner life; but people can manage it as they please."

"I deny that, Miss Linden. The sun may be hidden by clouds, but it is still shining; and conscience may be stifled, but not extinguished."

"Is right right to every one?"

"Rather an obscure way of putting the question. What do you mean by right?"

"Some things may appear right to one person and wrong to another."

"Therefore are they right to each? Ask yourself. Given truth, can any opinion alter it, or does it still remain truth in spite of the various views that are taken of it?"

"To sum it up, truth is truth, right is right, and people are wrong," said Adriana.

"All?"

"Most, I suppose," answered Adriana, reflectively. She shivered as she spoke.

Mr. Etheredge turned abruptly:

"I ought to beg your pardon," said he. "A cold December night is no time for metaphysical disquisitions. Are you very tired?"

"No."

"I mean physically, not mentally," added he.

"No, to both; yet I shall be very glad to have some rest."

"Miss Linden, I think you are a compound of opposites. There is a contradiction contained even in that sentence."

"I am not logical, you know," returned Adriana.

"I never said so."

"But implied it."

"That is not a straightforward accusation."

"I meant no accusation. I merely stated a fact."

"Nothing is a fact until it is proved, and your deduction is merely a surmise at present."

Adriana made no answer. Every step she now took was a greater effort to her; her hands and feet were benumbed with the cold, still she battled on. Mr. Etheredge strode along, seemingly unobservant; but he was watching her. At length he said:

"Will not my arm be of service?"

"Thank you, I can manage better alone, the snow is so uneven," replied Adriana, almost stumbling into a snow-drift.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Etheredge, "but you can do no such thing," and gently taking her hand, he drew it within his arm.

Adriana's first impulse was to draw it away, the old feeling of antagonism was at work; but she was faint and weary, and her very weakness chafed her. She kept a determined silence the rest of the way, broken only by a cold, "Thank you for the trouble you have taken, Mr. Etheredge," when they reached the hall door.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD WHALER'S YARN.

"DID I like the life? and if I had my time to live over again, would I make the same choice? Well, Miss Waven, it's about this. It's just the finest thing out—so long—as you have—no flutterings here," and he laid his hand on his broad chest. "But when a man's ship ceases to be wife and child and all the world to him, it is another thing altogether; my advice to him is he'd better give up whaling."

So spoke Captain Harding, erst South Sea whaler, now, these ten years past, living at home at ease. Captain Harding is sitting in my brother Henry's drawing-room after a heavy day's sport—the Captain commonly uses an immense double-barreled gun which has in old times brought down monkeys many.

"It is not to say there is any choice in the matter," continued Captain Harding. "Let a boy but have the sea fever on him—not the sham thing, that perhaps a month's coasting voyage will cure—but the real thirst for the sea, for foreign adventure, and he'd best be let go. I for

example, shouldn't have made half a man at home—now, however——"

"You are a man and a half," interposed my brother, heartily.

"In size you mean?" and the captain laughed enjoyably. "Well, my father was in a large way of business, but he had little capital—I should have done nothing at the hum-drum, mill-wheel life I must have been bound to. But he consented that I should go to sea, and I flatter myself I did make a good whaler."

"Self-reliance is the best lesson in the world for a boy," said Henry, sententiously.

"It is, it is. Jack and I, Mrs. Waven, were turned out of the nest to make room for a second brood, and what way we have made has been against wind and tide."

"But there are very many dangers attending whale fishing, are there not?" I asked—"sharks and all sorts of things?"

"We get used to them, Miss Waven,

we just get used to them. I have seen men sitting with bare legs over the gun-wales of the boat, and a shark come sheer up, and make a snap for them, times out of mind. He comes with a swift motion, as you have seen a pike. Sharks don't often of intention attack a man. When he is about a whale they'll occasionally take a neat piece out of his leg by mistake for the whale's flank. In my thirty years' experience I have not known many men killed by them. And in every way fatal accidents are less frequent than you would imagine. A lot of men about a whale just remind me of a lot of bluebottle flies about a joint of meat. You strike here and there and everywhere as sharply and as fiercely as you like—the chances are they'll all escape you. It is precisely thus with the whale's frantic strokes. Jack was less fortunate in this respect than I. He lost two of his officers in one voyage. Parley—you know Parley of our town, Miss Waven?—his brother was one. The whale brought down its tail on the boat and he was crushed to death as you would crush a gnat. The other fellow lost his life about two months after in much the same way."

"Now, when you set out on a voyage," Henry asked, "what would be your particular destination?"

"Just were my judgment took me. You see, I was differently situated to most masters. I was allowed more discretionary power. I had, in fact, a sort of roving commission. My owners would say, 'there is your ship, Harding—everything, we think, in her that you'll require for four years. Now sail as soon as you'll like, and let us hear from you as often as you can. Whatever luck you have, good or ill, don't scruple to write—we shall be glad to hear.' Then I would be gone from three to four years, according to my degree of success. For the months of our own summer we would cruise in the Japan seas;

for the Antarctic summer in the Australian seas. For six years, through coming home between whales, I entirely escaped winter."

"And how do you find the whales, Captain Harding?" inquired my sister.

"My wife thinks you fish for them with a rod and line," laughed Henry, "and a worm at the end."

"We find them, Mrs. Waven, by their spouting. With the first of daylight, a look-out is told off, and kept going, relieved at due intervals, until night. Sometimes we go two months without even seeing a whale. Then again, I once killed eleven in one day. But they were shoal whales, and the whole eleven not worth so much as one good-sized male whale. A fair-sized male whale is worth twenty-five hundred dollars, and some large ones bring in as much as five thousand. When you have secured a large whale, it saves a great deal of trouble if you can get it close up to the ship. This is done by jawboning him—work often falling to my share."

"Why to your share?"

"Because I was always good in the water. You take a rope suited to the purpose, and make a good running noose, as you call it, in it. You stand with this noose well advanced in your right hand, so as to avoid entanglement; your steersman brings the boat immediately over the spot where the whale is gone down; your best man—the man with the readiest eye and most reliable nerve—stands, lance in hand, prepared to pin any too curious shark; at the right moment you leap into the water, and diving, fasten the noose on the teeth of the whale. You know the jaws of a large whale are from sixteen to eighteen feet in length; the teeth are about six inches long, and a foot apart. You can get a capital purchase on these, and the thing is done in a minute."

"Rather you than me though," said my brother.

The captain, like all truly brave men, was modest. "Oh," said he, naively, "all you want is to calculate before you go down. Only say I have to do thus and thus, and when the thing is to be done you will have twice the confidence and twice the dexterity. The danger, of course, is the sharks. The rope fixed, it is easy towing to the ship."

"But don't you often get your boats smashed in," asked Henry.

"Oh yes, that's an affair of frequent occurrence, and if you are engaged with a whale towards the end of the day, a source of extreme danger. For, of course, there is no twilight in those equinoctial regions—now, broad daylight; five minutes hence, darkness. You get stove in just as the sudden darkness sets in, and the chances are you perish. For, by the morning the ship, quite ignorant of your whereabouts, may have drifted miles out of sight. Now I did see a brave thing done once in an affair of this kind. You know, ladies, or more probably, you do not know, a whaler's boat—there are three or four of them to a ship—is some thirty feet long and as thin as a lath—"

"Thin as a lath!" exclaimed Henry.

"Three cuts to the inch plank, in fact."

"But I should have thought you could not have them too strong—so as to resist the strokes of the whale."

"The stoutest boat made to handle wouldn't do that; so these answer in that respect as well; and they are much more convenient for lowering from the ship and for repairing. Thirty feet long as they are, you and I could carry one on our two shoulders with ease. When a boat is stove, we rightside it, lash the oars crossways so as to make a wide raft-like surface,—there are ropes expressly affixed to the sides of the boats—and all sit down to await assistance. Of course we are stationary; but thus sitting down, the weight of our bodies is not more than a pound or two on the

boat: the water nearly supports us; if we stand up the boat sinks immediately. I once so sat—the water breast-high—for three hours. Bless you, it's a luxurious position in those climates—provided your comrades look like eventually coming to your assistance. Well on the particular occasion I have in mind, we fell in with a large whale late in the day. We were working in extended line—the two other boats some long way to the right—with the ship at least three miles to leeward. We are stove in, and, as Coleridge has it, "at one stride comes the dark." The ship is miles away, the other boats far beyond hail, there does not appear a hope of salvation. Then one man gets up from amongst us and says he will swim for it. He does not propose trying for the ship, that is quite out of the question. But he points out how, in order themselves to reach the ship, the other boats must at some one spot come within three-quarters of a mile of us, and he hopes, in spite of the sharks, in spite of the darkness, to happen upon their path, when he will bring them to our aid. Over the side the man went, and we waited and waited, and listened, and listened, and in no very long time we heard the grateful plash of oars, and they brought us all off safely. I do call that a brave fellow. Our passive endurance was of a very different quality. It was touch-and-go both for him and us. I never had a nearer—except once, perhaps, when a whale, with a clever back-stroke of his fin, took my left eyebrow sheer off to the bone," and the captain pointed to a very visible scar. "A trifle further, Miss Waven, and I should not be here to tell you the tale; that I should not, as I am a man alive."

"Yes," said my brother, "there is something very admirable about that man's act. Ah! sailors are subject to so much exposure, a little excess may be forgiven them."

"Now I'll tell you. I am fifty-five,

and I was thirty years at sea—I was never intoxicated more than twice in my life. Once when I was a boy, and somebody who ought to have known better gave me some doctored stuff; and again on the occasion of my joining my second ship. I had something to remember that last by. As I went on board, a mate says, "Harding, how are you, old chap?" "Right as a trivet," says I; "right as a trivet." And it passed into a byword among them—Harding being as right as a trivet. I had a plan of my own with my crews. I found spirits in that hot climate did not agree with me, nor indeed, any fermented liquors. So for myself I prepared a mixture of best Scotch oatmeal and water—the water simply poured over the oatmeal, about a pint to a spoonful. I found it very nourishing as well as thirst-satisfying. Now if I had gone to my men, and in so many words recommended it to them in the place of grog, they would have turned up their noses. But by putting a pail of it on the deck, and making a point of helping myself from it, in less than no time I had them following my example; and soon like me, they would drink little else."

"It is a strange life," said the captain, passing his hand meditatively over his hair. "When you get into the seas where the compass dips perpendicularly, you expect strange things though. Now I'll tell you"—his favorite preface.—"My brother Jack went to sea a year later than I; consequently, our spell at home timed differently, and we lost all reckonings of each other. I had not seen him for twelve years, and did not even know in what ship he was. I was second mate, or chief mate, I forget which, in the ship *Eclipse*, and it was in the Australian Seas." There is a certain particularity in the form sailors speak of their vessels. "I was at the look-out. I reported a sail, and the next minute I sighted a whale. The captain would not bear down on the latter lest the other

ship should perceive it and, being nearer, forestall us. But, in spite of our caution, in only lowering the boats, they perceived our object and followed our example; reaching the whale first, of course it became their lawful prey. As the boats neared each other, I sung out, 'Halloa, that's Jack;' meaning the officer in charge of the stranger's boat. I had not seen him for twelve years; but, bless you, I knew his build in a minute. Just as I spoke the whale indulged in a few antics, and they were all thrown into the water. We were pulling to their assistance, when it happened that another whale spouted to the right. 'Bye, bye, Jack,' I shouted, with a wave of my hand; the boat's head was brought round, and we were off after it in a trice. We did not see another again for eleven months. Now if you had to tell that in a book I doubt whether you'd get believed. 'A pretty brother for you,' said Jack, telling the tale only a few weeks ago to a lot of gentlemen. 'We had not seen each other for twelve years, and then he left me struggling in the water to go after the whale.' 'Quite right too,' I replied. 'You'd done the same.' 'That I should,' he said, 'for the whale was worth five hundred pounds at that time.' Of course I knew he was in no danger; a whaler is, or ought to be, amphibious."

"It ought to be a paying concern, and I suppose it is?" said Henry.

"It was, but it is not now. I never went a voyage after I became master of a ship without bringing home from seventy-five hundred to ten thousand dollars for my share of the profits. But now, what with goldfields in California, and goldfields in New Holland," (the name he always used for Australia,) "you can't keep your crews—men worth having, that is. A lot of riff-raff I daresay you could have; but they are not the stuff for whalers. I left it as soon as I found how the wind lay."

The captain told us much more worth knowing; but this is all I remember with sufficient distinctness.

It was a rough night for his walk home, so my brother lent him an overcoat. It was of rather peculiar fashion, and re-

quired a little ingenuity in the putting on. When, after a minute of anxious examination, the captain announced that *the ropes were all right*, we could not refrain from smiles.

PRETTY MARUSCHKA.

THIS is a popular Slovakian household tale.

The Slovaks are a people of Slavonic race. They live between the Poles and the Hungarians, to the south of the Carpathians, and speak a language of their own, akin to that of the Bohemians. They number about 1,150,000, according to the last statistics, and are a hardy, vigorous people. The story of Pretty Maruschka probably dates from heathen times, and is to be found in several collections of Slavonic household tales, as in that of Nemes, Chodsko, and Wenzig.

FAR away in the hazy purple of antiquity, when all stepmothers were wicked, and all younger sons were successful, there lived on the confines of a forest a woman who had two daughters, the one of her own, the other a step-child. Naturally the love of the mother was concentrated on her own Helena, and, as naturally, she disliked Maruschka, who was the fairest, the gentlest, and the most pious of the two girls.

Little did pretty Maruschka know of her own surpassing beauty—a fact proving to us how remote from the present age was that in which these damsels lived. Her hair was like the waving gold of the cornfield when the wind soughs over it, and her eyes were as the blue forget-me-not which smiles and glimmers in a quiet nook by the brookside. She was slim and graceful; her step was light, for her heart was free. Wherever she went she brought cheerfulness and smiles; like the little golden sunbeams which pierce among the tree-shadows of a forest, and light up unexpected beauties where all before was gloom; now painting a saffron butterfly,

now kindling an emerald moss-tuft, now making a scarlet lily flame against the dusk of the forest glades behind.

Helena was dressed by her mother in gay colors for Sunday and feast-day, but poor little Maruschka had only a dingy-grey gown, cast off by her sister. Helena wore black shoes with silver buckles, but pretty Maruschka clattered up the churchyard path in wooden clogs. Helena wore a false gold chain of great links round her neck, but her half-sister had only a turkoi colored ribbon, and a little silver cross with a crystal in it,—that was her only ornament, and that had been given her by a lady whom she had guided into the road, when she had lost her way in the forest.

As the mother and the two girls went to church on Sundays, the lads were all in the yard, hanging about the tombstones; and the old woman heard them whisper, "There is pretty Maruschka;" but never once did they say, "See pretty Helena." So she was angry, and hated the golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden. At home she made her do all the hard work, scrub the floors, cook the victuals, mend the clothes, whilst Helena stood all day before her glass, combing her hair and adorning herself with trinkets, and wishing it were Sunday that she might flare before the eyes of the young men in the churchyard.

Helena and her mother did all that lay in their power to make the little girl's life miserable; they scolded her, they beat her, they devised schemes of annoyance

for her, but never could they ruffle the sweet temper of Maruschka.

One day in the depth of winter Helena cried out, "Ah, me! would that I had a bunch of violets in my bosom to-morrow, when I go to church. Run, Maruschka, run into the forest and pluck them for me, that I may have to smell at whilst the priest gives us his sermon."

"Oh, my sister," answered Maruschka, "who ever heard of violets being gathered in mid-winter, under the deep snow!"

"Idle hussey!" screamed Helena; "go at once and fetch them. Have them I will, and you shall not come back without them."

Then the mother chimed in with, "Mind and bring a large bunch, or you shall not be taken in here for the night. Go!" and she caught her, thrust her from the house, and slammed the door behind her.

Bitterly weeping, the poor maiden wandered into the forest. The snow lay deep everywhere, undinted by human foot; white wreaths hung on the bushes, and the sombre pine boughs were frosted over with snow. Here were the traces of a hare, there the prints of a badger. An owl called from the depths of the forest. The girl lost her way. Dusk came on, and a few stars looked through the interlacing boughs overhead, watching Maruschka. An icy wind moaned through the trees, shaking the pines as though they quaked with mortal fear, and then they bent their branches and shot their loads of snow in dust to the ground. Strange harp-like sounds reverberated through the gloom, and gratings of bough on bough, which seemed as though the wood demons were gnawing at fallen timbers. Now a great black crow which had been brooding among the dark fir and pines, startled by the foot-fall and the sobs of the maiden, expanded his wings and with a harsh scream rushed away, noisily, sending the life-blood with

a leap to the girl's heart. Suddenly, before her, far up on a hilltop, a light appeared, ruddy and flickering. Maruschka, inspired with hope, made for it, scrambling up a rocky slope through deep snowdrifts. She reached the summit, and beheld a great fire. Around this fire were twelve rough stones, and on each stone sat a man. Three were grey-bearded, three were middle-aged, three were youths, and the last three were the youngest and fairest. They spoke not, but looked intently on the roaring flames. He who sat in the seat of honor had a long staff in his hand. His hair was white and fluttering in the cold wind.

Maruschka was startled, and watched them with astonishment for a little while; then mustering courage, she stepped within the circle and said,—

"Dear, good friends, please suffer me to warm myself a little while at the fire, for, indeed, I am perishing with cold." He with the flowing white hair, raised his head and said,—

"Yes, child, approach. But what brings you here?"

"I am seeking violets," she answered.

"Violets! It is not the time for violets, when the snow lies deep."

"Ah, sir! I know that well; but sister Helena and mother have bidden me bring them violets, and if I do not, I must perish in the cold. You, kind shepherds, tell me where I may find violets!"

Then the white aged one arose from his seat, stepped to one of the blooming youths, put his staff into his hand, and said,—

"Brother March, take thou the pre-eminence."

Then the Month March sat himself on the chief stone, and waved his staff over the fire. Instantly the flames rushed up and blazed with greater brilliancy, the snow began to thaw, the hazel bushes were covered with catskins, and glossy buds appeared on the beech. Green

herbs thrust up through the moist soil, a primrose gleamed from a dusky bank, and a sweet fragrance of violets was wafted by on a gentle breeze. Under a bush, the ground was purple with their scented blossoms.

"Quick, Maruschka, pluck!" ordered March. The girl hastily gathered a handful. Then she curtsied to the twelve Months, thanked them cordially and hurried home.

Helena was amazed when her half-sister came with the bunch to the door. She opened it to her, and the house was filled with the delicious odor.

"Where did you find them?" she asked.

"High up on the mountain, under a hawthorn bush."

Helena took the flowers, and set them in her bosom. She let her mother smell at them, but she never gave one to Maruschka.

When they came back from church next day, Helena cast off her gay shawls, and sat down to supper. But she had no appetite for what was on the table. She was angry with her sister, for all the lads had fixed their eyes on Maruschka, and had not even been attracted to her by the fragrant bunch of violets. "How beautiful is Maruschka to-day!" had said some of the older people, and none had spoken a good word of her.

So she sat and sighed, and hated the pretty girl more and more.

"Oh, that I had strawberries!" she said. "I can eat nothing this evening but strawberries. Run, Maruschka, into the forest and gather me a dishful."

"Dear sister, this is not the time of the year for strawberries. Who ever heard of strawberries ripening under the snow?"

But the step-mother angrily exclaimed: "Run, Maruschka, fetch them at once, as your sister has ordered, or I will strike you dead," and she thrust her from the door.

The poor girl cried bitterly; she looked back at the firelight which glimmered

through the casement, and thought how warm it was within, whilst without it was so piercingly cold. But she dare not return unless she had with her the desired fruit. So she plunged deep into the forest. The snow lay deep, and nowhere was a human footprint. Snow began to fall in fine powder, whitening her shoulders, clinging to the folds of her grey dress, and forming a cap of ice on her golden hair. In that dull, rayless night there was no light to show the blue ribbon, which strayed among the tree boles, or to twinkle on the crystal of the silver cross.

Presently Maruschka saw, high up, on the summit of a rugged hill, a blazing fire. She scrambled to it, and there she found the Twelve sitting solemn and silent around the flames, and the Ice Month with his staff sat still on the seat of honor.

"Dear, good friends, please suffer me to warm myself a little while at the fire," she asked in a beseeching voice: "for indeed I am perishing with cold."

Then the one with the drifting white locks raised his head and said,—

"Yes, child, approach. But what brings you here?"

"I am seeking strawberries," she answered.

"Strawberries! It is not the time for strawberries, when the snow lies deep."

"Ah, sir! I know that well; but sister Helena and mother have bidden me bring them strawberries, or they will strike me dead. You, kind shepherds, tell me where I may find strawberries."

Then the white Ice Month arose from his seat, stepped across the area to one of the young men, put the staff into his hand, and said,—

"Brother June, take thou the pre-eminence."

Then the Month June sat himself on the chief stone, and waved his staff over the fire. Instantly it glowed like molten gold, beams of glory streamed from it

through the forest, and it shone like a sun resting on the earth. Overhead the clouds flamed and curled in wreaths of light, tinted rose, carnation and purple, over a sky blue as the forget-me-not. Every trace of snow vanished, and the earth was buried in green. The trees were covered with rustling leaves. Blue bells gleamed under their shadows and then died away. Red-robin blushed in tufts and then shed its ragged petals. Wild roses burst into glorious flower, and the soft air was charged with the scent of sweetbriar. From among the forest glades called in cool notes a wood-dove. The thrush began to warble and the blackbird to pipe. A bright-eyed squirrel danced among the fresh green leaves on the tree-tops. Beside a brown stone was a patch of sloping green. It was dotted with little white stars with golden hearts. Now the leaves drop off, and the hearts swell, and flush, and glow, and become crimson.

"Quick, Maruschka, pluck!" said June.

Then the girl joyfully hurried to the slope, and gathered an apronful of the luscious strawberries.

She curtsied to the twelve Months, thanked them cordially, and hurried home.

Helena was astonished as she saw her come to the house, and she ran to open the door. The whole cottage was fragrant with the odor of the strawberries.

"Where did you gather them?" asked Helena.

"High up on the mountains, under a brown rock."

Helena took the strawberries and ate them with her mother. She never offered even one to pretty Maruschka.

Next day Helena had again no appetite for her supper.

"Oh, if I had only ripe apples!" she said; and then, turning to her sister, she ordered, "Run, Maruschka, run into the wood and gather me some ripe apples."

"Dear sister, this is not the time of the year for apples. Who ever heard of apples ripening in an icy wind?"

But her stepmother cried out, "Run, Maruschka, fetch the apples as your sister has required, or I will strike you dead."

And she thrust her from the door into the cold winter night-air.

The maiden hastened sobbing into the wood; the snow lay deep, and nowhere was there a human footprint. The new moon glimmered in a clear sky, and sent its feeble beams into the forest deeps, forming little, trembling, silvery pools of light, which appeared and vanished, and formed again. And a low wind whispered a great secret in the trees; but so faint was the tone that none could make out what it said. There was a little opening in the wood; in the midst stood a grey wolf looking at the moon and howling; but when Maruschka came near, it fled, and was lost among the shadows. The poor maiden shivered with cold, and her teeth chattered. Her lips were purple, and her cheeks white; and the tears, as they formed, froze on her long eyelashes. She would have sunk on a snowdrift and died, had she not seen up high on a rugged hill-top a blazing fire. Towards it she made her way, and found it to be the same she had seen before. Round about, solemn and silent, sat the Twelve, and the Ice Month was on the seat of honor, clasping the staff of power.

"Dear, good friends, please suffer me to warm myself a little while at the fire," she asked, in supplicating tones; "for indeed I am perishing with cold."

Then the one with the long white hair and frosty beard raised his head and said,— "Yes, child, approach; but what brings you here?"

"I am seeking ripe apples," she answered.

"Ripe apples! It is not the time for ripe apples, when the snow lies deep."

"Ah, sir! I know that well; but sister Helena and mother have bidden me bring them ripe apples, or they will strike me dead. You, kind shepherds, tell me were I might find ripe apples."

Then the Ice Month arose from his seat, stepped to one of the elder men, put the staff into his hand, and said,—

"Brother September, take thou the pre-eminence."

Then the Month September sat himself on the chief stone, and waved his staff over the fire. Whereat it glowed like a furnace red and fierce, sparks flew about and volumes of glaring hot smoke, like the vapor of molten metal, rolled up to heaven. In a moment the snow was gone. The trees were covered with sear leaves, the oak foliage was brown and crumpled, that of the ash yellow as sulphur, other trees seemed leafed with copper. Stray leaves floated by and were whirled by little wind eddies into rustling heaps. A few yellow flowers shook in the hot air. Pinks hung over the rocks, covering their faces with wandering shadows, ladyfern waved and wafted its pleasant odor, a constant hum of bees and beetles and flies sounded through the wood. Maruschka looked around for her apples, and beheld a tree on whose branches hung the ruddy fruit.

"Quick, Maruschka, shake!" commanded September. Then she shook, and there fell an apple; she shook again, and there fell another. "Quick, Maruschka, hasten home!" said the Month.

Then she curtsied to the Twelve, thanked them cordially, and returned to the house of her step-mother.

Helena marveled not a little when she saw the red apples.

"How many have you plucked?" she asked.

"Only two."

"Where did you find them?"

"High up, on the mountain-top, on a tree weighed down with them?"

"Why did you not gather more? Did

you not eat them on your way home?" asked Helena, fiercely.

"Oh, dear sister, I have not tasted one. I shook once, and down fell an apple; I shook twice and there fell another. I might not bring away more."

Helena struck her and drove her to the kitchen. Then she tasted one of the apples. Never before had she eaten one so sweet and juicy. The step-mother ate the second.

"Mother!" exclaimed Helena, "give me my fur dress. I will go to the hill and bring some apples. That hussey has eaten all she brought except two."

Then she wrapped herself up and hurried into the wood. The snow lay deep, and nowhere was a human footprint. Helena lost herself, but presently she was aware of a hill and a fire burning at the summit. She hastened to the light. There she saw a great blaze, and round it sat the twelve Months silent and solemn. He with the long snowy locks sat on the seat of honor, holding the rod of power. Helena stared at them, then, pushing through the circle, went to the fire, and began to warm herself.

"What seek you here?" asked the Ice Month, with a frown wrinkling his white brow.

"That is no business of yours," answered Helena, sharply, over her shoulder.

The Ice Month shook his head, and raising his arm, waved the staff over the fire.

Instantly the flames sank, and the fire was reduced to a glowing spark. The clouds rolled over the sky, and, bursting, discharged snow in such quantities that nothing was visible in earth and heaven but drifting white particles. An icy wind rumbled in the forest and roared round the hill. Helena fled. Everywhere white fleeting spots, whirling, falling, rising, scudding! She ran this way, then that; she stumbled over a fallen log, she gathered herself up and ran again; then she

plunged into a deep drift; the white cold down from the breast of heaven whirled and fell, and rose, and fled, and danced this side of her, and dropped here on her, and rested there on her, and lodged on this limb, and built up a white heap on that limb, then bridged over one fold and filled up another. She shook herself, and the particles fell off. But then they began their work again; they spangled her with white, they wove a white net, they filled up the interstices of their lace, they built a mound over her arm, they buried her foot, they raised a cairn above her bosom. Then they spun a dance around the white face which looked up at them, and began to whiten it still they smoothed the sheet

over her, and the work was done. The mother looked out of the window and wondered that Helena did not return. Hours after hour passed, and her daughter came not.

"Maybe the apples are so sweet that she cannot eat enough," thought the mother. "I will go seek them too."

So she wrapped herself up in a thick shawl and went forth.

The snow lay deep, and nowhere was a human footprint. She called Helena, but received no answer. Then she lost her way. The snow fell and the wind howled.

Maruschka sat over the fire and cooked supper. Mother and sister came back no more.

HOW THEY FIGHT IN ABYSSINIA.

THE daily papers are telling us so much about the English expedition to Abyssinia, sent there to punish King Theodore for imprisoning the British Consul and a number of other Europeans, that a sketch of the warlike weapons of the Abyssinians and their mode of using them may not be without interest.

As far as regards warlike munitions, the Abyssinians depend chiefly upon the shield, the spear, and the sword. These are their favorite arms. An Abyssinian is never so pleasantly employed as when he is sharpening the one or brightening up the other; and nothing disturbs his equanimity so much as any one daring to meddle with them in any way. The Abyssinian shield is a circular one, nearly a yard in diameter; it is made of buffalo-hide, stretched and dried over a heap of hard clay, to give it a concave shape, the rim being afterwards curled upwards and outwards, and its edge perforated with holes to receive loops of leather, by which it is hung on the wall. At the back is a long leathern handle, by

which the shield is held in battle, or carried across the arm in marching. The face of the shield has a boss in the center, from which hangs a long tuft of horse-hair, that all may know the owner is a proved brave who has killed his man. Sometimes the face is decked with brass plates; but these are not in much request, as they are mostly used to hide defects in the skin. Chiefs of wealth and importance delight in covering their shields with bosses and plates of silver; those who cannot afford such expensive ornamentation, contenting themselves with strips of lion's skin, or part of a lion's mane, with perhaps a silvermounted tail or paw dangling at the end.

Two kinds of lances are used, the cavalry generally carrying both—one, a light javelin, to gall the enemy with at a distance, the Abyssinian being sufficiently expert in its use to hit a mark at fifty yards. The ordinary spear for work at closer quarters is never allowed to leave the hand altogether, although the wield-

er will let it slide as far as the butt. This is a neatly made and tastefully ornamented weapon, about six and a half feet long, the head usually measuring two feet. Skilfully handled, this will penetrate the toughest shield, and inflict a mortal wound, to avoid which unpleasant contingency, it is necessary to manipulate the shield, so that the stroke of the spear should descend obliquely, in which case it is harmless. Some tribes carry the shotel, an awkward and clumsy two-edged weapon, curved like a sickle, with which they strike point downwards over an adversary's guard; but the straight sword is the usual weapon of the Abyssinian soldier. This is generally of European manufacture, and nearly worthless, being "made to sell;" but many, taught by experience, prefer swords of native iron, spite of their tendency to bend at a critical moment, because, as they say: "If a sword breaks who is to mend it? But if it bends, you have only to sit upon it, and it is as straight as ever!" The handles of these home-made arms are of rhinoceros' horn, fashioned so as to impede the play of the wrist, and they are worn buckled on the right side, to avoid disturbing the sheltering shield. Indeed, the Abyssinian seems to have studied the great art of how not to do it with considerable success, for he dares not advance his right shoulder to give force to his sword-stroke, lest he should thereby expose his body to the malice of his foe. Mr. Parkyns, who had many a friendly bout with Amharic warriors, expresses the greatest contempt for the sword and shield in Abyssinian hands. "A European who knows anything of the use of a sword, can without difficulty master the best Abyssinian, notwithstanding his shield. A slight feint will open his guard, and then you have him at your mercy; for a shield is of considerable weight, and consequently not so manageable as a sword. The best way is to make a feint at his

head, which of course he will guard with his huge shield, thereby blindfolding his own eyes, while you have perfect leisure to amputate one or both of his naked legs, according to the strength and dexterity with which your blow shall be delivered. But if (for there is no rule without an exception) he should be too quick, or you too clumsy to succeed the first time in this manœuvre, repeat the feint; but instead of aiming a second time at his legs, for which he will be prepared, let your feint be only part of a double cut at his head, the second part of which shall descend with as much force as you can bestow on his pericranium at the very moment when he, anticipating a blow on his legs, shall have lowered his shield to protect them."

The Abyssinians certainly possess firearms, if they are not very expert in their use; but unless energetic Theodore has vastly improved the quality of Abyssinian weapons of this sort, all the expertness in the world would not render them very formidable. When Mr. Johnston visited Shoa in 1842, Sehala Selassie boasted an armory well stocked with guns of one kind and another. There were long pieces of ancient date, requiring five men to load and discharge them, common matchlocks, and English and French muskets—only intrusted to special favorites, being reckoned to be worth a pair of young horses apiece; besides an odd assortment of fowling-pieces and other sporting guns, the involuntary contributions of various European visitors from time to time. The native powder was execrably bad, while the bullets were small pieces of hammered iron, which, when any fighting was afoot, were doled out to the "gunners" at the rate of seven bullets per man: when that supply was exhausted, the gunner fell back upon any pebbles he could find. Some years afterwards, Mr. Parkyns found the Abyssinians still giving the preference to the unwieldy clumsy matchlocks,

which they served after the following fashion. Having no fixed charge of powder, the gunner poured the grain backwards and forwards between his hand and the hollow can used as a powder-flask, until he thought he had got the right quantity, when he emptied it into the gunbarrel. He next rammed down some rag and a rough iron bullet; an operation facilitated by the shot being a quarter of an inch less diameter than the bore of the barrel, and the loading was finished; unless, as often happened, the ramrod obstinately refused to part company with the rag, when the ramming occupied the better part of half an hour. "It is great fun to see these gunners when taken unawares by a sudden alarm: one can't find his flint, another has lost his steel; then there is the striking of a light, blowing the match, priming the gun, fixing the match to a proper length and direction; and, lastly, sticking into the ground the rest—a bamboo staff, shod with an iron spike with two or three forks, to rest the barrel of the gun on. There is one thing in their favor—that the mere sound of driving in the rest is generally sufficient to turn away the bravest Abyssinian cavalry that ever charged."

The Abyssinians have no regular army, unless a few hundred musketeers serving as the sovereign's bodyguard may be called so; but an armed force is speedily raised when required, much in the same way as European armies were raised in feudal times. The emperor, king, negus, or whatever he chooses to style himself, when he has determined to make war upon rebellious subjects or troublesome neighbors, calls upon each district chief to furnish a contingent of men. Fifty thousand men are soon collected in this way, of which number a fiftieth part may probably carry muskets, but the great body will consist of men mounted on horses or mules, armed with the national weapons, the spear and

sword. An Abyssinian commander has every inducement to put forth all his skill, for not only is he liable to being nearly flogged to death, should he prove unsuccessful, but upon the result of his first battle depends the existence of his army, for if he is beaten, the remnant of his followers are sure to pass over to the victor's side; while, should he win the battle, his force will be augmented by the remains of his enemy's army. The superstitious notions of these savages are not calculated to insure victory. Earnest believers in good and bad omens, they listen anxiously for certain bird-voices, and according as they are heard on the right or the left, are persuaded the projected expedition will prove fortunate or the reverse. It matters not how far the preparations for a march may have gone, a bad omen is quite sufficient to cause it being indefinitely postponed: even with the enemy in sight, and everything in its favor, an army will return without striking a blow, if the oracular bird happens to salute it with a cry from the wrong side of the road. Another awkward failing of the Abyssinian soldier is his intense desire to obtain something in the shape of plunder, a propensity so strong with him, that he will let a flying foe escape while he stoops to pick up some trifle he may have dropped in his flight.

Different methods of warfare find favor with different tribes. The Quohain warriors when they sought to frighten an invading army from Amhara, stopped as soon as they caught sight of them, saluted them with a shower of lances, clubs, and stones, and then bolted incontinently. This was a cowardly innovation upon the orthodox mode of fighting, when a battle is fought in true Abyssinian fashion without any villainous salt-petre being imported into the fray. Mr. Johnston had the luck to be present at such a fight between two hostile bodies of Dankilli—a tribe of Islamite blacks, locat-

ed on the weastern coast of the Red Sea, and we cannot do better than condense his description. When the hostile parties meet, they sit down opposite each other at a distance of sixty or eighty yards; then the leaders on each side stand up and yell, jump, and harangue until some of their hearers, excited by their appeals, rush into the intervening space, and the combat commences. Each eager warrior singles out an opponent, and squats down opposite to him but a few yards off. They spar at each other with their spears until one fancies he sees a good opportunity, when, springing to his feet, he launches his spear with all the force he can muster; this, his antagonist will probably receive on his shield, cast it to the ground, and then jump and stamp upon it. When tired of this exercise, he threatens his spearless foe, who, dodging about in a stooping posture, hides as much of his body as he can behind his shield, till the spear is thrown with harmless effect. Snatching their knives from the girdles, they now rush impetuously at each other, throwing their shields away; that they may have the left hand free for grappling, whilst the right is busy dealing swift and heavy blows at the neck and left side. A few minutes decide the conflict; a loud shout from the victor, as he pushes his dead foe away, proclaiming the result to the excited onlookers, who have been making themselves hoarse encouraging and deriding the combatants. Stimulated by revenge, others rush to the battleground, to be met by braves from the opposite side; and so the strife goes on, pair after pair entering the ensanguined lists until one party has exhausted its stock of fighting-men and only its weak or cowardly members remain. Then the victors, joined by their reserve, swoop down upon them, killing every one offering resistance, indeed sparing only those whose heels enable them to escape. How deadly these battles are may be judged

from the fact, that at the battle of Hyhilloo between one thousand Dankilli and twice that number of the Muditu, the latter lost in killed—there are no wounded—one thousand men, and the victors three hundred and forty-one, in the space of an hour.

Men who can take part in such hand-to-hand contests cannot be said to lack personal 'bravery, nor do they want brave leaders either. When Shetou (who was afterwards killed in the battle that made Theodore supreme) led the soldiers of Amhara into a certain fertile district to 'eat it up,' the neighboring people of Cologouzai, rather than wait for a similar visit, resolved to attack Shetou there and then; and putting their resolve into action, they surprised the Amharic camp one morning before sunrise. Aroused by their shouts *Isgyoh* (O God!), Shetou sprang on his horse, galloped among his panic-stricken meh, striking them, upbraiding them, encouraging them, entreating them to die like men, rather than be butchered like sheep, until he collected a handful together, whereupon he charged the enemy. His example inspired the fleeing soldiers to turn and follow their leader; the foe was checked, and a timely re-inforcement enabled Shetou to put them to rout, and the Cologouzai were, of course, in due time eaten up.

The soldiers of Amhara (Theodore's chief resource), however, are no match for the Barea, a tribe allied to the Nubian Arabs, and are never overanxious to try conclusions with them. Seventeen Amharans once came upon an old Barea warrior, and surrounded him. Nothing daunted, he coolly sat down, took off one of his sandals, and proceeded to sharpen his sword upon it. Upon which the brave seventeen sneaked off without attempting to molest him. Upon another occasion half-a-dozen mounted Abyssinians attacked a solitary Barea, who received cavalry so adroitly as to kill one, and

scare the remainder, leaving him depart at his leisure with no less than half-a-dozen lances as trophies of war. One Amharic chieftain, named Remha, obtained vast renown for killing a Barea in single combat, a feat he accomplished by pure accident. Remha had charged his enemy at full speed, intending to settle him out of hand with his spear. The Barea, by a dexterous movement, avoided the blow, at the same time hamstringing the Abyssinian's horse as it passed, and down came steed and rider, cutting such a comical figure in the Barea's eyes, that he actually stood still and laughed till he cried; while Remha, indignant beyond measure, jumped up, and drove his lance through his foolish foe. Probably, there is a good deal of truth in the remark of one who knew them well, that an Abyssinian's courage depends upon the state of the commissariat: feed him well, and he is tolerably brave; but he cannot fight upon an empty stomach. Mr. Parkyns complains that, though his Amharic friends were continually suffering from the raids of the Barea, he never, during his long sojourn among them, knew of any rencontres between the victimizers and the victims in which the first were not the assailants, except some 'bloody retaliations wherein a few men were butchered or mutilated by ten times their number.' Justifying the old Abyssinian who had distinguished himself in his youth, in his unflattering comparison: 'In those days, we were men; now, we have scarcely any among us who can pluck up courage to defend the women, if they be attacked!'

Many a campaign has come to a most unexpected ending, but we might search the annals of war in vain for a pendant to the Tigreen campaign of 1841. At that time, Oubi reigned over Tigre, and Ras Ali ruled in Amhara. Some difference arose between the two states; or, rather, King Oubi took it into his head that he was strong enough to add Am-

hara to his dominions; or, failing that, might still make a profitable speculation out of an invasion of that country; and he declared war forthwith. To insure success, he announced a sort of religious crusade, and left Tigre, at the head of twenty thousand men, with as much pomp as he could devise. By his side rode the head of the church, the Abouan, or patriarch, mounted, like Oubi himself, on a richly caparisoned mule, and like him, too, bearing in his hand a red parasol. Oubi was attended by a dozen squires, bearing silver-plated shields; while twelve priests, with crosses, censers, and holy books, marched by the side of the militant high-priests of Tigre. After them came the women, eunuchs, singers, and household of the court, followed by the army itself. Their progress was quite unopposed; and after marching three days, the Tigreen warriors encamped or squatted near Devra Tabor—the very center of the enemy's country.

Here they remained unmolested for a week, while Ras Ali, convinced at last Oubi really meant mischief, collected his troops together, marched to meet the invaders, and soon the two forces lay opposite each other, waiting for the signal to engage. Ras Ali, however, did not want to fight if he could help it, so he tried to open negotiations through the Abouan, but that Christian patriarch not only declined to hold any communication with an infidel, but gave Ali's messenger notice that he would have molten lead poured in the ears of every prisoner Oubi took. Finding he must fight, Ras Ali gave orders for the attack, and at first his troops had the best of it, until, checked by the fierce fire of the Tigreen gunners, they hesitated in their advance; whereupon one of Oubi's officers charged them so vigorously, that in a few minutes the defenders of Amhara were fleeing in all directions, the Tigreens following in hot pursuit. Now comes the curious

finale. Alijaz Bourrou, a near relation of Ras Ali, directly he perceived defeat was inevitable, fled with all attendants to the enemy's camp, to surrender to Oubi himself, thinking that a safer course than trusting himself to the tender mercies of the Tigreen soldiery. King Oubi, however, was so intoxicated, not with success, which might have been excusable, but with liquor, that he was in utter ignorance of the real position of affairs; and seeing himself suddenly surrounded by foes, he thought all was lost, and interrupted Alijaz Bourrou's appeal for

mercy by begging quarter for himself. This comical game at cross-purposes went on for some time, until the Amharic visitors, finding it impossible to make Oubi understand their intentions, took him at his word and made him their prisoner. The news of Oubi's capture sped like lightning over the field; Ras Ali's runaways took fresh heart, turned about, and coming upon their late conquerors as they were busy pillaging, massacred them without mercy. And so Oubi, the actual winner of the battle, lost his crown and his liberty through his own stupidity.

THE WATERS OUT.

PART I

THREE days' heavy rain, and the clouds heavier and more leaden-looking than ever, as they poured down an incessant torrent of water, save when, with a fierce gust, the wind came down from the hills, driving the rain before it in a perfect cloud of spray, which dashed against the windows, and beat beneath the door, while the old house seemed to shake to the very foundations. I had just come to live at the Mill then—at least so we called the house adjoining the old water-mill, built over a branch of the river.

"Plenty of water, eh!" I said laughingly to old Smith, the miller, "no standing still and stone-chipping to-day."

"Too much, sir; too much," said the old man grimly. "The waste water don't carry it off half fast enough. The low ground's all flooded now; and if this keeps on, we shall be swamped before long."

Another day, and the waters higher; the rain pouring down more fiercely than ever, pitting the surface of the yellow river, whose waters foamed and churned along, covered with twigs and grass, for every now and then, when the wind rushed through the tall elms that over-

looked our house, a dead branch would be snatched off, and hurled savagely into the river. Once a couple of shingles shared the same fate, having been struck by a heavy bough which caught the corner of the house. But a pail placed beneath the spot where the water dripped through into the attic met that disaster; and after saying that I would give orders to Smith to come and repair damages, I passed my cup to my sister for a little more coffee.

"But you surely won't start on such a morning?" said my sister. "It rains more than ever."

"Must," I said. "I promised to meet Harris, and I won't fail."

"But, is it not dangerous? Don't you think the flood may get worse?"

"No, my dear," I said. "I think the water will go down now; and as to danger—well, I may get wet."

"But must you go?" said the little, tender, pale-faced thing, that I always wondered some huge he had not stolen from my side years before.

"Must—must—must," I said laughing. "And now, don't, pray, be uneasy; for if the house is swept away before I come back, you have plenty of stores to

last you on your cruise for a whole week, before starvation brings you down to colza oil and jam; and even then, there's a box of candles—I mean the dips; but I would not eat the wicks; and whatever you do, don't touch the composites—arsenic, you know."

"Don't be foolish, Fred," she whispered. "I can't help feeling nervous; the house seems to shake; and I lay for hours last night listening to the wind howling, and the waters rushing past the piles so furiously; and I could not help thinking that if—"

"If the house set sail, and floated down the current, you would be wrecked upon a willow-stump down in the marsh," I said. "Now, don't be a little goose; but occupy your mind with something till I get back to an early dinner and most likely I shall bring Harris back with me.—What are you blushing for?"

"Don't be so foolish, dear," said the little thing with her face aflame. So I ordered the cob I rode to be brought round; and after setting rain well at defiance with india-rubber leggings and mackintosh, I went out to see how the water stood.

It certainly was coming down furiously, and tore along by the side of the island upon which our house stood at a fearful rate, making the old wooden bridge quiver, while I saw that I must have a small bank of earth thrown up in front of the door, or the water would soon be in the passage, frightening Sister Helen into fits.

"Oh, the fishing!" I thought to myself; for I had taken up my residence at Pikehurst Mill on account of the goodly stores of finny prey in dam and pool, as well as in the swift river on the other side of the house; and now this flood seemed furious enough to sweep every fish out of the stream. As to danger, such an idea never once entered my head, as, soon after mounting my cob, I trotted over the echoing wooden bridge, and then went

splashing along the swimming road till it turned up the hill; and then, as I rode along the crest towards the town—the pleasant ride where I had so often watched the meanderings of the silver river—I was almost startled at seeing the extent to which the flood had extended—meadows and fields, far and wide, were under water, with farms here and there, like islands in a lake; while the river itself could be traced more by the rushing water than by the trees which grew upon its sides.

The man at the turnpike was full of news of the mischief done—sheep drowned, pigs swept away, and how that a farmer, trying to cross the ford in his gig, had lost his life; but he was not quite sure whether it was the farmer or his horse.

I had a six-miles' ride to the town, where I executed various little commissions, paid a visit or two, lunched with my friend Harris, and then, after finishing our business consultation, he walked with me down to the hotel where I had left my horse.

"By Jove! how the water's up," said Harris, as we neared the bridge which crossed the navigable part of the river; and well he might exclaim, for, as we neared a crowd, we saw a couple of heavily laden barges float swiftly along, with bows apparently on a level with the crown of the one-arched iron bridge; then there was a shriek and a rush, as those who were upon the bridge fled, while, with a crash, the barges, one after the other, came in contact with the railings, swept the bridge away, and then slowly forging round, were wrecked, as it were, among the ruins, forming a dam right across the narrow river—a barrier which grew stronger every moment, with the boats, timber, and fragments brought down by the fierce stream; till, leaping and breasting in vain at this obstacle in its career, the swollen river dashed right and left along the river-street, flooding

houses, running into cellars, and doing incalculable mischief in a few minutes.

"She's risen a foot an hour ever since ten o'clock," a man said close by my elbow; and as I started and changed color, Harris caught my arm, and whispered eagerly; "Will all be safe at home?"

"Come on," I said huskily; for it now struck me that I had treated the flood in too cavalier a manner, and that, after all, the Mill, if not in danger, would be so far flooded as to drive its inmates upstairs, and frighten them almost to death. But I had no occasion to hurry my friend, for he was in the hotel-yard before I was, and I heard him order a horse to be saddled as well as mine.

"Where to, sir?" said the hostler.

"Pikehurst Mill," said my friend hurriedly.

I did not speak, but I was so glad of the friendly act that I gave Harris's hand a warm squeeze, one which he returned in a way that showed how thoroughly we understood one another.

"For Heaven's sake, be smart, men!" I said, as the second hostler brought out one horse saddled, the other man having disappeared into the house; but he now returned with the landlord, who said to Harris in a quiet, respectful way: "Impossible to get to the Mill this afternoon, sir. Can't, with justice to myself, let a horse of mine go, sir."

"What!" shouted Harris fiercely.

"Why, sir, the beast would be lost, certain sure, if you attempted it. But you don't mean the Mill itself, do you?"

"Never mind, Harris," I said, for I was mounted—"I'll go on."

"Stop! for God's sake, stop!" he shouted. "Here, Mr. Ellis, what's your horse worth?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars to me, sir," said the man.

"I'll pay you that if I injure him," said Harris, eagerly. "Now saddle him quickly."

"And suppose you don't—don't get back, sir?" said the man, ominously. "If you'll take my advice, you'll both of you stop here, or else go in a boat."

Harris's reply was to run into the bar, seize pen, ink, and paper, and write a promissory-note for the amount named, which he thrust into the landlord's hand; and the next minute we were clattering down the street towards the old stone bridge, which we crossed just in time, for half an hour after, a pier gave way from the fearful pressure, and a side-arch crumbled into the running flood.

All the lower parts of the town were under water; and the cold sweat rose upon my forehead as I saw that two or three houses had regularly sunk down into the current; while in dozens of places, people were being taken out of the upper windows into boats; for I thought of the Mill, and the mighty stream beating upon the island-head; while remembering the fate of the iron bridge in the street, I trembled for the old, frail wooden bridge, and wondered whether, if it were swept away, the horses would swim the current, for now, in our slow progress, with the water, in some places above their girths, they snorted and shivered, and more than once stood trembling and afraid to proceed. But there was no mercy for them. Whip and spur forced them on, till we were upon solid ground once more, and, side by side, going uphill at a brisk gallop.

PART II.

EVERYWHERE water—rushing water—eddy water—water covered with ruins; portions of haystacks, heaps of straw, here floating slowly down the mighty stream, there grounding, and then turning as if upon an axis, till floated off once more, and continuing their course. Now and then, we could make out swimming animals, and more than once carcasses; whilst in several places, cattle stood upon ever-lessening islands, lowing

dismally. Carts, planks, fences, and now and again huge trees, torn out of the banks, floated down the stream; while the height to which the water had risen since I left home, made my heart sink as we pressed on.

"Don't spare him," I shouted to Harris as his horse refused to cross a lane in which the water rushed fiercely and deeply enough to take my animal right off his legs for a minute; but he swam boldly till he touched bottom again. But my words were unnecessary, for at the same moment, the frightened beast leaped into the yellow stream and dashed across.

We were now in the lower ground again; but the road once more ascended till we reached the toll-gate, where the man shook his head ominously as he saw me, and said something; but without studying the payment of toll, we had galloped through.

Another mile brought us in sight of the Mill, round which the waters were rushing, and even at that distance, to my horror, I could see that the sitting-room windows were nearly covered. Harris must have seen it at the same moment, for he whipped his horse smartly, and we galloped hard down the long hill, till, reaching the valley through which the river ran, we were stopped by the water, and stood looking for a favorable place to try and reach the bridge.

"Better come a little lower down here," I said.

"What for?" said Harris, huskily.

"To reach the bridge."

"Where is it?" he said despairingly.

I started, for as I looked along the track of the rushing water, there was no bridge visible, and my worst fears were realized.

"Come here," said Harris, dashing through the water to a turn in the road where the Mill could easily be seen; and on reaching this spot, we could see, about five hundred yards lower down, the place we sought to reach, with the

waters just covering the sitting-room windows, and figures in the bedroom making signs for help. I suppose they saw us then; but all seems so mixed up in one strange whirl, that I hardly know how the occurrences of the next few hours took place.

Moved as it were by one impulse, Harris and I forced our horses into the water with the full intention of trying to swim them till we could float down to the windows, and then try and bring off two of the endangered lives; but the snorting, terrified beasts dashed back in spite of all our efforts, Harris's horse plunging so furiously that he was thrown, and the animal galloped splashing by me, while for a few seconds my companion vanished beneath the water.

I spurred the cob to where he had disappeared, and the next minute he stood holding by its mane, panting and wringing the bitterly cold water from his clothes.

"What are you going to do?" I said hastily; for he had stripped off his over and under coat, and I could see that he was pushing off his boots as he stood there up to his middle in water.

"Swim for it," he said coolly.

"But it is impossible," I said huskily.

"Do you think I can stand here till she is swept away?" he said sternly.

I could give no answer, but slipping off the cob, I followed his example, and then, clasping hands for an instant, we waded to a suitable place for a starting-point, and then continued wading till the water was up to our breasts, when we pushed off, and half-facing up the stream, swam quietly on, and without much difficulty, for we were now in an eddy which aided us a little.

The valley was about half a mile wide here, and quite one-half of that distance was now converted into a rushing, turbulent stream; but we swam boldly on, husbanding our strength for the rough water through which we should have to

fight our way; for though we had started some four hundred yards above the Mill, our dread was lest we should be swept past without reaching so far across.

It was fierce work. Every now and then we had to avoid some obstacle—wood-work, tree, or the carcass of some drowned beasts; while once I shuddered as my hand struck upon a human form. Our clothes seemed to grow heavier and drag us down, while, when at last we were swimming in the full current of the stream, my heart sank, for I felt that we should never be able to cope with it long enough to achieve our object. Not two yards below me swam Harris, keeping level with me stroke for stroke; but in the glance I caught I could read the same thought in his eye, though we tried to cheer one another on as well as we could with that cold rushing water at our lips trying hard to drag us down.

Once I thought it was all over, and I threw up my arms with a wild cry; for, in trying to avoid a tree-trunk that came surging down upon us, I did not make any allowance for the long snake-like roots, one of which seemed to curl round my legs and drag me down. I went under once, twice, and even now I can recall the horrible thundering of the water in my ears; but the next moment I was clear, when, if it had not been for Harris's sustaining arm, I must have gone down in that flurry and excitement, for, breathless and half-strangled, my nerve was completely gone. But on again, cleaving the water with firm strokes, feeling that the lives of all in the Mill perhaps depended upon our exertions, though the stream had swept us far down, and I could see how much way we had lost as we came nearer and nearer to the cottage.

"Turn more up-stream," panted Harris; and we battled on, lower and lower in the water, while, though fighting with the energy of despair, I could feel that we should never reach the Mill, for the

stream seemed swifter and swifter as we reached the true bed of the river.

"Fred!" hissed a voice at my elbow all at once, and I turned my head to see the most pale and ghastly face I ever beheld—"Fred, if you ever get to them, tell her I was true to the last, and did all I could. But I can't reach her; I'm about done."

As he spoke, my hand struck upon the thin branches of a willow, whose head was above water; and then reaching out my other hand, I caught Harris's just in time, for the stream was sweeping him away; but the next instant we were both among the branches of the tree, resting with the water above our breasts. Upon looking round, I tried to make out an eddy of which we could take advantage, and then swim down upon the island; but no—the water seemed to bear down upon the house with one tremendous rush till it struck the walls, and then divided right and left, as though embracing the place, and trying to lift it bodily in its watery arms. I could see that the watchers at the window saw our peril; and holding on with one hand, I waved the other in a way meant for encouragement. But I saw a figure clasp her hands to her eyes, and shrink back, as though in despair at our position, when, turning round to Harris, I asked him if he could manage the other fifty yards that lay between us and the position that should sweep us down upon the Mill.

He set his teeth and nodded; and then without a word darted off with a bold rush that astonished me after the tokens of weakness he had shown ten minutes before. However, I tried hard to imitate him, and followed some two or three yards behind, always half-swimming against the stream, as it swept us nearer and nearer to the house.

All seems now to have been one wild dream of rushing water and howling wind, mingled with the screams of the

women, as once more beaten in strength, we were driven down almost with the swiftness of arrows right upon the Mill, whose trellis wood-work afforded a secure hold, though the stream beat furiously against us in its efforts to tear us away. The next recollection I have is, of being half-helped, half-dragged in at an open window by Harris, and then feeling my sister's warm tear's upon my face as I lay completely exhausted upon the bedroom floor.

But it was a time of peril—a time to be up and doing, for the water was still rising fast, and now, as it rushed past the house, seemed to grow more furious at the obstacle in its way. Had we felt assured of safety, it would have been an interesting though sad sight to watch the waifs borne upon the breast of the flood; but we were in danger, for I could not feel assured that the place would stand the pressure now brought to bear upon it. The lower windows had been early broken in by the woodwork swept against them, so that the water had a clear course through the lower part of the house; sheds had been swept away; furniture floated out; while the greater part of the old wooden mill by the side had early in the fight succumbed, though the top of the large undershot wheel yet showed above the flood.

Shivering as I was with cold and excitement, I can remember a grim smile coming upon my face at seeing how thoroughly my timid little sister, who aforetime would hardly have stolen a look, now clung helplessly to friend Harris, as if protection lay in his arms; but I told myself it was human nature, and began to look out for help. Water all around—savage, living, rushing water, leaping up at us, and even splashing in at the open window sometimes, while step by step it was slowly creeping up the stairs with a strange lapping sound, as it came nearer and nearer to the bedroom door.

There were still the attics to flee to, even if we were driven from the bedroom; but that was not the dread; there was not much prospect of so high a rise; the question was, whether the building would stand. At another time I should have pooh-poohed a doubt, and talked of the strength of the old place, and pointed to the stout walls; but now, with a torrent rushing through, and every window up-stairs rattling with the vibration, the only question seemed to be one of time—how long it would be before the place was undermined and crumbled bodily into the rushing water. It was a horrible dread; and even with the strong love of life upon me, I could not help looking with sorrow on my gentle sister's pale face, as she clung helplessly to Harris, with her eyes asking that same question again and again: "Shall we be saved?"

"Come, Harris," I said gruffly; "up and doing; this is no time for fooleries."

I did not mean it unkindly; but however it was taken, it had the effect of bringing my friend to my side in an instant, when we began to look out for a means of escape.

"I dare not trust the place," I said, "or I would stay. Can't we contrive a raft somehow?"

Harris shook his head doubtingly, as, following my example, he ascended to one of the attics, and looked out upon the dreary waste. In a straight line, the nearest high ground was about two hundred yards distant; but the stream would sweep boat or raft far down towards the flooded meadows, where the watery waste spread out apparently a mile wide. No help of any kind in sight, neither boat nor barge, though a couple had rushed by earlier in the day, my sister had told me, one of which dashed down the old wooden bridge, while afterwards they were in dread lest it come in contact with the house. But we soon finished our survey, finding that, unless we could

make a raft of furniture and the wood-work of the house, we must keep to our perilous position.

Our blank looks told our disappointment to those below when we again descended; and now our only hope seemed to be the chance of making signals to some one in the distant road, though we still thought it possible that a boat might come within hail.

Night fell at last, dark and hideous, the wind howling through the elms at the back, and the water running by ever with its wild, ravening, hissing cry; the house trembled; the woodwork in the old mill again and again, during the long watches of that awful night, cracked and gave way, portions falling heavily into the furious river, which seemed to leap and bound, as if rejoicing, sending up a faintly seen spray, and then hurrying on fierce and black as ever. Step by step, the water had risen till we were driven from the bedroom, and took refuge in one of the attics; while the two women-servants wailed loudly, to add to the misery of the night. Light we had none; food we had none; but the old miller, who had hardly spoken since he helped to drag us both in at the window, calmly lit his pipe and sat smoking, with the light glowing in the bowl, to tell us of his presence.

"Tell you what," he said at last, slowly tapping the ashes from his pipe, and we all started, for so quiet had the old man been, that we had almost ignored his existence—"tell you what; we shall have to dive after the old punt as soon as it's light;" when he went on to explain what seemed to me a most hopeless project—namely, that one of us should be secured by a rope round the body, and then dive, and try and unchain the old flat boat moored head and stern by chains to the posts beside the mill-pool.

Morning, which came at last, though it showed how impracticable was the scheme, even if the boat had not been torn away from its fastenings long before;

and faint and despairing, we watched the light growing brighier as the sun rose upon the desolate scene, for it was a bright clear morning.

"Hurrah!" cried the old miller; "a boat, sir;" and on looking in the direction in which he pointed, there, sure enough, was a small boat floating slowly down towards us, but evidently held by something beneath the water.

"Dragging her anchor," said Harris, as he climbed out on to the roof, but immediately returned to descend with me into the bedroom, where we stood with the water above our knees, eagerly watching the boat, as it slowly came nearer and nearer. Now the stream bore her off, as though to sweep her right away; then she swerved back again, always checked by the chain which hung from the bows. But at length she became stationary some thirty yards off; for it was evident that the little anchor had caught in one of the willows, while the boat swung about tantalizingly out of our reach.

Safe or unsafe, our nerves were now so unstrung that we should have tried to escape even on a frail raft; for it never once occurred to either of us that the large elm trees behind the house presented a haven of safety, if we could have reached them, and climbed amidst their branches. No easy task, though, for the women with us. So, with eyes eagerly fixed upon the boat, it now became the question as to which of us should try and reach it by swimming. Harris was all ready for starting, when my sister's arms were thrown round him, begging him not to venture; so, almost numbed though I was with cold, I sought for the most favorable window for my exit; and then, after seeing Harris and the miller standing ready at the spot, each with a sheet-rope in his hand, I left them all in the bedroom, and with a fierce dash pushed off.

That first stroke took me a good three out of the twenty yards or so I had to

swim, and then the battle began. So short a distance, but in the fierce stream, I seemed hardly to make the slightest way; while it was all dead against the torrent. Now I gained a yard, then I lost it; then, setting my teeth firmly, I pushed on again, using every effort to keep from being dashed back again. Once I was on the point of giving up, when, with the energy of despair, I turned first on one side, then on the other, tearing the water back in my frantic efforts to dash through it. Two yards off—a yard off—almost within reach—but the boat swerved on one side. Another frantic effort for the last; and then, as the breath came from my breast in panting sobs, I hung with one arm over the boat's side, too helpless to move for a few minutes. A loud cheer from the miller roused me again, and after several sharp struggles, I succeeded in performing that rather difficult feat—namely, climbing into a boat from the water; and then, seizing the chain, I began to haul, so as to set the little ark of safety free.

To my great joy, I found that sculls and hook lay ready for use; and, armed with the latter, I felt no fear of hitching on to the house, when I had set the boat free, and it was drifting down with the stream.

Just as I had expected, the chain had caught in one of the willows, and as I hauled, the boat's head came right over the spot. Slowly, though, I found that I was overcoming the obstacle, and foot after foot of chain lay in the boat, till I drew a dark object to the surface, and then, as it turned over, the small iron grapple broke away, and horror-stricken, I gazed for an instant upon the face of a corpse before it slowly sank again beneath the muddy current.

Almost before I recovered myself, the boat was swept down upon the house, and the chain grasped by Harris and the miller, when, with a heavy freight, we went whirling down the stream some hundreds of yards, in momentary fear of upsetting, so low were we in the water. But we made land in safety; and a fortnight after, were sitting in the old house once more, trying to keep off the effects of the damp by huge fires.

My sister could not reconcile herself to the place again, but, under the name of Mrs. Harris, resides in the town. Yet I have only been drowned out once since; while I can't find it in my heart to leave the spot; for, as the old miller agrees with me, there are not finer fish to be found anywhere in the river; while it is not often that the waters are out.

THE ONLY CONQUEST OF KÖNIGSTEIN.

In the autumn of 1848 I visited Saxon Switzerland, and of course I did not omit to ascend the famous Königstein. My guide was telling me about the various prisoners who had passed long years of captivity within the walls, when we found ourselves on the spot where the notorious alchemist Klettenburg paid with his life for having deceived his prince.

"And here is also the place, where, in March last, the chimney sweeper got into the fortress," said my guide.

On hearing this I eagerly stepped to

the breastwork, and gazed down into the valley below; then, turning to the guide, said, "But how is this possible? How could any one clamber up this steep rock?"

"Well, sir, it appeared incredible to us," answered the man, "but, nevertheless, it is a fact. Look, there in that cleft he managed to climb up, and after resting himself on the crag you see just below the breastwork, he got safely in. And he did all this in full daylight."

Again I looked below, and the sight

made my blood run cold. We were on the east side, facing the village of Kœnigstein and the Elbe, where the precipice is about 400 feet high, and then rocks less steep form the base of the mountain, giving the fortress a total elevation of 1400 feet. As I looked at the wall of rock, it was difficult to believe that any one really could have performed the feat.

Ten years later, on my road from Prague, I was steaming down the river towards the Saxon capital, and as Kœnigstein came in view I thought of the chimney-sweeper's extraordinary ascent. I stepped to the side of the vessel, and measured with my eye the height of the enormous rock. A young man was standing near me, and as he seemed to be looking with interest at the fortress, I turned to him, and asked him whether he thought it within the bounds of possibility that any one could get up that rock except by the usual path?

"Why shouldn't he?" replied the young man. "Ten years ago, I myself had a try at it."

Astonished at this, I examined my companion more closely. His figure was small, but powerfully built, and he appeared to me about thirty years of age. At first I thought he could not have understood what I was speaking about, and I explained that I meant the rock of Kœnigstein, but he quickly said,—

"Yes, I know; and, from where we are now, I can show you the cleft in which I climbed up."

"Which you climbed up!" I stammered. "Do you mean to say, then, that you were the very chimney-sweeper, who —"

"Indeed, I am the very man," smiled my companion, "and if you would like to hear all about it, I shall have great pleasure in telling you."

Of course I gratefully accepted the offer; so, drawing our deck-stools togeth-

er, we lighted fresh cigars, and he began the story:—

"I don't think I need tell you much about my apprentice and journeyman-ship, for all chimney-sweepers are wild and venturesome young rascals; so, suffice it to say, that I was one of the wildest, and surpassed all my companions in fool-hardy tricks. I always pleased my masters, as far as doing my work went; but my mad pranks had a different effect, and consequently I never remained long in one place. It happened that in 1848, when about eighteen years old, that I was out of employment. My parents had lately died, and I found that if I did not wish to starve, I should have to look out quickly for fresh work. Just then the Saxon-Bohemian Railway was being made, and I was lucky enough to get engaged on the line near the village of Kœnigstein.

"I arrived on the Saturday, quite penniless, and as my work was only to begin on the Monday, I had no idea how to exist in the meantime. After much trouble, however, I managed to arrange with the innkeeper, in consideration of my giving my passport into his keeping, for a shake-down in the stable, and something to eat for supper. When I awoke next morning, the bells were already ringing for church. My first thoughts were how I was to get the day over. Into the inn parlor I dared not go, for I had nothing to pay with, so I sauntered out into the open air, to see what the country was like. Before me stood the majestic fortress, which of course immediately attracted my attention, and I started off towards it. I asked some people whom I met whether I could go into the fortress, and the answer was that if I had a friend inside I might, but if not, I must pay a thaler admission. But I had neither one nor the other, so contenting myself with the view of the exterior, I turned from the path and wandered up the lower part

of the rock. After some time I found myself on what they call the patrol's walk, which runs round the foot of the deep sand-stone rock, on which the fortress itself is built. As you may see from here, it is the east side, and the steepest part of the rock.

"I stood and looked up at the wall of rock above me, and whilst so doing, a conversation that had taken place during my apprenticeship between my master and his assistant occurred to my mind. They were talking about K nigstein, and the assistant said that, in his opinion, it was possible to get into the fortress without going the usual road through the gate-ways. I remembered how my master quietly shook his head, for no doubt such a thing was incredible to him, whilst I listened wondering. But now here I was at the foot of the rock and looking up the very clefts and fissures of which our assistant had spoken. As quick as lightning the thought occurred to me to climb up the rock myself; and besides, I reasoned it might be the means of getting me out of all my embarrassments, because after I got up I should be admired for my achievement, and they would no doubt give me something to eat, and perhaps money for my daring. And it also struck me that I might possibly meet my brother up there, as he had gone for a soldier some time ago.

"Without further delay, then, I prepared for the ascent. I looked carefully up at the fissures in the rock; only one went quite up to the top. I noticed it was bridged over by the breastwork; but this seemed so small, that I thought, once there, I could easily spring over the wall. My boots would, of course, impede me in climbing; so I took them off and hung them round my neck, letting them fall on my breast. My stick I left leaning against the rock, and then I got into the cleft and began to climb up as if I was in a chimney.

"I don't know, sir, whether you have

ever seen a chimney-sweeper climb. We make use, principally, of the knees, pressing them against one side of the wall, and our backs firmly against the other side; and so we shove ourselves up the chimney. The hands have to hold the brush, so we hardly make any use of them in climbing. In this way I got on famously. The cleft was, on an average, perhaps one yard wide; but sometimes it got very much narrower, and sometimes it widened to one and a half yards in width. Before and behind me was rock, on the left was the Elbe, and on the right the inside of the cleft, which was gradually growing narrower as I got higher. I had to keep as near as possible to the outside of the fissure, for further in it was too wet and slippery.

"As yet I was not in the slightest degree tired; and as I went on at a quick pace, I had got a considerable way up when it struck ten in the little town below. Here and there shrubs were growing in my way, particularly little gooseberry bushes; but being only superficially fixed on the rock, they gave way at the slightest endeavor to hold on by them. I still continued mounting higher and higher; but now I began to have to stop often, in order to get fresh strength. About half-way up I found a large block of sand-stone jammed in the cleft, most probably having been dislodged from above during the building of the breastwork, and in its fall it had stuck where I found it. I tried if it was firm, stepped on it, sat down on it, but it did not move; and now that I could comfortably rest myself, I seemed to gain fresh strength.

"There I was now with my back to the rock, and enjoying the magnificent view. Deep down below lay the little town; whilst the Elbe glistened in the sunshine, and the boats on it looked like nutshells. Opposite to me rose the Lilienstein; but I am forgetting, sir, that we have almost the same prospect before us now, and what need have I, therefore, to describe

it to you? Well, I got into my cleft again and was steadily climbing on, when suddenly something cracked in the cleft below me, and it seemed as if the whole rock was shaking. Horror-stricken, I stopped short. The rock, which had so opportunely afforded me a resting-place, evidently loosened through my weight, had fallen crashing to the depth below. Only a few minutes sooner, and I should have lain there at the bottom, smashed to pieces. A cold shudder ran through me as I gazed down. Don't think, sir, however, that this made me nervous; for chimney-sweepers are used to unforeseen dangers, and fear is only known to us by name.

"Again I applied myself energetically to my work, and, in spite of the rocky cleft being in some places almost too wide and in others almost too narrow, I still kept rising; but the time began to appear very long to me, and it seemed as if I had been days sticking in this miserable place. If I should become giddy! If I should slip out of the cleft, I am irrecoverably lost! I look up above me to see if I am near the top, but there is a turn in the rock and I cannot ascertain. A feverish impulse urges me on. Higher! higher! The cleft gets wider and wider, and now I must stop, for I cannot stretch across it. I look upward once more, and, to my great joy, see the breastwork; but what appeared so insignificant from below, I find now to be a formidable arch spanning my cleft and presenting an apparently insurmountable barrier. What am I to do now? I feel a cold perspiration cover me, as death looks up from the frightful depth below. Once more I nerve myself; I climb as far as possible round to the outward side of the cleft, to see if there can be any possibility of escape. A short distance from me there is a projecting ledge, and if that can only be reached! The ledge bends towards the cleft, and the narrow points of it seem

to come within half a yard. Is it possible that this is to be my rescue?

"Slowly I stretched out my hands, and my fingers grasped the points of the rock like cramp-irons. As soon as I had my hands firmly fixed, I gently drew my body round, and, in another minute, I was hanging against the perpendicular rock, 400 feet high, and depending entirely on the strength of my fingers. But, in this awful moment, I did not lose my presence of mind, and I knew that I was at my last chance. Gripping first with one hand and then with the other, and then with bent arms creeping further on, I gained my point. Then raising myself up, I put the upper part of my body on the ledge, and I was saved.

"It was a considerable time before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to think of the completion of my journey. On examining my position, I found that the ledge was about three yards wide, and immediately above it rose the breastwork, about four yards high. This was built of large sand-stone blocks, set together with mortar, but the wind and weather had, in the course of years, considerably worn away the mortar from between the stones. I hung my boots round my neck again, but this time in such a way that they rested on my back; then inserting my fingers in the spaces left by the mortar, and sticking my toes in below, I raised myself up the wall. The two top stones were quite smooth, and so inclined that they resembled a roof, but between these luckily I found a crevice large enough for me to stick my hand in. I tried first to creep through one of the embrasures for the cannon; but finding this built of smooth stones, I had to decide to get over the higher part of the castellated battlements.

"With my right hand grasped firmly in a crevice, I swung out my left to try to lay hold of the corner. I was successful; my left hand fastened like a vice on

the top corner, and then, with the help of my right, I raised my body, and—gazed into the very inside of the fortress. Opposite me stood a house; behind that some trees, and right and left the sentinels, who were pacing in my direction. In a moment I crouched down, with my head below the parapet, and the sentinels paced back again without noticing me.

"As I was clinging in this way, like a shadow to the wall, holding myself up to the battlements by my arms, the clock below in the town struck twelve. All at once a fit of trembling seized me. We chimney-sweepers know too well, sir, what that means. All one's strength seems suddenly to go; the brain whirls, the hands and feet are drawn up together, as with the cramp, and the next moment down you crash. I felt it was now or never, and giving a tremendous spring, I dropped over into the fortress. At the same moment a fearful pain shot through me. An iron spike on which I must have jumped had penetrated between the little toes of my right foot and torn the half of them off. The loss of blood put the finishing stroke to my strength, and, completely exhausted, I sank on the path.

"In a little time the sentinel noticed me; and I have no doubt my peculiar dress, made up out of an old soldier's coat, black trousers, and a velveteen cap, appeared suspicious to him, for he immediately saluted me with: 'Who goes there?' 'Sebastian Abratsky, from Mahlia,' I replied. 'How did you come here?' 'Up there.' This seemed to amuse the soldier; but as he observed my whole appearance, with my wounded foot and the blood, he became serious and said he must arrest me. This was out of my reckoning, and I wanted to climb down the rock again, but of course I was prevented by my captor, and I had to resign myself to my fate. The sentinel shouted to his comrade, telling him the extraordinary event, and then came the patrol, and by chance also the adjutant, and so

I was marched to the guard-house, the officer in front, then I with naked feet and my boots on my back, and behind me the guard.

"I was almost in the last stage of exhaustion, and so hungry that I seemed to have only one wish, and that was to get something to eat. I mistook the officer in front of me for the commandant of the fortress, on account of his cocked hat, and I thought he could gratify my fearful longing; but he gave no answer to my entreaties. We soon arrived at the guard-house, where the news of my daring adventure had preceded me, and crowds of soldiers were there to stare at the plucky chimney-sweeper. Presently the commandant appeared, and after a preliminary report, I was taken off to the prison called the Moor's Chamber, which is, however, better than one would imagine from the name.

"Meantime my prayers for something to eat had not remained unanswered, and I need not tell you that I did not leave much of what they brought me. However, my dessert was terribly spoilt, for the door opened, and an officer entered, accompanied by a corporal and a gaoler, and I was chained hand and foot. In vain I assured them of my harmlessness; I cried and prayed, but it was of no use. The door shut again, and I was alone with my chains and my anything but pleasant thoughts. What was to come of all this? My heart sank at the thought of the future. I raised my hand, the chain rattled. On looking closer at the rings, I saw they were so made that they could be easily slipped off. At this my pride was aroused. 'If I am to wear fetters,' thought I, 'at least they shall be such that oppress me.' I called to the gaoler, and he soon brought another chain.

"The next morning, driven by the tediousness of my confinement, I was again examining my fetters, when I noticed that the lock was what they call a

German lock; and with the help of a bent nail I succeeded in forcing it open; then, to the astonishment of the sentinel outside, I suddenly acquainted him that I had succeeded in freeing myself. In a minute, however, the sergeant of the guard appeared with another chain, and I was bound for the third time.

"In the meanwhile, a court-martial had assembled, and I was summoned to appear before it. By order of the president, my chains were at once struck off. I then had to undergo a strict examination. I was very composed, and told the officers quietly all that I have told you. At first it was feared there was some danger about, as no one would believe I had risked my life for so small a purpose; by-and-by, however, my innocence and harmlessness became apparent to all, and I was ordered to be conducted back to my quarters unfettered. I was now treated kindly, and they bandaged my wounded foot.

"Ten days after my arrest, a patrol appeared at my door, and as they led me out, I found the commandant outside with the adjutant and the head mason. I had to indicate precisely the spot where I had entered the fortress, and then we descended the hill by the usual road, and I had to show them the cleft in the rock up which I had clambered. Whilst doing this, I offered to undertake the journey again, but they informed me that one attempt was enough for them. I was then conducted back to my prison. The next day I was again brought before the court, and formally set at liberty, with the information, however, that I should

have to betake myself to my native place. I was to look upon the confinement, which had now lasted twelve days, as a punishment for my audacity. Some compassionate persons had, meanwhile, collected a sum of money to serve for my journey. The sergeant then conducted me to the gate, gave me my passport, and I was once more a free man.

"You may imagine what a pleasant time my homeward journey was; and it was also very profitable, for wherever I went I had to relate my adventure, after which something handsome was always collected for me.

"And now, in conclusion, I must prove to you that I am in reality that very chimney-sweeper."

With these words my companion took a passport out of his pocket-book, and I read the following:—

"The bearer of this, John Frederick Sebastian Abratsky, who has lain here in arrest from the 19th inst. till to-day, on account of unauthorized entrance, is, after due investigation, directed to return to his home at Mahlis, *via* Dresden and Wilsdruff.

"Fortress Koenigstein. 31st March, 1848.

"The Court-martial Royal."

I took a copy of this interesting document, and gave him the passport back, which, I noticed, he carefully placed again in his pocket-book. Just then the steamer arrived at Pillnitz, and I had to take leave of the daring climber.

"A happy journey to you, sir," he called out from the bank, and in a few seconds he was out of sight.

ODD FELLOW'S DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.

The approaching session of the Grand Encampment of Ohio bids fair to be a very interesting gathering. Not only is the Encampment branch of the Order in Ohio in a more flourishing condition than perhaps ever before, which fact alone would secure a very full attendance, at least of Representatives, no matter where the session would take place; but Urbana is located as nearly in the center of the Encampment membership as can well be. Within a circle of one hundred miles are located fifty-two prosperous Encampments, with a membership of at least 4500; and seventeen of these Encampments, with at least 1500 members, are within fifty miles of that place, all but two being in direct railroad communication with it. In Columbus, a visit to Urbana, during the session of the Grand Encampment, by the two Encampments existing here is already spoken of; and if the Encampments in Dayton, Piqua, Springfield, Xenia, Troy, Urbana, Franklin, Delaware, Sidney, Bellefontaine, Germantown, Addison, Miamisburg, Cardington and West Liberty do not come over as bodies, at least a great many of their members may be expected to visit the place at that time.

Among the measures to be discussed by the Grand Encampment, is a proposition, offered by P. G. R. Babcock, to so amend the Constitution as to reduce the number of Representatives to fifty, to be apportioned among the Encampments by Districts. It seems to us that this amendment should be adopted. A full representation under the present system would give us at Urbana a pay-roll of about 140 officers and members, and a two days' session, assuming that the average mileage will be the same as at the Grand Lodge of 1864, in Dayton, and the per diem three dollars, would cost \$2,240, or more than the Grand Encampment session of last year. An examination of the report of the

Finance Committee on page 734 of last year's proceedings will show, that with such expenses our receipts will not be sufficient to meet them, for, according to their estimate, this year will reduce the capital of the Grand Encampment by nearly four hundred dollars, and this with the enormous tax of ten per cent. on the receipts of Subordinates. But a session of the Grand Encampment with fifty Representatives and twelve officers—present and elect—would cost, at the same rate, but \$992—a saving of \$1248, which would enable the Grand Encampment, according to the figures of the Finance Committee, to meet all its expenses from its current receipts, even if the per centage were reduced to 7½ per cent.; and surely some measure should be adopted, to relieve the Subordinate Encampments from a portion of the heavy taxation they have to bear now.

THE FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

In but few of the Jurisdictions have the Grand Officers called the attention of the Order to the observance of the forty-ninth anniversary of the introduction of Odd Fellowship into the United States. Yet from all directions, and especially from the west, come the news of great preparations for celebrating the day. This is as it should be; and we trust that no Lodge will permit the 26th day of April to pass without some recognition of it as the holiday of the Order.

IMPOSTORS.

Bro. G. A. Derby, Secretary of Ottumwa Lodge, No. 9, in Ottumwa, Iowa, informs us that a man calling himself John Street, and claiming to be an Odd Fellow, has been obtaining money under false pretenses. He is described as being five feet six inches high, with black eyes and black hair, thirty to thirty-five years of age, and clad in a butternut-colored suit.

Bro. C. Weitz, of Des Moines, Iowa, in-

forms us that early in February, a German giving his name as John Meier, and claiming to be a member of Schiller Lodge, of Columbus, Ohio, [no such Lodge in existence] attempted to swindle the Brethren of Des Moines. He is described as being about five feet, four inches in height, having light-colored hair and mustache, 24 to 28 years of age, and claims to be a butcher. He claimed to have been robbed in Ottumwa, Iowa, of his overcoat, containing \$60 and his card; and wanted money enough to take him to Council Bluffs, where his brother was living. This is probably the same rascal who is mentioned in the February number by Bro. McFadden, of Lexington, Illinois; and we think he is identical with Christ. Lang, of Delphi, Indiana, against whom the Order was warned in the first and second numbers of the current volume.

Bro. F. W. Arlen, Per. Secretary of Walhalla Lodge, No. 150, in Clinton, Iowa, informs Capitol Lodge, No. 334, of Columbus, Ohio, that Christian Wagner, claiming to belong to No. 334, obtained \$8.50 from the Stranger's Relief Committee of Clinton. He was in possession of the A. T. P. W. for 1867, and had received the first and second Degrees. Capitol Lodge has no member of that name.

FROM THE LODGES IN OHIO.

We cull the following items from our business letters and exchanges:

A "Subscriber," a member of Western Star, No. 109, but residing at Eaton, says he has been a constant visitor of Eaton Lodge, No. 39, for four years; "it is in a very flourishing condition, having initiations every Lodge night, and of the right material. Preble Encampment, No. 54, is located here and also is making happy strides and doing well."

Bro. G. W. Dougherty writes: "New Philadelphia, No. 107, now numbers 92 members, and from present indications will soon go over 100. Bethesda Encampment was re-instated last July with seven of the old members, and now numbers about forty, is increasing at every meeting, and bids fair to reach 70 or 80 by the end of the present year."

Bro. S. Nickerson writes from Blanchester: "The Order is in a flourishing condition in

this part of the country. We had a public dedication of our new hall on the evening of February 4, followed by a banquet. Our hall, fifty feet long and twenty-three feet wide, was crowded to overflowing. P. G. M. Fithian conducted the ceremonies, assisted by Past Grands McGuire, Armstrong and Pierce, of Cincinnati, and Williams and Baldwin, of this place. Our Lodge was instituted on June 2, 1866, now numbers fifty members, and is steadily increasing."

Bro. W. S. Cappeller, writes from Mt. Pleasant: "Woodbine, No. 126, is in fine condition. We have a nice hall, well furnished; are out of debt, and have a few stamps in the treasury; the membership is composed of the right material. The Lodge is steadily increasing."

Bro. R. C. Adrian writes from Uhrichsville: "Jewett Lodge, No. 389, was instituted July 4, 1867, with twelve members, and now (Feb. 12) numbers 42, all of the best material. We have a beautiful hall, neatly furnished, and ere long expect to compare favorably with any Lodge in Eastern Ohio."

On the evening of Monday, March 2, a beautifully bound Bible was presented to Celina Lodge, No. 399, at Celina, by Bro. K. Alberly, on behalf of Bro. N. P. Guffy. Bro. Alberly, when presenting the Bible, made a few able remarks, appropriate to the occasion, which were responded to on behalf of the Lodge by Bro. S. F. DeFord in an equally impressive manner.

ANTI-SECRET SOCIETY CONVENTION.

The daily press announces that a convention of all Christians opposed to secret societies will be held in the city of Pittsburg on the fifth, sixth, and seventh of May next, on which occasion papers will be read by President J. H. Fairchild, of Oberlin, Ohio, on the effects of secret societies on social life; by Senator Wilson on the influence of secret societies on Christian civilization; and by President Blanchard, of Wheaton College, Illinois, on secret societies as a religion.

A similar "Christian Convention," under the auspices of President Blanchard, assembled in Aurora, Illinois, on the 31st of October and 1st of November, 1867. The "Olive Wreath" has been favored with a copy of the proceedings of this convention,

and finds that "Episcopal Methodists, Protestant Methodists, Free Methodists, Wesleyans, Baptists and Free Will Baptists, United Brethren, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians" were present at the meeting, to the number of eighty-seven, being one from Ohio, one from Michigan, one from Nebraska, three from Indiana, and the remainder of the eighty-seven men and women from Illinois, nearly all of them from the immediate neighborhood of the place of meeting.

We do not believe that the convention at Pittsburg will be a body of much more importance or much greater in numbers. Still we look forward to the reading of its minutes with a good deal of interest; the gentlemen announced as speakers are certainly among the ablest of the opponents of secret societies; and while their efforts can under no circumstances retard our progress, they may enable us to become better acquainted with our short-comings, for these our enemies are more apt to notice than our friends.

MISSOURI.

ELSAH, ILL., Feb. 13, 1868.

Editor Companion: On the 6th inst., Pride of the West Lodge, No. 138, of St. Louis, celebrated their eighth anniversary in a becoming manner, and in a way peculiar to themselves, at Concert Hall. Complimentary tickets were issued to several Brothers, and I was the happy recipient of their kind favor and attention.

The meeting was called to order by their N. G., Bro. H. Sorber, who stated the object and called upon their old wheel-horse and worthy Brother, P. G. H. P. Timothy Parsons, who entertained the audience for some time, giving a sketch of the rise and progress of the Lodge, especially in its earlier days, and closed with the laughable anecdote of Bro. Brown, showing how the most penurious of men can have their natures changed by the beneficent teachings of our Order, and benefit not only themselves, but others who need their assistance.

P. G. M. Ira Stansberry, P. G. A. Carr, of No. 27, and Bro. Russell, of No. 11, also responded to the calls upon them, and their efforts were duly appreciated. Bro. Russell especially was happy under the circumstances, and gloried somewhat in being an Odd

Fellow; but with the large number of fair faces before him, he felt reminded of his youth and bashfulness, and informed the audience that, as this was leap-year, he had no objection to some lady taking advantage of it, and that a fair proposal would meet with attention, and hoped that before another year had passed, he would be able to add another Rebekah to the fold.

A change in the programme was now inaugurated by the band striking up a grand march, in which all participated, and following our leader, P. G. Miller, found ourselves safely conducted to a sumptuous and well-filled table, where the wants of the inner man were well attended to; with the assistance of efficient waiters, it was impossible to want; as a Rebekah by my side said: "they understood their business, and performed it."

On returning to the hall, another change was presented, in the shape of a programme for a ball, which was enjoyed by the young folks, but not more so than by the old ones, who seemed to become young again under the inspiring strains of the music.

The Committee of Arrangements, Bros. Higgs, Loblein, Lindeman, Pollack, and Benter, deserve credit for their efforts, which were well seconded by every member of the Lodge, to make it a success. Bro. Henry was also on hand and kept the ball in motion; but who ever knew Odd Fellows to fail, when they put their shoulders to the wheel? This occasion was only another proof of their unity and ability to carry out any expressed desire.

Pride of the West Lodge, No. 138, was instituted February 6th, 1860, by Grand Master R. J. Lackland, with ten charter members. Since they have received by initiation 184 members, by card 24; rejected 34 applicants, and expelled 7 members. They have received during the same time \$6,736.20, paid for relief \$2,082.70, and have now cash on hand and invested \$1,670.00, and a present membership of 142.

This Lodge is somewhat different from the other Lodges of the city, and is a fair sample of the *Golden Rule*—their membership is composed of representatives of different nations, tongues and creeds, and all work in harmony, and as their name implies, they intend to be in reality the Pride of the West.

Fraternally, GEO. F. ADAMS.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

BURLINGTON, March 23, 1868.

Editor Companion: The reports from Subordinates for last term have all been received, except one each from Lodges and Camps, and estimating those as reported June 30th last, we had on December 31st, 1867, in good standing in Iowa, 5,893 members in Subordinates, and 973 members of Encampments, and I am well satisfied from letters received from Brothers in various Lodges and Camps, that our increase for this term will equal, if not outnumber, the last. Our growth is gradual and healthy. Most all the Lodges and Camps are doing something.

The Lodge and Camp in this city, Washington Lodge, No. 1, and Eureka Encampment, No. 2, are both doing remarkably well—have initiated almost every meeting, and it is so in other places.

Bro. Moore, our Grand Warden, writes me that the Camp at Des Moines has initiated eleven so far this term, and will show a gain of twenty by the first of July.

D. D. G. M. Davis, of No. 14, writes that he, with the assistance of several Past Grands of Lodges Nos. 32 and 101, on the 26th of February, instituted Enterprise Lodge, No. 159, at Talleyrand, Keokuk Co. The officers elected and installed are: R. S. Brice, N. G.; R. Cable, V. G.; G. L. Reed, Secretary; C. Miles, Treasurer. They initiated one, and he thinks their prospect is very good.

D. D. G. M. R. Howe Taylor, of No. 36, writes that he was very sick at the time selected to institute Chelsea Lodge, No. 160, and had to appoint P. G. F. A. Lampman to act for him. Bro. Lampman instituted said Lodge on the 26th day of February. The following were installed as officers, viz.: Wesley Camp, N. G.; George Chittenden, V. G.; John Robbins, Secretary; and Joseph Smith, Treasurer. They initiated ten, and two joined by card, and they start off with seventeen members. Bro. Taylor thinks they will succeed. He writes me that he has recovered from his illness, and will visit them soon. They meet on Saturday evenings.

Bro. Weitz, N. G. of Winfield Lodge, No. 154, writes me, under date of February 24, that they have 26 members, being instituted October 26th with seven members, and that they feel encouraged. They will build up a good Lodge.

Bro. Adams writes me that Sigourney Lodge, No. 98, numbered forty on February 25th, and prospects good for a steady increase.

An impostor is traveling through our state; at Des Moines he said his name was John Meier, that he was a member of Schiller Lodge, of Columbus, Ohio, and that he was robbed at Ottumwa of his pocket-book, overcoat, and his card; his age is 25 to 30 years, by occupation a butcher, and light complexioned, with a heavy mustache.

The Lodges in the 11th District, I understand, are going to have a celebration at Panora, Guthrie county, on Monday, April 27th. I have not learned who is to deliver the address. There is also to be a celebration at Galesburg, Illinois, on the same day.

The Grand Patriarch, Bro. Gundaker, writes me that State Encampment, No. 3, at Davenport, is doing finely, and will make a large gain this term.

The Brothers at Keokuk have formed an "Odd Fellows' Protective Association," and the Grand Master writes me that it is doing well; they are incorporated under the laws of the state. The object of the association is, to secure to the families of deceased members of the association such pecuniary aid as may be provided by the laws, and such as may hereafter be made; for the purpose of assisting to defray the expenses of the funerals of such deceased members, and for relief of their families. The officers are: P. G. Lowell Howe, President; P. G. Rep. B. S. Merriam, Vice President; Grand Master E. H. Wickersham, Secretary; and P. G. W. H. Rothert, Treasurer. The fee for admission is one dollar and fifty cents, and on the death of a member his widow is paid one dollar for each member of the association, and then an assessment is made upon the members for a like sum, to re-imburse the treasury.

I have a letter from P. G. M. M. Moneton, of Monticello Lodge, No. 117, (defunct) and he writes me that they will in a

few days make application for the return of the charter and effects of said Lodge. I think that they will be able to sustain the Lodge; it had to surrender during the war.

Lodge No. 161 is at Blairstown, not Beakstown. G.

DUBUQUE, March 10, 1868.

AN "ODD" BY-LAW.—I have for some time intended to acquaint the readers of the "Companion" with a by-law recently adopted by Schiller Lodge, No. 11, and Dubuque Lodge, No. 127, of this city, and approved by the Grand Lodge of Iowa. The law is somewhat novel, as a by-law of a Lodge; and if your correspondent is correctly informed, has never before appeared on the statutes of a Lodge. The law in question provides, that whenever a member of the Lodge dies, a *pro rata* assessment shall be made upon the surviving members, of sufficient amount to pay \$500.00 to the widow or children, or other legal heirs if there be no widow or children. In Schiller Lodge, the assessment must be paid within three months after it is made, delinquents being debarred from all benefits, the same as if they were in arrears for dues. In Dubuque Lodge the assessments must be paid within two months after being made, delinquents being debarred from benefits under this by-law, in case of death during such delinquency; but they can again become beneficial, by paying all assessments made against them and remaining unpaid. This is as yet but an experiment, and the future alone can determine whether or not it will prove as great a blessing to the members of these Lodges as its originators anticipate. Since the law has gone into effect, Schiller Lodge, No. 11, has within six months lost four of its members by death. This is a serious loss for Schiller Lodge, and is calculated to put to a severe test the strength of the moral covenant into which they have entered one with the other. Yet no wavering from their obligations has as yet been manifested, all being fully determined to do as they would be done by.

CHURCH INTOLERATION.—The last case of death in Schiller Lodge was a peculiarly sad one. Bro. D. Schmidt was terribly scalded by the explosion of a steam-boiler, from the effects of which he died amidst extreme

pain a few days after the accident. While the Brother was thus prostrated, a Roman Catholic Priest visited him, and inquired whether he did not wish to confess. But when the Priest learned that Brother Schmidt was an Odd Fellow, he demanded that the Brother must first renounce Odd Fellowship, before he could grant him absolution. The Brother, however, declined to comply with this demand, and requested of the Priest, that since it was not in his power to either save or damn him, to let him die in peace, for he was content to die an Odd Fellow. The Priest accordingly departed, and left the sufferer to the care of his Brethren. Shortly before dying, he requested that he be buried with the honors of the Order. His parents, who reside near Dubuque, were informed of this, and they made preparations to have the remains of their son buried in the *Tetes des Mortes* Cemetery. But when the Priest who has charge of this cemetery learned that the deceased had been an Odd Fellow, he peremptorily refused to permit the remains of such a heretic to desecrate his cemetery. Upon this the parents declared, in the presence of several Odd Fellows, that they would have nothing further to do with the body of their son, and the Lodge might dispose of it as they pleased. Schiller Lodge accordingly buried the Brother, a large number of the members of that as well as of the other Lodges of the city attending the funeral; but neither father nor mother accompanied the body to its last resting place. Oh, how heartless, how shockingly cruel, is this bigoted intolerance, that will prompt a father and a mother to trample under foot the dearest ties of nature! to detest and abhor a son, having no forgiveness for him even after death—and all this because he became a member of a benevolent society. One acting thus, may be a good Catholic, but certainly is not a good Christian. But this is not yet all. Although the parents, as well as the Priest, had manifested so great a repugnance to coming in contact with what pertained to the deceased, no sooner did they learn that they, as heirs of their son, were entitled to \$500 from the Lodge, than they made application for the payment of the money. They, of course, at once informed their worthy Priest of their good fortune; when lo, and behold, the conscientious

Priest at once made a discovery, viz.: that he thought that ways and means could perhaps be found to recover the soul of the unfortunate son from purgatory; nor would it require all of the \$500 to accomplish this, but he would be satisfied with \$250. And the parents are said to have consented to this arrangement. Thus far all was well. But, unfortunately for the happy consummation of this little plan, Schiller Lodge heard of it; and as the Brothers of that Lodge are decidedly opposed to throwing temptations in the way of any man, they determined to save the Priest from this one, and resolved to apply these \$500 to erect a monument to the memory of Bro. D. Schmidt.

S.

Maryland Department.

P. G. THOS. LUCY, A. M., EDITOR.

THE EDUCATION OF THE ORPHANS.

This noble feature of the Order owes its origin to Maryland, and although in its early days it was a very simple affair, yet it has grown and spread over other jurisdictions until it now numbers its children by thousands and its expenses by tens of thousands. It originated about 1831 in Columbia Lodge, No. 3, of Baltimore City, in rather an unusual way. Hezekiah Niles, Esq., well known as the editor and publisher of "Niles' Register," at Washington, had a son who was a member of the above Lodge, but dying unmarried, his funeral benefit of \$30 was sent to his father. Mr. Niles, being independent of such aid, returned the money to the Lodge in a very complimentary and sensible letter, and suggesting that a fund be raised, of which this \$30 might be the nucleus, for the *Education of Orphans*, and showing how, by a tax of a cent a week only on each member, an ample fund could be raised for the purpose. This suggestion was acted upon by the Lodge after some delay, and by the Grand Lodge. Thomas Phoenix, the chairman of the committee to whom the matter was referred, took a very active part in its adoption, and it went into operation about the year 1833. It then educated but 37 orphans, now 1324 children are entrusted to its care.

The system as now in operation in Baltimore is, that the city Lodges pay 25 cents a year on their membership, it having been found that one cent a week, as suggested by Mr. Niles, yielded too large a revenue for the wants of the department. The amount of the assets at this time in the hands of the Committee is over \$15,000. The expenses of Education are about \$2,000 annually. Besides this, where the necessity exists, the orphans are clothed by the Lodge of which their father was a member, but this is from a fund entirely separate from that of Education. The management of these children is entrusted to a committee, styled the "Joint Committee on Education," elected yearly, three from each Lodge. This committee take the orphans in charge, for on the death of a member his Lodge furnishes, under seal, a list of his children, who are registered, and assigned to some one, who then personally sees to their wants, has them sent to such a school as the mother or guardian desires, and pays the tuition bills; and as each one of the committee gets necessarily interested in the orphans committed to his care, he sees not only to their attendance at the day, but at the Sunday school, and continues his interest for them often long after; procures them situations, for numbers of our public-school teachers are the orphans of Odd Fellows, and others, through this excellent organization, obtain suitable positions; and as an illustration of the high appreciation of this part of the "work of the Order" on the recipients, a number of quite handsome testimonials are in possession of the Board from many of the orphans so educated and cared for: and among the many true friends they found in this Joint Committee may be mentioned with the highest respect our late Brother, P. G. Samuel Child, its Treasurer, who devoted himself to its duties with a perseverance worthy of the cause, and the Order, of which he was for many years a beloved member. No weather discouraged him from his visitations, but he gave his time and talents faithfully, generously and kindly, and endeared himself to all. He died September 18th, 1866.

Thus far we have alluded only to the education of the orphan in our own State, but it is not a blessing confined within its borders; and, although, perhaps, other jurisdictions can show but few figures in their re-

ports, it does not arise from any indifference to the subject, but is mainly owing to the "free" educational system in such States, which therefore do not require any large expenditures of money by the Order exclusively for the purpose. According to the reports in the printed proceedings of the G. L. U. S., Maryland pays the largest sum for education; but if we consider the matter solely in regard to territory, then the District of Columbia pays the most. Missouri pays nearly \$3000; Indiana, nearly \$2300; other States varying from \$100 upwards, as the necessities only of their orphans may require, making a grand total of some \$16,000.

One of the commands of our Order is: "*Educate the Orphan*," and it should enlist the warmest interest of every Brother, and every Lodge in every jurisdiction where its banner is unfolded. It needs a more vigorous organization, perhaps, everywhere. Men's minds are hardly sufficiently interested in this noble work. Some years ago—in 1846—P. G. M. James L. Ridgely published in the "*Independent Odd Fellow*" a series of ably written letters to D. D. G. S. Wiley Williams on this interesting subject, which unfortunately are now out of print, as well as his masterly address on the duties of the Order, delivered in 1850 at the Front Street Theater. Bro. Ridgely took the ground then, and doubtless still holds to it, that it is the duty of our great Fellowship to provide *well* for the education of the children of deceased members, that we have a great and special ability to do this, and that we know not our own strength, or the immense good we are fully capable of exerting. Bro. Ridgely said in reference to this, that:

"But a few of our Brethren permit themselves, in regarding Odd Fellowship, to consider the system beyond its existing organization—to look beyond its present theater of action—satisfied if it meets fully the end of its original institution."

And this is unfortunately still true. We have too many who, having gone with us joyfully and enthusiastically through all the gradations of Odd Fellowship, have sat down, not wearied, but satisfied, and will not join in with the few who hold up our glorious banner, and shout "*Excelsior—Excelsior*," who do not fully realize that the Institution of Odd Fellowship is really *progressive* in its character, and do *not* seek to improve and

elevate the character of man, or imbue him with a proper conception of his capabilities for good. Bro. Ridgely's ideas in these papers were that the Order could and should advance beyond the mere primary or common school education, and establish an institute that would impart a higher one—that our sons should be equal with the most favored—that we had abundantly the power, and only needed the will to do it. The matter was finally brought up in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and referred by that body to the several Grand Lodges, who, however, differing in their several views, the whole suggestion was unhappily abandoned. The plan of Bro. Ridgely was, however, to provide a college for the education of male orphans of deceased Brethren free, and for the children of living members at a small charge. For the support of such an institution, he showed, that a tax upon each member of half a cent a week would be ample, but now that we have so increased in numbers, a less sum would doubtless suffice. That our Order should have not only a school, but schools of its own, can hardly be disputed, when we see everywhere the different denominations eagerly establishing sectarian schools, all of which, generally speaking, are in a flourishing condition. We would go a step further, perhaps, than Brother Ridgely went at that time, we would advocate establishing in *all* the larger jurisdictions that can sustain it, a High School for the sons of members of the Order, where a better education can be imparted to them than in our crowded public schools. If the Grand Lodge of any large jurisdiction would pay any institution for the board and education of deserving and talented male orphans, it could, with the voluntary patronage it would receive from the membership, be well able to sustain a good Faculty. The Grand Lodge of Maryland, for one, has already a fund on hand able to do it, and every large Grand Lodge could have also. But we have not yet realized what we are capable of doing as an Order. We are not yet aroused to a trial of our powers, yet we are nevertheless the strongest secular institution in the land. We have some three thousand Lodges, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand members. Our annual receipts are nearly two millions of dollars, and this exclusive of the Encampments, which

have some two hundred and twenty thousand more. Nor are we going to stop at this; yearly we are growing greater and greater, and extending wherever civilization extends on this continent; and we must not be content with the common-school education which the State gives, but go beyond it. The orphan of an Odd Fellow should have a chance for a higher training, that he may feel proud that his father was one of us. Let us consider and ask ourselves, are we doing what we ought now? Are we up to our requirements and acknowledged abilities, and should we not, in carrying out the great moral precepts of our work, devote more attention to the great end and aim of it, by promoting in every way education as a first duty, and giving the means of a superior training to our orphans as well as to those children of our poorer Brethren, who have not the means or the inclination to so provide for them? At any rate, all Lodges should have a Standing Committee on Orphans, to see that they are educated, and their future path in life rightly directed. Odd Fellowship is not the mere relief association it was in its earlier days; then, indeed, to have enforced principles of morality, would have been impolitic, but P. G. John P. Entwisle, during the first decade of the Order, stole in some grand moral truths in his Degrees, before any one knew what he was about. It took, and the result is the present noble army of Brethren, whose strength is as the towering oak, that neither winds nor storms destroy.

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LODGE ITEMS.

GOLDEN RULE LODGE ANNIVERSARY.—On Wednesday evening, February 19th, this Lodge celebrated her twentieth anniversary by a grand entertainment at the Sherwood House, Baltimore. On the closing of the Lodge, the members proceeded to the hotel and were sumptuously supped, with all the substantial and delicacies of the season. After the enjoyments of the table, came the songs and sentiments—something in the form of long ago. Grand Secretary Jos. B. Escavaille, one of the founders of Golden Rule Lodge, gave a very interesting little history of the Lodge for the past twenty years, showing the practical good it had been the means of assisting in doing, in the timely relief afforded to the sick and distressed.

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His contrast of the first year of its organization with the present one was of the deepest interest, in proving how Odd Fellowship grows, and how all good, true Odd Fellows advance in well-doing with their Lodge prosperity. A toast, in memory of that good old soul, Past Grand Sire Wildey, was drank standing, and the evening's entertainment closed by singing Auld Lang Syne. These festivities, commemorative of the establishment of our respective Lodges, are on the increase in Maryland, and are deserving of repetition in all places where Odd Fellowship now is. The officers of the Lodge are: Richard Y. Norris, N. G.; Wm. S. McDowell, V. G.; John W. Collins, Rec. Secretary; Aquila J. Norris, Fin. Secretary; Levi Tischmeyer, Treasurer; Geo. H. Simmons, J. P. G. The Committee of Arrangements were Messrs. Norris, McNeal, Crockett, Fieldhouse, Collins and McCullough.

OPENING OF SHILOH LODGE.—On Friday, the 28th of February, another new Lodge was opened at the village of Harrisonville, Baltimore Co., by dispensation. This Lodge takes rank as No. 111. Grand Master Dr. E. Gover Cox officiated in person, assisted by Dep. Grand Master John Q. A. Herring, and Grand Secretary Escavaille. There were a number of visitors from Henry Clay Lodge, from which most of the charter members came. Harrisonville is situated in a fine agricultural country, well settled, and abundantly able to sustain a prosperous Lodge. The thirteen gentlemen to whom the charter has been entrusted, are men of enterprise, fully devoted to all the tenets of the Order, and energetic in the fulfilling of the duties that devolve on members in such circumstances. They are building a fine new hall already, which will be completed by the 1st of July next; the lower room of which will be used as a lyceum. The officers elected and installed are: Jas. L. Ridgely, Jr., N. G.; Edward C. O'Dell, V. G.; Wm. C. O'Dell, Rec. Secretary; Jacob Edelem, Per. Secretary; and Geo. W. Standfield, Treasurer. At the close of the ordinary business of the Lodge, quite a number of Degrees were conferred in Bro. Escavaille's happiest style.

CONSTITUTION LODGE, No. 78.—On Saturday, the 7th ultimo, the Grand Officers paid an official visit to this Lodge, which is located in that very thriving place, Wetheredaville, in Baltimore county. There was a very full

attendance, and the evening was most agreeably spent in addresses from all the Grand Officers, and in various instructions. There were also some very excellent remarks from P. G. Philip S. Field, M. D., which were listened to with much pleasure. Our worthy Grand Master, E. Gover Cox, is making himself very popular by the untiring interest he manifests in the advancement of the Order and the prosperity of the Lodges under his care. His prompt attention to all matters that come before him, and his frequent visitations, cause him to be highly and deservedly esteemed. Constitution Lodge is thriving, and winning her way among the many good Lodges of our pioneer State in Odd Fellowship.

TOWSON LODGE, No. 79.—The Grand Officers paid an official visit to this enterprising Lodge on the 19th ult., for the promotion of sociability and general instructions. After some congratulatory remarks from the M. W. Grand Master, G. Sec. Escaville and G. Warden Crowley, which were responded to by Bro. John T. Ensor on the part of the Lodge, a recess was taken for personal civilities and introductions. The Lodge was closed in regular form, and adjourned to Ady's Towson Hotel, where a splendid supper had been prepared. At least a hundred and twenty members sat down, and a more pleasant re-union could not have been devised. At the removal of the cloth, a toast was offered by P. G. Ruby, complimentary to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, for having furnished so many distinguished sons to the Order. To this the Grand Master responded in a very impressive and excellent speech, and concluded by proposing "Towson Lodge, No. 79—its record of the past in the works of benevolence and charity, gives the most abundant assurances for the future as to its being a faithful exponent of the benign principles that underlie the structure of Odd Fellowship." Which was responded to also by Bro. Ensor, in one of the most splendid addresses we have ever listened to on an occasion of this kind. A few more toasts were offered and responded to, one to the Grand Lodge of the United States, which was ably responded to by G. Rep. Jos. B. Escaville, in an interesting address, very suitable to the subject. The membership parted at a late hour, deeply impressed with the pleasure of re-union.

MOUNT ZION LODGE.—This Lodge, located at Pikesville, Baltimore county, was visited by the Grand Officers on Monday, the 16th ult., for special instructions. There was a very large attendance on the part of the Lodge, and a very pleasant time resulted. At the close of the business, the officers of the Lodge tendered the Grand Officers a supper at the hotel known by the classic title of "The Running Pump," where all the good things of the season were dispatched with the zest and good humor that usually attend such things.

THE LATE GRAND SIRE WILDEY.—The tablet ordered by the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maryland some two years ago, to be placed over the remains of the founder of the Order in this country, has just been completed by Messrs. Gaddess Bros., from an excellent design, produced by our talented Brother, P. G. M. Alex. R. Mantz. It is made of Italian marble, ornamented with sculptured emblems of the Order, surmounted by a tent made of pure white marble. On the tablet is inscribed:—"WILDEY, FOUNDER OF AMERICAN ODD FELLOWSHIP," and on the projecting base:—"ERECTED BY THE BROTHERHOOD OF MARYLAND." Surrounding the whole, is the motto of our Order:—"Amicitia, Amor et Veritas." The tablet is to be placed over his grave in Greenmound Cemetery, and will be a tasteful addition to the monumental city of our dead.

THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORDER.—Grand Master Cox, of this jurisdiction, issued a circular to all the Lodges, urging them to take action on the recommendation of the G. L. of the U. S., to celebrate the founding of the Order among us. The Grand Master says that, "as the 20th of April this year comes on Sunday, it is suggested that the day following be observed as the anniversary, unless your Lodge should determine to hold ceremonies of a religious character; then it would be proper to have the same on the Sabbath, and in that event no display of the regalia or emblems of the Order should be made, and the ceremonies should take place in a church or some such appropriate place. If, however, your Lodge determines to hold a celebration on Monday, the 27th, a display of the regalia, etc., of the Order can be made, and my official consent is hereby given to such demonstration, and the delivery of an address suited to the occasion."

It is expected that there will be a general "turn out" of our Lodges and Encampments, and many able discourses delivered.

MODEL INITIATIONS—SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION.—A new and excellent idea, for which we are indebted to our M. W. Grand Master, E. Gover Cox, was embodied into a reality on the 20th ult. The Grand Officers, and the officers with many of the members of the city Subordinate Lodges, met in the saloon of the Grand Lodge on Gay Street, by invitation of the Grand Master, and opened in regular form as a Subordinate Lodge; every officiating Brother of it being required to do his portion of the work without book, spectacle or notes. Then came on, in its proper place in the order of business, the various calls, up to the initiation, which was the crowning point of excellence. Every man tried himself, to see how well his part could be performed, even to the poor fellow undergoing the initiation for a second time, and never was a Lodge better worked than this. The initiation could not be beaten, and one might almost fancy that the revision of the work so long talked of had been made, so impressive and interesting did it all sound, notwithstanding its familiarity. This exemplification of the "work" proved how much there is of good in our Lodge charges, when delivered as intended, with dignity and serious earnestness. The following were the Brothers selected to officiate as the officers on this occasion: Grand Master Cox, of Columbia Lodge, N. G.; Deputy Grand Master Herring, of Baltimore City Lodge, R. H. S. to N. G.; Grand Marshal Spear, of Monumental, L. H. S. to N. G.; Grand Warden Snowden, of Iris, V. G.; P. G. M. John A. Thompson, of Columbia, R. H. S. to V. G.; P. G. Charles H. Rawlins, of Mechanics, L. H. S. to V. G.; Grand Secretary Escaville, of Golden Rule, Sitting P. G.; P. G. M. Joshua Vansant, of Columbia, Conductor; P. G. T. H. Dennison, of Marley, Warden; P. G. Ould, of Monumental, O. G.; G. C. Charles P. Meredith, of Eureka, I. G.; P. G. John Hahn, of Monumental, R. H. S. S.; and P. G. Arthur McClelland, of the same Lodge, L. H. S. S.; P. G. Wm. Bone, of Columbia, Rec. Secretary; and P. G. Edwin Sandys, of the same Lodge, Per. Secretary. To more effectually carry out the good resulting from this mode of illustrating the work, it is suggested by G. Sec. Escaville

to form a School of Instruction, in which the subordinate officers can have practical instruction of what is required of them, and an opportunity to try to do it well, before trying themselves on an initiate. When we consider how bunglingly the "work" is often done by new officers, and the candidate not being properly impressed, the earnest labors of our present worthy Grand Officers in this direction will be appreciated, and it is hoped will be availed of by all the ambitious among the undergraduates, before they come up to receive the P. O. Degrees.

Indiana Department.

NEW ALBANY, March 9, 1868.

Believing an occasional line from this section of this jurisdiction of Odd Fellowship would not be uninteresting to many of the readers of the "Companion," I have concluded to dot down, occasionally, such items as might afford food for reflection, or amusement, or as news from the "cradle" of Odd Fellowship in Indiana, for our goodly city had the honor of taking the initiatory steps of introducing the institution into this state. At some future time the task may be taken upon myself of giving you an insight into the early struggles of Odd Fellowship to gain a foothold among the people of Indiana, where now her Lodges are numbered by the hundred, and the votaries at her altars by the thousand. Go where you will, all over our state, the Lodge-rooms of Odd Fellowship are open to receive the visitor in the true spirit of our Brotherhood, and when we review the mighty beneficent fabric that has been reared among us, we can but rejoice that we are permitted to sit down within its portal and assist in carrying forward its benevolent purposes. Not only this, but its great social characteristics have entwined themselves around our hearts, and we feel that so long as we are girded about by these warm hearts, that many of the ills and misfortunes of life will be alleviated, and the stern blows of the rugged world will be softened. Up from the midst of our Order ascends the prayer of thousands to the Giver of all good, that it may be preserved from evil, whether it come from a faithless membership, or a thoughtless outward opposition.

Within our own borders, however, are contained the germs that may prove its overthrow, if not carefully guarded by the watchfulness of the Brethren who have the true interest of the Order at heart. It is not in the show, the pomp and circumstance, but in the solid benefits that are being strewn at the hearthstone, the sick-bed, and the dying-couch, aye, even going further—at the closing tomb, administering comfort to the otherwise disconsolate, that we may look for its greatest benefits. It is after "life's fitful fever" has passed, that the genuine Odd Fellow looks for the garnering of the beautiful tree around which he has spent his life—when his widow and offspring shall be cared for and shielded from the rude blasts of a too frequently unfeeling world. Let us look to it that these great principles are not swallowed up in a spirit of selfishness that has so often overtaken like institutions.

A VISIT TO LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

There is no one thing that can be done that will accomplish so much in realizing the peculiar teachings of Odd Fellowship in all its purity, and with full force, as "Lodge Visitations," as they are usually termed. They not only enable the Brotherhood to form more intimate relations with one another, but give the membership more enlarged views of the purposes of the Order as indicated in its ritual, and cement a bond of union that must eventually become almost indissoluble. Such an occasion recently occurred in our sister city, Louisville. The members of Jerusalem Encampment, No. 1, of this city, paid their Brother Patriarchs of Louisville a visit in a body on the evening of February 6th, in return of a visit made by Mt. Horeb Encampment to New Albany, and while among them, the officers of Jerusalem Encampment, upon invitation, occupied the chairs and conferred the G. R. and R. P. Degrees. The manner in which the work was performed elicited the warmest commendations of their Kentucky Brethren. The occasion was also graced by the presence of several of the official dignitaries of this jurisdiction, among them G. P. Wm. M. French, Grand Scribe E. H. Barry, G. M. Jne. T. Sanders, and G. J. W. J. Johnston; there was also present a large delegation from Excelsior Encampment, of Jefferson-

ville, Indiana. After the close of the regular work, short and appropriate speeches were made by Patriarchs Barry, French and Sanders, of this state, and Wolford and Hinkle of Kentucky. The kindest feeling was manifested by all, and the fraternal intercourse between the Brethren of the two states was such as to impress all with a determination to rub up the armor of the Patriarchs, and elevate the manner of working this branch of the Order. When the Encampment adjourned, the visiting Patriarchs were conducted to the United States Hotel, where they partook of a repast, spread for the occasion, that would have done honor to a prince at a feast of his retainers. The whole affair was one of the most pleasant we have ever enjoyed, and will long remain "a green spot in the memory of our days."

PER CENTAGE TO GRAND LODGE.

The question of Grand Lodge percentage will come up at the semi-annual session of that body, in May. It is thought that the rate of per centage now paid is too high, and there is a manifest disposition on the part of the Lodges to endeavor to have it reduced. This is a subject that should be thought of deliberately. Let every Representative who goes to the Grand Lodge uninstructed take a comprehensive view of the question, on both sides, and then act as he thinks right.

THE COMING ANNIVERSARY.

Already Grand Master Sanders has issued his circular-letter to the Lodges in this jurisdiction, recommending the day to be observed in some appropriate manner. The Lodges of this city are moving in the matter, and have appointed committees to take the matter into consideration. The greatest objection urged against these celebrations is that they cost too much money, and a great many object to them for that reason. This objection will be put forward by many, and in some cases will doubtless defeat the object of the G. L. U. S., and cause some Lodges to pass the day without recognition. We would suggest that every Lodge do something, either in a public or private way, to keep alive the interest we should have in the day; even a short address in Lodge meet-

ing, calling the attention of the Brethren to the occasion, or an address in some church at night, will be better than nothing. Keep the day, Brethren, in grateful remembrance, and let thanks be returned to the Almighty for the preservation of our organization.

AID ASSOCIATIONS.

A great deal has been said of Aid Associations of late. The movement is looked upon with universal favor in this part of the state, and already a number of them have been organized. One at New Albany, one at Madison and one at Jeffersonville have been formed and are now at work. This is a feature in the Order that will commend itself to us all, and while the members derive substantial aid therefrom, the relief given to the orphan fund of our Lodges is of very great advantage to every Lodge. The opportunity should be embraced by all to connect themselves with some one of these associations.

Yours, fraternally,
JNO. W. MCQUIDDY.

STATE OF THE ORDER.

SHELBYVILLE, March 10, 1868.

The Order is still on the advance among us. New Lodges have recently been organized, and dispensations for others have been granted. A Lodge has been instituted recently at Grandview, in Spencer county, and another at Mt. Etna, Huntington county. A dispensation has been granted for one in Blountsville, Henry County, and for another at Dunkirk, in Jay County. Owen Lodge, at Gosport, has recently been revived, while Indiana Encampment, after being lifeless for a long time, is at work and promises soon to attain prominence in the Patriarchal Branch of our family.

The report of the Grand Lodge of the United States shows a flourishing condition of Odd Fellowship on this continent. The benevolent expenditures of our Order for the various legitimate purposes show \$690,-663.26. What an amount to be given out for the relief of Brothers, of widows and their families, for educating orphans and for burying the dead. And the report of the Grand Lodge of Indiana shows that there has been expended of this amount in our

jurisdiction \$37,132.17. We take this as an evidence that we are comparing very favorably with other jurisdictions. Indeed, there are few equal to us, and still fewer that go beyond us. When we have listened to the reports of our Grand Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States, we have sometimes thought that there was manifest in their laudation evident boasting; but we are now satisfied that their strongest expressions were authorized by the facts. Indiana Odd Fellowship is a good type.

FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.—We are getting ready in Indiana to engage in the celebration and observance of the forty-ninth anniversary of Odd Fellowship in the United States. In view of the fact that the day designated by the Grand Lodge of the United States, the 26th day of April, will come on the Sabbath, some of our Lodges will celebrate Saturday, the 25th, and some Monday, the 27th. This will probably afford the opportunity for those Lodges that are intending to celebrate the day, and desire the services of speakers that are eminent in the profession, to procure them. At least a greater number of the Lodges will be gratified with the services of the men they desire, for in many cases the speakers can serve on Saturday and on Monday at different points. There is, however, a valuable hint given by our Grand Master in his circular to the Lodges within our jurisdiction, that ought to be heeded, viz.: Where Lodges are not able to endure the expense of sending off some distance for a speaker, to call out some one of their number, and thereby develop some of the latent talent in our Lodges. There are many true and faithful Odd Fellows that could render as much, if not indeed more effective service in the community in which they reside, than a stranger could. They are developing the principles of our Fraternity in their daily deportment, and a statement of the objects, aims, teachings, etc., of the Order would be put alongside their life, and many of the best class of people would be prejudiced in our favor, and would soon be found seeking admission among us.

KNIGHTSTOWN LODGE AND BLUE RIVER ENCAMPMENT.—We have recently had the record made in current events of a fire that has thrown one of our best Lodges out of a shelter and destroyed all their property and

effects. Not only the Lodge, but the Encampment that occupied the same hall has lost its property, which included an entire set of costumes that had been used but a short time. Fortunately, one third of their loss is covered by insurance; and without hardly an intermission on account of the fire, the Lodge and Encampment at their next regular meetings had procured a hall, and were ready to proceed with the work in their noble mission. We trust they will soon recover from their misfortune, and may they never again, either by the work of an incendiary (as this is supposed to have been), or by accident, lose their *retreat*.

SHELBY LODGE, No. 39,—Was recently favored with a visit by our Grand Secretary, Dr. E. H. Barry, and by no one of the Brethren of this Lodge was his visit appreciated more than by your correspondent. At the request of the N. G., he officiated in the interesting ceremony of initiation, and left in the minds of the workers valuable hints for future practice. But the most important item of his visit was a well-timed address that was listened to with intense interest throughout. It was not such a eulogy as he could deliver on Odd Fellowship in a public address, but it was an impressive talk about the principles of the Order and a clear exhibition of the internals of Odd Fellowship, in which the virtues of charity, mutual relief, Friendship, Love and Truth, as taught in the Degrees, are given, and as the three latter principles are taught in the Encampment Degrees. It was just such an address as able exponents of our principles ought to give to Lodges of Odd Fellows assembled in their Lodge-room. T. G. BEHARRELL.

CHILI LODGE, NO. 302.

CHILI, MIAMI Co., Feb. 12, 1868.

Editor Companion: Last night I visited Chili Lodge, No. 302. I found a band of Brothers *at work*, in every sense in which Odd Fellows use the phrase. This Lodge was instituted January 3d, 1868. They have initiated twenty-two, and have three petitions in. They are bound to be a band of Odd Fellows, *tried* and *true*. The only noticeable feature in their work, aside from their zeal, interest, and proficiency in initiating, was the Chaplain excusing himself for non attendance, having been engaged

with a revival meeting. He has been *threatened* with a *fine* for such negligence.

Odd Fellowship is flourishing in this part of the vineyard, the moral status is vastly improving, attributable to a closer study of the tenets of our beloved Order. We have been as the blade, now we are as a full grown ear, and I may indulge the hope, ripening for the Grand Lodge above, where the Supreme Grand Sire presides.

Fraternally, J. M. RUNYAN.

Pennsylvania Department.

THE PERIODICALS OF THE ORDER.

The primary object of the "*Companion*" and all its kindred is to present the Order of Odd Fellows to the public as an institution worthy the approbation of all good men, as well as to keep the members of it advised of what is transpiring in the numerous organizations established in every part of the country. In these publications, suggestions from time to time appear, new possibly to many readers, yet so plausible, that they are considered dispassionately, and in time adopted as positively necessary to the more full development of the organization. The fathers of our Fraternity have not forgotten the time when it was odious to be an Odd Fellow; when it was deemed improper to speak of it beyond the walls of the Lodge-room—when a member was in danger of being censured for words spoken outside the walls, that we now consider it a duty to proclaim from the housetops. Even when the Grand Lodge of the United States made an attempt to establish a monthly under its sanction and patronage, it could not be sustained without great pecuniary loss, and had to be abandoned; now, from a more comprehensive view and clearer understanding of the principles and purposes of the Order, monthlies of respectable appearance, and conducted with eminent talent, are sustained in several jurisdictions. I should be glad to see the time, and I hope it will soon come, when Grand Lodges will authorize their Subordinates to supply every member with a copy of some periodical on Odd Fellowship, adding the price to the yearly dues of each member; four or five cents a week would not be missed by any, and the advantages would

be beyond price to both Lodges and members, and it would tend more than we can imagine to destroy that feeling of indifference to the duty of every one who considers being in good standing all that Odd Fellowship demands. Not unfrequently have Lodges suffered in public esteem (outside the Order) by bad reports from some of the drones to be found in every Lodge, whose only idea is the *benefits*, being non-beneficial when prostrated by sickness or overtaken by death. A letter is before me, where relief is expected as a right for the family of a person deceased, who had been suspended nearly ten years for non-payment of dues. It is reasonable to expect that in a quarter where so little is known of the laws of the Order, as to make the claim, it will be hardly spoken of, should relief be refused; yet, though the Order is charitable, the duty a Lodge owes to its membership, and the obligation lying on it to implement to the letter all it has promised, necessarily lay it open occasionally to injurious misconception. A liberal patronage of the membership of periodicals devoted to the Order, brings it more before the public, and especially the members of the family, so that they understand what is required and what they have a right to expect.

LIBRARIES.

Wherever there is a Lodge, there should be a library, to which not the members only, but their families should have access. It gives the entire family an interest in the Order, and brings them face to face with it—the privilege of taking out books depending on good standing—the children reminding the father of his duty, so that *their* interest may be secured. I am persuaded that it would be of great advantage, were Grand Lodges to recommend and foster the library system, and at very small expense to themselves, they could do much for the good of the Order in this way. It would cost comparatively little money to form libraries in every District, not only in this, but in every state, and to begin this good work, so as to make it completely successful, all the Lodges in the District should form a common fund, sufficient to purchase, say, a complete set of Harper's Family Library, and such other useful books as the fund would procure; let

the books be divided into separate lots, and each Lodge receive a portion, to be retained for such time as may be agreed on, when A. and B. will change their lots, and thus continue changing, until each Lodge has had the whole; by this means for a small sum from each Lodge the books could be purchased, and at a small cost to each member annually, they would be kept in repair, and the stock increased; thus a large amount of valuable information would be placed within the reach of the members and their families, which would mould the character of many a youth who will make his mark in society in after-life. The tendency also would be to bring men into the organization, who at the time saw no other advantage in it than access to the library.

TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION.

Your very able Maryland Editor in your February number appears to favor the proposed amendment to the constitution reducing the Representative tax, though he entertains some doubts as to the Grand Lodge being in a condition to bear the reduction. The large expenditure of the Grand Lodge is not viewed very favorably by the Order in general, and there are whisperings that its expenses are entirely too great, although under the present laws they certainly cannot be materially reduced; but whatever change is made, it should be of that kind that the *Subordinate* Lodges would approve, and this could best be done by the reduction of the price of such supplies as they require. The enormous sum over cost charged for these, the members individually condemn. A reduction in the Representative tax would be but \$50 for each Grand Lodge, a tax so trifling that in no instance would it lessen the tax on Subordinates to their Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments, consequently there would be no benefit whatever to the Order by the change. That a complete change in the Representation in the Grand Lodge of the United States must take place ere long, is self-evident, as there is a universal feeling that the benefit to the Order bears no proportion to what it costs. The growing demand for this change arises from no radical error in the design of its organization, but from the marvelous spread of the institution in all parts of the country. Instead of an

additional Representative from every Grand Body for over one thousand members, it would be better to be for over five or ten thousand. Either make the sessions biennial, or fix some number that will reduce the representation, and no injustice to any one could be urged—the body would be smaller, but more select, and in every way more efficient for the transaction of business. In fact its business now is really done by a few men who constitute the committees, as it rarely happens that the action of the body is different from the recommendation of the committee having the subject in charge, with the single exception of whatever is really in keeping with the progress of the Order, when any one man can defeat the desires of the two hundred thousand composing the organization.

The present Representative system has ceased to bear the character of fairness. Four Grand Jurisdictions, that could be named, with but sixteen Representatives, have a constituency of over half the Order in number, and they contribute nearly half the revenue. The balance, less than one half the Order, has ninety Representatives. While the constituency of these sixteen Representatives contributes nearly half the revenue, they draw from the treasury only \$1,632.40, while the remaining Representatives receive fourteen thousand one hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Of this vast difference of representation of both numbers and resources, we have made no complaint, but we know that the large jurisdictions provide the material for the movement of the Grand Lodge, with very little control over its workings. If the Order is one great Brotherhood, all deeply interested in its remotest extremities, there should be no legislation that does not point directly to its being felt in the Subordinate Lodges, and a reduction of the Representative tax will be to them of no value. Whatever can be done to lessen the expenses of the Grand Lodge, should be in the reduction of the price of supplies, and particularly in the price of cards. The laws require the member taking a visiting card to pay for the time a card has to run, and to pay 20 or 25 cents for a card is repugnant to the man's idea of justice, and he goes without it; the amount that will be withheld from the treasury by the proposed reduction of the tax would enable the Grand Lodge to supply cards at say

double their cost, and thousands would take them that do not do it now, and the advantages attending visiting Lodges in other jurisdictions are so palpable, that they require no illustration; so that by leaving the tax as it stands, and reducing the price of cards, the entire Order would be benefited, and State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments would be but little enriched by the change, while the Grand Lodge itself would afford relief to the Order and be none the poorer.

NEWS.

Not much worth recording has transpired since my last communication. We are prospering and harmonious, visiting and being visited; some Lodges weekly conferring the Degree of Rebekah, after which the members, their wives and children, and the young men with their lady friends, have a good time, which more and more popularizes the Order, and makes it better understood. The last meeting night in March of each Lodge in this jurisdiction is the night for election of officers for the next term, and it is a very hopeful sign that there is no lack of candidates for Asst. Secretary, the first step, with us, to the higher honors. By the time your April number reaches your subscribers, we in Pennsylvania will have determined who our Grand Officers shall be for the next year, though it will not be positively known till the third Tuesday in May in the City of Pittsburg, where the next session will be held, and where your numerous Pennsylvania friends will be glad to see you.

TRIUMPH LODGE, No. 613.—We have again heard from this Lodge, located at Brownsville, Fayette county. Bro. Thornton says, under date of March 16: "We have had seven stated meetings, and now number eighty members, fourteen of whom are charter members, and sixty-six new initiates. An unprecedented thing in Odd Fellowship in Pennsylvania."

VALLEY ECHO LODGE, No. 622.—Bro. G. N. Taylor informs us that on the 19th of February Valley Echo Lodge, No. 622, was instituted at Beaver Falls, Beaver county, by D. D. G. M. Carter, assisted by P. G.'s Hurst, Barnes and Woodruff, of Beaver Lodge, No. 366, and P. G.'s Evans, Edgar, Powers, and a host of other members from Robertson Lodge, No. 450. Fifteen of the applicants

for this new Lodge were members of No. 450. The officers for the term are: N. G., H. F. Howe; V. G., A. Whisler; Per. Secretary, E. Barnes; Asst. Secretary, H. White; Treasurer, T. McClain. They start under very favorable prospects; they had eight propositions during their first meeting, and six during the second—all good men.

On Saturday evening, February 28th, Robertson Lodge presented Valley Echo Lodge, No. 622, with a splendid bible; the presentation speech was made by Bro. A. G. McCreary, of No. 450, in one of his mild and modest speeches, and received by P. G. McIllyar on behalf of No. 622 in a stirring and eloquent address. The hall was full to overflowing, it being a public meeting. Quite a number of ladies were present.

Michigan Department.

DETROIT, March 16, 1868.

Editor Companion: Since I wrote you last, we have additional evidence of the progressive march of Odd Fellowship in this state. A new Lodge has been instituted at Eaton Rapids, Eaton county, under favorable auspices; also another at Grove Lake, in Jackson county, sixteen miles from the home of Past Grand Patriarch and Past Grand Master F. M. Foster. His influence is shedding its bright rays of light in favor of our Order all around his home, and I expect ere long to see a working Lodge at Parma, also in his county.

The "Ancients" of old Kalamazoo, No. 7, are moving for new life, and our new Grand Master will soon breathe it into them, and set them at work. Also Constantine, No. 22. Application has also been made for a new Lodge in Lapeer county, and as soon as a hall can be finished in the spring, a new one will be started at Midland City, where there are sixteen members of the Order, gathered from different parts of the country, who long for a family altar around which they may gather to promote the principles deeply implanted in the heart of every true Odd Fellow—in fact, in the hearts of all good men, whether they have crossed the threshold of a Lodge-room or not. But to those who have entered the portals of our Order is reserved a realizing sense of the transcendent beauties of our principles, brought

out in their most brilliant tints. This is a great privilege, that should be granted to none but the worthy.

On the 12th of February, eight Patriarchs of Michigan Encampment, No. 1, in this city, took final cards, for the purpose of establishing a second Encampment here. It will be named "Ingersoll Encampment, No. 29," and is to be instituted on the 19th inst. P. C. P. C. S. Brady will be the first C. P., and H. O. Wilcox the first H. P. It is named in honor of our present Grand Patriarch, who was honored with that high position upon his first appearance in the Grand Encampment as a Representative. Brother Ingersoll has the ability and purposes to devote all the time that is necessary to make this branch of the Order flourish.

Under the guidance of the able Grand Officers at the head of both branches of the Order in this state, I shall be disappointed, if the next meetings of the Grand Bodies do not show an extended roll-call and pay-roll.

The Order over on the border, in the Dominion of Ontario, is also in a growing condition, as Grand Master McAfee is a working member and has associated with him some noble spirits in the work.

The Rev. Bro. Joyelin, President of Albion College, in this state, has his heart in the work, and has signified his readiness to answer calls to testify publicly in favor of the Order, where the distance is not too great for him to attend without too great a sacrifice to his business and official position. On the whole you may set us down as in a healthy condition. † † †

WHEELING, WEST VA.

Editor Companion: In a communication written to you in November last, I predicted the organization of a new Lodge in this city soon. I am happy to inform you that the prediction has been verified, and Wheeling can now boast the existence of seven good Subordinate Lodges. On the 11th of February last, Excelsior Lodge, No. 40, was instituted by Grand Secretary Thomas G. Steele under very favorable auspices, a dispensation having been previously granted to Bros. Wilson, McCann, Knapp, Deiters, Hook, Tippet and Chapman. Those Brothers represent five Lodges in our city, and

carry with them the best wishes of the entire membership of the different Lodges for their success in this new undertaking. The new Lodge starts with every assurance of success; its organization being in consonance with the wishes of its sister Lodges, it will have their encouragement and support, and cannot fail of success.

The following Brothers were selected for the various offices: C. H. Wilson, N. G.; W. H. Chapman, V. G.; H. A. Knapp, Secretary; C. H. Deiters, Treasurer; and W. H. Tippet, Chaplain.

May "Excelsior" be, what its name indicates, more elevated, "more lofty" in carrying out the great fundamental principles of our Order, than any of its sister Lodges in this jurisdiction.

J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

WHEELING, March 14th, 1868.

KENTUCKY.

Editor Companion: Fifty years ago practical Odd Fellowship was wholly unknown in this country. At that time Thomas Wildey, of Maryland, was engaged in the great work of founding an institution of the kind in the city of Baltimore. Success crowned his efforts. Washington Lodge, No. 1, instituted at Baltimore April 26, 1819, was the first fruit of his glorious purpose to establish a universal Brotherhood in the family of man. The small scion of Odd Fellowship which was planted in the genial soil of Maryland by Thomas Wildey on the day above mentioned, now rears its lofty head so high, and extends its magnificent thoughts so far in every direction, that 214,561 wise and true men, scattered throughout every state and territory in the Union, together with legions of the Daughters of Rebekah, and a vast concourse of helpless orphans may take shelter under the ample foliage. For, be it remembered, that the benefits of Odd Fellowship do not cease with the lives of its members; their widows and orphans then at once become the special charge of the Fraternity. "To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, to bury the dead and educate the orphans," comprises but a tithe of the commands of our beloved Order. The neophyte is early taught, in a most impressive manner,

the important lesson, "That the glance of the all-seeing eye of God ever rests upon him," and without His aid he can accomplish nothing—that no infidel can be admitted into the "sacred retreat" of Odd Fellows—that henceforth all selfishness and self-reliance must be ignored, and that it is his imperative duty to labor for the good of the human family—Friendship, Love and Truth, the glorious motto of our noble institution, as delineated and set forth in the most attractive manner, calculated to exert a salutary effect upon the life and conduct of all its votaries. None but the true Odd Fellow can truly appreciate the value of such a bond of union. Odd Fellows every where wage an unceasing warfare "against vice in all its forms: Friendship to man prompts the contest, the gentle influence of Love supplies the weapons, Truth consecrates the effort and leads to victory." And with such weapons, and fortified with such virtues, we combat error on every side, under the fullest assurance that "Truth is omnipotent and will prevail." The Bible contains all the Truths which Odd Fellows practice. There is nothing in our noble Order inimical to the Christian religion. "Whosoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," is the golden rule by which every good Odd Fellow squares his conduct. Love is the grand center, the main spring and the chief motive-power of the universe. All the noble deeds of our benevolent Order flow from a just appreciation of this source of human action. Love to God with love to man comprises all that is essential to happiness in this life, and that which is to come. God is love. Man is endowed with no small share of this glorious attribute. Odd Fellowship develops and cultivates this glorious faculty of the human heart. Therefore, the purest philanthropy and the highest and holiest works of humanity are necessarily associated with its daily ministrations. Love is happiness. None can be perfectly happy who are devoid of its energy and power. Who can describe the exquisite sorrow of one poor soul who has suffered the irreparable loss of a tried husband or devoted father? And who but the relieved widow and helpless orphan can properly appreciate the tenderness, sympathy and love extended to them by the Fraternity of which he was an honored member? Numerous instances of this

character will readily suggest themselves to all who have witnessed the increasing attention paid to the bereaved families of our Order.

The mystic tie that unites the members of our noble institution into such a close bond of union, is stronger than death. It causes the great heart of the Brotherhood to throb with inexpressible grief when a beloved companion is called "to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death." With sorrowful hearts and slow steps they follow the corpse of a departed Brother to its final resting-place—the grave. And having deposited the body in the cold damp vault, with the usual ceremonies of our beloved Order, they retrace their steps to the hall whence they set out on this mournful mission. But imperative duty opens a new field of labor. Perhaps the deceased Brother has left a widow and some orphan children to be taken under the special care and protection of some kind friends. If so, who can discharge this duty half so well as "Brothers of the mystic tie," who but they furnish the much needed sympathy and pecuniary aid? In all well regulated Lodges a special committee is appointed to visit the bereaved family and see that their wants are supplied. Hence I repeat again, that the bond of union which exists among Odd Fellows is stronger than death. It continues operative in works of active benevolence in the families of some who have long since been numbered "with the pale nations of the dead."

The Friendship that constantly wells up in the heart of every good Odd Fellow is thus felicitously described by the poet:

"When Friendship once is rooted fast,
It is a plant no storm can sever;
Immutable and heedless of the frost,
It blooms and flourishes forever."

In attestation of some of the statements herein made, I append the statistics furnished by Grand Secretary Ridgely to the G. L. U. S. at its last annual communication, held at New York City, September, 1867:

Initiated during the year.....	35,021
Died	2,164
Brothers relieved.....	2,026
Widowed families relieved.....	3,141
Whole number of members.....	214,561
Paid for relief of widows.....	\$97,378.61
" educating the orphan....	15,863.94
" burying the dead.....	102,688.87
" relief of Brothers.....	410,431.13

Whole number of Lodges under the jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S., except Mississippi, which made no report, 2,860.

Kentucky has 113 Lodges and a membership of 5,926. During the last year she lost 62 by death; relieved 495 Brothers and 159 widowed families; paid for relief of Brothers, \$10,533.45; for relief of widows, \$3,035.61; for educating the orphan, \$844.36; for burying the dead, \$3,606.40; total, \$18,019.82. Figures will not lie. Who can estimate the great amount of good which this sum of money, properly distributed, would afford to the suffering and needy? The sorrowing widow and the helpless orphan gladly attest the truth enunciated in the foregoing statement. They who have experienced its countless deeds of benevolence and sympathy, are best qualified to judge of its merits. Millions of the human race yet unborn will doubtless bless the name of Thomas Wildey, the founder of American Odd Fellowship, in their day and generation.

The progress of Odd Fellowship is onward and upward. It has a great mission to accomplish. That it will succeed, none can doubt. It points with triumph to its past, as a guarantee for its brilliant future. But more anon.

Yours, fraternally,

J. C. WELCH.

NICHOLASVILLE, Feb. 22, 1868.

GOOD INTENT LODGE, NO. 166.

COVINGTON, March 12, 1868.

Editor Companion: In your last issue, I notice your report of Good Intent, No. 166, organized at this place February 22, 1868. I propose to give you a more detailed account of the same. Covington had, previous to the organization of this new Lodge, three American and one German Lodge, all working well, and in a prosperous condition. With the exception of two, all the members of the new Lodge withdrew from the old ones, they believing that the present initiation fee, \$10.00, and 10 cents weekly dues, were not sufficient to extend to Brothers in distress such assistance as our Order should warrant, and further, that the 10 per cent. from receipts, set apart for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, did not fully meet the commands of our Order, to protect the widow and educate the orphan. They therefore made the following changes: Initiations,

\$20.00; dues, 20 cents per week—10 cents of the dues to go direct to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. This conclusion was arrived at after it had been fully discussed by the members, nearly all having been in service for years in the Lodges they withdrew from, and therefore being better able to judge and pass on the merits of the change, than those of younger years in the Order.

Our Worthy Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States from the Encampment Branch of this jurisdiction, A. H. Ransom, is the N. G. He is well known as a zealous and hard-working member, is thoroughly posted, and is never better pleased than when called upon to give instruction, which he has done throughout Kentucky; and the members of "Good Intent" have honored him with the highest position, showing that his labors as an officer in the Subordinate Lodge, as Representative in our Grand Lodge, and as our Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States—which latter office he has been elected to by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky for three consecutive terms—are appreciated.

"Good Intent" meets Saturday evenings, has, to start on, twenty-two members, a fine choir, with new music, arranged by Bro. L. L. Keller (this music should be adopted by all Lodges), which gives new life and animation to our odes.

Before closing this hurried and imperfect notice, allow me to state a pleasant incident, which transpired on the evening of the organization. P. G. M. Amos Shinkle, by request of our Worthy Grand Master, who could not be present, instituted the Lodge, and in his remarks alluded to the Chaplain of "Good Intent," Bro. W. L. Leathers, as being Noble Grand of Kenton Lodge, No. 24, in 1848 (I think), and initiating him. Remarks were made by members present and a good time had. Yours, fraternally,

KENTON.

REVIVAL OF LAFAYETTE LODGE, NO. 12, ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 22, 1868.

Editor Companion: One of those pleasant occasions to good Odd Fellows, the resuscitation of an old Lodge, occurred in our neighboring city of Orange last evening. Lafayette Lodge, No. 12, organized in 1842,

surrendered its charter in 1853, and now, after a lapse of fifteen years, has been again restored, and taken its place in the ranks of those who are battling for Friendship, Love and Truth.

This re-organization is mainly due to the persevering efforts of our D. D. G. M., Jacob G. Post, and Grand Rep. Theo. A. Ross, who, for some months past, have been zealously hunting up the scattered members of old Lafayette, in Newark, Bloomfield and Orange, and finally succeeded in getting nine of them together to petition for the restoration of the charter.

The ceremonies of the evening were deeply interesting. The D. D. G. M. was assisted in the work by Grand Reps. Ross and Force, P. G. Masters Searfoss and Cleaver, Grand Con. Hanneck, P. D. D. G. M's. Wiener, Pierman, and Smith, P. G's. Crane, of No. 7, Douglass, Halleck, Rice and Meeker, of No. 28, Hall, Herring, Dodd, Keyler, Wheeler, Smith and Davis, of No. 51, and some sixty members of the different Lodges in Newark, Bloomfield, and Irvington.

After the installation of officers, brief addresses were made by D. D. G. M. Post, P. G. M's. Cleaver and Searfoss, P. G's. Douglass, Dodd and others, all giving joyful congratulations in welcoming the Lodge back again in the fold of Odd Fellowship, and bidding them a hearty "God-speed" in the good work.

P. G. M. Cleaver was peculiarly happy in his remarks in allusion to the name of the Lodge, and urging them to be as cosmopolitan in all good works, as was the honored Lafayette, who devoted his life to the advancement and elevation of struggling humanity all over the world, no matter what their country or their creed.

The Lodge has a fine field for operation in the beautiful and growing city of Orange, and we have no doubt, that in the hands of those who have now taken hold of it, it will soon take a high position among its sister Lodges in our state. So mote it be, and may all other Lodges who were in the same condition follow their good example, and go and do likewise.

Newark is well, thank you, both in Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, going on rapidly and well.

Fraternally, yours, SKENX.

THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEGREES.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY P. G. S. ISAAC M. VEITCH,
BEFORE ST. LOUIS DEGREE LODGE, NO. 1.

The grand end and aim of our Degrees is to inculcate and enforce certain great moral sentiments, upon the practice of which depends the welfare and happiness of mankind. It is this that pervades the whole tenor and scope of our ritual. Each of our beautiful Degrees contains the elements of moral truth and principles, and their great purpose is to affect the conscience and influence the character of those who receive them, and to elevate them to a high standard of moral excellence. It is in this that their real merit consists, and which renders them worthy of our regard. If they fail in accomplishing this, they are of no practical utility whatever. All the emblems, signs, etc., employed in conferring these Degrees, are designed to impress them upon our hearts in such a way as to make them of the most lasting benefit to us. Our moral nature should be thoroughly imbued with the true sentiment of these Degrees, and we should not content ourselves with the acquisition of only the medium by which they are conveyed to us, or used in our fraternal intercourse with each other. To attain correctness or perfection in the work of the Degrees is commendable, but we must not overlook the infinitely more important and exalted *principles* which they are designed to typify and illustrate. These are of more consequence to us, in every conceivable form, than the mere surroundings and mystic language attaching to them. The one is the substance, the other the shadow.

It will not be out of place, and perhaps it may be expected of me, on this occasion to recur to a few of those principles. We cannot be too often reminded of them. Their practical bearings on society, and the exhibition of them in our daily life, demand that we should at all times possess an intelligent apprehension and high appreciation of them. We propose, therefore, very briefly to invite your attention to some of the prominent principles taught in our excellent ritual.

And first it teaches Benevolence as a distinguishing feature and element of Odd Fellowship. Its ministrations must be those of a pure and unadulterated Benevolence,

that is, broad, comprehensive and all-embracing in its sympathy, kindness and charity to the whole family of man. Benevolence is the elementary sentiment and duty of our Order, it is indeed its moral atmosphere. No man can be a true Odd Fellow, if he is a selfish man. Such a thing would be unnatural and impossible—a contradiction in terms. An Odd Fellow should be animated and controlled by a generous and large-hearted philanthropy. We should be Odd Fellows not because of any benefit we might personally derive from our connection with the Order, so much as for the opportunity it furnishes us to do good to others. We should realize that it is more pleasant to give than receive. This is genuine benevolence, and if we are actuated by its spirit, it will expand our affections and influence us to acts of mercy and good will to our fellow men.

Another principle inculcated by our Degrees is Mutual Relief, as a proper and natural sequence of Benevolence. If Benevolence is the prominent characteristic of our Order, its proper development will be found in devising a system of relief for the distressed and afflicted Brother. This beneficiary feature of the Order, and original with it, has accomplished great good, but we must not suppose that this is all of Odd Fellowship. Far from it. Ours is not "a mere beneficial society." We should entertain no such low, sordid, and debasing estimate of its designs. There is something higher, nobler, and grander in Odd Fellowship than dollars and cents. There are greater and more important benefits attaching to it than pecuniary ones. The intrinsic virtue of our Order is mainly, if not exclusively, in the fraternal, social and moral benefits it confers on humanity. All other aims and purposes of the Order must be subordinate to this idea. If we are truly bound together by a sacred covenant, and united by the same fraternal love that made Jonathan and David friends, we shall experience no difficulty in relieving each other in adversity, warning each other in danger, and encouraging each other in the right. Our ritual, in connection with this subject, also exhorts us to fidelity to the Order, and beautifully illustrates the power of union in carrying forward the enterprise in which we are engaged, to a final consummation and a glo-

rious triumph. As Odd Fellows, it should be our fixed and undeviating purpose to remain firmly and zealously attached to the work and labor of love to which our association invites its adherents; and it should be our delight to perform all the duties and obligations which it devolves upon us in our relations to each other, and to the Brotherhood at large.

Another prominent characteristic of Odd Fellowship is Friendship—faithful, disinterested, self-sacrificing Friendship. Well does this principle deserve the high place it occupies in our Order. Odd Fellowship is eminently and essentially a friendly institution. Its grand design is to bring men closer together; to establish more intimate relations among the family of man; to forget the false distinctions of social rank and station, and meet and mingle in harmony and brotherly love. The recognition of this sentiment, and its exemplification in our actions, enable us to come together as Brethren on a common platform of equality in all our intercourse, whether in or out of the Lodge room. Whatever may be our views touching the political and sectarian questions of the day, we sacrifice them upon the altar of fraternity. We thus not only exercise for ourselves a free toleration of opinion on these subjects, but we concede the same right to our Brethren, and, if necessary, protect them in its exercise.

Friendship, as inculcated by our Order, is but the development of the natural instincts of man, which seek companionship and communion with his fellow man. There are affections and hopes in the breast of every man which can only be inspired by the responsive sympathy of another. There are susceptibilities in the heart of every one that can only find expression in the warm grasp of the hand of a friend. It is in Odd Fellowship we may find such sympathy and meet such a friend. Let us convince the world by our example that friendship is something more than a name; that it is not a mere theory with us, but a practical reality. If we fail to do this, our professions are vain and inconsistent.

A cardinal doctrine and precept of one of our Degrees is Love. Indeed it may be said to be the central idea of our Order, around which all its principles cluster. We must go a step further than the offices of friendship

to our Brethren or our immediate neighbor. We must possess a Love for all mankind, irrespective of their nationality, creed or politics. Our Love should be universal in its scope and influence, and we should exercise an expansive and ever abiding Charity. Love is the very genius of Odd Fellowship, and comprehends in one word the whole theory of its system. If the great principle of charity for all mankind was more generally accepted, and obtained universal sway, the discords of earth would be hushed, wars would cease, and paradise be restored to man. Then, indeed, would "the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and a little child should lead them."

This principle of Charity, Love, and Fraternity has ever been the sheet anchor of Odd Fellowship, by which it has triumphantly outrode the storms which have threatened its safety. By fidelity to this principle it has gallantly maintained its unity, while so many other institutions have been wrecked upon the rocks and reefs of passion and selfishness. I am not tired yet, my Brethren, of boasting that Odd Fellowship is the only institution in the land, of whatever kind, that has preserved its nationality, and has a complete national body in which every state in the Federal Union of the country is represented.

The same Degree that inculcates the principle of Love, also reminds us of the sentiments and duties intended to be implanted in our minds by the other Degrees, and hence it is aptly called the Remembrance Degree. Much of its instruction is to remind us of the *personal* duty of Temperance, as one of the highest moral virtues, and the lecture on this subject is well calculated to make a salutary and lasting impression on the mind of the recipient. And how important that we should be often reminded of our obligations in this respect, amid the ensnaring temptations of a corrupt and absurd social custom. How necessary that the precepts of temperance, which this Degree so eloquently furnishes, should be indelibly graven upon our memories, that our hearts and consciences may be suitably influenced by them. Intemperance is the master-passion of poor weak humanity, the monster vice of the age, the gigantic curse of the world, towering far above all the social evils

that afflict mankind. Its servitude is more oppressive, and its chains more galling, than the worst forms of slavery. Its victims are legion. It debases them to a moral, physical and intellectual condition below the level of the brute. It has wrung more bitter tears from the eyes of widows and orphans, broken more hearts, produced more suffering, anguish, misery and want, and peopled more untimely graves, than all the pestilence, war and famine that have ever desolated our earth. Let us give heed to and profit by the warning voice which our Order raises on this subject, and shun the degrading practice, which "stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent." As Odd Fellows, our moderation should be known to all men, and our example and influence should be exerted in favor of temperance, as one of the prominent principles of our Order. We should resist with all our might, always and ever, the encroachments of the tyrant Intemperance, whose only purpose is to destroy, and whose only power is to doom to infamy, shame and eternal ruin all the noble attributes of humanity.

The last Degree is fitly dedicated to Truth, as a vital sentiment and all controlling principle of action, wielding an omnipotent sceptre over the universal empire of mind and morals. Hence it is appropriately called the "Imperial Virtue," and as it is of sacred or divine origin, it imparts to this Degree the idea of its kingly and priestly rank, and this is further symbolized by the color which distinguishes this Degree in our Order.

The entire ritual of Odd Fellowship is designed to lead us, by progressive steps, to Truth. All its principles culminate in Truth, and he that has attained the rank which its possession confers, is elevated to a pedestal pre-eminently above the distinctions and honors of earthly fame or fortune that the proudest ambition of man has ever reached.

Truth is the cap-stone of the temple of Odd Fellowship, and gives to it grace, symmetry and completeness. It is a light shining forth from its highest pinnacle with resplendent beauty and effulgence, pointing the weary pilgrim in the journey of life to the path of safety and honor. Truth is the highest jewel an Odd Fellow can wear; all others are but dross and tinsel. Let us aspire to all that is great, good and noble in mental and moral Truth. Our Order recog-

nizes and accepts the Bible as an integral part of Odd Fellowship. This is the source and fountain of *all* Truth. It leads us to the Author of Truth; in whom, as an Order, we trust. From Him alone we derive wisdom. Let us seek for it with all the faculty of our being, for "happy is the man that findeth her: for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof, than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her: length of days is in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her."

I have thus very imperfectly attempted to lay before you a brief exposition of the various Degrees you have received, and the great principles which have been taught you at our altars. These principles you profess as Odd Fellows. See to it that they are not mere professions with you, but reduce them to practice; discharging with zeal and fidelity all the duties and obligations that devolve upon you. *Taking* the Degrees, passing through the forms necessary to be observed, and listening to the lectures, charges, and instructions delivered to you, does not make an active and earnest Odd Fellow. There is work to do. You must labor both by precept and example, for the prosperity of Odd Fellowship, and do all you can, in the sphere of your influence, to achieve the success of its objects. You must be animated by its true spirit. You must possess its Benevolence; have its Friendship, Love and Truth inwrought in the very texture and fibre of your moral natures, and exhibit them in your lives. Thus will you best promote the holy cause of Charity in the world, and co-operate with your Brethren in making Odd Fellowship a real blessing to yourselves and to mankind.

Every Odd Fellow is a soldier in the Grand Army of Humanity. The badge, insignia, or regalia he wears, indicates the division or rank to which he belongs of that army, and whether he is a new recruit or tried veteran in the service—whether a private or an officer—it is his duty to be always at his post, faithful to the cause in which he enlisted, and ever true to his colors!

WIDOWS—DEGREE OF REBEKAH— CONFLICT.

Editor Companion: I am much pleased to learn that one of your correspondents has sufficient courage and interest in the conflicting laws of the Order to attempt an explanation and reconciliation of their evident disagreements.

Whilst "Supporter" has his hand in, let him apply his knowledge to settling another conflict on a similar subject, as follows: Is the widow, without respect to the number of Degrees her husband had taken, entitled to the Degree of Rebekah?

The following are the proofs for and against the interrogatory: In accordance with Nebraska laws, the Degree of Rebekah shall be conferred on the widows of members, *irrespective of Degrees*, who were in good standing at the time of their death. They have the same rights under similar provisions in the laws of Indiana. By the Odd Fellows' Text Book we are informed, that widows of Brothers in good standing at the time of their death may receive the Degree, and not even intimating that their husbands should have been in possession of any other than the Initiatory Degree.

The law of the G. L. U. S., governing the subject, reads as follows: "The Degree of Rebekah may be conferred upon the widows of Odd Fellows who were in good standing at the time of their death, upon application therefor in open Lodge."

From the above we are led to infer that widows are entitled to the Degree of Rebekah without respect to the number of Degrees attained by their husbands.

Notwithstanding the laws just referred to are apparently very favorable to the affirmative answer to the proposition, we have others which are entitled to great consideration, in consequence of the acknowledged intelligent source from which they are derived.

From the Illinois Digest we learn, that only the widows of Fifth Degree members can have the Degree of Rebekah conferred upon them. Now, no one will for a moment pretend to even intimate that the above is not from an acceptable source, for all must know that Grand Secretary Willard, the author of that Digest, is one of the most intelligent and learned Odd Fellows we have in the United States, whose decisions on the

subjects of the Order are equal, if not superior, to those of any other Brother in the Order.

Again we quote from Missouri, the home of P. G. Siro Veitch, whose knowledge of Odd Fellowship must be looked upon very favorably and enters the argument with considerable force. The laws of Missouri set forth, that the Degree of Rebekah shall be conferred only on widows of Scarlet Degree members, who were in good standing.

We might add quotations and arguments to both sides of this question, but the above is sufficient to show the conflict of law, and the resulting practice under both. Many may deem these questions of minor importance, and if that be true, why have laws on the subject for our government enacted, by the highest as well as by the lowest controlling bodies of the Order? Laws are made and promulgated for the control and benefit of the Order, therefore let us perfect them and render their interpretation as intelligible as possible. And if they are found to conflict, let us endeavor to have them amended and made conformable to the known wants of the Order. WAW-KO.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Faint not, oh spirit! in dejected mood,
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;
Revolt not, heart though still misunderstood;
For gratitude of all things 'neath the sun,
Is easiest lost, and insecure won.
Doubt not, clear mind, that worketh out the right
For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,
And Patience weave it, ere that sign of might,
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light.

O B I T U A R Y .

DIED—Bro. Hiram Moats, of Columbus Lodge, No. 9, at Columbus, Ohio.

Bro. Moats was buried on Tuesday, the 25th of February, with the honors of the Order.

DIED—Bro. Ed. Lauf, of Harmonia Lodge, No. 358, at Columbus, Ohio.

The remains of Bro. Lauf were followed to their last resting place on Thursday, the 20th of February, by Harmonia Lodge, No. 358, and Concordia Encampment, No. 96, I. O. O. F.; Columbus Grove, No. 10, and Franklin Chapter, No. 2, U. A. O. D.; Scioto Tribe, No. 22, I. O. R. M.; and the Columbus Turners.

THE

ODD FELLOW'S COMPANION,

DEVOTED TO ODD FELLOWSHIP AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. III.—MAY, 1868.—NO. X.

BROWN STUDIES.

"LIKE will to like," but it must have been something more than the indulgence of this propensity—an apocryphal one at best—that assembled at the little village of Brownham in the Moors, at which it was my hap to reside for two years with a private tutor, so many individuals of identical name.

My excellent tutor, to begin with, was the Reverend Philip Brown, he had married a cousin, Miss Gertrude Brown, whose band of sisters, forming a rich handful of brown-haired, brown-cheeked Browns, visited us in detachments as opportunity and accommodation permitted. The duties of the incumbency requiring assistance, Mr. Brown had recently engaged a curate, and but little surprise was felt by those who knew the place, when it transpired that *his* name also was Brown.

Our squire and lord of the manor headed the list, however, with what might be called a double subscription, he being the Honorable Brown Brown. The small fry followed suit. The village school was under the control of a gentleman who was distinguished from his brother Browns by the surname of Cockey, or Cock-eye Brown. The clerk was Brown, and he being the sixth in lineal descent

who had officiated in that capacity, the man would have been bold who attempted to divorce the office from the color. The exciseman was Brown, "Big" Brown. The postman Brown—"Little," or, at times, "Cheeky" Brown. The landlord of our little inn—Brown Bear—was Brown. In addition to these, the village street was embrowned from end to end, insomuch that I am not romancing when I aver that there were not five shops in the place that did not exhibit the popular name, either as actual proprietor, or successor to some "late Brown."

To see the intercourse of this little community carried on without any apparent mistake, gave me both interest and surprise. To a certain extent it was smooth sailing. One can understand the distinctions derived from commerce—Brown the baker, Brown the smith, Brown the barber, fish Brown, peddling Brown; but how about the Browns of no occupation, idle, loafing Browns, drinking, and, it was to be feared, poaching Browns, to whose proceedings the attention of our police protector, Brown, L 23, was often furtively directed? "Thief" Brown, "Skulker" Brown, "Returned-convict" Brown, were prefixes which, however appropriate, might occasionally lead to mis-

understanding. Personality, as a rule, is best avoided. How, then, to fix your man? "Young" Brown would be simply absurd; Brown, son of the elder Brown, "*old* Brown's son, you know," would be little better, since the memory of the very oldest inhabitant (a man named Brown) recalls no period when there were not at least three generations of the same family of Browns flourishing in Brownham. Names were better arranged in the days when Higg could never have been confounded with his father Snell, or Wamba mixed up inextricably with his civic ancestor, the "alderman."

The village, however, *did* manage to discriminate; and although the process was as mysterious as is, to the uninstructed eye, the working of a steam-engine, the result was as precise and as effectual. Some peculiar intonation, some gesture of the speaker's eye, or nose, or chin, seemed to indicate at once *which* Brown was meant; and while my reverend tutor never, by his own confession, proclaimed the bans between bachelor and spinster Browns without some misgiving as to the sufficiency of the identification, the village itself was never at fault, seldom had recourse to nicknames, except as a luxury, and separated John Brown (half wink) from John Brown (toss of the chin) and John Brown (sniff), as completely as if the most elaborate portrait had been executed of each of the three. But to be understood and at ease in this, study and experience were necessary. I shall not soon forget the pains it cost me to acquire the particular sniff that pointed out the last named John as the subject of conversation!

The bewilderment of strangers who found themselves splashing and struggling in this torrent of Browns, without such corks as we have mentioned, was amusing enough. The clearest intellect might have experienced some confusion. It did. During my stay at Brownham, a

case was tried in the neighboring assize town, involving a disputed right of way. As frequently happens in such cases, a large body of witnesses had been summoned, and of those engaged in the cause—"Brown and Another v. Brown Brown," it chanced that at least four-fifths belonged to our village and vicinity. Need it be added that these, almost to a man, were Browns?

It was puzzling enough for the sharp-witted counsel to keep their Browns from entangling. But the real labor devolved upon the unfortunate judge, who, in endeavoring to collate and present to the jury the whole body of evidence, was driven almost to his wits' end.

"The testimony, gentlemen," said his honor, "of that very intelligent witness, James Brown—confirmed in all its leading particulars by that of the witness Brown—I mean, James Brown—that is, the *other* James Brown—demands your most serious attention. For while, on the one hand, the respective affidavits of Peter Brown and George Brown—not to speak of the oral testimony of Stephen, Philip, and"—(consulting his notes)—"yes, and William—*William*, gentlemen—Brown—point to the conclusion that the connection of James Brown with the property of the Brown Brown family dates from so early a period as the decease of Peter Brown the elder—on the *other* hand, we have the combined declaration of Samuel, George, Josiah, and John Thomas Brown—fortified by that of another witness named—ah! yes!—also named Brown—that the appointments of James Brown as land steward to the Brown Brown estates, supplied John Brown, James Brown's son and agent, with all the opportunity—Peter—that is, George—of course, I mean James Brown, himself, enjoyed.

"The evidence of the succeeding witness, Brown—Josiah—stay, gentlemen—George Brown," continued his honor, wiping his brow, "the son, I take it, of

William Brown (this similarity of surname is most embarrassing)—Brown, I say, our tenth witness, and ninth of the name!—this young Brown's testimony contradicts in one material particular that of Stephen Brown. George Brown asserts—Stephen Brown as positively denies—that James Brown, Thomas Brown, and a third individual named—let me see, ha!—I should have been surprised to find it otherwise!—(a laugh)—“also Brown—that these three Browns, together with James Brown from Brownham—‘which,’ gentlemen?—why, gentlemen, the Brown—the—the witness, father Brown, the Brown brother—I protest, gentlemen, in all my judicial experience, I never met with so singular a case. Not only have we to deal with the evidence of twenty-nine individuals of similar name, but my learned friends on either side have joined the conspiracy, and are, moreover, instructed by solicitors of that name; while the foreman and five other members of the jury are Browns also!”

A hearty laugh followed the judge's sally. It was silenced by the officer of the court. His name was Brown.

Tradition had it that an innocent stranger, employed in some matter of business, descended at the Brown Bear from the Brown coach, driven by old Mat Brown, and inquired for the dwelling of a Mr. Brown. Forty fingers referred him to every point of the compass.

“I was told he would be known at the Bear,” faltered the stranger.

“Rather think he were,” returned a by-stander. “It's kep' by Mister Brown.”

“Not *mine*, though,” said the traveler, smiling. “Perhaps the postmaster——”

“*His* name's Brown.”

“Or the clerk could——”

“So's hisn.”

“So's yourn,” remarked another by-stander to the last speaker, apparently for the information of the traveler.

“Ain't he got some other name for to tell'n by?” asked the first speaker;

“Chucks? or Perky? Big? Booser? Cock-eye? Peddling? Thief? There's such a lot of 'em, you see.”

“I do see,” said the stranger, sullenly. “Hang the name! Well, then, *John* Brown; I don't know that he has any other.”

“Which one of 'em, now? there's a tidy lot o' Johns. What's he like, sir?” asked old Mat, as he prepared to remount his box.

“Well, except that he has parchment-colored whiskers, and——”

“‘Whitey’ Brown, for tuppence!” sang out old Mat. “Show the gen'l'man his place, Bill Brown.”

Mat was right.

Brown, the clerk, was perhaps my most esteemed friend. He was a fine old patriarch, with long hair, intensely white, falling over the collar of his black coat—for, more scrupulous than any divine of my acquaintance, he never departed from the clerical sables and white tie—and, even when engaged in that livelier portion of his duties, which consisted in gravedigging, merely laid aside, for the moment, his coat and cravat. At church he was supported, on either side, by his son and grandson, both destined for the clerk's office in due succession, both copying, in the minutest particular, the style and manner of their elder, even to the adoption of those little errors and mispronunciations which had been handed down from the remotest Brown of whom any record existed. The reverend vicar, whose scholarly and sensitive ear was outraged by these “improvements,” did make a faint attempt to correct them. He might as well have striven to move the church itself. Mr. Brown had bowed stiffly and respectfully, as in acquiescence, but indemnified himself, on the earliest occasion, by repeating, in a raised, instructing tone, the disputed words. To say truth, pastor Brown was a little afraid of clerk Brown, so the matter was allowed to drop. The old gentleman was

a conservative to the backest bone. He was such a foe to innovation, that the changes in the book of Common Prayer, rendered necessary by those that occurred in the reigning family of this realm, always cost him a pang. Though by principle a loyal man, it was some time before Mr. Brown could be got to lend a cordial assent to the accession of our present gracious sovereign, in lieu of him for whom he had so long prayed, and only yielded his sanction to the birth of a Prince of Wales on its being pointed out to him that it was but reverting to a form he had used half a century since.

Dear old boy! To the day of his death he never made up his mind how to deal with that response in the churching of women, in which, in the event of a plurality of ladies, some deviation from the printed text is unavoidable. Mr. Brown effected a compromise. He altered half. "Who putteth their trustesses in Thee," appeared to reconcile the difficulty.

Brown, surnamed Cocky, or Cock-eye—I never ascertained which, or whether it bore reference to a peculiarity of vision, or to a certain arrogance of manner, both of which he possessed—Brown, I say, conducted the village school. A real blessing and benefactor to the matron Browns of the vicinity, Cocky gathered up the noisier elements of the place, and, from nine to two o'clock, toiled at the education of his shock-headed pupils in a manner never before attempted. From the moment lessons began, till they ended, the schoolroom was in perpetual tumult, above which Cockey's voice might be occasionally heard rising in a dissonant scream. This was only when the noise became absolutely intolerable, or when more than the average number of personal encounters, engaging themselves at the same time, threatened to attract interference from without. For, strange to say, Cocky liked the disturbance, and sent his scholars rioting up the tree of

knowledge in such sort, that, could strife and clamor have done it, not a leaf would have been left unplucked upon that glorious stem. As it was, I am afraid, many got serious falls, and didn't try again.

Barrow Brown was another of my allies. In accordance with what seemed to be the prevailing custom, I had been in the habit of accosting him as "Barrow" for some time before I made the discovery that his name was not at all "Barrow," but, on the contrary, Job. His history was singular—in some respects, pathetic. Job, otherwise Barrow, Brown, was the victim of an unfortunate misconception, which, in costing him his good name, supplied him with another that stuck to him for life.

Job's mission, from the cradle, was the doing little odd jobs. Early manhood surprised him still engaged in this interesting and varied but not very lucrative employment—engaged, moreover, to a young lady whose name, for a wonder, was not Brown, and who, much to Job's discomfiture, exhibited considerable reluctance to make it so. She was the daughter of a somewhat haughty fishmonger of the next village, and was considered by her friends to have acted unadvisedly in plighting her very capricious troth to a man in Job's position. With a patience worthy of his name, the poor young fellow endured for a long period such tortures as only a spoiled village beauty can inflict, to perfection, upon her devoted Damon or Silvius. It is possible he would have brought matters to a crisis with his Adina, precisely as did Nemorino—by "listing," in accordance with the advice of a friend, recruiting-sergeant Dick Brown—but for the solemn promise of his mistress, cemented with a broken sixpence, of which each possessed half, that nothing short of some great misconduct of his own should annul the pledge she had given him. Upon this Job lived. This, in his own words, "kep' him straight." For this he abjured the blan-

dishments of the Brown Bear, was a stranger to the good dry skittle-ground, and subscribed (without any definite object, except that it looked and sounded steady) to the village burial club.

These precautions were of no avail. In a fatal hour, Job's evil genius threw in his way an odd job that involved a barrow. Little thought poor Job, when he borrowed Stephen Brown's, and trundled merrily away, that he was wheeling his godfather! The day was hot, the burden heavy. Job halted, for a minute, at a roadside beer-house. He had a pot of beer—a whole pot. He had another. A friend appearing, Job generously ordered a third, whereof the pair partook, and also of two more.

The result is singular, and, for a very long period, was enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of mystery. The load, of whatever it consisted, was delivered in safety, but the barrow returned no more. Mr. Brown was seen, late that evening, staggering in the direction of his home, persistently stopping every passer-by, in order to secure their testimony (in case of need) that he was perfectly sober, or, as he himself expressed it, "all right." But he made no mention of the barrow.

The owner *did*, for the barrow was new, and singularly enough (so, at least, it was affirmed in the village), Stephen Brown, in the visions of the night, had seen the apparition of his barrow, the wheel wanting, lifting a broken leg, as if in mute appeal for vengeance! His worst fears were confirmed, when Job, in confusion, blurted out certain vague and utterly irreconcilable statements, and finally declared that he could remember nothing at all about it. From this position nothing could dislodge him. At length his neighbor, losing all patience, avowed his conviction that Job had either maltreated the barrow in the diabolical manner suggested in the dream, or converted it into beer. Job indignantly repudiated both theories, but being unpre-

pared with a better, an appeal was made to the law, when Mr. Brown limited himself to the same line of defence, namely, that he could remember nothing about it.

Whether the jury—of whom several were Browns—imagined that the barrow might have risen upon Job in an unguarded moment, and, having knocked him down insensible, absconded, cannot be known. At all events, they acquitted him, and Job—henceforward Barrow, or Barrer-Brown, returned home a whitewashed man. But this process of cleaning is not always satisfactory. Whitewash *will* come off, and people who are particular eschew a too frequent and intimate acquaintance with it. So it was with poor Job. He was declared by his country, upon which he had put himself, innocent—but the barrow remained unaccounted for. A shadowy suspicion still followed, and naturally followed, the individual last seen in its company: and the surname of Barrer, which originally meant no slur, got at last to convey a hint that Job was not so stainless as the verdict of an enlightened jury had pronounced him.

Let those who delight in expatiating upon the trusting character of woman's love, blush to hear that this illiberal opinion was endorsed by Job's mistress. He was informed by her proud sire, in a letter that had a strong aroma of periwinkles, that his Dorter regarded their engagement as at an end.

From this epoch dated the decline and fall of Job. One feeble effort he did make to preserve his steadiness, and to rehabilitate himself in public esteem. He rented a little shop—or rather shop-window—in the character of "Job Brown, Fruiterer and Fishmonger," but, the stock-in-trade being represented by three wrinkled and venerable pears in a saucer, and a small company of "winkles," not above suspicion, in a pint measure, the net profits proved insufficient. From fruit and fish to "creases," from "creases" to groundsel, from groundsel to any-

thing that could provide a meal, Job had sunk into the man I found him, when the necessity of procuring some wasp-grub for bait led to our introduction and subsequent intimacy.

I had not known him long, when a curious event startled the whole village. The deceased barrow re-appeared! It had been discovered in the heart of a clump of juniper-bushes, and (let psychologists explain the coincidence) mutilated precisely as represented in Stephen Brown's dream. How it got there was still a mystery, for the barrow was as inscrutable as Job, and returned to its usual habits as if nothing had occurred, frequently meeting the man it had ruined on the public ways. On these occasions Job would glare at it as if it were a deadly enemy, and mutter between his teeth phrases which it would be a mistake to describe as benevolent.

The good thoughts of the world, once forfeited, are not easily regained: nevertheless, there is, in our beloved land, a sort of "follow-my-leader"-ship, especially if that leader be a person of quality, which sometimes repairs a wrong. Job's case met with much sympathy from the leading Browns of the place. It was, at least, clear that he had not stolen the barrow for the lucre of gain. Under the circumstances, it was proposed to raise a small compensatory subscription—a Brown Consolation Testimonial—by the aid of which he might recommence business on a better scale than formerly. To crown all, the haughty fishmonger, whose "Dorter" had given him a good deal of trouble, made the most flattering advances to Job, even hinting at the possibility of a future partnership, which (it appeared) Miss Spratt was, on her part, not disinclined to make a present one.

To the unspeakable amazement of everybody, Mr. Brown haughtily declined these gifts of fortune. Yes. Though, as he declared, he was so down in the

world that he slep', as often as not, under a hayrick; though he had but one pair o' trousers in the world, and they were in holes; though the werry hat he wore was took in exchange from a scarecrow, 'cos hisn (the scarecrow's) was better in the brim; still he, Job (improperly called Barrer) Brown, would be (something through which the editor would infallibly strike his pen) —d if he would either accept alms in exchange for his good name, or marry the false-hearted jade who was prepared to wed with his prosperity, though she had jilted and deserted him in his day of trial.

The Job Browns of low life are sufficiently rare to justify (I hope) the space I have given to the simple story of my friend "Barrer."

How and why it was that Browns assembled, and, to this hour, continue to assemble, at Brownham, is a study for the antiquary as well as the philosopher. The parish archives teem with Browns, even to times so remote that the registers have become undecipherable. Every such coincidence must be traceable, however, to some especial cause. There dwells on Banstead and on Leatherhead Downs a very pretty and peculiar snail, whose presence there, and no where else, for a long time puzzled the observant naturalist. It was at length revealed that, some generations since, a wealthy lady was directed by her physicians to take up her residence in those uplands, and, when the health-renewing breeze had restored to her vigor and appetite, to appease the latter by swallowing, among other things, a small esculent member of the snail family, whereof they kept her supplied in such abundance that the overplus were set at liberty to colonize the downs in the manner above mentioned.

Encouraged by this fact, I pursued my search so far as to unearth, among the parish records, the remnant of an ancient

deed in sufficient preservation to indicate that a certain Dame Marjory Bevil Brown had established a "dole," or distribution of "bread and flesh," on market-days, to

every applicant, of what condition soever, bearing the name of the beneficent donor. Clanship itself had done no more.

A D R I A N A .

CHAPTER XIV.

"IN thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," Adriana pondered. Her musings were unsatisfactory, her convictions by no means flattering. "I am a fool," was the summing up; "and Etheredge Court is no place for me."

Then came a curious chaos of feeling, mortification, self-upbraiding, and wounded self-respect, which, to a person possessed of a tolerable amount of self-esteem, is far more galling than any amount of blame from others, and so Adriana felt it; yet, strange to say, a gleam of triumph mingled with the chaotic elements and counter-balanced them oddly. Still, when the voice that had once before spoken within her said, "Go!" the yielding spirit answered, "I will go."

True, the dark angel thrust himself forward, and muttered, "Whither, whither? the world is wide and lonely;" but the guardian-angel bent over and waved his wings, and Adriana fell asleep.

Morning came,—usually the dispeller of so many harassing night-thoughts. The mind of man, renewed, refreshed, rises with fresh vigor to meet the difficulties that in the solemn watches of the night overcome him in anticipation. The nerves are braced by the living power that seems to forsake us in our nocturnal struggles, and to return with the dawn of day. And yet at night alone do we seem fully to realize the life of the soul. Then, with the sense of calm, of loneliness, comes also the realization of the immortal, and man wrestles alone with

his Maker. No factitious props are near wherewith to stay his arm; the silence and blackness around him are too oppressive; death, as it were, creeps nearer and nearer to him, and amidst the deep-felt quiet he seems to himself the only sentient being in creation. Then he knows himself more intimately than when surrounded by the interests and activity of life. There is nothing to distract his attention from the fact that he, the unit of an unnumbered total, is something more than a component part; he is distinct, individual, isolated,—a soul among many souls unassailable by any human agency.

Adriana collected her straggling ideas. Waking thoughts did not dispel her night determinations.

"I shall leave Etheredge Court."

On the stair she met Mr. Etheredge. Her re-assured step, the flush of confidence in herself that lighted up her face, caused Mr. Etheredge to wonder at the change that had come to Miss Linden since last night. Unconsciously he spent a good deal of time in speculating upon Adriana: she had become a sort of story to him, which he was interested in unraveling.

"You seem none the worse for the the snowstorm, Miss Linden."

"On the contrary, it has been of benefit to me."

"So it appears. Therefore I suppose you will venture forth again, as the snow shows no signs of disappearing. We may have it for some weeks yet."

"I shall not be here long."

Mr. Etheredge was surprised. He was

not prepared for this sudden turn in the drama, and yet what else could have been expected? As Mr. Etheredge turned into his library, a conviction darted into his mind. He tried to reason himself out of it as a very absurd one; but nevertheless it remained.

Mrs. Braddick's perplexity at Adriana's sudden resolve, which would have been amusing under ordinary circumstances, was now embarrassing in the extreme.

"What had caused Miss Linden to decide so suddenly? What necessity was there for her to go? Anything, everything, should be done in accordance to her wishes, if she would but remain. What would the children do?"

To all which questions Adriana answered as best she might, but was firm in her determination not to remain at Etheredge Court. So Mrs. Braddick turned for help and sympathy to the different members of her family.

"Charles!"

"Yes, my dear," returned Mr. Braddick, looking up from a heap of papers that apparently deeply engrossed his attention.

"Could anything be more unfortunate?"

"Than what?"

"Than Miss Linden's going away just now?"

"Why just now, my dear?"

"I don't mean particularly just now," said Mrs. Braddick; "I mean that she is going at all."

"I suppose you can find some one else," returned Mr. Braddick, diving deep into a fresh bundle of papers. "It is easy enough to advertise; and you give a good salary."

"It is easy to advertise, but then there is all the trouble of seeing people and arranging, and finding out who will suit and who will not. I don't believe any one will after Miss Linden, and why she is going is more than I can tell."

"I suppose Miss Linden has good reasons of her own."

"I can't think what they can be, then; for it seems to me that no one in her circumstances could be more pleasantly situated than she is with us—more like one of the family. But," said Mrs. Braddick, suddenly, "I believe that, after all, the reason she is going is because you have come home, Charles."

"Perhaps I had better return to India, my love. Shall we suggest it to Miss Linden?"

"Nonsense, Charles. I wish you would be serious when I want your advice and your opinion."

"Well, and have I not given it to you? You tell me that you do not know what you shall do without Miss Linden, and that Miss Linden is going because I have come home; so the only suggestion that offers itself to me is that I should go away again."

"Now you are quite aware, Charles, that you will not understand what I mean. I mean that I think Miss Linden must imagine that you have some unaccountable dislike to her. I am sure I should, were I in her place. You are quite unlike yourself with respect to her. Richard, too, took the same prejudice; but I think Miss Linden was beginning not to care for it, though of course it annoyed her at first; and now you, who generally differ in opinion from Richard, seem to have entirely entered into his feelings."

Mr. Braddick rose,—he came towards his wife,—he took her hand in his. Should he tell her the story of the past? For one moment he was even tempted to do so. For one moment there came into his mind that it might be the beginning of a fresh life to them both if he could pour out his heart freely to the wife whom he had taken. But would it do any good? He began to look with a man's eyes upon the subject, and arguments came fast to turn him from his momentary impulse. There was the effect it

might take upon Mrs. Braddick to be considered. Women can never be answered for; they may see a matter in an entirely different light from what you wish: they may take just the opposite line of argument to the one you think most clear and logical. Then there was the possible injury it might be to Adriana; and, lastly, he was not quite sure whether confessions were altogether pleasant.

Mrs. Braddick remained in some perplexity. She saw that something had made Mr. Braddick feel as serious as she could wish; but as she never leaped to conclusions, she waited patiently until her husband should speak.

After a slight pause, still holding her hand, he spoke:—

"I am quite serious now, Margaret. I have no dislike to Miss Linden; but I discovered, even sooner than you did, that her position here is one that for reasons of her own is distasteful to her. Do not distress her by endeavoring to alter her determination. I have seen enough of Miss Linden to know that nothing will deter her from carrying out a purpose when she has once resolved upon it."

Mr. Braddick had made the best speech possible on the occasion, still he could not help feeling that it was slightly jesuitical.

Mrs. Braddick still wondered.

"I do not understand you in the least, Charles. Has Richard been saying anything to you against Miss Linden?"

"Nothing."

"You think she has some reason? You think nothing will induce her to stay?"

"I am sure that nothing will."

"It seems strange that you should understand Miss Linden so much better than I do, when I like her so much better than you do. I think I have the same sort of feeling I should have had towards a sister if I had ever had one.

Yet I did not like her at first, but she gains upon one; she is a person I could trust in, and I do not often feel great faith in anyone."

Certainly Mrs. Braddick did not. It was curious to see the influence that the woman to whom (had she known it) she should have been most alien had exerted over her. Scarcely exerted either, for Adriana had used no effort to gain her rival's good opinion. She had pursued straightforwardly and conscientiously the duties she had undertaken. She had devoted herself lovingly to the children, and yet had not weaned their affections from their mother; indeed that mother felt that they were nearer and dearer to her now than when she had given them into Adriana's care. And her increased love for her children had opened other sources in her heart, and a warmth seemed to be infused into all her life. Mr. Braddick saw it, and wondered. Adriana knew that there was some change in Mrs. Braddick, but did not trace it to herself. She felt no love towards her; but the increased kindness of Mrs. Braddick's manner, and her utter ignorance of Adriana's previous acquaintance with Mr. Braddick, made her feel a sort of instinctive respect and admiration for her, whilst she fell proportionately in her own estimation. Had she not acted dishonorably after all? And what had she gained? Confident in her own strength, she had undertaken a part beyond her power to carry out, which she must now give up, and retreat as best she might.

Pondering over the events of the last few months, Adriana commenced her packing. The black dress of gauzy material lay upon the bed, ready to be folded. That dress, how much of sweet and of bitter it brought back to her, and how much of condemnation! It was, as a silent witness, becoming evidence against her. She took it up, as she had once taken it up before, and gently

smoothed its folds. As she did so, something dropped on the floor: she stooped to see what it was. It was the locket her cousin Katy had given her at parting. As she picked it up, the words of her cousin came to her mind,—“You must not open it until some great stumbling-block has come in your way, over which you have fallen.”

Had she not fallen now? Had there not been a stumbling-block? Had her own pride of will been sufficient to bear her triumphantly through the ordeal to which she had subjected herself? No; she was miserably weak: she felt it, she owned it: her strength had utterly failed her, and she had fallen. She touched the spring, a tiny scroll of paper, with still tinier characters clearly traced on it, was in her hand, and she read these words:—

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.

“Poor little Katy! She had no trust in her own strength,” mused Adriana, “and why should I have? Has it not left me at the time I needed it most? Have I conquered?—nay, am I not rather conquered?” “Thou shalt not covet,” sounded once again in her ears. She started up; a sudden gleam of light shot up from the fire that was burning brightly in the grate; it fell upon the soft gauzy dress. Away with all the memories of the past! Blot them from your mind! The care of the present is for the future, not the past.

She grasped the dress that brought back so many memories, that raised such painful emotions. How small a thing can have an influence! She dashed it down, as though it had some power of injuring her.

“Oh, if I could forget, forget!”

Another blaze of light sprang up, still illuminating the gauzy dress; it seemed like a living, haunting thing to Adriana's excited imagination. She gathered it up again, and, crushing its soft folds,

deliberately rolled it into a small bundle, which she placed on the fire. It did not blaze, it singed and smouldered into a heap of grey ashes. Then she laughed.

“How absurd!”

The sense of mock-heroism struck upon her senses so keenly. She had sacrificed a good dress for the sake of an idea! The act was a ridiculous one. She knew it, but nevertheless she did not wish it undone. It had destroyed one link with the past, and the more links that were broken the better. She was almost beginning to hate Charles Cunningham. Very prosaic was the domestic life at Etheredge Court. She was glad it had not been her lot. Why had she endured it so long? Was the remembrance of the past really so powerful?

“May I come in?” said Mrs. Braddick at the door. Adriana opened it. “What a smell of something burning. I hope there is nothing on fire.”

“I have been burning a dress,” said Adriana, rather bluntly, some inward feeling prompting her to state the exact fact.

“A dress!”

“Only my old black gauze.”

“That gauze dress!—my dear Miss Linden what were you thinking of? I never saw you look better in any dress than you did in that. I remarked both to Mr. Braddick and Mr. Etheredge that it was perfection; and Richard, who never knows what any one has on, actually admitted that he had noticed it.”

“I did not like it. There were painful associations with it,” said Adriana, shortly.

“That is a pity, for it was a very pretty dress. I was going to ask for the pattern of the sleeve. You are a strange person, Miss Linden, but do you know I like you excessively, and I regret that you are going to leave us. No,” continued she, seeing that Adriana was about to speak, “do not be afraid, I am not going to try to persuade you to re-

main with us, but you must let me talk to you a little to-night, for I am afraid after your good influence is removed, that we shall all relapse and fall into our old ways again." She seated herself by the fire. "Do not let me interrupt your packing, but I cannot let you go without telling you that I know I owe you much. I can never look back on Charley's illness without feeling that to you we owe his life." Triumph again reigned in Adriana's heart. Mrs. Braddick went on. "I scarcely knew till then how dear my children were to me. I think I looked upon them as playthings, and had no idea what the loss of them would be, having no fear of losing them. And you have made them better children, and have acted a mother's part towards them without taking their love from me. I think I am a better woman, too, myself, Miss Linden; I do not know why, but I somehow attribute it to you. I have not offended you, have I?" asked Mrs. Braddick, in some surprise, for Adriana was sobbing audibly. "Charles always said I never did understand people."

"Oh no, oh no, but I cannot bear to hear you speak in that way. Oh, Mrs. Braddick, please, please forget me—forget that I have ever been at Etheredge Court."

"I am sure, my dear Miss Linden, that I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall never cease to regret your absence."

Adriana sat humbled before her rival, the grateful words were heaping coals of fire upon her head, for she felt that whatever excuse she might have for wishing to avenge herself upon Mr. Braddick, to his wife she had acted dishonorably. Presently she said:—

"Mrs. Braddick, I am very miserable, very unhappy; I do not deserve the praises you bestow upon me. I am grateful to you for all the kindness you have shown me. I wish I had had a better right to it." Then, rising, she opened a drawer in which lay the splendid Indian

shawl with which Mrs. Braddick had presented her. "I am going to ask you to do me one favor," said she, "and to ask you not to feel hurt at the request. Will you let me return this shawl to you? indeed, indeed I cannot take it." Mrs. Braddick looked annoyed. "I know you will not understand; you cannot; but I ask you, as a parting act of kindness, to do as I wish."

Adriana held out the shawl. Mrs. Braddick looked at the pale worn face that was turned towards her, and gazed steadfastly into the eyes that met hers with such wistful entreaty. Something in the eyes seemed to touch Mrs. Braddick. Her look of annoyance faded away; she took the offered shawl.

"You are a strange person, Miss Linden, but I could make a friend of you if you would let me." She moved towards the door, then turning back, "good-night," she said, and kissed Adriana.

"I have fallen over my stumbling-block," said Adriana to herself as the door closed. "What is the power of man, and what is his might?"

CHAPTER XV.

ADRIANA had determined not to see Mr. Braddick again, and found it easy to carry out this determination. Mrs. Braddick, willing to do anything for a person who had so strangely drawn her out of her own impassiveness, made no objection to Miss Linden's desire to be allowed to remain in the schoolroom.

Pearl and Charley were her constant companions; Charley had declared that Lina should not go, he would not let her go out of the house; he and Pearl would lock the door and hide the key where it could not be found. So the two children set themselves to watch Adriana's movements.

"Why do you want to go?" asked he. "Pearl and I love you, and want to keep you. Don't go, don't go,—you shan't, you shan't!" and he threw his arms

round her. "See how tight I can hold you, you could not get away."

There was but one night more for her at Etheredge Court; she was to leave early the following morning in order to catch the early train; but this had been kept a profound secret from the children. When they said "good-night," they little knew it was for the last time, so they went cheerfully to rest; and a few hours afterwards, when Adriana went to look at them in their little cots, she found them slumbering peacefully. There was no fear of awakening the little sleepers, so she stayed watching by them for a long time. "Happy little sleepers, to whom the sorrowful knowledge of life has not yet come. May they be kept from my experience of it," sighed Adriana. And the remembrance of her childhood, when she, too, had no regret for the yesterday that was past recalling, no fear for the morrow's dawning, filled her with a wild yearning that the years that filled up the space between then and now might be for ever effaced from her memory. Would that the waters of Lethe might roll over the past. Yet wherefore? Is not the past the introductory lesson that helps us to master the present, and prepare for the deeper study of the future? No past, and the world would be in its youth again, and a man a child spelling out his lesson of life with sobs and tears, divested of the kindly hand of ripe old Time to point to explanations.

The tears stole down Adriana's cheeks as she looked at the children. She did not care for children; generally, but these had found their way to her heart; perhaps, too, their open-hearted innocence, their freedom from concealment of any kind, had been a tacit reproach to her own somewhat treacherous line of conduct, and had made her feel as if she were a deceiver. At last she turned away.

It was getting late, people were mov-

ing about as if retiring. Adriana listened; door after door shut, then all was quiet. Still she waited, she must be quite sure. The hall lamp was out, and the only light burning was a night-lamp on the first landing. She might venture now; she must take one more look at that picture taken of Charles Cunningham years ago.

So she took up her candle, and went noiselessly down-stairs. The swing-door creaked slightly as she pushed against it, but the noise it made was heard apparently only by herself, for she paused to see if any one had been disturbed. There was no sign that any one had, so she went on cautiously, and reached the library. Her candle gave but little light in the spacious room; too little to allow her a good view of the picture she had come to look at. She glanced round, and her eye fell on a lamp, which she lighted, and placed so that its rays fell full upon the face in the painting. She threw herself into a chair opposite, and, resting her face upon her hands, gazed fixedly at the portrait.

Etheredge Court faded away from her mind; the years that had intervened since her parting with Charles Cunningham vanished, and she seemed to stand face to face with him as she had done long ago.

"And yet I am beginning to hate you, Charles Cunningham," she murmured. "Why, why did you destroy my life? why did you make these seven weary years so heavy a burden to me? It was not generous, when you knew your power, to use it as you did. Yet perhaps I ought to hold you blameless, since you spoke no actual word whereby I could account you guilty. But this night I forgive, forgive you all the sorrow you have caused me. In my condemnation of myself has light sprung up, and I have seen how easy it is to be led on to act against one's own convictions. I have

sinned against others even though I am sinned against myself. We all need forgiveness."

She had risen from the chair during her soliloquy, and was standing with clasped hands before the picture.

As she finished her last sentence, a subdued voice said:—

"Amen."

Did the voice come from the picture? She could almost believe that it did, for the eyes seemed to return her gaze with a life-like expression. She gazed as if fascinated, afraid to look and yet unable to turn away her eyes.

She tried to say, "How foolish I am," but though her lips moved no sound came forth. She would make an effort, she would not look, and she covered her face with her hands. The spell was broken, she would not look again in that direction, she moved towards the table to turn down the lamp, when, to her extreme terror, she saw a figure, the counterpart of the one in the picture, with mournful eyes gazing upon her.

Adriana was not naturally superstitious, but her nerves were unstrung, and her agitation was uncontrollable. She uttered a faint cry, and sank on a sofa, covering her face so as to hide the apparition from her. She dared not move, she dared not look up.

But it was no apparition. Mr. Braddick had been reading late by the dining-room fire, and hearing a door open, had closed his book, and determined upon looking through the rooms and passages to see that all was safe.

He was, as it were, spell-bound on entering the library. He would have retired, but the attitude of the figure so intently looking at his portrait fascinated him to stay yet a moment, and the half unconsciously spoken words were heard by him even before he felt aware that he should not have listened to them, and the "Amen" escaped his lips without his knowing that it had been audible.

The look of fear that Adriana cast towards him showed him that he had placed himself in an awkward position. To retreat now seemed impossible. He could not leave her in her present state of alarm. Yet what to do was perplexing.

He advanced.

"Miss Linden!"

Adriana shuddered and clasped her hands more tightly over her face.

"I am afraid I have greatly alarmed you, Miss Linden. I was reading in the dining-room, and hearing a door creak, I made a voyage of discovery, thinking that possibly I might capture a thief upon the premises."

Adriana sprang up, all her chimerical fears were quieted; the wild absurdities that she had been willing to believe in vanished, and she stood face to face alone, for the first time since she had been at Etheredge Court, with Charles Cunningham.

It was difficult to say which experienced the greater embarrassment, for the memory of the past came clearly and keenly to both of them. To both the secret of their lives, though unspoken, was fully known.

They had loved.

They had been parted.

For it was passive. Not a voluntary act, but the result of circumstances. Each understood, each read the past aright.

Adriana was the first to speak, she turned towards the door.

"Good night, Mr. Braddick."

She did not hold out her hand, but merely bowed.

"One moment, stay, Miss Linden, Adriana!"

She was still moving away, but at the last word she turned, it was so long since she had heard it.

"Adriana, there is much I should like to say, but I know not where to begin."

The color came into Adriana's face as she replied almost haughtily:

"Leave it unsaid, Mr. Braddick; every word now would be an insult to your wife and to myself."

Mr. Braddick was surprised at the sudden change, yet it was just like old times, the quick transition from one mood to another that had had so great a charm for him. The haughtiness of her reply did not annoy him.

"You are right," he returned; "but I did not so mean it. May we not at least part as friends, Miss Linden?"

"Why not?"

The question was not easy to answer, so Mr. Braddick did not attempt to answer it. He might have reminded Adriana of her soliloquy, but he forebore.

"May I thank you for all that you have done for my children, and——" he continued, half hesitating, "and for my wife?"

"I have done my duty where it was not my duty to do it," replied she, somewhat bitterly.

"You have done more," answered Mr. Braddick; "you——"

"Say no more, Mr. Braddick," interrupted Adriana; "good-night, good-by." This time she held out her hand.

"As friends?" inquired Mr. Braddick.

"Of course,—why not?"

The sentence came half sarcastically. Mr. Braddick did not like the tone of it; but then, even in the days of his fervent adoration, he had not always understood Adriana. He felt deeply the injury he had inflicted, and would have given anything to repair it. But it was a case in which silence was the only course to pursue, and the only healer.

"Fancy little Katy having such an interview," thought Adriana, when she regained her own room. "My good Cousin Davis would be aghast. I am not sorry, and I am not glad. I am glad I am going away, and yet in spite of everything I do not wish that I had never come. I have been wrong, and I

know it. I am unhappy, miserable, yet I feel a sort of peace. I cannot understand myself," said she aloud: "I'm still drifting with the stream; the waters have raged and swelled, but they're calming down again, and I must go back to the quiet fold."

As Mr. Braddick was leaving the library, he was joined by a figure from the far end of the room.

"Forgive me, Charles, for having been an unintentional eaves-dropper. I fell asleep over the smouldering fire, and woke up at the sound of your voices."

"Not before?"

"No."

"Then Miss Linden's soliloquy did not reach your ears?"

"Not a word of it. Charles, I half wonder that——"

"What?"

"There is something very honest about Miss Linden; she's impulsively wrong sometimes in the letter, but there is the truthful element so strong in the spirit that I would trust her through anything."

"Hem; you seem to have been studying Miss Linden very closely, Richard."

"I have. It's very hard to find a woman who won't deceive you, but I think she wouldn't."

"Are you quite sure that you're not in love, Dick?"

"No, I'm not sure of anything of the kind. A flash of light burst upon me the morning she told me she was going away, and I've been getting accustomed to it ever since. I have hitherto roughly classed women under two heads, clever and fools; the former annoy, the latter weary me. The latter, of course, predominate, and I am not sure but that they are the less objectionable, as one cannot expect women to be always sensible. I don't say that the others attain the wisdom they profess, for in their efforts at superiority they are continually swallowing camels, and reducing them-

selves to a level with their weaker sisters. But here is a woman who belongs to neither class, with a fair share of intellect, that she is content not to bring too forward; sensible and not sensible; in fact, a mixture of opposites, that makes her just what I think a woman ought to be. Sense enough to know her superiority, and yet to feel her inferiority."

"Rather an enigmatical sentence, that last, Richard."

"Well, you must make the best of it; I don't deny women full justice, but as to the equality of the masculine and feminine mind, I don't believe in it."

"Miss Linden might differ."

"If she belonged to my first class she would, if to my second she might, but as she is an exception to both, I think she would be inclined to take a sensible view of the case." He paused. "It is strange," he resumed, "that having been for some months in the house with Miss Linden, that——"

"That you never found out what you have confessed to-night?" asked Mr. Braddick, interrupting him.

"Partly. The only woman I ever thought worth caring about is slipping through my fingers."

"Do you think that her 'fair share of intellect' has enabled her to grasp the fact?"

"Certainly not. Pooh! what absurdities I am talking about."

"It is the witching hour of night, When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."

And from the dungeons of my mind wild fancies are escaping that will fade away in the daylight. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

CHAPTER XVI.

GOOD-NIGHT! But not to sleep. Grey morning stole on, grey and chill, and seeming as if the dull dark twilight were the only advance it intended to make for some hours. Mr. Etheridge rose from his

sleepless pillow, and Adriana found him pacing up and down the school-room, where an early breakfast was prepared for her.

She had said good-bye to every one the night before, and had begged that no one might be disturbed on her account. She would prefer it.

The snow was still upon the ground, but none had fallen during the last few days, and it was beginning to melt away, leaving here and there large green patches. A slow thaw had set in, and the cold seemed more penetrating than even a keen frost.

"An uncomfortable morning for your journey, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheridge.

"One cannot expect fine weather at this season," returned Adriana, pouring out a cup of coffee. Mr. Etheridge paused in his perambulations, and seated himself at the table.

"I think I will take a cup of coffee, Miss Linden."

She poured out one, and gave it to him; and breakfast, such as it was, for Adriana felt little inclination to eat, proceeded in silence. At last it came to an end.

"Half-past seven," said Mr. Etheridge, consulting his watch; "if you start at a quarter-past eight you will have some minutes to spare at the station."

"I like being in good time," replied Adriana.

"Eight o'clock, then," said Mr. Etheridge, "And now, Miss Linden," he continued, "may I ask a few minutes of your time?"

"Certainly," answered Adriana, wondering what Mr. Etheridge could have to say to her.

But Mr. Etheridge, having obtained the desired permission, did not exactly know how to make use of it.

"I am afraid you have sometimes thought me extremely uncivil, Miss Linden, disagreeable, almost impertinent, in

'trying to read your thoughts and motives?'

Adriana was silent.

"Will you give me your true opinion? I shall be obliged for it."

"I have thought so sometimes," answered Adriana.

Mr. Etheredge went on :

"I have watched you closely; I ought to ask your pardon for so doing, but I was interested. I felt that there was some mystery connected——"

Adriana started, and the color flushed into her face.

"My affairs can be of importance to myself alone," said she; "I do not see why you should wish to understand them."

"Neither do I. But I became interested, and consequently watchful. It was from no desire to annoy you," he added, seeing that Adriana's color went and came. "Pardon me if I distress you."

"I do not comprehend what right—" she began.

"No right at all: let us set that question aside. You were an enigma to me that I was determined to solve. You were partly aware of it, and resolved that I should not be satisfied. We had a mutual distrust, and were at war. Are we at peace now?"

"I suppose so," returned Adriana, more and more perplexed; "but surely it is unnecessary to recall the past. The present is the only needful consideration. I leave Etheredge Court to-day, never to be heard of by its inmates again; and my only desire is, that I should fade away from their memories. I leave, acknowledging the kindness that I have met with here. No more need be said."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Linden, but I cannot agree with you. You have promised to hear what I have to say, and the time is not up yet. I must go on from where I left off. I watched you closely; I knew there was some struggle going on in your mind, but I knew also that whatever it was, the right would in

the end triumph. No, I must go on," said he, as he saw Adriana prepared to interrupt. "I grew more observant, more interested; I found in you a woman different from any I had seen or imagined. My prejudices broke fairly down, and I began to believe that a woman might be sensible, yet not disagreeable, clever, yet not pedantic. In fact—in short, Miss Linden, though I scarcely knew it until a few hours ago,—I loved you."

There was a pause, Mr. Etheredge stood with his arms folded, looking steadfastly at Adriana, who had risen as he spoke, and now stood facing him, her figure drawn up to its full height.

"And I suppose, Mr. Etheredge, you expect me to be obliged for your great condescension?"

"I do not expect it, Miss Linden."

"What do you expect? What do you intend me to answer?"

"I have asked for no answer yet; I do not ask for one. What I have said must be so unlooked for by you, that you cannot be prepared to give me the answer I wish. Will you not think of what I have said, and if——"

But Adriana interrupted him.

"Think!" said she, scornfully. "What should I think of Mr. Etheredge, who, by his own confession, has sought to discover what he knew I would have kept unknown,—the conflict that he saw was going on, but that I endeavored not to betray? And so he dogged my footsteps, and tried by every means to solve an enigma, that baffled—that amused him."

"Amused! Miss Linden!"

But she went on.

"Was it kind? was it generous? I knew that you looked down upon me, that you distrusted me, that you doubted Mrs. Braddock's wisdom in entrusting her children to my care. You have acted the part of a spy, and now you ask me to believe——"

"That as I have made an honest confession in one case, there is no reason to doubt my doing so in the other."

Adriana looked up for a moment: Mr. Etheredge had not moved, he was still gazing steadily at her, his lips were compressed, but not a muscle in his face stirred, and his eyes had the same quiet searching expression that had so often annoyed Adriana before, and which she could scarcely meet. All the old antagonism flashed up.

"Mr. Etheredge," she began, then suddenly she stopped; a new thought struck her that arrested her in her scornful utterance, and in a lower tone she said,—"And did you find out—do you know——?"

"I do."

The voice was so full of affirmation, that Adriana did not wait to ask how, or how much, Mr. Etheredge knew. It brought with it the conviction that her past history to all intents and purposes was at least clearly guessed at.

"You think I have done wrong in staying here?"

He made no reply, and Adriana, taking his silence for an affirmative answer, felt all her irritation return.

"Mr. Etheredge, I hate you!"

The words were spoken sharply and

quickly, and Mr. Etheredge was moved at last. He drew nearer to her, he put his hand upon her arm.

"Miss Linden, I cannot, I will not, believe you."

She shook his hand off.

"It is but doubting my truth as you have always done," answered she, regaining her coolness as her companion lost his. "This interview has lasted too long, I must go now."

And she left him. He stood for some minutes as though paralyzed; he heard the carriage come to the door, he heard Adriana's step descending the staircase,—one moment more, and she would be gone. He hastened rapidly down-stairs, seized the first hat and coat that came in his way.

"Stop!" said he to the coachman, "I wish to try the new horse myself," and he mounted to the box.

Adriana scarcely saw him at the station, nor did he intrude upon her notice. He quietly watched her into the train, and then took his seat in the next carriage. Little did she suspect at the end of her long journey that Mr. Etheredge had not left her until he had seen her drive off with good Mr. Davis from the station nearest Silverdale.

(To be continued.)

THE RIVAL PROFESSORS.

I NEVER quite liked the man, but yet he had obtained a sort of magnetic power over me. There was something, I thought, malign and snakish in his stealthy eyes. His soul never seemed looking boldly out of the center of the windows, but taking side-long glances from them, in a way which certainly did not betoken frankness. He was pale, too,—a pale yellow—and his features seemed moulded out of marble. His

manner always reminded me of those ingenious pickpockets, who enter omnibuses with wax arms and hands carefully arranged in front of their long military cloaks, while their real hands, under shelter of the ambuscade, are busily employed in ransacking the pockets of their neighbors.

Perhaps, however, this impression was rather the concentrated result of painful after-experiences than an exact transcript

of my first instincts. Yet his knowledge was vast, his brain quick, subtle, inventive; his manners, when he threw off a certain egotistic abstraction and self-concentration, were pleasant, courteous, and adaptive, though tinged with a certain lofty reserve that was not without dignity. No one knew what he had been. All the students in Cower Street knew that his mother was a German, his father an American, and ten years before he had been professor of chemistry at the Jena University, and had been dismissed from there, it was supposed, for political reasons: that he had since been an assistant in the laboratory at the London University, devoting his spare time to abstruse scientific studies—the old illusion of alchemy, some said, and others, to the discovery of perpetual motion. We both lodged with a German named Herr Seeschaum, a philosophical instrument maker in Aldersgate Street, and that was how we strengthened and enlarged an acquaintance already begun over the retorts and sand-baths, the bladders of gas and the jars of acids. Impressed by his wide knowledge and the ingenuity of his theories, I, as a young lecturer fast rising into eminence, had done my best to get Mr. Warner (that was his name) into the post in the university which I was then filling; but he bore me no grudge for my success, was grateful for my efforts, which had been so sincere yet so unsuccessful, and he worked on under me, when I was unexpectedly appointed, with his old silent diligence, skill, and assiduity.

He was certainly a strange man, of much erudition, and with mysterious antecedents that I sometimes wished I could fathom. His skill in analysis was the wonder of our students—his knowledge of South American botany was as vast as it was profound. There was, indeed, hardly any branch of botany or chemistry that Warner did not appear to have studied and mastered. Yet he seemed

to treat modern science as of ephemeral value, and gave all his deep thought to mechanical discovery. In such chimeras—as I thought—he was dreaming away his life.

He did not care much to talk about his theories, or what he had accomplished, but was fond of discussing the scientific possibilities of the future, when steam-engines would appear the mere toys of children, and human knowledge would have reached its mature manhood. There were few nights that I did not walk home with him from the university, yet it was seven months before he ever asked me to come up and see his rooms.

It was the night on which he had been severely attacked for his pursuit of impossibilities by Doctor Bagnold, our mathematical professor. Bit by bit that dogged and wily old sage had drawn out the enthusiast. It was the day of my first lecture. We were in my landlord's best parlor. Herr Seeschaum had just lit his third cigar, and, with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-holes, was benignantly watching Doctor Bagnold, who was playing a game of chess with Herr Seeschaum's daughter Maria. Warner, his black hair falling in masses over his deep-sunk eyes, was listening to the pretentious and unimaginative professor. He held his head between his two hands, and he had his elbows on the table.

The professor was a stout and elderly man, of massive features, with thick grey eyebrows, partly hiding his sagacious eyes; his mouth ungraciously pursed up with contempt at his opponent's want of logic.

"Bah!" he said; "I once spent twelve months studying this subject of perpetual motion. I know its whole history. I have tried for it with every sort of overbalancing wheel. I have got very near it—I can see that men like Orffyreus discovered it—all but that" (here the doctor pinched a piece off the corner of an evening newspaper that lay

upon the table, and threw it towards his adversary); "but then that little bit of darkness is as impassable as the space between life and death. Mr. Warner, my dear sir (Check, Miss Seeschaum, check!), you are a clever man, but you are wasting your life, take my word for it. What Newton failed to find, you will not discover."

"Dat is trooths," said Herr Seeschaum, with a volcanic eruption of smoke that seemed to fill the room, and for a moment hide everybody. "My dear Maria, turn up the lamp a leetle."

"You are somewhat arrogant, doctor," said Warner, looking up suddenly, and fixing his eyes intently on the fair chess-player, whose face, irradiated by the lamp, looked just then more angelic than ever; "and you despise me because I am not from your Oxford or Cambridge, but from Harvard and Jena. I tell you that as sure as the sun set to-night we shall some day see a self-motive machine that will at once supersede steam."

"Yes, when I sail to the moon, Mr. Warner, but not a day sooner," said the stubborn professor. "Some day, perhaps, we shall carry cotton-prints in balloons to the Dog Star, and bring back thunderbolts for ballast; but not in our time, I think. Here, my dear Hutton," he said to me, "please take my place, and play out this game with Miss Seeschaum." I was delighted.

Herr Seeschaum was quite as sceptical as the synical professor.

"Ah! dear me," he said, "many persons have come to my shop with these perpetual motions. Last week came a tall old Welsh man, with a plan with sea-sand, wheels, and bottles. He had got the idea from a sermon he had heard. Such a fool! Last year came a Yankee, too, with perpetual motion made of double cones; but it would not go unless he was close by it. Another day comes a man from Manchester, who had spent three hundred dollars in models of wheels with

falling arms, and all he wanted was twenty dollars to finish the model. Ach, ach! they are all alike. Twenty dollars to start the motion! Pish!"

"Of course my dear father," said my fair opponent, "how can perpetual motion be discovered unless some imperishable substance exist? and even diamonds can be cut and ground. Oh, Mr. Hutton, I am afraid that is checkmate again."

"My dear, you mind the game, and talk not of vat you never—never will onderstand," said Herr Seeschaum. "I'll ring the bell for the coffee. It's a dream—it's a dream, and it's one of those dreams that fill the madhouse. Let it go. A woman's tongue, Maria, my dear, is the nearest approach to perpetual motion I've ever seen."

"Fie, papa, it is cruel of you all to attack poor Mr. Warner so. Mr. Hutton, do take his part."

If I had not already been head and ears over in love with Miss Seeschaum, that beseeching look, so tender and so kind, would certainly have completed my destruction.

Warner had again sunk into a sullen self-absorption, but I saw his eyes flash over towards us as my pretty antagonist made this appeal.

"I want no pity," he said; "and no boy lecturers to take up my defence."

"Give me," shouted the irascible professor, "a simple diamond pendulum, swing it free from friction in a complete vacuum, and I'll show you perpetual motion. I have been all my life exposing this mischievous sort of quackery, yet still it crops up in fresh forms. Well, when I have this perpetual motion how could I apply it, or make it useful? Its whole existence would be devoted to moving itself. Bah; it's child's talk."

Warner's brow grew black and knotted. I thought he would have sprung at the imperturbable professor, who kept calmly sipping his sherry and turning

over a photograph album as he spoke, as if it was hardly worth while giving all his mind to the subject. It was the contemptuous bearing that I think chiefly stung Warner, who was, besides, jealous, I thought, of my attentions to Miss Seeschaum, of whom he had been long an avowed suitor. I was watching his eyes, they were restless and uneasy.

"My gentlemen, my gentlemen, you are losing your tempers," said Herr Seeschaum. "Maria, get me a leetle glass of cognac. I think I must have caught a catarrh."

"I never lose my temper," said the professor. "Hutton, I'll thank you for another cigar. Where do you get yours?"

Warner broke out like a volcano. "I'll bear this no longer," he said, "from such sciolists. Perpetual motion a dream, when the sea has ebbed and flowed ever since the creation—when the earth, driven round by the sea, revolves with us even now while we speak; when every star that forms a grain of the vapor dust of the Milky Way yonder over our heads is a proof of perpetual motion! Am I to be told it is a dream—I, Albert Warner, Professor of Jena?"

"Yet Albert Warner, Professor of Jena," said his opponent, somewhat arrogantly, "had no hand, I believe, in the creation of the world."

Warner made a leap like a tiger, and struck the professor a stinging blow on the cheek with the back of his hand.

"Skunk and hound," he said, "if you were in France I'd have my steel through your lungs for these insults. Let us fight. Draw your knife if you are not a coward."

The professor was of the real old English temper; he was tugging at his coat to get his arm free, and struggling with Herr Seeschaum to get at Warner. I ran to Warner, who was advancing with a heavy chair raised in his hand. Miss Seeschaum screamed, and fell almost fainting upon the sofa. I ran to her help,

leaving the professor to his fate. Herr Seeschaum shouted for the police, and swore terribly in German. I do not know what might have happened had not at that moment the door flown open, and a cousin of mine named Dawson—a young medical student, who shared my rooms with me, a good-natured, reckless fellow—rushed in, and, seeing the mischief, run up and drawn off Warner, who seemed quite mad with rage.

"I say you fellows, now, what's all this row about? Are you all mad? Warner, you be quiet, or by George I'll knock you down. Doctor, who are you sparring at? Miss Seeschaum—I say, Jack, what is up? Is this a prize-fight? Drag them back. You'll have the police here, by Jove you will, so I tell you. Put down that chair, Warner, or I shall have to make you; drop it, I say—I won't have this."

With some difficulty we quieted the two combatants; I drew aside Warner, soothed his vanity, and expostulated with him on his frantic outburst of temper at a mere playful argument, while Seeschaum and Dawson calmed and coaxed the irascible and courageous doctor, and begged him to exert his philosophy, and be patient with an enthusiast who had American blood in his veins.

"Here, try a weed and be friends," said my hearty cousin to either combatant. The offer seemed to diffuse peace through Doctor Bagnold's heart. He rose in a manly way, and offered his hand to Warner.

"I retain my opinions about perpetual motion," he said smilingly; "but I beg leave to apologize to you, Mr. Warner, for saying anything that might hurt your feelings, and to Miss Seeschaum for our forgetfulness, of her presence. Come, man, I never bear malice; give us your hand."

Warner took his hand coldly, pressed it, and then let it drop, as if it was too heavy to hold.

"Well, that's all right," said Dawson. "The war hatchet's buried, so now let's smoke the pipe of peace."

"I am sure Mr. Warner would not be angry with me," said the soon pacified doctor, "if he knew how often I have exposed pretended discoveries of perpetual motion. There was one in Finch Lane three years ago—a ball hanging to a long string; the man used to stop it, and then it would set itself a-going. Thousands of clever people went to see it."

"And you, keener than all, discovered the secret, of course," said Warner, with an ill-suppressed sneer.

"Exactly." (The doctor was very cool.) "Below the ball was an orifice; through this the outer air was conducted immediately upon the ball. There was always a fire in the room, though it was June, and the man would not let me keep the door open, because it at once lessened the motion. That's how I found it out. The next day the man disappeared."

"The artful Dodger," said Dawson admiringly.

"I suppose," said Warner, tossing the hair back from his forehead, "no one in this sceptical circle would care to see with his own eyes my efforts at such an invention, nor do me the justice to acknowledge my partial success? Friction, gravity, and resistance of the air I have overcome. I have up-stairs a machine whose motion is constantly renewed by its own mechanism. It has gone now for six months. I do not say its power can be communicated or be made practical, but the principle I have arrived at and that you shall see."

The doctor manfully restrained a strong desire to laugh. Dawson winked at me. Miss Seeschaum pressed her father's arm, and I began seriously to think Warner's brain was going.

Dawson broke the painful silence.

"Come and let's see it. Of course we will. I thought Warner had got some

secret hidden up there; well, it's the philosopher's stone I want, for one's tailors get rather pressing 'sometimes—it's a way they have. Let's all go. Miss Seeschaum, may I offer you my arm? Oh, Hutton, you've got it; very well. Right about face—march."

Doctor Bagnold said he should be most happy. He had the greatest respect for the scientific knowledge of Mr. Warner. Herr Seeschaum whispered to me, with a droll smile:—

"No vonder he vos angry, ven he had found out de ting."

I lectured Warner quietly, as we went up-stairs, on his outburst of temper.

"It was wrong," he said contritely, and in a low voice, "very wrong; but I have a touch of the creole in me, and cannot always hold my temper. I have shot three rascals, my dear Hutton, for half as much as doctor Bagnold said just now. Watch how chopfallen he'll look when I show him my discovery."

Then he passed on before me to open the door.

"What the deuce will it be like?" whispered Dawson in my ear a moment after. "I'd give a tenner, if I had it, to know whether the fellow has got a tile off or not."

Then he dashed up-stairs to be first at the door, and to chaff Warner.

The next hand that pressed mine was a little soft, warm hand; it held me back for a moment.

"Dear Mr. Hutton," said the soft, gentle voice that belonged to that hand, "you told me yesterday you had some little liking for me."

I pressed her hand, and whispered a protestation much stronger than that faint expression of non-indifference.

"If your heart tells you that is true, do not let them vex poor Mr. Warner. He cannot bear it."

"Then you love him?" I said mournfully, with that horrible jealousy that only one who loves deeply can ever feel.

"No, I do not love him; but I pity him. I know his sensitiveness and his passionate nature, and I——"

"Now then, Hutton," cried Dawson mischievously, from the third-floor landing, we're all waiting for you and Miss Seeschaum. Warner won't let us in by priority, for fear we should infringe his patent, if any of us got in alone and studied it before the mob come in."

"Oh, you Witzigerkopf. Oh, vot is dis for a hare-brain?" cried Seeschaum, laughing from the center of his stomach. "Make haste, my dear—make haste, my daughter; we are impatient."

When we reached the others, Warner stood at the door, like a jailer, with the key in his hand, ready to turn it.

"I have only been in the room once since he's been here," whispered Seeschaum to me; I really expect it will be something wonderful. Oh, he has a head of his own, this Herr Warner."

We entered a large, dim room, lit only by the candles which I, Warner, and Dawson carried, and which drove the darkness before us like a tangible substance. The room was full of chemical bottles, retorts, distilling apparatus, funnels, portable stoves, air-pumps, models of wheels and fragments of clockwork, many of them schemes of mechanical contrivance.

Doctor Bagnold looked round sceptically, eyed each of us, and then Warner.

"There is nothing moving about," he said, with a dry, vexatious laugh.

"No," said Warner, "but I think you may find more to see in my inner room, or I am much mistaken;" and he led the way to a back room, parallel with his bedroom.

We all entered. It was a dusty wainscoted room, looking out on a small, oblong, scrubby garden. A large sycamore grew near the window, and its leaves, just turning yellow, fluttered against the panes as if the general curiosity had also affected them. The apart-

ment was perfectly bare, all but one chair, a broken hour-glass, that stood on the mantelpiece, and a thermometer, that hung in a dark place between the windows; but in the center of the room, on a frame four feet wide, was a glass cone about fourteen inches high, and about ten inches in diameter at the base. It stood on a square block of mahogany, in which it was soldered. Inside this cone were six pieces of metal, like magnets, and in the exact center a small marble pedestal, on which something rather thicker than a needle moved slowly but ceaselessly round.

Doctor Bagnold stood like a man stunned. Seeschaum walked round it as if it was some curious animal. Miss Seeschaum clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, Mr. Hutton, isn't this extraordinary?"

"There is my secret, gentlemen," said Warner triumphantly; "I leave you to explain it. It has now gone for six months, but I confess I have not yet carried it to the point of practical use. In that little toy, I believe, you see the principle of the earth's movement. There is no supply of motion from a foreign source—that you can see; it is simply as the change of day to night, and night to day. All resistance from friction is removed; the resistance of the atmosphere I have also at last overcome; the force of gravitation I have negated. It will neither go faster, and so tear itself to pieces, or slower, and so stop. I admit it to be—as far as gross practical results go—at present a mere experiment; but as for perpetual motion, provided my materials were imperishable, that, I contend, is settled for ever." The enthusiast stood stealthily watching the drop of Bagnold's lower lip, the awe of Seeschaum, Dawson's effervescent excitement, Miss Seeschaum's beautiful fervor of curiosity, and my calm and critical approval.

Dawson leaped round it, tapped the

glass with his knuckles, and then exclaimed, "Well, that beats me," as if he had never been baffled before.

Doctor Bagnold sat down, and, with his hand on his forehead, eyed it closely; then he rose. "Well," he said, "Mr. Warner, how you make the attraction spread from magnet to magnet, yet keep the needle balanced between all, and still attracted round, entirely baffles me. In attaining that result, you seem to me, I must confess, all but have mastered the great secret—to make it practical merely requires time. I already clearly see how it might supersede steam as a motive power for railways. Mr. Warner, if my influence is anything, you shall read a lecture on this subject, and exhibit your model at the Royal Institution."

Warner thanked the doctor. I think I never saw such intellectual triumph light a face so soured and heartless as that of the discoverer's.

"That fellow's been working till he's half cranky," whispered Dawson to me, as Warner gave a chuckling laugh, and said:

"You see, doctor, after such a discovery I had some reason to be angry at your sneers. There stands the dream of twenty years fulfilled. Doctor, I thank you for your promise. I would wish, I confess, to bring it at once to the world's notice. My object has always been to benefit the world."

"And a very wise and excellent object too," said the doctor.

"Oh, ver good—ver good!" said Seeschaum, who was always on the side of success.

It was almost a week after this disclosure of Warner's discovery, and I sat in my landlord's parlor supremely happy, watching Maria Seeschaum at work. It was so quiet in the room that even the scuffling the canary by the window made among his hemp-seed seemed quite a riot. Not that Miss Seeschaum was very busy

either, for I had one of her hands in mine, and was kissing it at intervals, in spite of all her playful reproaches, and her cruel attempts to prick me with the needle.

All at once the young lady snatched her hand from me, drew herself back, and fell to needle-work with the utmost severity. There was a knock at the front door, then a muttering down-stairs, and a heavy foot ascended. It was evidently some one for Dawson or Warner. It passed, and we heard it no more.

Maria had never looked so beautiful—her dark eyelashes were hiding her eyes, a faint tell-tale blush was upon her cheek, a slight quiver about her lips. We were both preternaturally silent. Suddenly I found myself, I know not how, with my arm round her waist, both her hands in one of mine, my lips dangerously close to hers. I asked the old, old question, "Maria, do you love me?" And then, a long time afterwards, some angel said, in an inaudible language, interpreted by kisses, "I love you dearly."

At that moment there came a knock, this time at our door, and then a head looked in. It was Doctor Bagnold.

"Sorry to interrupt so pleasant a tete-a-tete," he said, slyly glancing at me. "I came to tell Warner that the day is fixed for his lecture, but I think he has gone out. You know his ways better than I do; will you kindly come up and see?"

I ran up at once; Doctor Bagnold followed me, puffing and grumbling at the darkness and steepness of the stairs. I knocked, I called; no one answered.

"Evidently out," said the doctor.

I pushed the door three times; the third time the bolt, only half closed, clicked back, and the door was ajar. We entered. Warner was not there. All at once the doctor's eyes met mine. The key had been left in the door of the inner room that hid the secret. The doctor rose and went towards it.

"I'm not a mean man," he said, "but

I do own to a vast and almost irresistible desire to overhaul that invention of Warner's. No—yes, I must; there is no harm. Why, he has shown it to us. He is going to submit it to public scrutiny. Hutton, I don't care if he comes and catches me, but I will overhaul it."

In a moment, before I could remonstrate, it was in the claws of my ever-suspicious friend. He touched it, tapped it, lifted it, scraped the frame, lastly he took a powerful microscope from his pocket, and went over every square inch of the mahogany pedestal. He lingered for some time over a small knot in the wood, scarcely larger than half a gum wafer.

"Do you see that?" he said.

"Yes, it's a knot."

"I will show you," he said, "I'll show you what sort of knot it is."

He set to work with his penknife, and in about five minutes drew out a finely-fitted plug from a long, deep hole.

The doctor was flushed with triumph and contempt.

"Consummate scoundrel!" he said; "I thought he must be. That is the hole where the key is inserted that winds up a thin coiled spring by which the motion is kept up, which he has the audacity to call perpetual. I'll prove it you."

He then rolled up a long spill of hard paper, and thrust it in. There was a noise as of a watch running down, and the needle stood still.

"There, you see. I will now tell you why I always suspected the fellow. Twelve years ago, when I was a student under Duncan, at Edinburgh, a fellow—who I now think must have been this same man—exhibited a magnetic pendulum, which he said had gone for six months. He pretended that he had discovered a substance that lessened the magnetic power of attraction, and by cutting off and letting on the power he could obtain perpetual motion. Duncan refuted him by placing the rascal's revolving needle un-

der our great loadstone, that would lift two hundred and fifty pounds, yet could not prevent this needle moving. In his rage and contempt, sir, he took up the whole apparatus, and dashed it on the lecture-room, and out tumbled a handful of clockwork. It was the same man, I'm sure. Here, give me some paper; I'll leave a note for him. I've half a mind, though, to let him begin his lecture, and then publicly expose him."

"No, that would be cruel," I said; "have some pity on the man. He may believe he is near some great discovery, and only wish to anticipate honor and wealth. He may himself have been deceived."

"Deceived! look here," said the angry doctor, taking a watchmaker's file from the top shelf, "here is one of his tools. Sir, the man is a cheat, and I shall tell him so. He is clever, but he is mischievous. He studied, he tells me, under the American Professor Webster, the man who murdered his creditor. Mark me, he learned more than science of him. Avoid him, I tell you. Lend me a pen, Hutton; I'll write him such a letter. Give me a pen, sir."

I took the fiery professor into my room, gave him a pen, and he wrote, in large, Napoleonic-splashing letters, the following:—

"SIR,—I have just discovered, by a mere accident, that your pretended discovery of perpetual motion is a disgraceful imposture. I came to ask you to lecture at the Royal Institution. I now brand you as a cheat, and shall henceforward treat you with the loathing and contempt you deserve.—I am, your obedient servant, LEONATUS BAGNOLD."

"There," said he, pleating down the letter savagely, "that will strike him like a twenty pound shot. We shall see no more of him, now, you mark me. Give the servant that, Hutton, for him when he comes home."

And the professor dashed down the letter, jammed on his broad-brimmed, eccentric hat, and strode down-stairs at a rapid pace.

I was busy at the college that day with my classes, and did not get home till past eight. I sprang up-stairs to see Maria. I found her in tears.

"My dear George," she said, pressing her cheek to mine, "I think Mr. Warner must be going mad. He came in an hour ago, rushed in here, where I was sitting making coffee for my father, and proposed to me in a strange, wild, excited way. I told him at once that—what happened this morning—and I thought he would have fainted. Oh, George, I really think that his brain is going. Do persuade him not to work so hard."

"And you never gave him any encouragement before, darling?"

"Never, George, never; I never even suspected such a thing. He wanted to see you directly you came in."

I kissed Maria, and ran up to Warner's room. He did not answer, though I knocked three times, so I gently opened the door and stepped in.

He was sitting on a chair, his head buried in his hands, his elbows resting on a table. Close to him there was a large zinc bath, the length of a man, which he had recently filled with some very powerful acid, for the fumes of it were unpleasantly filling the room. The professor's letter, torn in two, lay at the feet of the unhappy wretch.

He looked up sorrowfully when I spoke. Those few hours had wrought a fearful change; his features now seemed like wax, his eyes colorless and fixed, his hair fell over his forehead in dishevelled masses. He pointed at the letter, and sighed; then he rose, tore it with his teeth, and threw it into the bath, in which, in a moment, the pieces melted and became invisible.

"I am sorry for this, Mr. Warner," I said, "very sorry."

"Sorry. I want no pity of yours." He said this fiercely, but in an instant he seemed to repress his anger by a convulsive effort, as he thrust his clenched hands supplicatingly towards me across the table, beside which I had seated myself.

"Hutton," he said, "Hutton, you have been a friend to me and a companion; I will keep no secret from you. What I showed you was an imposture; but, by my hope of salvation, I am on the verge of the real discovery—a few hours may even complete it. My sin was the wish for distinction before I had earned it. You must pity me, for you are the cause of my desolation. To-day another dream of my heart has also vanished into air. I came to the altar where I had so long worshipped, and I found that I had been supplanted. To-day a cruel fatality that besets me has disclosed my secret, and frustrated my hope of preparing the world for my future disclosures. Hutton, I have made many discoveries that open the gate of riches, but all these I have thrown behind me for the one ideal dream that is to set all the commerce of the world on a new basis. If you will be my friend now, I will share the profit of my discoveries with you. I and Professor Webster discovered the old Roman secret of malleable glass. That secret, now the great, good, but unfortunate man is dead, is mine alone. Aid me; oh, save me, dear friend, from this disgrace, that will bury in a moment all my hopes of fame and pre-eminence as a discoverer, and you shall share that mighty secret with me; it shall be our philosopher's stone, and we two will coin money with it."

"Warner," I replied pityingly, "do not allude to the murderer Webster in such terms. I should be silent about such a dangerous friendship. How can you call such a monster good?"

"I tell you," said Warner, "he was one of the best of men, but he was hounded and tortured till the temptation

of revenge became too great for him to resist. You little know how that creditor of his goaded him with insult and reproaches, yes, threatened him with disgrace, and exposure, and beggary, and contumely, day after day, till Webster destroyed—crushed the wretch who was bleeding his heart drop by drop. Was that great brain, that vast intellect, to be rendered powerless by such a perpetual corroding misery? Heaven never granted the power of tormenting without giving also the power of crushing the tormentor, and Webster did it; he told me he had deliberately determined to do it, believing it to be no crime."

"I cannot stay to hear this wicked sophistry," I said. "Warner, this disappointment has done your brain some harm. I confess I pity you. Tell me, then, how can I help you?"

I wanted to see at what he was aiming.

"Help me?" said Warner, pressing his chair closer to mine, his eyes growing phosphorescent in the dim light, for he had lit no candle yet—it was nearly nine, and it had been a dull August day—"then you will share my secrets and my wealth? You are wise. Fame, money are both before me with your aid. There is but one man who knows that my perpetual motion was a trick; with that trick, as you would call it, I have gained thousands of dollars in various countries, and I can still further improve it. The clockwork you saw was not its motive-power, it was only intended to ensure its continuity. I will share with you my secret. There it but one man, I say, stands between us and boundless wealth." Here he drew closer to me, and whispered into my ear these terrible words—

"Let us remove that man."

I choked back my horror and indignation, and merely answered—

"How?"

I saw that the tempter believed that I wavered, and was all but his.

"You see," he said "this zinc bath

here." I looked back as if a grave had opened behind me. "That bath contains an acid so devouring that it will consume a body—bones, hair, flesh, every trace—in eight hours. You decoy the man here to-morrow night, when Herr Seeschaum and his daughter are at the play; I will send out the servant on a message five minutes before the cab comes with the professor——"

I held my breath, uncertain when to leap at the wretch's throat.

He filled two large meerschaum pipes and gave me one, first scenting the tobacco, according to his custom. The room seemed turning round with me when he ignited a fusee, and the orange glow lit up his face, now eager and almost convulsed with the passionate desire of revenge. He continued:

"While you are talking, I shall suddenly come behind him with a sponge soaked in chloroform; in a moment he will fall powerless. Then we take him by the head and feet and swing his carcass into the bath of acids. There, at least, he'll learn how to keep a secret."

The wretch seemed to hiss rather than laugh. I could hardly articulate, but still restraining myself, and keeping on the mask, I said:

"But how can you conceal the body for eight hours?"

"Bah! I have a lid here of an old book-chest. I put that over till the thing's clean gone. The next day, by breakfast time, there will be no more trace of the fool than if you had ground him to powder and thrown it into the desert air——"

"But——"

"You agree?"

A faintness had for some time come over me—whether from the fumes of the acid, or from some drug mixed with the tobacco, I do not know. I tried to say "No," I tried to leap up and seize the man, but I staggered, and fell heavily against a chair.

There I lay in a sort of trance, yet

not totally devoid of consciousness. I could still hear sounds, and perceive the movements of Warner. He advanced to me, his hand was on my mouth, then he let me fall contemptuously and laughed. The laugh was like a death rattle. Then he leaped on me, and dragged me towards the bath. I could not raise a hand, I could not scream, yet I felt that in another moment I should be dead. Oh, the terrible agony! Oh, the pangs, as of burying alive!

All at once I heard—for my hearing seemed preternaturally acute—the latch-key turn sharply in the front door, a question shouted to the servant, then some one come tearing up-stairs to Warner's room, singing:

"Let the world jog along, jog along as it will,
I'll be free and easy still.
Free and easy, free and—"

Then Dawson broke into the room in the maddest of spirits.

"Good Heavens!" he said, seeing me, "why, he's ill. Warner, he has fainted. There's such a smell of chemicals here. He's been over-working here, I've not the least doubt. Help me to put him to bed, and I'll sit up with the old boy."

I was saved from the very jaws of death.

"Over-worked," said Warner. Then they carried me down.

The next morning Warner had disappeared. I awoke with rather a headache, but otherwise well. Seeschaum and Maria were watching me. Keeping to myself my secret of the horrors of the night before, I went to my lecture in the evening as usual.

I arrived rather late, and found my table duly spread with test-glasses, and all the preparations which I needed; my lecture was to be on mercury and its compounds. There was the glass full of corrosive sublimate, and the glass of white of egg, which was to show the precipitate—that was my third experiment. I glanced over the table; it was peculiarly, neatly arranged. There were my notes,

and there, to the right, my glass of water, in case I got hoarse. Already I could hear from an inner room the scuffling feet of the students, and the buzz of their voices; the porter would open the door in one minute more. Doctor Bagnold would be there, and I was specially anxious to do well.

"Davis," said I to the assistant, "who arranged my table and apparatus so neatly to-night? Have I to thank you for it?"

"No, sir, it was Mr. Warner. He was here some minutes ago, and he said he would get it all ready for you. He talks of leaving, sir, I hear—going back to America. He is a restless man, sir, I think."

"Warner?" I repeated, with astonishment, "and where is he now?"

"Don't know, sir. Aint set eyes on him since. Think he went down-stairs, sir. Said he shouldn't stay the lecture, and would come for his things to-morrow."

I began my lecture to the moment. It was always my custom to drink a tumbler of water at the end of the first half-hour, just before my third experiment, and when I had finished the theoretical part of my lecture. The clock just pointed to the half-hour when I looked up, and at the open door saw, to my surprise and astonishment, Warner, with his eyes wild, staring, and fixed upon me with a sort of Satanic triumph. I turned my eyes back to my notes, than raised the tumbler of water. As I did so, I saw Warner descend the staircase and pass into the darkness below. I was hot, tired, unwell, and husky, and I took a long, rapid, feverish gulp of the water.

In a moment I felt a fierce fire seize my throat and tongue, rise choking into my nose and eyes, and cloud up into my brain. It was corrosive sublimate I had swallowed. Some villain—it was Warner—had changed the glasses. A quarter of an hour more and I should be dead upon the platform, and my murderer beside

me exulting in his subtle revenge. An instant before even I could throw some of it from my mouth and dash down the glass, I remembered that white of egg was the antidote of corrosive sublimate, and that a glass of it stood beside me. I rushed at it, and swallowed it with the passionate eagerness of a man struggling for life.

Dawson and Doctor Bagnold were already beside me; I fell back into their arms. The students all rose, and crowded towards the platform.

"Saved!" I gasped; "I am saved. That villain Warner changed the glasses; I swallowed the corrosive sublimate; but the hand of Providence was over me. The antidote has precipitated it; I can feel the burning ceasing. Put me on the sofa, tell the students that I am taken ill, and that I cannot conclude the lecture to-night."

"Heaven be thanked!" said Doctor Bagnold, kneeling beside me.

"It was as near as a touch, though," said Dawson. "Bagnold, let's go and set the police on that fellow. He ought to swing for this; and there's no doubt he meant mischief last night with Hutton, now I think over it."

Inside my hat (Warner had gone into my retiring-room, I afterwards learned, just as I began my lecture—he had calculated the time accurately) was found the following in his handwriting:

TO BE READ TO HIM BEFORE HE DIES.

FOOL,—Now you'll know whom I meant the zinc bath for, but the dose I've given you will do quite as well. You stole the heart I coveted. It was you, too, who discovered my secret, and told Bagnold. I go to enrich another world with my vast discoveries, and to win there wealth and fame. I will yet show you peddling, envious cockneys what you have lost. Perpetual motion—what is that to the power of turning lead to gold, of driving railway trains by elec-

tricity? What is a fool's life in comparison with the development of a mind that was sent to regenerate the universe, and bestow new power on man? I would tread out a thousand—a million—such lives as yours as unconcernedly as I would crush an ant-hill. Another day, and I should have silenced Bagnold; I had a plan.

ALBERT WARNER.

"The bloodthirsty scaramouch!" said Dawson; "oh, he's a bad lot."

"A worthy friend of Professor Webster," said Bagnold. "All right, Hutton, your pulse is faster; Heaven be praised, you're safe now."

"The fellow was a liar and a scoundrel," I said faintly; "but I do believe there was a dash of insanity about him. He had certainly an inventive genius, and I think had become a monomaniac from overstudy; baffled vanity and disappointment had given him the final inclination to insanity. If he is not a demon in disguise, he must go mad."

Dawson, who generally agreed with friends, said dogmatically, "Not a doubt about it. Oh, he's bound to go mad—he's bound!"

Bagnold had underrated the talent of the inventor. Among his papers were found some extraordinary plans for traction-engines, for balloon navigation, for new motive power. I was right in my prophecy, for four months later a medical friend of mine, returning from a tour, told me he had seen Warner, stark mad, confined in a solitary cell in a mad-house near Liege. I at once forgot his double attempt on my life in pity for the overthrow of so large and so ingenious a mind.

That day year Maria Seeschaum became Mrs. George Hutton, and at our happy wedding Doctor Bagnold made everybody cry, till Dawson proposed "The bridesmaids," and then everybody began laughing again.

THE VARIOUS USES OF INDIA-RUBBER.

THE adaptability of various substances to other purposes than they were put to by our fathers, has often been exemplified; but in no substance, perhaps, so markedly as in that of india-rubber. The rude Indian of tropical climates, long before caoutchouc became known to Europeans, used to construct bottles out of this gum, by coating over moulds of clay with it, allowing it to dry in the sun, and then breaking the clay core and clearing it from the inside of the bottle. The best india-rubber, which comes from Para, in South America, is prepared for exportation in this manner still. African rubber does not appear to be used by the natives for any useful purpose. It comes over in lumps, the agglomerations of thousands of pieces of rubber worked into sticks, which look like licorice. There is an East Indian variety of caoutchouc also known in the market. Indeed, there can be little doubt that this tree grows wild in all tropical climates. Notwithstanding the enormous demand for it, the supply still continues unabated. The tree is not destroyed in gathering this gum; it is merely tapped and drained of its sap. How long the tree can submit to this exhaustive process we do not know; but the forests of caoutchouc trees are said to be inexhaustible; at all events, there is no failure of the supply as yet. Although the native tribes, as we have said, must have used it for ages, it was only in the latter part of the last century that it became known to Europeans. In Doctor Priestley's introduction to his work on perspective, published in 1770, he notes its first use in the following terms:—"Since this work was printed off, I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practice drawing.

It is sold by Mr. Maine, mathematical instrument-maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece of about half an inch for three shillings, and he says it will last for several years." The question naturally occurs, what young ladies used before india-rubber was known? This by the way, however. The utilization of this substance for countless purposes to which it is at present applied, is entirely a discovery of the present age. Like photography, the discovery of which is divided between England and France, india-rubber, as at present prepared, is claimed both by England and America. Possibly the same idea cropped up simultaneously in the minds of the workers in the two countries, and we may both claim a gratification in introducing a valuable new commodity into our arts and manufactures.

The manufacture of the caoutchouc is a very simple affair, but the machinery by which this material is worked up is exceedingly interesting. It comes here in the form of bottles and huge round lumps, full of grit and dirt. The first process is to wash out all these impurities. This is done by passing the material, after being soaked and somewhat softened by water, between powerful iron rollers, which flatten it into pieces a foot wide and a yard long. As these pieces come out of the machine, they look very like great slices of brown bread, or like rough towels. Whilst the material in the machine has been triturated and broken up into these films, it has also been subjected to a stream of water or steam, hence it comes out purified. It is now exposed to the air for a day or two, in which time its oatmeal-like color is changed to the dark brown with which we are familiar. Although purified, however, the rubber is not yet reduced to a homogeneous condition. This is done by a machine called

the masticator. It is very interesting to watch these huge grinders at work. Inside an iron case, three inches at least in thickness, iron rollers, revolving at different velocities, with slightly serrated surfaces, perform the process of chewing or grinding. The films of rubber are thrown in between them, and in a minute or two we see what looks like a huge feather-bed bulging out of the small doors through which the workman watches the operation. This feather-bed is duly tucked and drawn in again between the rollers, and the process of grinding and dragging goes on for hours, until the whole mass is thoroughly broken up into a sticky pulp. It is removed in this state to an hydraulic press, where it is subjected to a tremendous pressure for a couple of days, and comes out a solid block of india-rubber. This pure rubber is used for specific purposes. It is made into tobacco-pouches, as we know; it is applicable in sheets for the purposes of the surgeon, and in the arts, etc. In order to prepare these sheets, the solid block we have before mentioned is pushed against a cutter, which works with a sliding motion. This cutter can be adjusted to the hundredth of an inch, and at that fineness it works off the films of rubber with the most unerring precision and smoothness. The form of the india-rubber used in garments, known properly as "macintosh," is of a greyish white color. The material is not pure caoutchouc, and is prepared in a different manner. This white substance is known as soft rubber. It has to be worked in a plastic condition, so as to be spread in sheets, and yet to be elastic when finished. This quality is produced by the mixture with it, when in the masticating machine, of sulphur in a certain proportion; this gives the remarkable elasticity, and is known as the vulcanising process; whilst plasticity, for the temporary purpose of manufacture, is added by mixing a small amount of naphtha with

it, which reduces it to the condition of tough dough. It is now ready for the rolling process, which converts it into thin sheets—or a thin sheet—which, as it streams off the iron rollers, is passed over an iron steam chest, which evaporises the naphtha, and restores its elasticity. It is now ready for use. Where extra tenacity is required, the vulcanised rubber is rolled upon canvas, and where very great resistance to pressure is necessary, the sheet is built up of several layers of canvas with several layers of the rubber. This is the case with the hose of fire-engines, and in all cases where a strong pressure of water, whether hot or cold, has to be resisted. The vulcanisation gives the rubber the power of resisting heat within certain limits. That the mere addition of a small amount of sulphur should so change the nature of this material is very singular. Science has certainly given us no explanation of the subject, and, we believe, cannot do so. The elastic bands so much in use are made out of vulcanised india-rubber piping—cut off, like so many rings, in a lathe, in fact. Other articles made from this material are cut out and joined by the mere addition of a little naphtha to their edges, which, by momentarily dissolving the rubber, acts as a very firm cement.

The manufacture of door-mats is very simple and pretty. The cell-like structure is produced by making a series of alternate cuts in a solid film of rubber, the cuts lying parallel, in the same manner as ladies make screens for the fire-grates out of colored paper. The film of rubber, when stretched laterally, opens out in the honeycomb form, and a border being placed round, the mat is exposed to a considerable heat in a stove, which fixes it, as it were, in its opened condition.

The various uses to which india-rubber, pure and vulcanised, is put, are almost too numerous to mention. It is

invading nearly every trade. Its wonderful elasticity gives it a place in machinery as a substitute for steel springs, and it is very largely displacing leather. Valves are now commonly constructed of this material, and washers for machinery. A glance at the shop windows of the india-rubber warehouses shows us a heterogeneous assortment of articles that we should scarcely have suspected this material could have been fitted for—water-buckets, funnels, bottles, knife-sharpeners, decoy ducks, and a whole host of other articles. When the india-rubber is mixed with a large proportion of sulphur, and undergoes a further baking, it is thereby transformed into ebonite. A temperature of three hundred degrees is sufficient to work this wonderful change. After remaining in this heat a sufficient time, the highly elastic rubber comes out a dense substance resembling ebony, hence its name; but having this advantage over the wood, extreme lightness, and a small proportion of elasticity, which prevents it from breaking when it falls to the ground. It is also a perfect non-conductor, hence its applicability to all electrical purposes. The material, when in this hard condition, is treated just like any hard wood—it is put on a lathe and turned; but shapes that cannot conveniently, or indeed, from the nature of their form, cannot at all be thus treated, are moulded and baked afterwards. All kinds of ornaments resembling jet are thus manufactured—chains, crosses, bracelets, brooches, hair-pins, trays, speaking-tubes, tobacco-jars—in fact, the material is applied to every purpose to which papier-mache, ivory, or metal on a small scale could be placed; and it seems pretty nearly indestructible. But there is one artistic purpose to which the ordinary vulcanised india-rubber is put, which promises to confer great benefits on the arts.

The resilient nature of the material, and the perfect evenness of the manner in

which a well-manufactured sheet can be stretched, forms its great value in the process we are about to detail. This is a contrivance to enlarge or diminish at will all kinds of drawings and engravings. For this purpose a sheet of vulcanised india-rubber, faced with a surface that will take lithographic ink, is placed on a frame so constructed that it will stretch in all directions according to a certain scale. It is clear that any impression printed in the usual way upon the rubber in its quiescent state can, by the application of the expanding screws, be enlarged to any reasonable size that may be required. The impression is then taken from it in the usual manner upon a lithographic stone, and printed therefrom. Just as expeditiously the process of reducing a copy is performed by reversing the order of proceeding. For instance, if a map is required to be reduced one half, a copy of it is printed upon the prepared india-rubber that has been stretched to double its original size; upon allowing it to regain its former dimensions it will, of course, be reduced to the proportion required, the copy affording the impression for the lithographic plate exactly as in the enlarged specimen. We are told that the most extraordinary accuracy is thus obtainable. When engravings have to be printed with type, they must be done upon blocks like wood-cuts. This is managed by printing with a peculiar ink upon metal, and then subjecting the plate to voltaic action, which eats away any part but the inked form of the letters: thus a page of type is set up, as it were, by the silent hand of the battery at the mere expense of the plate and the acid. The enormous saving that may thus be effected in the enlarging of some books—such as Bibles, for instance—is of great advantage; But the value of the process consists in the fact that it is applicable to old as well as new inks. There are several precious volumes that are now being reproduced

by photography. This is a very expensive method, which a nation may afford; but it would be inapplicable to the purposes of the ordinary publisher. By the process under notice, as long as the ink of any book is not so dry that it cannot be transferred to the rubber—and it is known that ink upwards of two hundred years old has been thus transferred—we may be sure of getting copies by the method before mentioned at comparatively moderate prices. It may be said, why not reset them if they are worth it? But irrespective of the expense of this method, we cannot thereby reproduce the old book in the new manner. With many works this is almost indispensable; we want a fac-simile, and only by this method and photography can this be accomplished. Thus we see india-rubber threatens to invade the territories both of the artist, the map-drawer, and the compositor. Of old its only value, as we have said, consisted in its power to wipe out errors of the draughtsman, but now it can be used as an agent in reproducing pictures instead of obliterating their false lines.

An enormous demand is now springing up for india-rubber, as an insulator for telegraphic wires. Formerly gutta-percha was the favorite material for that purpose, but rubber is now preferred. They were making a submarine cable when we visited a large factory where this material is manufactured. When we remember that cables now extend for two thousand five hundred miles, and that any conducting wire that is manufactured with a leak is sure to become useless in a very short time, by reason of the hole the escape of the electricity by this leak, however small, speedily makes, the care with which these electric cables require to be manufactured may be imagined. And, indeed, nothing can surpass the precautions that are adopted to prevent any leakage during the course of manufacture. The sheds

are established on a scale that reminds us of rope-yards. The central wires which compose great cables, such as that crossing the Atlantic, are coated with thin slips of rubber, which are platted around it by machinery in the most delicate manner, and this platting is afterwards served with a coating of liquid rubber, which sets firmly, and makes the insulation perfect. Outside this, again, more wires are arranged, and the whole is covered with Manilla hemp. As this composite cable is being built up, it is coiled into a great tank which is filled with water, and several times a day an electric current is passed through its whole length, and any leakage is detected in a moment; the distance at which the fault may be is also calculated to a nicety, and the cable is overhauled and repaired at once. The quantity of rubber required for one of these public works—for they can be called nothing less—is so great that it usually sends the price of the article up in the market. Hence the constant fluctuations that take place in its value. There is no such thing as refuse in the course of manufacture, it is true, as scraps can always be used up again, like the scraps and filings of metal; but, unlike metal, it cannot, after service, be used for the same purpose as before: it is not lost, but it passes into an inferior branch of the manufacture. Caoutchouc, like palm-oil, petroleum, aluminium, and many other new substances which have been discovered of late years, has created many entirely new industries, and has conduced to the comfort of mankind in numerous ways. There can be no manner of doubt that it will be a great agent in clearing the way for an advancing civilization. Many a forest, before untouched by the feet of white men, will now be brought within the reach of commerce; and when commerce advances, civilization is pretty sure to follow.

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"Augusta, I wish you would practise Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had no means; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least, rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated

him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things whilst I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden enclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonnette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dreamland like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really forever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning grey, hears that grand mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened

the garden gate, he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to everything he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obstructive. He had it in his hand on that bright warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted, I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about this umbrella on this first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased: but somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterwards. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the

wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright and so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear good child," he cried warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true warm heart. Your dear

aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I——"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after awhile and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A grey twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. Whilst she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed.

"There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked.

"Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him. He was as pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he would always keep in the corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither

his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got thin and pale just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking——"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I am to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year;

but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that grey room, sitting by my aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of existence, who had no kind word for me,

who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did no more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant, under her infliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could not interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless; but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No indeed! what should she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish

she were, poor dear!' I replied: 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me in my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the grey sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him

and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or, perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

"Oh! I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

"She left in no very contented mood, I believe," he resumed. "The balance in her favor was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris had something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is nat-

ural; but you know I cannot pity her very much."

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last—"and you——"

"Well, what about me! Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes, can you do it?"

"Why, surely—else I had never proposed it."

He had smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I don't know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop those unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word; but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me—never—never again should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms. If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the

folds of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

THE MISSION OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY PAST PATRIARCH JAMES MAGUIRE.

May harmony still be the theme of our march,
 And love be the keystone of strength in the arch,
 And Charity sway each ungentle emotion,
 As the calm, placid moon rules the tides of the ocean.
 We claim not, indeed, that Odd Fellowship's name,
 Shall be sounded afar through the trumpets of Fame;
 Not armed on the highways on earth doth she stand
 To gather her triumphs by war's blazing brand,
 But her glories, and beauties, and strength shall increase
 In a mission whose guardian spirit is peace!
 May she follow earth's reapers—a gentle-eyed Ruth,
 Ever gleanings in Friendship, in Love, and in Truth,
 When the cold hand of sickness is laid on the brow,
 Of some brother beloved who is cheering us now:
 Her sweet ministrations more lovely will seem
 Than painter's illusions, or poets fond dream;
 And he'll bless the pure tie of our circle fraternal
 Until earth shall be merged in a kingdom supernal!
 And when the dark sentinel closes the door,
 That shall open for us on earth never more,
 May a light o'er that portal forevermore shine,
 Adorning the altar of memory's shrine—
 A beam of the life and the service above,
 That is born of the spirit of Brotherly Love.

ODD FELLOW'S DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

PROCEEDINGS RECEIVED.

We are indebted to Grand Secretaries Stuart W. Cayce, of Alabama; L. B. Hills, of Wisconsin; P. H. Sweet, of the District of Columbia; and Charles D. Cole, of Massachusetts, for copies of the printed journals of their respective Grand Bodies.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be in our hands by the fifteenth of the month preceding the publication of the number for which they are intended.

OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

We intended to publish the prospectus for our fourth volume in this number of the "Companion," but have not been able to complete our arrangements for contributors, etc., in time. We can say this much to our friends, however, that the "Companion" will again be enlarged and improved, beginning with the new volume. The Prospectus for Volume IV. will appear in our next.

"THE FOLLY AND IMMORALITY OF SECRET SOCIETIES."

A friend has kindly supplied us with a copy of the "Randolph Plaindealer," published at Sparta, Illinois, containing "an essay, recently read before the Sparta Lyceum by Rev. D. S. Faris," bearing the above title. This "brief and imperfect review," as Mr. Faris styles it, occupies three columns and a half of a good-sized newspaper; but we have waded through it. After stating that many of the prominent men of the country, "even ministers of our holy religion," are affiliating with these secret societies, and that "the leading denominations of the Evangelical Church bear no testimony against the evil, but open the sanctuary to the presence of men fresh from the pollutions of the Lodge," Mr. Faris takes his "position" as follows: "That Secret

Societies are an aggregation of vices and immoralities, relieved by nothing decidedly good or praiseworthy, either before God or man." In endeavoring to prove this ridiculous "position," the "Reverend" gentleman makes the following statements:

1. That they (secret societies) occasion a great waste of time.

2. Membership in secret societies makes a man a doubtful member of the Church, for he receives into his loving embrace unbeliever, Jew or Gentile, as true Brother Mason or Odd Fellow, while he treats his Brother Christian with cold formality.

3. The same cause makes him an unworthy citizen, for he is under such special obligation to one as prevents him from doing justice to others of his fellow-citizens, every way as worthy, but not belonging to the Mysterious Fraternity.

4. They impose obligations of secrecy necessarily wicked, and, when given under the sanction of the oath, profane in a high degree. The principle here violated is, that we have no right to conceal what we ought to reveal.

5. It (the obligation of secrecy) also places a man in defiance of the law of the land, as it requires him to keep secret what probably may contribute to the establishment of civil justice.

6. They make a profane use of sacred and holy things, accommodating them to their heathenish ceremonies. They use the Bible and some of its awful mysteries blasphemously—at least they did as late as 1826, and we have no reason to doubt the continuance of the profanation.

7. They obstruct the progress of the Church. The members of the Lodge are so devoted to each other as to be able to feel little interest in the congregation. The money that should be devoted to the support of religion, goes into the Lodge. A pastor that will not pollute himself by taking part

in their dark proceedings, loses his influence, and is finally starved out.

8. They interfere with the rights of citizens in the administration of government. They professedly aid one another in everything. Is it to be supposed they do not aid one another at the ballot-box? And the reason is, not superior qualification, but good standing in the Lodge. Thus a bad principle is introduced into politics, subversive of sound morals.

9. Besides, owing to the numerous Degrees, and the consequently few that are admitted to the higher circles, the power is placed in the hands of a few cunning manipulators to grant preferment unjustly, not only with reference to the uninitiated citizen, but even with reference to the members of the lower Degrees.

10. The result of these operations is a grand fraud committed against the uninitiated, and even the lower order of the initiated, whose votes are blindly cast under influences they understand no more than they understand the Satanic devices by which men are carried captive by the Devil at his will.

These charges, Mr. Faris informs us, are made "with the hope that discussion will add to the opposition which it is the design of this paper to start against the diabolical 'principalities and powers' of Masonry, Odd Fellowship, and their humble handmaid and stepping-stone, Sons of Temperance."

If we were not assured that a Rev. D. S. Faris is actually in existence, and that he is really an opponent of secret societies, we should be tempted to regard the above as the production of some wag, who endeavored to burlesque the philippics of President Blanchard.

So far as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows is concerned, our readers need not be told that every one of the above ten statements is absolutely false and without foundation; and judging from the very high character of those of our acquaintances who are members of the other organizations mentioned, we believe that they have been maligned as much as our Order. Yet, beyond these false statements, Mr. Faris has nothing to offer in support of his grave charges against societies, counting among their members, according to his own statement, "many of the prominent men of the

country," and "even ministers of our holy religion," except a few quotations from the Scriptures, which are entirely irrelevant, and illogical deductions from those false statements.

Can it be possible, that he is a minister of the religion of Love?

FUNERAL AID ASSOCIATIONS.

We find in the "Memento" the following estimate of the probable rate of mortality to be expected among members of these associations:

"A careful examination of the statistics for the last ten years shows that the rate of mortality in the Order in Illinois has been as follows: 1858, .70 of one per cent.; 1859, .85; 1860, .74; 1861, 1.11; 1862, 1.36; 1863, 1.21; 1864, 1.40; 1865, 1.38; 1866, .74; 1867, .73. It will thus be seen that, except during the years of the war, the deaths never reached one per cent. of the membership; that, including those years, the average mortality for ten years past has been but a slight fraction over one per cent., and excluding them, about three-fourth of one per cent. It seems safe, then, to estimate the average, under any probable contingency, at one per cent. annually. The expense of keeping up such an organization as we are treating of would be but a trifle. The interest on the fund created by admission fees would be ample for this purpose. The annual premium then, would, in all probability, be less than one per cent. of the amount payable at death.

"This is certainly the cheapest life insurance we know of. We commend the plan to the consideration of the Order, and hope to see it generally adopted."

IMPOSTORS.

Christ. Lang, *alias* Christ. Long, *alias* Christ. Meyer, *alias* Jacob Meyer, *alias* John Strauss, *alias* Christian Wagner, *alias* John Wagner, has been heard from again. Bros. Thos. Richardson and F. Struve, both of Walhalla Lodge, No. 150, in Clinton, Iowa, give details of his operations there. Bro. Struve describes him as follows: He is a German, speaking English tolerably well, but has a slight impediment in his speech; is a butcher by trade; 25 to 28 years of age; about five feet four inches in height; dark complexion; light hair, mustache and beard; under his left jaw he has a mole of the size of a large hazelnut. He is in possession of the A. T. P. W. for 1867 and posted in the first and second Degrees.

From Clinton this rascal went towards

Davenport. Bro. F. W. Ehrig informs us that he told about the same story as in Clinton and Des Moines, which upon investigation was found to be untrue, and the Brothers had the rascal arrested for vagrancy, and he was committed to jail until May. We hope the laws of Iowa are stringent enough to put him where he belongs, in the Penitentiary.

Bro. Theodore Schug, N. G. of Lehigh Lodge, No. 244, Easton, Penn., informs us that Wm. Johnson, claiming to be a member of Montgomery Lodge, No. 19, Wilmington, Delaware, obtained money from members of the Order in Easton. No Montgomery Lodge exists in Wilmington. Johnson is about 60 years of age, had a long, grey beard, wore a high white hat, and had a boy of ten or twelve years of age with him. He is a hatter by profession, and well posted in the work of the Order.

The following letters will explain themselves:

ROOMS OF RELIEF COMMITTEE, }
Cincinnati, March 30, 1868. }

Editor Companion: I am requested by the Relief Committee, of which I am Secretary, to caution you and the Order generally against three persons lately applying to us for aid:

1. Alex. McCann, claiming to be a member of Chester Lodge, No. 92, Chester, Pa., said Lodge having been defunct for years.

2. Joshua Guyn, of Northern Liberties Lodge, No. 17, of Philadelphia, whose wife in that place has not heard from him for 14 months. He is now traveling with a wife and two children, and has obtained considerable from the Order. He has a card. Charges are pending against him in his Lodge.

3. Geo. W. Kent, of Teoronto Lodge, No. 10, of Rochester, N. Y., who has obtained assistance from the Order and does not need it.

Yours, in F., L. & T.,

B. O. M. DeBeck, Sec'y.

AMESBURY, MASS., April 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: We are informed that on the 20th of March, Samuel A. Evans, representing himself to be a member in good standing of Powow River Lodge, No. 90, of this place, applied to the Relief Committee of Albany, N. Y., for aid. I wish to give notice through your columns that said Evans is an impostor, having been expelled from our Lodge in May, 1867, for "habitual drunkenness." He is a Welshman, about 45 years of age, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches in height, ruddy complexion, and badly pitted with small pox.

Other Odd Fellow publications are requested to copy the above.

E. D. KELLY, Sec.

PROPOSITION TO INTRODUCE THE ORDER IN FRANCE.

Our attention has only recently been drawn to a very interesting correspondence regarding the introduction of the Order in France, published in the journal of the G. L. U. S. of 1867. It seems that Grand Representative E. J. Leech, of Iowa, and Past Grand Sire Isaac M. Veitch, in December, 1866, and January, 1867, suggested that the then approaching World's Fair in Paris, during which hundreds of Americans would be there, would afford a good opportunity for establishing our Order in France. The letters conveying these suggestions were by Grand Sire Sanders referred to Past Grand Sire Kennedy, and called forth the following interesting reply, which very naturally prevented any movement in the proposed direction:

NEW YORK, January 4, 1867.

J. P. Sanders, Esq., M. W. Grand Sire,
Yonkers, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Yours of 31st ult. reached me in due course, but the ordinary employment of the season has prevented me from replying until the present moment.

I once was carried away with a prospect of planting our beloved Order in France, and therefore can readily account for the enthusiasm of P. G. Sire Veitch, as shown in his communication to Grand Secretary Ridgely, which you have done me the honor of transmitting for my perusal.

Soon after the present Emperor of France had built his throne, I was called on, in this city, by two of his agents sent out here to look after the manner in which the people of this country were kept in order without the aid of a standing army. After having traveled much, they finally came to the conclusion that the contentment of our people was mainly due to the general existence of societies in which the common people participated, and which furnished these classes with both employment and amusement while not engaged at their ordinary occupations, and thus kept them from unnecessarily meddling with public affairs. It appeared to be, and indeed these agents told me so in as many words, that they desired to introduce a change in the habits of the French people by furnishing them with a new plaything, and divert their attention from politics of the kind that had heretofore engaged them.

Of course such an agreeable proposal met with my ready acceptance, when the conversation turned on the manner of introducing it in France. They informed me that it would be necessary, in order to succeed, to appear to come directly from the society in the United States; that nothing must be

done or said that would imply that the government had any knowledge of its introduction, or even of its existence; that the working people would not take hold of any such thing if they suspected it had government encouragement, but that the French government would defray the reasonable expenses incurred in its establishment. In the early part of the conversation reference was made to the principles of the Order and its beneficial operations; these were heartily approved of. But as we progressed, it became apparent that, by some secret agency, it was the purpose of the gentlemen for the government to retain a hold on and control over the entire work of the Order; and to my suggestion, that they would find great difficulty in carrying out any such design, they said they supposed it would not be more difficult than it was to do the same thing with the Masons, and that the government was made aware of all the proceedings of every Lodge of the Orient so soon as the meeting closed; that it would be the duty of the government to be sure that nothing took place at any of these meetings that it did not approve.

After one or two interviews, I informed these agents that nothing could be done in the direction they desired, and the scheme of extending the Order to France fell through at that time.

I did not deem it advisable to make the matter public then, and I do not know that it would be proper even now. I may have mentioned it to one or two Brothers, and among them I may have mentioned it to Bro. Ridgely, but I am not certain of that.

I felt it was a very delicate matter, and I knew there were some Brothers who were even more anxious than I was for extending the Order, and I feared some act of indiscretion, such as took place in California, and since in the Sandwich Islands, might take place in France.

By the way, while I was backing out of the offer, I suggested to the agents to apply to the Manchester Unity, when they informed me that the French workmen would not copy anything from Englishmen, while they were always anxious to do so as to Americans.

From all which you may infer I do not favor the project of Past Grand Sire Veitch.

Very truly yours, etc.,
JOHN A. KENNEDY.

ITEMS.

—Bro. P. Harris, Jr., writes under date of April 10, from Nashville, Tennessee: "Some eight months ago, a party of us conceived the idea of forming an Odd Fellows' Band, composed exclusively of Odd Fellows in good standing. We have labored incessantly all the time, and have overcome many obstacles and it is with much pleasure that I am able to say success is about to crown

our efforts. We play our maiden engagement for the Orphans' Fair, commencing on the 13th inst. The Order at large here is in a very flourishing condition. The Degree Lodges are largely attended and keep quite busy, and we anticipate one of the finest celebrations on the 27th that has ever taken place here, of the particulars of which I will in due time apprise you."

—New Lodges are to be established at Union City, Obion county, and Gardner Station, Weakly county, Tennessee.

—Bro. W. A. Simpson, informs us that: "Monroe Lodge, No. 93, was re-organized at London, Tennessee, though originally located at Philadelphia. Its officers are: J. P. Mays, N. G.; J. B. Pickens, V. G.; B. F. Davis, R. S.; and J. J. Swanner, Treasurer."

—The Grand Officers of the Grand Encampment of Connecticut paid an official visit to Ansantawa Encampment, No. 20, at Waterbury, on the 12th of March, and we are informed by the Grand Patriarch, Rev. A. G. Shears, that everything was done by the visited body to make their visit a pleasant and profitable one to all parties concerned. They did not allow the Grand Officers the privilege of paying their own bills. —*Loomis' Musical Journal.*

—Grand Secretary Wm. White, of Kentucky, informs the "Talisman" that he instituted Rainbow Lodge, No. 165, at Robert's Store, Henderson county, Kentucky, on the 13th of February. Bro. White speaks encouragingly of the prospects of the new Lodge.

—The "New Age" gives the following synopsis of the semi-annual reports of the Lodges in California for the term ending January 1, 1868:

Total number of members.....	9264
Increase in six months.....	835
Deaths in six months.....	50
Revenue in six months.....	\$111,776.65
Paid for relief in six months.....	\$55,202.48
Cash in treasury of Lodges.....	\$61,966.49
Amount of Lodge investments....	\$374,004.63

The "New Age" adds, very pertinently: "With the united strength of ten thousand members, and an annual revenue of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, what must the world expect us to do—and are we doing it?"

—From the same source we learn that the Order in Portland, Oregon, is prosperous.

Hassello Lodge, No. 15, one year old, and Oriental Lodge, No. 17, nine months old, at East Portland, are both increasing in membership, and in a flourishing condition. We are also informed that it is in contemplation during this summer, to erect a new hall in Portland, and that preliminary measures have been adopted to that end.

--Two new Lodges are reported in Oregon : Olive Lodge, No. 18, at Salem, instituted on the 14th of January ; and Minerva, No. 19, at Portland, instituted on the 27th of January. The latter is the only Lodge in Oregon working in the German language.

—The Order in Vancouver's Island is flourishing. Victoria Lodge, No. 1, during the last term initiated twelve new members and conferred sixty Degrees. The Lodge numbers over eighty members. The establishment of another Lodge at Nanaimo, the next most important town in the Island, is contemplated.

—A correspondent of the "New Age" writes from Prescott, Arizona, that a meeting was held there "some time ago to make arrangements for the formation of an Odd Fellow's Lodge. I attended the meeting ; there were present Bros. Anderson, Cook, Giles, and Darling ; it was held in the store of Bro. Cook (Bowers & Co.). There were others who, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, did not attend. Bro. Anderson stated that they had raised money enough to purchase most of the articles required, and also said he thought he could get the Lodges in San Francisco to contribute regalia enough for the purpose. I hope Bro. Anderson will be successful, for there is good material here for a large Lodge, and one that would reflect credit on the Order. Bro. Giles and others stated that they had sent for their cards. There are many Odd Fellows in this place, and when once a Lodge is started, it will be a good and large one."

—The Odd Fellows' Savings Bank of San Francisco has declared dividends for the six months ending December 31, 1867, at the average rate of 9½ per cent. on all deposits drawing interest.

—Otter Lodge, No. 50, at Tilsonburg, Ontario, was instituted by Grand Master McAfee early in March. The warrant was granted to six members, and on the first evening fifteen were initiated.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.

Editor Companion : Thinking that a few facts relative to the operations of the Encampment branch of our Order in this state for the past year might call the attention of Representatives elect to the questions that will be discussed at our next session, and enable them to make up their minds as to the necessity of the contemplated changes now under discussion, I submit through the columns of the "Companion" a synopsis of my report as it will be presented :

No. of members at last session	5,372
Initiated.....	1,286
Admitted on card.....	190
Re-instated	92—6,940
Expelled and dropped.....	178
Withdrawn by card.....	183
Deceased.....	65— 426

Remaining.....	6,514
Buried	54
Suspended	5
Rejected.....	37
Past Patriarchs.....	1,393
Net increase of members for the year	1,142

Receipts.....	\$48,020.67
Expenditures	35,705.69
Cash on hand.....	18,837.55
Invested Funds.....	62,816.82

No. of Patriarchs relieved.....	599
" Widowed Families relieved.....	19
Paid for relief of Patriarchs.....	\$10,291.50
" " wid'd families.....	256.00
" burying the dead	1,167.50

The receipts of the Grand Encampment have been :

Percentage.....	\$3,686.09
Charter Fees.....	300.00
Interest on \$2,000 bond	146.00
Fines	65.34
Profits on Supplies.....	136.24—\$4,333.67

The expenses have been :

Pay-roll for 1867.....	\$2,153.80
Printing.....	458.00
Salary of Grand Scribe.	500.00
Expenses of Gr. Pat....	454.69
Charge Books, new Encampments.....	134.25
Representative tax.....	150.00
Rent of office.....	108.00
Postage.....	28.00
Incidental Expenses....	70.05— 4,056.79

Receipts over expenses.....\$276.88

The number of Representatives entitled to seats in the next session is one hundred and twenty-eight, and should one hundred only be present, the receipts for this year will not be sufficient to meet expenses.

That the Grand Encampment, as now constituted, is too large and expensive, is self-

evident without an argument, and it is imperative on Representatives to apply a remedy that will prevent the Grand Encampment from becoming, as it has been, bankrupt in finances. Either the present system should be so changed as to make it a smaller body, or an increase in per centage made on Subordinates. Should the latter course be adopted, a number of the Encampments will be compelled to surrender their charters, as they barely live now. Lessen the number of Representatives, and the per centage can be reduced at once to eight per cent., and eventually to six per cent., and thus retain in the treasuries of Subordinates the funds for keeping them alive.

A Grand Body should not be permitted to accumulate in its treasury any more funds than are absolutely necessary to sustain and enable it to perform all that is required at its hands. With the closest economy, our expenses are constantly increasing, and the question is frequently asked, do we not pay too much for legislation? An examination of the proceedings of our Grand Bodies shows, that nearly all the business transacted is purely of a local character, involving none of the vital principles of the Order, and much of it could be done by the executive officers, had they the authority to do it.

These few remarks are thrown out with the hope that some earnest member of the Order may take the subject into consideration, and give it the benefit of his thoughts and experience. W. M. H.

RELIEVE THE DISTRESSED.

Benevolence and Charity, synonymous terms, are the characteristics of our beloved Order, and he who is true to the teachings of Odd Fellowship, must possess them in an eminent degree. For "He who seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him," can never be an Odd Fellow, for it is contrary to every teaching of our ritual. The writer of this was present at a Lodge meeting in one of our eastern cities a short time since, when an appeal was made to the Brothers for aid for an Odd Fellows' Orphan College in Tennessee, by P. G. Todd, the President of the institution.

After he had addressed them for about an hour, upon the good which the institution he

represented had accomplished, and if sustained by the Order was bound to accomplish, one of the Brethren immediately rose to his feet, and moved an appropriation of fifty dollars, upon which another Brother moved an amendment, that the sum be one hundred dollars, which was carried unanimously.

A few weeks later I was present at the same Lodge, when the case of a widow was brought up, whose husband had died the week before, and who had received the usual funeral benefit of the Lodge, and the Brothers present voluntarily contributed forty-five dollars for her benefit, in addition to what they had already paid her.

Such actions as these, speak louder than words of the benefits of our Order, and on the following morning that poor widow's heart was made glad by the donation the Lodge bestowed upon her.

Although we place but little value upon the pecuniary features of our Order in comparison with its many other virtues, yet there are cases like the last, where even they are of great moment, and save the worthy from suffering and want. This poor widow, with three small children, and two of them sick and suffering, found our Order an angel of mercy in her time of greatest need.

J. O. R.

COLORADO.

NEVADA, April 1, 1868.

Editor Companion: Some ten days since I mailed you a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Colorado, which you have doubtless received before this time. I have seen several copies of the "*Companion*," received by Dr. W. T. Ellis, the J. P. G. of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 2, Colorado, and felt highly complimented on reading the favorable notices given of me from the pen of my old friend and Brother, Wm. Garrett, Grand Secretary of Iowa.

The Order in Colorado, both in the Subordinate and Encampment branches, is progressing finely. Our Grand Lodge was instituted at Denver on the 30th of November, 1867, with four Lodges, and on the 27th of March last Georgetown Lodge, No. 5, was instituted at Georgetown by Deputy Grand Master H. E. Hyatt with five charter members. After the institution of the Lodge and installation of its officers, they initiated and

conferred the five Degrees on five good, worthy persons, and start off with ten members, confidently expecting a Lodge of forty or fifty members within three months. The officers are: Hon. J. E. Wharton, N. G.; David T. Rigsby, V. G.; Wm. S. Gray, Secretary; Robert Archibald, Treasurer. The fifth charter member is P. G. James R. Varnes, for several years a member of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, from Camden Lodge in that state. The ten members of Georgetown Lodge, No. 5, belong to the best citizens of that town, and I predict that they will build up a highly prosperous Lodge.

As you will see by our constitution, all our Past Grands are legislative members, and we pay no mileage and per diem, so it costs us but little to run our Grand Lodge. Our Lodges at present are all within a distance of sixty miles of each other, and all can readily attend without much sacrifice of money or time.

Notwithstanding the hard times we have experienced from the suspension of mining, for the illegitimate purpose of speculation, a few years ago, our Order has steadily prospered in Colorado. The few Lodges in existence have steadily increased in number of members, and now, our people seeing they cannot get rich in a month or two by digging little holes in the ground and selling them for enormous prices, have been thrown on their own resources; finding that it is "root hog or die," they have gone to work in good earnest taking out the gold, and the country is being redeemed, and the consequence will be that Odd Fellows' Lodges will spring up all over the Territory, and the influence of our Order be extended and its usefulness widened in our young jurisdiction.

Fraternally, J. W. RATLIFF,
Grand Secretary.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE, April 11, 1868.

Editor Companion: I am happy to say that the Order here is in a most prosperous condition. The reports for the last term show a large increase in initiations, and the interest manifested in the noble work of Odd Fellowship deserves the credit of all Brothers over the entire jurisdiction of the country.

By action of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Wisconsin at its last session, held in this city, in January last, the regular semi-annual terms were changed from the 1st of January to the

1st of April, and from the 1st of July to the 1st of October; the object in this change is to give our Grand Secretary ample time to make full returns to the Grand Lodge of the United States. In consequence, we have had a week of installations—two public and five private. The public installation of Cream City Lodge, No. 139, was held on Thursday evening last, and was a grand success. The hall was filled to overflowing, there being not less than 250 persons present. Among them we were pleased to meet not less than 75 ladies. The ceremonies were performed with the greatest solemnity, D. D. G. M. T. W. Taylor presiding. The music was rendered by the choir of the Hanover Street Congregational Church, under the direction of Bro. M. A. Gee, and was both excellent and artistic. The following are the names of the officers installed: N. G., John Bentley; V. G., A. H. Sollan; Recording Secretary, Wm. H. Decker; Treasurer, J. C. Weiderman.

After the installation, the Brothers were addressed by Rev. Wildey Smith, Past Grand Master D. C. Reed, Past Grand Master A. J. Langworthy, and Bro. J. E. Fitzgerald, all of whom expressed the best of sentiments, and were applauded by all present.

We are about organising what is called the Odd Fellows' Protective Institute in this city—I think it will be a success. We have at least 700 Odd Fellows in the city, and if all respond, it will certainly make it an object for Brothers to join in the ranks.

Our Lodge was instituted on the 9th of January last with thirty members; we now number 65, all told, and plenty of applications.

The Encampment branch is progressing; I had the pleasure of assisting in conferring the G. R. Degree on several candidates last evening, also exalting one candidate to the R. P. Yours, fraternally, W. H. S.

RIPON.—On the 11th of March a new Lodge was instituted in the flourishing city of Ripon under most flattering auspices by E. M. Loomis, District Deputy, assisted by Deputy Grand Master Sam. Ryan, jr., Grand Warden Chas. Marks, and Grand Patriarch D. S. Morse. The Lodge at Ripon will soon be one of the strongest in the state in point of the moral worth, talent and financial ability of its members.

Grand Sire Sanders, of the Grand Lodge of the United States, will visit Milwaukee on the 14th inst.—*Appleton Crescent.*

TRAVELING VISITORS.

OMAHA, NEB., April, 1868.

Editor Companion: Situated, as we are, at the west, at the great metropolis of the the Upper Missouri, the starting point of a large majority of those emigrating to the western mines and the extreme frontiers, as well as being at the important center of attraction for those seeking fortunes and homes in the far west, we of course are in friendly and Brotherly intercourse with many of our Fraternity, who contemplate casting their lot in our midst, or entertain the idea of seeking their fortunes in some congenial clime beyond our precincts.

We rejoice at their coming, and welcome them to our firesides, extend to them the attentions and influence of the Brethren, invite them to our Lodge rooms, and extend to them opportunities for fraternal greetings. We not only grant them the privilege of giving vent to their Brotherly feelings and congratulations, but urge them to offer words of encouragement and lend their counsels, advice and knowledge for our advancement. It is with the greatest pleasure that we perform our whole duty toward those who deem it proper to let themselves be known as of the Brotherhood, either in or out of the Lodge room.

Our regret is that so many of them enter our city and remain here for months, before letting it be known that they are Odd Fellows; and probably many are so thoughtless and careless of their own and the interests of the Order, as not even to divulge their identity with our Fraternity. There are many also who claim to be Odd Fellows, who were so thoughtless and disinterested, in reference not only to themselves, but to the Order, as to neglect to obtain the requisites from their Lodge to assist them along the rugged journey of life, and then, when necessity would seem to compel them to seek recognition, they find that they have been lead by their negligence into a great error.

Again, the great majority, who have looked apparently to their material interest, if not their intellectual advancement, present themselves for admission, when it is nearly impossible for the committees to obtain sufficient information to ascertain whether they have ever more than witnessed the inside of a Lodge room. It is wonderfully astonishing how poorly they

are prepared to leave their own Lodge, and expect to find friends in the Order by means of Brotherly recognition. Their deficiency demonstrates, either that they do not attend their Lodges at home, as is their privilege, and should be their duty; or that, whilst in attendance, they have not sufficient interest in the principles and instructions promulgated by the Order to have them impressed upon the memory sufficiently, to enable them to be worthily and intelligently identified by their Brethren abroad. Many acknowledge that they have not attended a Lodge for months, thereby, to their shame, endeavoring to excuse their deficiency in practical knowledge of the workings of the Order, which goes far to prove that they are Odd Fellows more for the material selfishness of person, than for the love of the principles and teachings of the Fraternity.

Brothers who come from those eastern and ancient Lodges, ought to be thoroughly qualified to instruct and enlighten the Brethren of the west in all the written and unwritten work of the Order, as promulgated by those Brethren of great official reputation and experience. Their admission to our Lodges should be a timely notice and complete guarantee that we would have an intellectual feast of practical knowledge pertaining to the workings of the Order.

A hint to the wise is sufficient. Let Brothers qualify themselves previous to leaving home, and not expect to be instructed by strangers abroad. WAW-KO.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to pause when at thy door
A shivering brother stands;
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,
For faults he once has known;
'Tis not to leave him in despair,
And say that I have none.

The voice of CHARITY is kind—
She thinketh nothing wrong;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith—
Hope smileth at the door;
Relleth first then softly saith:
"Go, brother, sin no more!"

Ohio Department.

GRAND SECRETARY W. C. EARL, EDITOR.

OUR ORDER.

In the absence of details, except as they are furnished in official reports, the general tone of numerous letters testifies most strongly and encouragingly to the general prosperity of the Order in this jurisdiction, and gives assurance of a continued interest.

Since our last, it has been our pleasant privilege to visit a number of Lodges, as well as to meet and converse with many Brothers, in various places, outside of Lodge meetings.

On the 5th of March, by special request, we visited Marysville, Union county, and conferred the Rebekah Degree upon the wives of several members of Marysville Lodge, No. 87. The occasion was one of much pleasure—the meeting was well attended and all seemed deeply interested in the work.

On the evening of March 23, we visited our old Lodge—the one in which we were initiated, Sippo, No. 48, at our old and cherished home, our birth-place, the beautiful and thriving town (we beg pardon, now "City") of Massillon. This Lodge has *always* prospered—has never flagged in the discharge of its duties and now occupies a proud position. On the night named, the room was well filled by a band of good and true-hearted Brothers.

On the 24th we visited Nimisilla Lodge, No. 39, at Canton. This, too, is now a highly prosperous Lodge—occupies a large and neat room, and is made up of the right kind of men.

The next evening, at this same Lodge, we conferred the Rebekah Degree and had a pleasant time, though, owing to a violent storm, the attendance was much less than it otherwise would have been.

April 7th, by request, we visited Republic Lodge, No. 40, at Republic—gave full instructions in the work in the afternoon, and in the evening conferred the Rebekah Degree upon three ladies.

This Lodge, though recently just upon the verge of dissolution, has now sprung into new life and we feel assured, that in the

hands of those who are directing its affairs, there is a bright prospect for it in the future.

On the 8th we visited Oakley Lodge, No. 317, at Tiffin. Here was assembled a goodly number of the members of that Lodge, and though the notice of our presence was but short, the members of Seneca Lodge, No. 35, at the same place, came in in large numbers, and the spacious and pleasant Lodge room was well filled by an interested and appreciative band of Brothers. The meeting was one we shall long remember with pleasure, and hope to have opportunity to repeat it.

OUR OWN JURISDICTION.

The forthcoming reports of the Grand Officers to the Grand Lodge, which is to assemble at Cleveland on the 12th inst., will present an exhibit that must be of much interest. They will show a steady, healthy and, we think, satisfactory increase during the year, and furnish evidence of the stability of the Order, and its firm hold upon the affections of the people, notwithstanding the anathemas of a few religious fanatics, who have only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of *reasoning* and sensible people.

INTEMPERANCE.

Though it be true that in the ordinary adaptation of the term our Order is not a temperance society, yet it is nevertheless true that its teachings are all in the direction of temperance, as well as the practice of all the virtues, and the ennobling of our nature. Our laws consider drunkenness as the vilest of all vices, and surely this view is right. For what so degrades a man—what so robs him of his dignity, his self-respect, his manhood, as to be robbed of reason? We see one reeling along the streets or lying in the gutter, wearing the silly expression of the imbecile or the fiendish expression of the madman, and we pity—nay, perchance, we sympathize with, but cannot respect him. Having sacrificed all self-respect, a man will surely retain no claims to that of others.

And yet with a full knowledge of the result, how many—oh, how many, are pursuing the path so fraught with danger? How many are giving way to the insidious tempter—each, of course, saying that *he* is

in no danger—that he knows just how far to go, and will be sure to stop ere he reaches the fatal point at which he must resign his reason and become the veriest slave to the most cruel of masters.

It is a fearful retrospect to the thinking Odd Fellow, as he turns his glance back over the history of the past and notes the numerous wrecks that lie scattered by the way-side, each telling of a noble, generous heart that perished in the contest and left only a blackened memory behind. In our own experience we could point to a host of these—men who were true and noble—men whose friendship it was an honor to enjoy—men who to-day might still be occupying places of honor and dignity, had they not yielded to social temptations, partaken of the inebriating draught, at first only because others did, and at last because their appetites demanded it.

But we did not set out to write a lengthy article on this subject. We do desire, however, to call attention to it. Let us implore all who seek the best results for their race, aye, those who desire their own good, to ponder the admonitions of the past, and take warning therefrom. Let no man dare to say, that he is sure of being able to stand where others fell. Better by far is it for one and all to avoid the precipice, rather than incur even the *possible*, not to say probable, danger of approaching too nearly its edge.

ITEMS FROM THE LODGES.

CELINA LODGE, No. 399.—Bro. M. C. Culver, Per. Secretary of Celina Lodge, informs us, under date of April 6th, that resolutions were unanimously adopted by that Lodge, in favor of reducing the per centage to the Grand Lodge from five to three per cent.; also, requesting the Grand Lodge of the United States to repeal its legislation excluding, from funeral processions, Brothers holding expired withdrawal cards.

ARK LODGE, No. 270, WORTHINGTON.—This Lodge affords a very good example of the good effect of Lodge visitations. Ark has not been very prosperous of late; most of the members seemed to have lost all interest, and their number was reduced from 55 in 1860 to 33 in 1867. Now P. D. G. M. Jas. M. Fuson informs us, that since the visit of about two hundred Columbus Brothers to

Worthington in February last, Ark Lodge has had twenty initiations, and fair prospects ahead.

ALBA LODGE, No. 338.—The Odd Fellows of Leesburg, having completed their new hall, and invitations having been extended to the neighboring Lodges, met at their hall at two o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, March 31. The hall was well filled with the Brothers and Sisters of our own and the neighboring Lodges, with a few invited guests, to witness the ceremonies of dedicating the hall to the business and purposes of Odd Fellowship, which duty was duly performed by our esteemed and valued Brother, Grand Representative John W. Carter.

After a recess of a few minutes for social chat and a general interchange of sentiment, the Degree of Rebekah was conferred on the wives of five members of the Order, by Brothers Carter and Armstrong, to the entire satisfaction and gratification of all present. After this we had a speaking meeting, and some very appropriate remarks were made, and a general revival appeared to pervade all, as if there was a general waking up of the dry bones.

At seven o'clock, the Brothers again assembled at the hall, and initiated two candidates into the mysteries of the Order, being assisted by Brothers Carter and Armstrong. After the initiatory ceremonies were over, Bro. Carter gave instructions in the unwritten work of the Order, of which all felt the want.

All were well pleased with the evening's entertainment, and with Brothers Carter and Armstrong, and hope that they will make it convenient to give us a call at some future time. The thanks of all are hereby extended to them, wishing that it were in our power to give them a more appropriate testimonial of our esteem. Fraternally, J. R. LADD.

WESTERN STAR LODGE, No. 109, AT CAMDEN.—We have had a preliminary meeting of the Daughters of Rebekah, re-organized the Degree, have held the first regular meeting on Wednesday evening, April 1st, and will meet every alternate Wednesday evening hereafter. Western Star is prospering; the best of Brotherly love and harmony prevails. We have been making an average of one Initiation per week during this term,

and are getting the choicest kind of material, such as good, moral, sturdy fathers, in whose locks the hand of time has left her silver touch. With the fathers we get the sons, who have been trained up in the way from which now, since they have arrived at manhood, they want not to depart. More anon.

SUPPORTER.

HALF-FARE ARRANGEMENTS.

During the month of April we had the pleasure of a visit from Grand Master elect James A. Semple, who reported Odd Fellowship flourishing in Cincinnati and vicinity. Bro. Semple informed us that the General Ticket Agents of the various railroads at a recent convention resolved to make no more half-fare arrangements, but that prior to the passage of the resolution he had made arrangements with the L. M. & C. & X., and with the C. C. & C. Railroads to carry visitors to the Grand Lodge at Cleveland at half-fare.

Pennsylvania Department.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

During the first week of April the Lodges throughout the state of Pennsylvania, and probably in other states, have installed the officers whose duty it shall be, for the present term, to preside over the various meetings that shall be held for the coming six months. In being installed into any office, elective or appointive, all assume positions of great responsibility, which should not be aspired to or accepted without mature consideration, and only with a determination to discharge the duties efficiently and zealously for the good of the Lodge which has conferred the honor, and for the good of the Order at large—no matter how humble the position may be, there can be brought into it by the occupant a dignity that will be pleasing to his Brethren, and bring to him marks of approbation that cannot fail to be gratifying to himself and useful to others, even beyond the walls of the Lodge. Every officer should manifest his desire to discharge his duty properly, first, by committing to memory, and repeating understandingly, such portions of the work as it is his duty to repeat in the discharge of his office. There is

no office in a Subordinate Lodge so insignificant as to justify a slovenly or imperfect discharge of its duties—the appointed officers should not forget that their appointment is a mark of respect from him who gave it, and the elective officers should bear in mind that the Brethren in choosing them thereby expressed their good will and confidence in those they thus delighted to honor, and they should be careful that they are not deceived. All men are not alike gifted, and some may shine more brilliantly than others, but all have the capacity to bring to the position a *desire* to please, that cannot be concealed from the most obtuse, any more than can carelessness or indifference. The Lodge, in addition to its numerous other advantages, is a school in which all may learn, and as the American people have larger privileges than any other people, it is a duty incumbent on all to prepare for their preservation, by being able on every occasion to take part in a sovereign's duties. In a properly conducted Lodge, the most approved parliamentary practice should ever prevail. Every member has the opportunity and should not fail to acquire a knowledge of the general rules of order in deliberative bodies, and encouragement should be offered to every member to express himself on all questions that may weekly arise—the entire business, from the opening to the closing of the meeting, should be conducted with dignity on the part of the members, and a kindly suppression by the officers of all frivolity, should at any time such appear, in which they will be sustained in every well regulated Lodge. Differences of opinion will occasionally occur, but the man lacks the true spirit of our Fraternity who is offended, should his views not prevail. Next time he may be with the majority, and he will see, should a Brother be offended, how ridiculous he must have appeared, when angry at being in the minority.

The position of N. G. is one of great importance, and its responsibilities cannot be over estimated. While he is the ruler for the time being, he should be the example in the Lodge—he cannot gracefully require others to perform their duties aright, if his own are not well done—he cannot expect dignity of deportment and a display of fraternal forbearing kindness from those over whom he presides, if he fails to show that he is

himself animated by these graces. He being the selected head of his Lodge, he cannot urge on the membership the duties our laws require (which is his duty), unless he practices them himself, not only in the Lodge, but out of it. Example, in his case, must accompany the precept and the admonition.

While the N. G. has, by authority of law, the power to govern his Lodge, he can do so only by securing the respect of those over whom he presides; but should he at any time endeavor to enforce his authority by the mere power of position, in contradiction to any given rule or decision, or law of his superiors in the jurisdiction, some will discover and proclaim his error. The power given him by the law surrounding the office may remain, but the respect that is his due will be lessened, and may, during the brief period of his term, cease to be manifested. A due regard for the good of the Order should be the inducement to urge a proper preparation for the faithful discharge of the duties of this important office, and when these duties are well performed in the Lodge, the members alone are those cognizant of his faithfulness; but there are other duties belonging to this important office, that the world passes judgment on; the most prominent among these are the visits to the sick members of his Lodge. These should never be so performed as simply to come within the limits of the law, but they should be made in a way that will not belie the relation every member bears toward a Brother of the family. It is not enough merely to call at the dwelling of affliction. There should be a kindliness in the manner of the visit; there should be an outflowing of that sympathy, that real concern for the stricken one's condition, so apparent, that it cannot be mistaken for mere formality; there should be a judicious discrimination drawn from the condition of the sufferer, as to the duration of the visit, and the conversation of the visitor. Instances will occur where the excitement of conversation would be dangerous, and others, where it would be beneficial; but there are none where it should be cold and formal, or where the family and friends will be mistaken as to its propriety.

While the head of the Lodge has a more important position than those holding minor offices, it is most surely the duty of every aspirant to examine himself as to his capacity

for the proper fulfillment of the duties of an officer, as well as to his willingness to perform them zealously and faithfully; and the man who sees nothing more in the promotion among his fellows than the honor of the offices, is unwise to aspire to them, or unjust in accepting them. A single term of good officers always improves the condition of a Lodge, secures better attendance at the meetings, and strengthens the interest of the members in the noble cause in which we are engaged.

I am aware that some may imagine that I have extended these remarks to an undue length, and attach more importance to the subject than is either proper or necessary. Long connection with the Order—connection, when it was supposed to be an insignificant organization, and of small general importance, has convinced me that to say too much on this subject, or to speak of it too often, is impossible. When we were comparatively few in numbers and little known, it may have been of less consequence; but now, when we have become numerous, and are securing more of public attention than any other institution designed for the improvement of our race, every effort should be exerted to make it more and more efficient, and more worthy of universal approbation.

ITEMS.

On Wednesday evening, April 1st, a special session of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was held in Philadelphia for the admission of members and granting of charters. Thirty-three members were admitted and charters granted for six new Lodges and one Degree Lodge. The Degree Lodge is to be opened in Erie, and the Subordinate Lodges respectively at Slatington, Lehigh Co.; New Germantown, Perry Co.; Mifflinville, Columbia Co.; Wainbridge, Lancaster Co.; New Buffalo, Perry Co.; and Luigierstown, Dauphin Co.

—The election of Grand Officers for the year beginning in May has been held throughout the jurisdiction; but as the vote is not officially made known till the Grand Lodge meets in annual session in Pittsburgh on the third Tuesday in May, surmises only lead to any opinion as to who has been successful, and who are defeated.

—The semi-annual returns of Lodges and

Encampments show a condition of remarkable prosperity, numerically and financially, some of those in the city having added to their treasury nearly \$1500 during the term from October to April, and nearly every one have had considerable accessions, both in men and means, since their last reports.

—Though the time that has intervened since my last communication has been a busy time, it has been thoroughly routine, and the interest simply local, and being unable to record all, I have abstained from particularizing any of the changes that have occurred in the many Pennsylvania Lodges.

Indiana Department.

THE MORALS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

SHELBYVILLE, April, 1868.

They are of the highest order. As a fraternity it requires strict morality of its members. They are to be upright in their dealings with each other, and not only with each other, but with all mankind. This fact is told in the strict administration of discipline in all well regulated Lodges. And that discipline is administered and thereby a healthy state of morals secured and preserved, is told in the number of expulsions and suspensions reported at the various sessions of Grand Lodges.

We claim the privilege of watching over each other's conduct not only in the Lodge-room, but in the outside world; and if a Brother is unfortunately so far led away from the path of rectitude, and from the principles of the Order, as to indulge in any violations of his obligation, such as cheating, defrauding, lying, stealing, swearing profanely, or indulging in the use of intoxicating liquors to drunkenness, then he has forfeited his right to a place in the deep feelings of his Brethren. He has blotted a line upon the pages of the history of Odd Fellowship. If he is habitual in the use of these or any other immoralities practiced by the vicious and immoral, he is not a good Odd Fellow. And if he cannot be reformed, he is and ought to be excluded, for the Order must suffer by his connection with it.

The good Odd Fellow shuns all these vices, and endeavors to practice upon our principles and be a moral beacon in the

world—a true worker in the cause of God and humanity.

I may be indulged while I enlarge a little here. Suppose a member of any Lodge be immoral, habitually immoral, what is it to the world but a libel upon Odd Fellowship? The observing world is not ignorant of our principles and objects, and indeed of our practical workings as an Order, because our principles are announced, our objects are proclaimed, and much of our practical workings are seen and admired. We knew them before we were members of the Fraternity; and it was our knowledge of these things that led us to favorable opinions of the Order, and led us to knock for admission.

The present membership of the Order were not coaxed or over-persuaded by ardent votaries of Odd Fellowship, but having founded a favorable opinion of the Order of our own free will and accord, we sought admission and gained it.

An immoral member would be an infectious spot upon our escutcheon—a stain that would disfigure our Order's history. It would pollute us as certainly as the red spots polluted the houses of Israel. They would be stumbling-blocks in the way of those who would otherwise seek a place among us. They would be such obstruction in the progress of our cause, that it would be much better to cut them off than retain them, if they cannot be reformed.

ITEMS OF THE ORDER IN INDIANA.

We are still on the advance as an Order, and our growth is equal, if not beyond, any period in the past. The reports of the Grand Master and Grand Secretary, with that of the Grand Patriarch, will be made next month at the semi-annual communications, and will show more universal prosperity throughout this jurisdiction, than was ever presented in official reports before. New Lodges are being formed, old ones revived, and new life and energy is being infused into and is marking the history and work of the old reliables. Public installations of officers elect are more common than formerly, and usually a public address on Odd Fellowship makes a favorable impression in the community, and leads more or less of the men of the first class to seek for a place among us and the pleasures of our fellowship.

FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.—As we contemplated, the forty-ninth anniversary of Odd Fellowship will be generally observed; the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, and Grand Patriarch, with many other prominent members of the Order, are engaged for addresses at important places.

DEDICATION.—A new and beautiful hall was dedicated to Odd Fellowship on the 2d of April at Franklin, Johnson Co. It is a beautiful building, and the hall is neatly finished; it is located in the business part of the city. The dedicatory address was delivered by Rev. B. F. Foster in the Baptist Church. It was a well timed and appropriate address—one of the happiest efforts of Bro. Foster—and was unanimously requested by the Lodge for publication. But Brother Foster will hardly furnish it. He has furnished four or five of his best addresses on Odd Fellowship, and the public have them now in print. This address has cost him considerable labor, and as he has frequent calls in different parts of the state for addresses, he cannot afford to make so many of them public, for he wants the privilege of repeating them at other points. The Grand Master was present and took charge of the dedicatory ceremonies, assisted by several of the other Grand Officers. The Grand Secretary, Dr. E. H. Barry, delivered an address in the evening, which was well received. After which a sumptuous supper was served, which all present enjoyed.

This Lodge, with the advantage of a splendid hall as its retreat, and a good membership, will, we trust, do well.

T. G. BEHARRELL.

AN UNJUST DECISION.

NEW ALBANY, April 15, 1868.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge a decision was rendered, requiring Lodges to pay per centage on three dollars for each Degree, the minimum rate fixed by the general laws. This decision is just and proper where it relates exclusively to Lodges where there is no Degree Lodge; but where there is a Degree Lodge, the law compels the Subordinate Lodges to send their members to it for the purpose of receiving the Degrees. The law sets aside fifteen per cent. for the use of the Degree Lodge, and explicitly says that this amount shall be deducted at the

time the Degrees are paid for in the Subordinate Lodge. The Lodge receives \$2.55 for each Degree, the balance going to the Degree Lodge, yet she is compelled to pay on three dollars, or ninety cents on each Degree, more than she actually receives. The Lodges of this city are of opinion that this decision is not in accordance with the law regulating Degree Lodges, and shall earnestly protest against paying per centage on moneys they do not receive.

REDUCTION OF GRAND LODGE PER CENTAGE.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge, P. G. Hinds offered an amendment to the general laws of this jurisdiction, reducing the per centage from 10 to 6 per cent., which will come up for action at the next session, in May, of that body. This is a question of more than ordinary importance to the Order, and should receive the careful consideration, not only of the Representatives, but of the Subordinate Lodges themselves, and it is their duty to instruct their Representatives on the subject, so that a full and fair expression of the entire membership may be had. The Grand Lodge is now out of debt, with a cash surplus of about \$13,000 in the treasury, which can be applied to the purchase of Grand Lodge Hall Stock not now held by that body. This stock is now yielding a revenue of about ten per cent. upon a capital of near \$40,000, and if the whole of this stock was now in her hands, it would enable her to carry on her legitimate business with a per centage from the Subordinates not exceeding two or three per cent. The present surplus in the treasury applied to the purchase of stock, would place two-thirds of the entire shares under her control.

At the time the Grand Lodge Hall was projected, the friends of the measure asked that the per centage be increased from six to ten per cent., to enable the Grand Lodge to carry forward the work, with a tacit understanding that it should be reduced to the old standard at an early day. For more than ten years this tax has been maintained, and I think that the period for its reduction has arrived. The building has proved a financial success, and the Subordinates have now the right to demand that that pledge should be redeemed. This will be but a matter of justice to the Subordinate Lodges, who have so willingly contributed in the

past in paying for the erection of the Grand Lodge building. I hope that the action of the Grand Lodge at its session in May will be such as to relieve the Subordinates of a portion of the tax now paid that body. Everything that will secure economy in the administration of the financial affairs of the Subordinate Lodges, will add to their efficiency in the work designed by the founders of the Order.

In addition to these considerations, the additional four or five per cent., paid on this account, would be the means of accomplishing a vast amount of good, if diverted in favor of the orphan fund of the Lodges, which, to a great extent, are now in a languishing condition in most of the Subordinates. The orphan fund demands an increase from some source, but the heavy drafts upon the general fund of the Lodges have heretofore rendered this impracticable, without increasing the cost of being an Odd Fellow. Now, I see no good reason why the per centage to the Grand Lodge may not be reduced at once, thus reducing the pressure upon the funds of the Lodges, so that they may be able to set apart a larger amount to the orphan fund, and placing this amount in a channel where it will help to carry out, practically, the principle of Odd Fellowship that requires us to provide for the necessities of the widow, and to "educate the orphan." I will not attempt to argue the many points involved in the question of the reduction of per centage, and only desire to call the attention of the Brotherhood in this jurisdiction to the question now pending before the Grand Lodge, and which, it is altogether probable, will be disposed of in May next.

JOHN W. McQUIDDY.

ITEMS.

For the subjoined items of news from Indiana Lodges we are indebted to the "Talisman" and other exchanges:

—Mt. Etna Lodge, No. 304, with a membership of seventeen, was instituted at Mt. Etna, Huntington Co., by D. D. G. M. John Morgan, on the 26th of February. Many Brothers from Ringgold Lodge, No. 66; Little River, No. 275; and Lafontaine, No. 42, were present.

—Blountsville Lodge, No. 305, Blountsville, Henry Co., was instituted on the 3d

of March by D. D. Grand Master L. W. Johnson, assisted by Grand Secretary Barry.

—Dunkirk Lodge, No. 306, at Dunkirk, Jay county, was organized on the 5th of March by Grand Secretary Barry.

—Dispensation has been granted for the organization of Sanders Lodge, No. 307, at Clevesdale, Putnam Co.—named after the present efficient and zealous Grand Master.

—D. D. Grand Master W. B. Funk was to re-instate Americus Lodge, No. 91, at Plymouth, Marshal Co., on the 2d of April.

—Osgood Lodge, No. 259, at Osgood, Ripley Co., have just refurnished their hall, which is now pronounced the neatest hall in Ripley county.

Michigan Department.

DETROIT, April 18, 1868.

Editor Companion: On the 19th of last month there was an ominous gathering of distinguished Odd Fellows in this city. They came from various parts of the state. They were those high in the confidence and honors of the Order. They were Past Grand Masters, and Past Grand Officers of all grades; and they were Past Grand Patriarchs, and Past Grand Officers of all grades in the Patriarchal branch of the Order. And besides the Past Officers were the present Grand Officers of both branches of the Order present. What was up? Surely, something must have brought such a congregation of worthy men together? The hotel clerks, not in the secret, wondered, and the guests were busy inventing some reason for the meeting, until some one, more bold than the others, ventured to ask what it was all about, and received the reply that "Ingersoll Encampment, No. 29" was about to be instituted. They said that they had heard much of late of the good deeds as well as the prosperity of the Order everywhere, and expressed a desire to at once become members.

The institution ceremonies took place about three o'clock in the afternoon under the supervision of the Grand Patriarch, whose name the new Camp bears. Past Chief Patriarch Charles J. Brady was installed C. P., and will do full honor to the position. The Brethren had procured new

official regalia, and for other necessary paraphernalia they were granted the use of all articles belonging to Michigan Encampment, No. 1.

At the evening session, initiation and work on the Degrees was the order. All the Grand and Past Grand Officers took the work in hand, and "ground out" some six or eight full fledged Patriarchs during the evening, who felt satisfied and thankful that their pilgrimage was at an end, and they had found rest in the company of the Patriarchs. After work, all partook of a sumptuous supper at the Ericson Hotel.

The various Lodges in St. Joseph county are making arrangements for quarterly visitations among their sister Lodges. Those in Shiawassee county are doing the same thing, and are to have a united celebration of the 49th anniversary of our Order in the United States, at Corunna.

A GREAT CALAMITY UPON THE ORDER!

A great calamity is to befall our beloved Order, or rather the poor, the sick, the afflicted, the widow and orphan. I have before me a call for a "National Convention of *Christians* opposed to secret societies," to be held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of May, 1868, at Pittsburgh. The object is, to blot out the Order of Odd Fellows, and kindred societies. The call is signed by numerous men claiming to be *Christians*—leading members of leading orthodox churches in the United States! These "religious" gentlemen are going to promote religion by blotting out a society that spent nearly a million of dollars in 1867 in "visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, burying the dead, and educating the orphan." How many widows' hearts, who have appealed to these Pittsburgh gentlemen in vain for help, but found it bountifully bestowed by the Odd Fellows, will quail and sink in sorrow and despair, when they hear that their Pittsburgh friends have met and *accomplished* their work! Verily! do the churches, which these gentlemen represent, present a *better* record than Odd Fellowship, in behalf of distress, benevolence, and charity to suffering humanity, independent of creed or sect? Really and seriously, have not these intensely Christian gentlemen undertaken a wonderfully large job?

I find the exact counterpart of this Pittsburgh gathering in the New Testament. You will find them especially referred to in Mat. xvi, 23; also, Mat. xxiii, 13, 24 to 28; Luke xviii, 9 to 14. These gentlemen are going to stop the wide-spread work done by 250,000 Odd Fellows, and force them all into their churches, to do work of benevolence as they dictate, or not do it at all!

"The good old bigot, too eager in dispute Flew high; and, as his *Christian* fury rose, Damn'd all for heretics, who durst oppose."

This "raid" of Messrs. Blanchard, Fairchild, and associates, reminds me of Moore's lines:

"And many such pious scraps, prove,
That mad as Christians us'd to be
About the thirteenth century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as bad."

The present age is, in a peculiar degree, one of extended philanthropy—the bright and healing streams of human sympathy and brotherly kindness have gone forth, and are going forth, as from a living, rushing fountain of everlasting life, unto all lands, and have made, and are now making, in a wide extended progress, the desert and seared hearts of the afflicted and poverty-stricken to blossom as the rose and the lily, and send up their rich fragrance of gratitude and praise to the GREAT I AM. Among the chief and great auxiliaries in this great and noble work are associated effort and combined action, as demonstrated in the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows," where the strength of many hands, and the impulses of many minds are concentrated for one great object (regardless of sect or party), to promote a cause so God-like as that of universal love, charity, benevolence, fraternity. We offer our energies in the cause of human misery, of the poor and lowly, and throw the shield of our power over the stranger, and stricken ones of the earth; which can hardly fail to please Him "who seeth in secret."

And yet, the Pittsburgh conclave of pious Pharisees are going to stop all this—blot it out, and make the world better by it! I congratulate them upon the prospect before them. It is said a tree will be known by its fruits. I offer the fruits of Odd Fellowship, attested by the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of Widows and Orphans, and the poor in distress, side by side with the

whole life and deeds of all the Pittsburgh gentlemen, as a test before high Heaven, as to which party shall succeed and receive the approving smiles of God.

Odd Fellowship has grown up to the full station of manhood despite the opposition of narrow, blind bigotry, and thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, are bending their willing and joyful steps to its portals, and worshipping at its sacred altar of "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

† † †

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

BURLINGTON, April 20, 1868.

Editor Companion: On the 9th inst., the Grand Master granted a dispensation to institute Lisbon Lodge, No. 162, at Lisbon, Linn county, and in my next, I will give you names of officers, etc., of said Lodge.

On the 13th inst., the Grand Patriarch granted a dispensation to institute Azur Encampment, No. 37, at Manchester, Delaware county, and I hope I shall be able next month to give you a statement of the institution of the same.

The above makes six Lodges and three Encampments, for which dispensations have been granted since the Grand Lodge met in October last.

Brother Edwards writes me, that Lone Star Lodge, No. 165, Milton, Van Buren county, which was chartered at the last session, is prospering finely.

Bro. Kirkwood informs me that Belle Plaine Lodge, No. 151, is doing fine.

Grand Representative J. Norwood Clark, of Iowa City, writes that Good Samaritan Encampment, No. 5, is flourishing finely.

I have received the "Digest of the Laws of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Iowa," compiled by Grand Representative Erie J. Leech, by direction of the Grand Lodge at the last session, and it is just what we have needed for some time. It is a very neat book of 164 pages, in the style of the Digest of the G. L. U. S.

On the 4th inst., twenty-four years ago, the first Lodge in the state was instituted in this city by P. G. M. John G. Potts, of

Galena, Illinois, and two of the charter members are still members of the Lodge. We now number 162, and from five charter members, have increased to 6000 now in good standing, in the state.

One week from to-day the Lodges at Davenport, and visiting Brethren, will celebrate the anniversary of the Order, and Grand Sire Sanders is to be the orator. They will have a large celebration, and I have no doubt but that it will do much good. I am fearful that I shall not be able to be with them, for it would afford me much pleasure to hear the Grand Sire, and to meet the Brothers from various Lodges at Davenport. I hope to be able to give you an account of the celebration for the June number.

The Brothers of Galesburg are to have a celebration on the same day. P. G. Patriarch Perkins is to be the orator.

CLINTON COUNTY.

CLINTON, April 3, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Brothers in this section of the country are alive to the interests of Odd Fellowship. I had the pleasure of visiting Lyons Lodge, No. 61, at Lyons, where I found some seventy-five or eighty members in attendance. This Lodge has been somewhat dormant as regards accessions, but has, through the punctual attendance of a large majority of its officers and members, taken new life.

I understand from D. D. Grand Master Whitney that Eagle Lodge, No. 84, of De Witt, is increasing rapidly. They now number 106 members, and have a treasury of \$1000.

Lincoln Lodge, No. 139, of Clinton, is also in a flourishing condition; it numbers about fifty members.

Walhalla Lodge, No. 150 (German), of Clinton, is in a prosperous condition; we have not gathered in members as some Lodges have; but Friendship, Love and Truth have not shed their benign influence in vain. We one and all are trying to follow out the mandates of our Fraternity.

The elective officers for the ensuing term are: H. Gerhard, N. G.; John Breitling, V. G.; F. Struve, R. S.; Fr. Arlen, P. S.; Thos. Richardson, Treasurer.

Fraternaly, THOS. RICHARDSON.

Maryland Department.

P. G. THOS. LUCY, A. M., EDITOR.

REPRESENTATIVE TAX.

We are induced to refer to this subject—the tax on representation in the Grand Lodge of the United States—in consequence of some very excellent remarks from the editor of the Pennsylvania Department in the last issue, bearing on this matter. The writer has taken some strong grounds and fortified his position by very correct data, and if we differ a little with him in some of his conclusions, we will only be doing what we have aimed to do in these papers—provoke consideration to questions of policy in the government of our Order, thinking, as we do, that sufficient attention is not paid by the Brotherhood to the discussion of the various propositions before the Grand Tribunal of our affiliation, and we feel indebted to the editor in question for aiding us in this effort.

While there is no doubt entertained by any one, that the most effectual mode of reducing the expenses of the Grand Lodge of the United States is by biennial sessions, yet there is a strong dislike to breaking up the custom of annual re-unions, by which all the various sections of our far spreading work become more and more interested in each other, and can promote the prosperity of each; so we are rather compelled to seek relief from other plans. Pennsylvania thinks the best form would be a reduction in the price of cards; Maryland does not, because “cards” are no tax to Grand Lodges or Subordinates; cost what they may, they are always paid by the particular Brethren that use them, and no one else; they are certainly to the purchaser worth the price they cost, 20 or 25 cents, or they are worth nothing. We do not know a more equitable form of raising revenue for the Grand Lodge of the United States than through supplies, but these can be reduced in price, and in all probability will be next session; yet while we endorse our friend’s suggestions in this respect to a certain extent, we would respectfully urge, *also*, a reduction in the tax on Representatives as before suggested. That it will be a benefit, especially to Encampments, seems feasible from the fact, that at

every session of these Grand Bodies and Grand Lodges, there is a finance committee appointed whose duty it is to estimate the probable expenses and provide for them by tax on the membership of Subordinates; among these expenses is that for Representatives, and in some Grand Encampments, this item forms the largest expenditure, hence any reduction is in effect a reduction of the tax on every member, so that the less we can make the Representative tax, the better for direct taxation. The profits on supplies are an indirect tax; we can take them in small or large quantities as we wish, and thus to a great extent have it in our power to determine the amount of our tax to the Grand Lodge of the United States. The other reduction, advocated by the Pennsylvania editor, in the number of Representatives, would throw the jurisdictions too unequal, and produce, we fear, general dissatisfaction.

GRAND LODGE OF MARYLAND.

The R. W. Grand Lodge convened on the 20th of April, being the annual communication, with a full representation.

From the able report of the Finance Committee, we learn that the six per cent. hall stock debt has been reduced to \$29,100, and the three per cent., to \$8,560, making a total debt of \$37,660.

From the lengthy and well written report of Grand Master Cox, we learn that the “membership has increased everywhere, in a resuscitation of an old Lodge that had lain dormant for years, and in the addition of many new Lodges, composed of active, energetic and intelligent men. The general prosperity is shown in the erection of rare and costly edifices, to supply the places of those once commodious enough, but now too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing membership.”

The condition of the Order, as shown by the books of the R. W. Grand Secretary, on the 1st of January, 1868, was as follows:

Initiations, 1380; re-instated, 165; admitted by card, 80; withdrawn by card, 146; suspensions for non-payment of dues, 546; deaths, 136; expulsions, 9; rejections, 170; members, 13,097; Lodge receipts, \$118,149.26. Net gain in membership, 788; number of working Lodges, 84—instituted since January 1st, 1868, 2. Number of Brothers re-

Heved, 1577; number of widowed families relieved, 168; number of Brothers buried, 136. Amount paid for relief of Brothers, \$31,252.88; amount paid for relief of widowed families, \$21,121.30; amount paid for burying the dead, \$7,189.82; amount paid for education of orphans, \$3,211.47; amount paid for voluntary donations, \$5,261.48; total relief, \$68,036.95.

The Grand Master recommends that steps be taken, in view of the present site of the hall being needed to open Lexington Street from the new City Hall, to select and purchase a suitable lot, centrally located, where the rental of stores, and a spacious hall to be let for public use, would be amply sufficient to pay the interest on all the stock requisite for building a magnificent edifice. He thinks that \$600,000 could, with the amount realized by condemnation of the present hall for public use, be easily raised.

The library continues to attract readers, so much so, that last year no less than 31,468 volumes were taken out for reading, and so great is the demand on the librarian, that an assistant has become necessary. The library should be opened in the day time as well as in the evening, and a well arranged catalogue should be prepared. For the purpose of obtaining funds for these purposes, a "Fair" at the appropriate season is urgently recommended.

The progress of the Order in the institution and resuscitation of Lodges has already been given, as they occurred, in the pages of the "Companion," we will therefore merely refer to them by name, in the order of procedure:

Unity Lodge, No. 108, at Church Hill, Queen Anne's County, August 18th, 1867; Kindred, No. 27, at Greensborough, Caroline Co., resuscitated October 31st, 1867; Richmond, No. 109, at Halltown, Caroline Co., December 19th, 1867; Prospect, No. 110, at Phoenix, Baltimore Co., January 25th, 1868; Shiloh, No. 111, at Harrisonville, Baltimore Co., February 28th; Good Will, No. 112, at Barren Creek Spring, Wicomico Co., April 9th.

Application is also made for another—Catoctin Lodge, No. 113, at Middletown, Frederick Co. Covenant Lodge, No. 37, at Hancock, Washington Co., having suffered from the devastations of the late war, has been compelled to surrender her charter.

The Grand Master invited by circular the Lodges to send representatives to organize a "School of Instruction." They met accordingly at the hall on the 3d of April; twenty-five Lodges were represented, and teachers or instructors elected, so that whenever a test of competency is required to be eligible for installation in the chairs, a number of graduates will be ready. This is an excellent idea, if it is only persevered in and its regulations enforced. A diploma from the School of Instruction, of having passed a successful examination in the "work of the Order," before being elected to the chairs, is a novel thing, and will bring about much valuable competition in talent and industrious application. We hope this Normal School will be in session all the time of the annual communication for the benefit of the country Past Grandes.

The following decisions of the Grand Master were submitted for ratification:

1. A Brother having in his possession a visiting card is entitled to use the A. T. P. W. in use at the time the card was granted, and until the expiration of his card, whenever visiting a Lodge outside of the jurisdiction to which his Lodge belongs.

2. A Brother may be compelled to disclose an infraction of law that may have come to his knowledge previous to his initiation.

3. A Brother, being taken sick whilst in good standing, and reported to the first meeting of the Lodge thereafter, is entitled to benefits, although at the time of his being reported his account may be in arrears, provided the by-laws of his Lodge allow one week's benefits previous to being reported.

4. The Noble Grand of a Lodge cannot revoke the action of a Vice Grand who filled the chair when the former was absent.

5. A Lodge may for any reason or without cause reject a candidate for membership, but cannot create a qualification in reference to proposition or election in the form of a resolution.

6. A Lodge may make or amend a by-law creating a qualification for membership, which must first be approved by the Committee on By-Laws or the Grand Lodge, before being operative.

7. There is no law of the Order requiring a Brother who has been suspended for the non-payment of dues, and having been rejected on his application for re-instatement

in his Lodge, to wait six months before renewing his application.

The Grand Lodge on the 22d ultimo elected the following officers for the present year, namely: John Q. A. Herring, Grand Master; S. Snowden, Deputy Grand Master; Jos. B. Escavaille, Grand Secretary; and Richard Marley, Grand Treasurer.

The Joint Standing Committee on Education reported 1272 orphans now under their charge, and 3,752 since the organization of the Board; 613 are going to school, 523 at trades or other employment, and 136 under six years of age. The assets on hand amount to \$15,538; the expenses the past year to \$2,205.

The Grand Lodge being still in session at the time we go to press, the remaining proceedings will be given in our next.

Illinois Department.

FROM P. G. J. W. GEO. F. ADAMS.

ELSAH, ILLS., April 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: I have the pleasure to report a continued interest in this part of our common country for the principles of our beloved Order, and an increased desire to see its principles more fully sustained. During a short trip through southern Missouri, I find that the membership are fully alive to the teachings of Odd Fellowship, and are determined that all shall sustain the proud name they have espoused; and if derelict to duty, shall answer to the offended laws. I was pleased to see this feeling manifested, and believe that the more light there is distributed, the better will our Order prosper.

Our Lodges at Litchfield, Butler, and Nokomis are all right, and give evidence of prosperity not only in numbers, but in increased usefulness. At Hillsboro, Pana, Shelbyville, and Windsor, the Encampments and Lodges are what they should be, working with an eye single to their own good and that of the fraternity of which they are co-laborers.

At Hillsboro' they have about completed a new hall, which will be an honor to them and the fraternity; they expect to have it ready for dedication next month, when we expect to give a full description of it and the ceremonies.

At Litchfield I met with our worthy P. G. M. and State Instructor, A. S. Barry, of Alton, who met them by request to post them up in the work: an example that should be followed by many others, so that our work will be uniform.

A sojourn in St. Louis and visits to their Lodges, also shows a continued effort and progression. Since the 1st inst. the several Lodges and Encampments have installed their new officers for the current term, and reports from all are cheering. On Friday evening last, the Rebekah Benevolent Association held their fourth annual meeting, which was well attended, and from the reports and interest manifested, I should judge they were in a prosperous condition. Mrs. M. C. Libby presented their annual report, which gave evidence that the Sisters are enlisted in a good work, and one in which every true Odd Fellow should sustain them. Mrs. Mulford, Treasurer, reported the amount paid out for relief \$596.65, with a cash balance on hand of \$193.05. This amount of relief, it must be remembered, is independent of that paid out by the Lodges, and is only given to those whose paternal parents have been associated with our Order, but have lost, through misfortune or neglect, all claims upon it. This association, imbued with the teachings of our Order, extends to such families the relief and consolation which the Daughters of Rebekah know so well how to bestow. P. G. S. Isaac M. Veitch delivered the annual address, which was well adapted to the occasion, and by request has been published; enclosed I send you a copy.

Bro. Russell, of No. 11, in answer to numerous calls, responded in a pleasing and happy manner, which elicited the merited and hearty applause of all present, especially of the fair Sisterhood. Professor J. M. North, Mr. J. S. Williams, and their amiable ladies, also added much to the intellectual entertainment of the evening. A solo by Mrs. North, "Eve's Lamentations," was well executed and greeted with decided approbation.

On Saturday evening, in company with a number of visiting Patriarchs, met with Washington Encampment, No. 18, this being their installation night. The Grand Patriarch, Bro. Libby, was expected to be present, but was unavoidably detained up

the river on business; but the Brothers made the best of it, though disappointed by his absence. After adjournment, remembering that hospitality due to a stranger is one of our cardinal virtues, they had prepared a splendid supper to sustain the inner man, which was well attended to, and few present would object to go through the ceremony again. After attending to this part of the arrangement, speeches were in order, and all seemed to think it was good to be there. With such good feeling and pleasant times, who would not be an Odd Fellow?

Fraternally, GEO. F. ADAMS.

ITEMS.

The subjoined items of news from Illinois are gathered from the "Memento" and business letters:

—Brighton Lodge, No. 366, is to be opened at Brighton, Macoupin Co., on the Chicago and St. Louis Railroad, about a dozen miles from Alton, by P. G. Master Barry. Some Brothers are endeavoring to get up a Lodge at Piassa, in the vicinity of Brighton, in the same county.

—Pestalozzi Lodge, No. 367, to work in the German language, at Alton, is authorized by the Grand Master, and the books and warrants are sent to P. G. Master Barry for the opening. There are twelve petitioners for the new Lodge, first of whom is P. G. August Kohler, last Representative and Deputy of Germania, No. 299.

—Athensville Lodge, No. 368, Athensville, Greene Co., is a new Lodge for which warrants are issued. It is a colony from Scottville Lodge, No. 226, which was not long ago deemed hopelessly defunct. Athensville is about a dozen miles east and a little north of Whitehall, and six or eight miles south-east of Scottville.

—Enterprise Lodge, No. 369, Belleville, St. Clair Co., was instituted April 4th by D. D. G. M. Joseph Kannemann. This Lodge rises in the place of Jefferson Lodge, No. 7, which has been dead fifteen years. Here is the sole instance in Illinois of a Lodge working in the English language arising out of a German Lodge. No. 369 colonizes from the German Lodge, Belleville, No. 338, which was instituted September 29, 1866.

—Cambridge, No. 199, at Cambridge, Henry Co., is to be revived. The charter and

effects are sent back on the petition of six former members, including Past Grands Wilson and Barrett. This Lodge reported for the last time in July, 1862.

—Freedom Lodge, No. 358, was organized November 25th, 1867, with only five members. We now number forty; so you can see how Odd Fellowship is flourishing here.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.—The 49th anniversary was to be celebrated in Peoria on the 27th, when Dr. J. Ward Ellis, of Chicago, was to deliver an address. The Lodges in Galesburg and neighborhood proposed to celebrate the day jointly at that place. In Sparta the celebration was to be united with the dedication of a new hall on the 28th. Past Grand Sire Veitch was to deliver the address, and has probably given the Rev. Mr. Faris some attention. Grand Master Alexander, assisted by Deputy Grand Master Watts, and others, conducted the dedicatory ceremonies. At Metropolis and Saline the 27th, and at Warren the 25th of April have been chosen for the commemoration.

BARRY, PIKE CO.—Bro. Jno. B. Kiefer writes: "Barry Lodge, No. 336, will be two years old on the 15th of next August, and we had only seven members to start with; now we number thirty-three members, and all is peace and harmony. We have had three new members in the last few evenings. We don't increase in members very fast, but I think our membership is of the right kind. There is a very large Lodge of Masons here, of long standing, and that is quite a drawback to us."

KANSAS.

OSKALOOSA, March 14, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Order is prospering in this new state as much as in any of the older states, and I would say to better purpose; for the members seem to be more careful as to the character of applicants for admission. I have been a member of our Order for twenty years; have passed the chairs in a Lodge in Illinois, and been a member of several other Lodges in that state and in Ohio; but I must say that the members of Eagle Lodge, No. 32, whose N. G. I have the honor of being now, are more free from vice, and attend more promptly and thoroughly to the duties imposed by our Order, than those of any Lodge of which I

have been a member. Much of this state of things is undoubtedly due to the influence of Bro. Graham, our District Deputy; Bro. Connell, P. V. G.; Bro. Day, V. G.; Bro. Trainor, our Secretary, and others, who are indefatigable in their work for the good of the Order.

The new Lodge building in Leavenworth, formerly mentioned in the "Companion," is nearly finished; it is supposed that its cost will be from forty-five to sixty thousand dollars.

Fraternally,
THOMAS HUNTER.

ODD FELLOWS' WIDOWS' HOME AND ORPHANS' UNIVERSITY.

Of all the words in the English language none is so full of meaning and thrilling interest as the monosyllable "Home." Around it are clustered all the brightest and most hallowed associations of early life, youth, manhood, and old age. Home influences are deeply engraven upon the hearts and consciences of all the children of men. The most lasting impressions are intimately associated with scenes and events that occur around the domestic fireside. At home, in early life, impressions are made, which form the character and influence the whole life of every individual of the human family. Hence the paramount importance of proper home culture. "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart therefrom," is the emphatic language of King Solomon; nothing but religion will ever effectually obliterate the bad implanted in our dispositions and natures by injudicious counsels when young. Therefore it behooves the humane, the philanthropic and the charitable to bestir themselves to the utmost to secure a home for the indigent widows, and a school for the indigent orphans of our noble institution, where they will be free from the snares and temptations that are so common in all walks of life. Odd Fellowship proposes to erect such an asylum in Harrodsburg, Ky. The Grand Lodge of Kentucky has secured a charter for the establishment of said institution, and the citizens of Mercer county have raised over \$50,000 to aid in this glorious enterprise; but, according to a provision of the charter, and an enactment of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, it is necessary to raise \$200,000

more before any part of said sum can be appropriated for this purpose. The committee appointed by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky to attend to the raising of the requisite sum, have divided the state into six districts, and appointed an able and efficient canvasser in each to visit all the Subordinate Lodges and solicit subscriptions therefrom. This committee, I understand, have been individually and energetically engaged in the successful prosecution of the trust confided to them, and the cheering news reaches us, from all parts of the state, that the funds are being subscribed in sufficiently large amounts to warrant the assumption that the whole sum will be subscribed before the meeting of the Grand Lodge in October next. If so, the Grand Lodge will proceed at once to the election of fifteen trustees, to serve for one, two and three years, respectively, whose duty it would be to take full control of this inceptive institution, and put it in good working order as soon as practicable.

It is deemed advisable and expedient, for plain and obvious reasons, to make the Odd Fellows' Widows' Home and Orphans' University self-sustaining from its inception; and those most deeply interested in the enterprise have determined that, unless \$250,000 are raised and donated directly to the trustees, no further steps shall be taken to establish the institution. With that sum of money and no encumbrances on the score of scholarships, it is positively certain that the institution cannot be otherwise than self-sustaining from its organization. That it will be most liberally patronized by the Brotherhood, does not admit of the slightest doubt.

Let us inquire for a moment what are the objects of this movement. The Fraternity in this jurisdiction, feeling the great need of having the indigent orphans of our Order educated physically, morally, and intellectually as they should be, projected the plan which we now offer you. That it is an advisable one, and well worthy the earnest and liberal support of every good Odd Fellow in the state, none will deny. Is there an Odd Fellow in this jurisdiction who will not gladly contribute of his substance to this glorious undertaking? I hope not. I trust that every good Odd Fellow, however poor and destitute he may be, will cheerfully contribute his mite to assist in the perfection of

this scheme, to educate the orphans under the immediate guardianship and protection of their mothers. For this institution proposes to furnish a home for the widow, while her children are being educated. It does not propose to separate the orphans of one family from each other, nor does it propose to separate mother and child, or children, as the case may be; but it does propose to take care of the indigent widow, while it clothes, feeds and educates her offspring. The advantages of this system are many and obvious. Children that are separated in early life never have the same attachment for each other—they lose that fraternal regard which ordinarily exists between brothers and sisters that are reared in the unbroken family circle.

Who are to be the beneficiaries of this noble institution? The indigent widows and indigent orphans of Odd Fellows. Then shall we not receive the smiles, blessings and prayers of all good women, whether connected with our organization or not? Much of the success of this glorious project depends upon the good will, aid and support we receive from the kind-hearted and generous of the fair daughters of Mother Eve. The Daughters of Rebekah have held fairs in many places for the express purpose of raising funds to aid in the promotion of this cause, and I am credibly informed that over \$2,000 have been raised in this way at Harrodsburg, Ky. Whatever woman ordinarily undertakes, is sure to be accomplished.

We have nearly 6,000 members in this state, and it would cost each member less than \$40 to raise the whole sum required. Shall it be raised? Let every Odd Fellow say yes, by all means. Many noble and generous Brothers have subscribed liberally, and I hope all others will follow their good example. All are willing to give to objects of charity in our midst, which are known to be such; and yet these gifts procure only temporary comforts, which perish in the using. Is it not far better to dispense your charities in founding such institutions as the Odd Fellows' Widows' Home and Orphans' University, where your benefactions will be operative for all time to come. Scrutinize this thought, examine it carefully, and you will find more in it than you at first imagine.

A few words more on the subject of your ability to give to this enterprise, and I have

done. The committee propose to take subscriptions of stock, to be paid in ten semi-annual payments, the first to be paid three months after notice that the whole amount has been subscribed. The poorest Odd Fellow can and ought to pay fifty dollars in five years, to secure a good home for his wife and children when he is called to the Grand Lodge above.

Success to the Widows' Home and Orphans' University! That it will be firmly established in less than twelve months from this date, is a fixed fact.

J. C. WELCH.

NICHOLASVILLE, KY., April 10, 1868.

THE ORDER IN AUSTRALIA.

We find in the "New Age" of March 28 an interesting correspondence from Past Grand Representative A. D. Meacham, who was commissioned as Special Deputy Grand Sire to communicate with the Ancient I. O. O. F. in Australia, in regard to an application made by them some years ago to unite with the Order in the United States. The letter is dated at Melbourne, Jan. 25, 1868. Bro. Meacham says that his reception by the principal officers of the Grand Lodge of Victoria, A. I. O. O. F., was cordial in the extreme. He continues:

"The annual sessions of the Grand Lodge are held in September, and during the interim the general business is managed by a board elected at such annual meetings, called the *Grand Directory*, of which the Grand Master is chairman. A meeting of that Board of Directors was at once called by the Grand Master, at which, by their invitation, I was present, and explained fully the object of my mission to them, and the manner in which it could be accomplished. The members present expressed themselves as being much pleased with my remarks, and unanimously in favor of an affiliation with the Order in America, on the terms proposed, and the adoption of the "American Constitution," as they term it; but in consequence of the great length of time that had elapsed (eight years) since the application of the Grand Lodge had been made, (of which, in fact, the most of the Directors present were themselves, at the time, ignorant,) and the largely increased membership, it was deemed best to present the whole subject matter again to the Subordinate Lodges for an expression of their present wishes in the premises, and to that end a committee was appointed to confer with me, and embody the whole proposition in the form of a printed circular, which could be sent to the various Lodges subordinate to their Grand Lodge for imme-

diate action. A special meeting of their Grand Lodge was also called, to be held in February following, for the purpose of taking definite and final action on the whole subject. * * *

"The branch of the Order to which I am accredited (the *Ancient Independent*, they call themselves) is but little like our own, except in name and the objects of their organization. Their ritual and work are almost wholly unlike ours, and are probably somewhat similar to what is known among us as our "old work." Conviviality is a portion of their regular order of business, and a hotel their usual place of Lodge meetings; but nearly all the Lodges I have seen thus far, express a willingness to do away with that, to us, obnoxious feature, conviviality; in fact, some of the largest and best have already discarded it, permission to do so having heretofore been granted by their Grand Lodge to such as desired.

"Through the courtesy of members I have been enabled to visit quite a number of their Lodges in Melbourne, Geelong and Ballarat, the three principal districts of this colony, and at every one I have been received with the utmost kindness and cordiality, and all, without an exception, appeared to be enthusiastically in favor of the affiliation, consequently I have no reason to suppose that any opposition will be made to its accomplishment in the Grand Lodge, when called upon to act at its special meeting next month.

"Australia being a very large country, fully as large as the whole of the United States, is divided into several separate governments, called Colonies, we would call them states, and the strength of the Ancient Order of Odd Fellows in the whole country, according to their last annual reports, made in September and October of last year, was as follows, viz.:

Grand Lodge of Victoria, including	
New Zealand, 40 Lodges, members..	1,976
South Australia, 22 Lodges, members..	1,640
Tasmania (Van Dieman's Land), 7	
Lodges.....	592
Total	4,208

"Printed circulars, before mentioned, such as are sent to the Subordinate Lodges, have, also, by direction of the Board of Directors, been sent to the Grand Lodges of South Australia and Tasmania, and these bodies invited to co-operate in the proposed change; and although the Grand Lodge of Victoria is the only one as yet applying to us, it is confidently expected that if affiliation is finally determined upon by this jurisdiction, that the others will immediately follow, and should the whole be successfully accomplished, we will have the proud satisfaction of adding to our present grand army of Odd Fellows a working membership of over four thousand, and establishing our beloved Order on this continent on a footing that will warrant the assurance of its being secure and permanent."

OBITUARY.

DIED—BRO. CHARLES S. BURGESS, M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, at his residence in Boston, Mass., on Thursday, the 27th of February, 1868.

The funeral of Grand Master Burgess on Monday, the 2d of March, was attended by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, Tremont Lodge, No. 15, and a large number of Brothers of other Lodges. The religious services were performed by Rev. P. G. M. E. M. P. Wells, Rev. P. G. A. A. Miner, and Rev. Grand Chaplain A. St. John Chambre. After conclusion of the ceremonies, the Brothers returned to Odd Fellows' Hall, where a series of resolutions of respect and sympathy were adopted and remarks made by Grand Master L. F. Warren; Past Grand Masters Wells, Hodges and Ford; Past Deputy Grand Master Parkman and Past Grand Allen.

DIED—P. G. CHAUNCEY GALE, of Alethian Lodge, No. 128, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.

In the death of Bro. Gale the Order has met with a severe loss. Not only was he diligent and faithful in the discharge of every duty or office imposed upon him—in carrying out the injunctions of our Order to relieve the distressed, as well as in the work of the Lodge-room—but he used his very high literary powers mainly to advance the interests of the Order and to advocate its principles. Bro. Gale died on the 7th of February, in the 50th year of his age, of apoplexy.

DIED—REV. BRO. WILLIAM TOZER, M. D., of Ark Lodge, No. 270, Worthington, Ohio, on March 3, 1868.

P. G. William Tozer was probably one of the oldest members of the Order remaining with us. It is not known at what period he first entered the Order; but he joined Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, in Malden, Massachusetts, by card on the 15th of April, 1843, and he was then a Past Grand. During the same year he became a member of the Encampment branch, passed its chairs in 1844 and became D. D. G. M., which latter position he held in Massachusetts from 1844 to 1856 inclusive, and again in Ohio from 1866—7. He frequently represented his Lodge and Encampment in the respective Grand Bodies in Massachusetts, and was Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts for several years. The remains of Bro. Tozer were buried with the honors of the Order by Ark Lodge, No. 270, on the 5th of March.

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ODD FELLOW'S COMPANION,

DEVOTED TO ODD FELLOWSHIP AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. III.—JUNE, 1868.—NO. XI.

POISON OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE United States possess but three kinds of poisonous serpents, known in popular language as rattlesnake, copperhead, and moccasin. The first of these being the chief subject of study, we premise by stating that nearly all of our state-ments refer to this serpent. As a poisoner it ranks side by side with the cobra and viper, and probably above the copperhead and the moccasin. In fact, all that we know at present leads us to believe that the venom of all serpents is alike in toxic character, and only differs in degree of virulence and in amount; so that what we gather as to the chemical and other qualities of the venom of any one serpent may, as a rule, be said to apply alike to all of this terrible family.

The rattlesnake, as every one knows, gets his name from the curious jointed appendix to the tail by which the hunter becomes aware of his neighborhood. We have seen one of these sets of rattles numbering eighteen joints, another thirty-six; which, if the popular notion be correct, would allot to the owner just so many years of life. We have known, however, three of these joints to form in forty summer days; so that it is probable the larger snakes might carry them by dozens, if they were not so brittle as to be broken off and lost.

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The attitude of a large rattlesnake when you come suddenly upon him, is certainly one of the finest things to be seen in an American forest. The vibrating tail projects from coils formed by about half the length of the snake, while the neck, lifted a few inches, is held in curves, the head perfectly steady, the eyes dull and leaden, the whole posture bold and defiant, and expressive of alertness and inborn courage.

Let us tease this gallant-looking reptile with a switch. He has power to throw his head forward only about one-third to one-half the length of his whole body, so that our game is safe enough. Sometimes he will strike at the stick; usually he reserves his forces, judging wisely as to his own powers. At last, when he finds that he is getting nothing by pluck and endurance, he turns his head, and, unrolling coil from coil, glides away, not very swiftly, ready at a moment to coil anew, as a regiment forms square to receive a charge. If, as he glides along, you can seize his tail, and quickly enough lift him from the earth, holding him at arm's length, he will be utterly unable to return on your hand or to reach your body, having none of the great physical force of his cousins, the constrictors. If, while on the ground, in

any posture, coiled or not, you seize his tail, that deadly head will return upon you with a swiftness which seems as though you had touched some releasing spring in a piece of quick machinery; so that there is no truth in the notion that the snake can strike only when coiled. The awful celerity of this movement is in odd contrast to the sluggish pace of most of his actions, which are sadly deceptive, and have cost more than one man his life. Hundreds of times have we seen this swift motion, and as often marveled at the simplicity and certainty of the means which drove the relentless, death-laden head to its mark. Let us look a moment at the rest of the apparatus, and then we shall the easier understand how all the parts unite in functional activity so as to give to this horrible instrument the same efficiency which Nature has secured for her other and more seemingly useful purposes.

The laboratory in which the serpent makes his potent medicine is an almond-shaped gland behind the eye, on either side of the upper jaw. It looks like an ordinary salivary gland, and is merely a mass of minute tubes surrounded by little sacs or cells, only to be seen by a microscope. Here the venom forms, and thence reaches a larger tube at the lower side of the gland. This is the only poison-sac. It communicates with a tube or duct about the size of a steel knitting-needle, which runs forward under the eye, and then around the front of the upper jaw, where it has a slight enlargement made up of muscular fibers, so arranged as to keep the duct shut and to cork up the poison until a greater power overcomes the resistance. The anterior bone of the serpent's upper jaw is double—one for each side. It is an irregular truncated pyramid; apex down, and hollowed, so that in it rests the stout base of the fang. This exquisite instrument is merely a hollow tooth, curved backwards like the bend of a saber, with a

little forward turn at the tip, which is itself solid for strength's sake, and as sharp as the finest needle. About a line below this point, on the front aspect, there is a minute opening. If we run into this a bristle, it will appear at the base of the tooth, just where the tube leading from the gland lies against the fang, and is held to it by the folds of the tissue which lie in the gums. When unused, the two fangs, with their supporting bone, in which they are rigidly fixed, are drawn backwards, and lie, covered by a cloak of mucous tissue, one on each side upon the roof of the snake's mouth. A second muscle is so attached to the maxillary bone as to be able to erect it, together with the fang, which, when thus ready for use, projects downwards into the open mouth, its convexity forwards.

Thus placed, it is at the utmost disadvantage; and this is only in part overcome by the backward bending of the head and the extreme opening of the mouth at the moment of the bite. Lastly, let us understand that two powerful muscles fastened to the upper bones of the head run over the venom gland, and then are attached, one on each side, to the lower jaw. Let these muscles shorten and two things result—the jaws close on the body bitten, and, the gland being abruptly squeezed, the venom flies along the tube of exit, through the basal opening of the fang, and out at the orifice near its tip.

It will be easy now to understand how this wonderful machinery moves in sequence to its deadly result. You have come a little too near this coiled death. Instantly the curves of the projecting neck are straightened, half a ring of the coil flashes out with it, and the head is thrust at the opposing flesh, the bulk of the snake serving as an anchor. As it moves, the neck bends back, the mouth opens wide, the fangs are unsheathed and held stiffly, and you have a sharp pang as the points enter the skin. Quick as

thought the lower jaw shuts on the part, deeper go the fangs, and, the same muscle which closes the jaw compressing the glands, the venom is injected among the tissues which the fangs have pierced. Of late the doctors have taken to administering medicines by a very similar process, which has been found to combine economy in the amount of medicine needed with the utmost efficiency as to results. This instrument is merely a hollow needle through which the medicine is forced by a syringe. I wish I could say that the hint was taken from the snake, so much of a plea might have been put forward for his abused race.

It sometimes chanches that, despite all this exquisite machinery, some little failure occurs, which may be taken as a desirable piece of good luck for the person aimed at. For instance, the teeth may strike at a disadvantage, and be suddenly doubled backwards, whereupon the venom occasionally goes down the snake's own throat, and, as we shall see, does him no such harm as drugs usually do the apothecary; or, it chanches that, the sequence of actions failing as to their due order, the venom is ejected before the fang enters, or escapes at the base of the tooth on account of the duct not being drawn neatly upon the aperture of the tooth.

Let these incidents occur, and at the same time let the sharp and hooked teeth of the lower jaw wound the skin, and we shall have all the material for a case of rattlesnake bite, in which we may administer an antidote with great surety of success. A snake strikes you, the skin is wounded, and the conclusion is naturally drawn that you are also poisoned; whereas, both in man and animals, as we have seen many times, the victim may drag the snake some distance, hung to the tissues by the harmless little hooked teeth of the lower jaw.

It is also a matter of moment whether, being bitten, you have received two fang-

wounds or only one, because the two glands are as independent of one another as two rival drug-shops; and, if you get both fangs in you, the dose of the venom is twice what it would be if only one of them entered. Luckily it often chanches that, in small members, like the fingers, one tooth goes aside of the mark, and so fails of its purpose, thus lessening the risk exactly one-half.

These keenly tempered fangs are liable to be lost by accidents, and also to fall by natural decay. When the former occurs, the snake is unarmed for the time; but in a few days a reserved fang—which always lies behind or to one side of the active tooth—becomes firmly set in its socket, and comes into apposition with the opening of the duct. It is therefore not enough to pull out the active fang, since numerous others lie ready for use in the gum behind it. A young friend once showed me a small rattlesnake, from which he had taken the active fang three months before, supposing the reptile thus disarmed for life. He was accustomed to handle it freely, and had never been bitten. On opening the mouth, I pointed out to him the new and efficient teeth which had taken the place of those he had removed. How much danger he thus ran it were hard to say, since the snake may be handled with impunity, if care be taken not to hurt it or to use abrupt motions.

A very startling incident illustrative of this occurred some years ago in Philadelphia. A tavernkeeper had in a box two large rattlesnakes, perfectly wild, and not long captives. Coming into his bar-room early one morning, he found his little daughter, about six years old, seated beside the open snake-box, with both serpents lying in her lap. He was wise enough, seeing her unhurt, to ask how they got out, and hearing, in reply, that she herself had lifted them from the box, he ordered her to replace them, which she did without harm, finally closing

upon them the lid of their cage. Snakes long confined very often become so tame that, as we have found, they will allow mice, reed-birds, or pigeons in their cage without attempting to injure them. If any still doubt that the rattlesnake may be handled with impunity, the experience of the naturalist Waterton may end his doubt. His biographer describes him as seizing and holding poisonous serpents with an indifference which is only credible to those who have studied their habits with care. We are persuaded, however, that certain snakes are more likely to strike than others, some requiring the utmost provocation. This is very apt to be the case after the serpent has bitten a few times vainly upon a stick or other hard body; so that it seems probable, not only that the snake has memory, but that individuality may exist in forms of life even as low as this one. Where in the descending scale does this cease? Are there clever earthworms and stupid earthworms—no two things anywhere precisely the same?

Let us now pursue our inquiry, see how we may get the venom for study, and what physically and chemically this marvelous liquid may be.

Many ways of handling the serpent were tried before one was found simple and safe enough. While the complicated methods were used some narrow escapes were made, until at last we hit upon a plan which answered every purpose. A stick five feet long, cut square at the end, was fitted with a thin leather strap two inches wide, tacked on to one side of the end, then carried over it and through a staple on the other side, where it was attached to a stout cord. Pulling this leather out into a loop, and leaning over the snake-cage, which is five feet deep and now open at the top, we try to noose one of the snakes. This has been done so often as to be difficult. At first, when it was slipped over their heads, they crawled forward through it; now they

have learned to draw back on its approach. At last one is taken, the leathern strap is drawn tight around his neck by pulling the cord, and is kept so near to the head that he cannot turn to bite the stick, if the pressure should provoke his wrath. Thus secured, we lift him from his dozen of friends, and, holding the noose firm, so as to keep him closely squeezed against the end of the stick, we put him on a table. Next, resigning the staff and the string to an assistant, we open the snake's mouth, and, with the edge of a small saucer, catch and elevate the two fangs. This is an old snake, milked often before, and now declining to bite unless compelled. Holding the saucer in one hand we seize the snake's head over the venom gland, and, with a thumb and forefinger, press the venom forward through the duct. Suddenly a clear yellow fluid flows out of the fangs. This is the venom. The snake is four feet long, untouched for two weeks, and has given us about twenty drops of poison. The assistant replaces him in his cage, and we turn to look at the famous poison which a living animal carries unharmed in his tissues for the deadly hurting of whom it may concern. There is some of this fluid in a phial on the table before me, and here some of it dried for three years—a scaly, yellow, shining matter, like dried white of egg, and as good to kill as ever it was. No smell, if fresh; no taste; faintly acid, and chemically a substance which is so nearly like this very white of egg that no chemical difference may be made between them. Two things so alike and so unlike! Indeed, it seems hardly fair of Nature to set us such problems. We fall back upon an imagined difference in the molecular composition of the two—very consoling, no doubt; but, after all, the thing is bewildering, explain it as we may. We would like not to believe it. We think of poisons as unlike what they hurt. Let us take from a dog's veins a

little blood, keep it a few hours in the open air, and throw it back into his circulation, and very surely you have given him his death. Ugly facts of disease, where the body gets up its own poisons for home use, make the wonder less to the doctor; but even now to him it must still seem wonderful, this little bit of white of egg to nourish, and this, to no human test differing in composition, good for destroying alone.

It was once thought that the poison ceased to be such when not injected by the maker. Fontana disproved this, and so we may safely use it in our researches as we get it from the snake, with the great advantage of knowing what dose we administer. Let us now study the symptoms which this poison produces, and then learn, if possible, how it acts, and on what organs; because, as modern science has shown, all poisons have their especial organs, or sets of organs, upon which chiefly their destructive influence falls. This sort of analytic separation of the effects of poisons is always difficult, and never more so than as regards venom.

Rattlesnake poison is not fatal to all life. You cannot kill a *crotalus* with its own venom, nor with that of another. Neither can you poison a plant with venom. And, in fact, if you manage the experiment cleverly, canary-seed may be made to sprout from a mixture of venom and water.

We have seen, too, that the serpent often swallows his own poison. As for him, if it will not hurt being put under his skin, the wonder of its not injuring him when swallowed is little enough. It only excites amazement when we learn that it poisons no creature when ingested. We have fed pigeons with it, day after day, in doses each enough to have killed forty had it been put within the tissues. Placed in the stomach, it lies within some thousandths of an inch of the blood-vessels, only a thinnest mucous

membrane between; and here it is harmless, and there it means death. Let us follow this problem, as has lately been done. Why does it not poison? We give a pigeon fifty drops of the venom, which, otherwise used, would kill a hundred, and that surely. For three days we collect all the excretæ, and then, killing the bird, remove with care the contents of the intestinal canal. Knowing well what fluids dissolve the venom, we separate by this means whatever poison may be present from all the rest of the substances passed by or taken from the bird. Then, with the fluid thus obtained, we inject the tissues of pigeons. No injury follows; our poison has gone. But where and how? Let us mix a little of it with gastric juice, and keep it at body-heat for an hour. It still poisons; but we learn at length, after many essays, that very long digesting of it in constantly added quantities of gastric juice does change it somewhat; and so, as we do not find it in the excretæ, we come to think that, being what we call an albuminoid, it is very likely to be altered during digestion, and so rendered innocent enough, it may be. Here, at last, we must rest, having learned, first, that venom will not pass through the mucous surfaces; and, second, that it undergoes such change in digestion as to make it harmless. In these peculiarities it stands alone, if we except certain putrefying substances which may usually be swallowed without injury, but slowly kill if placed under the skin.

As regards also the mode in which venom is hurtful to animal life, this potent agent is altogether peculiar. Let us examine a case. We inject through a hollow needle two drops of venom under the skin of a pigeon. On a sudden, within a minute, it is dead, without a pang or struggle; and the tissues, when examined, reveal no cause of death. The fatal result is rarely so speedy; but here, as with all poisons, personal pecu-

liarities count for a good deal, and one animal will die in a minute from a dose which another may resist for hours. We repeat the experiment, using only half a drop. In a few minutes the bird staggers, and at last crouches, too feeble to walk. The feebleness increases, vomiting occurs, the breathing becomes labored, the head falls, a slight convulsion follows, and the pigeon is dead. This is all we see—merely a strange, intense weakness. Before trying to explain it, we shall do well to watch that which takes place when a larger animal, surviving the first effects, perishes after a few hours or days. Here is a record of such a case. A large dog, poisoned with five drops of venom, lives over the first few hours of feebleness, and then begins to show a new set of symptoms. Some horrible malady of the blood and tissues has come upon him, so that the vital fluid leaks from the kidneys or the bowels, and oozes from the gums. The fang-wounds bleed, and a prick of a needle will drip blood for hours. Thus exhausted, he dies, or slowly recovers. Meanwhile, the wound made by the injecting needle or the fang has undergone a series of changes, which, rightly studied, gave the first clue to the true explanation of how this hideous agent acts.

A large and growing tumor marks where the needle entered. We cut into it. There is no inflammation at first; the whole mass is fluid blood, which by and by soaks every tissue in the neighborhood, and even stains the bones themselves. If, for the sake of contrast, we wound any healthy part with a common needle, without venom, we open thus a few small blood-vessels, which presently cease to bleed, because the escaped blood quickly clots, and so corks their open mouths by a rarely failing providence of an all-thoughtful Nature. The conclusion seems easy, that the venom destroys the power of the blood to clot, and so deprives the animal of this exquisite pro-

tection against hemorrhage. If the creature live long and the dose be heavy, the collected blood putrifies, abscesses form, and more or less of the blood becomes gangrenous. Nor is this evil merely local. The venom absorbed from the wound enters the circulation, and soon the whole mass of the blood has lost power to clot when drawn. We are not willing to assert that this is a putrefactive change; but it is certainly in that direction, because this blood, if drawn, will now decay faster than other blood. By and by it begins to leak through the various tissues, and we find blood escaped out of the vessels and into the brain, lungs, or intestinal walls, giving in each case specific symptoms, according to the part injured and the function disturbed.

A further step has of late been gained towards comprehending this intricate problem. A young rabbit was made senseless and motionless with chloroform. Then its abdomen was opened, and a piece of the delicate membrane which holds the intestines was laid under the microscope, and kept moist by an assistant. The observer's eye looked down upon a wild racing of myriad blood-discs through the tiny vessels of the transparent membrane. Presently the assistant puts a drop of venom upon the tissue we are studying. For thirty-six seconds there is no change. Then suddenly a small vessel, giving way, is hidden by a rush of blood-discs. A little way off another vessel breaks, then a third, and a fourth, until within five minutes the field of view is obscured by blood, which at last causes a rupture in the delicate membrane between whose double folds the vessels run to and from the intestine. We are now as near the center of the maze as we are likely to come: nearer than we have come with most poisons. We have learned that this bland, tasteless venom has the subtle power to forbid the blood to clot, and in some strange

way to pass through the tissues, and so soften and destroy the little blood-vessels, so that they break under the continuing force of the heart-pump.

The same phenomena may be seen on the surface of an open wound treated with venom; and that which happens in the wound, and, in the experiment just described, goes on at last everywhere in the body, so that in dozens of places vessels break down, while the blood is powerless to check its own wasteful outflow, as it would have done in health.

We have dwelt so long upon the symptoms of the protracted cases of snake-bite as to have lost sight for a time of the smaller class of sufferers, who perish so suddenly as to forbid us to explain their deaths by the facts which seem so well to cover the chronic cases. These speedily fatal results are uncommon in man, but in small animals are very frequent.

It is common to see pigeons die within ten minutes, and in these instances no trace of alteration can be found in the blood or solid tissues. Upon considering, therefore, the two sets of cases, it seems pretty clear that the venom has, besides its ability to alter the blood and enfeeble the vessels, some direct power to injure the great nerve-centers which preside over locomotion, respiration, and the heart's action.

To describe the experimental method by which these conclusions were reached would demand the space of another article, and involve a full explanation of the modern means of studying the effects of poisons; so that for this reason we must beg the reader to accept the proposition without being troubled with the proof.

It were well if the record of horrors ended with the death or the recovery; but in countries where poisonous snakes are abundant and cases of bite numerous, it is not uncommon to find that persons who survive become the victims of blind-

ness, skin disorders, and various forms of palsy.

Fortunately the average snake-bite, even in India or Martinique, is far less fatal than was once believed; so that even dogs, when bitten, are by no means sure to die. Thus, of nine so treated on one occasion, only three perished; while among eighty cases of venom poisoning in man, recorded in American medical journals up to 1861, we have but four deaths. This unlooked for result is due chiefly to the fact, that the danger is as the amount of venom, and that the serpent, unless very large and long at rest, or in captivity, can rarely command enough to kill a man. Once aware of these facts, it is easy to see why so many remedies got credit as antidotes in a disease supposed to be fatal, and in reality not at all so.

Among the most absurd of the tales which rest on the common belief that a mere prick of a venomed fang may kill, is that of the farmer who was stung by a snake, which not only slew him, but left its fang in the fatal boots, which, falling to his descendants, proved fatal to two of them also. This story is to be traced to its original in the "Letters of an American Farmer," by St. John (de Crevecoeur), where it loses none of the piquancy of the later versions.

The reader will by this time understand that it is impossible that the mere wound of the dry fang could destroy three persons in succession, so that we may confidently dismiss this tale to the limbo of other snake stories.

A few words must suffice to tell all we know as to the proper treatment. There are in America at least a hundred supposed antidotes, and in Martinique about as many. It is an old saying of a wise doctor, that diseases, for which there are numerous remedies, are either very mild or very fatal. Taking the mass of cases of snake-bite in America, few die; and

this is why, as we said before, all means seem good alike. Tested fairly, where the dose of venom has been large, they are all alike worthless—a beautiful subject for the medical statistician.

Looked at with an eye to symptoms, we see in the first effects of venom a dangerous depression of all functions, exactly like what follows an over-dose of tartar emetic. The obvious treatment is to stimulate the man, and this is the meaning of whisky for snake bite—a remedy, by the way, which enormously increases the number of snake-bites in the army on the frontier. The intensity of the depression is shown best by the quantity of whisky which may then be taken with impunity. In one case, a well-known physician in Pennsylvania, gave to a child two years old a pint of whisky within two hours. A little girl of nine years old in South Carolina received thus a pint and a half of whisky in four hours. Neither patient was made drunk by these doses, and both recovered.

It is likely that too much whisky is often given in such cases, since all that is desirable is to keep the person generally stimulated, and not to make him drunk. Nor does stimulus destroy the venom—it only antagonises its activity, as is best shown by mixing venom with

alcohol, and then injecting the mixture under the skin, when the subject of the experiment will die, just as if no alcohol had been used.

As to local treatment, whatever gets the venom out of the tissues is good. Cross-cut the wound through the fang-marks, and suck at it with cups or with the mouth, if you like the bitten person well enough. Cut the piece out, if the situation allows of that, or burn it with a red-hot iron—milder caustics being mostly valueless. One other measure has real utility. Tie a broad band around the limb above the bite, so as to stop the pulse. Now give whisky enough to strengthen the heart. Let us then relax the band, and so connect again the circulation of the bitten part with the general system. The poison, before in quarantine, is let loose; the pulse becomes fast and feeble. We tighten the band and give more liquor. The principle is this: You have ten men to fight, and you open the door wide enough just to let in one at a time. So much of the venom as your local treatment leaves in the tissues has to be admitted to the general system soon or late; we so arrange, as to let in a little at a time, and are thus able to fight it in detail.

A D R I A N A .

CHAPTER XVII.

ADRIANA scarcely spoke during the long drive home, for home she felt it was: the stray lamb was returning to the fold as good Mrs. Davis had suggested, humbled and partly penitent, despite the flash of pride that had made her so scornful but that very morning. Indeed, pondering over that morning on her dreary journey, she had seen reason to disbelieve the strong assertion she had made, and to feel that possibly of the half-brothers

she had latterly taken more interest in observing the movements of Mr. Etheredge than of Mr. Braddick.

As they drew nearer to the old homestead the steady old horse quickened his pace, well knowing that he was wending towards comfortable quarters.

"They'll be glad to see you, Adrie," said Mr. Davis; "the mistress has been fretting over you more than once, I can tell you, though it was none of her fault that you flitted from Silverdale. There's

some one over and above the old party there now," continued he, "but I'm not to till secrets."

"Have you visitors?" asked Adriana, half annoyed at the prospect of having to meet strangers.

"Yes and no," replied Mr. Davis, mysteriously; "there's only one, and he's not exactly a visitor, and yet he is; but, dear, dear, what am I talking about? I shall be letting out everything before the time, so don't ask me anything more. It's some one you won't mind in the least, so you must be satisfied with that."

And on they drove in silence, through the snow, with the wintry wind whistling sadly through the leafless branches, and the moon giving just light enough to shape the snow-heaps into ghastly forms that seemed to nod and nod as the old-fashioned gig jogged by.

"Ho, Dobbin, lad, on, on,—it's only the old milestone; never be afraid of an old friend, though to be sure it's something of a new face upon it," said Mr. Davis, as Dobbin showed symptoms of refusing to pass a tall white column that stood where he had never seen a white column standing before. "The boys have been giving it a new hat, that's all, you foolish beast: see, there's the house. How jolly the light shines out through the windows! They've not put the shutters to yet. Ah, it's not a bad thing on a cold raw night like this to know that at your journey's end there's a blazing fire awaiting you. I can almost hear it crackle. And there's Katy fluttering past the window,—did you see her? They hear the wheels. Wo, Dobbin, lad, wo! what's come over you to-night? Never fear the light," said Mr. Davis, as the door opened, and the light streamed far out into the darkness, and fell in softened rays upon the great snow-covered laurel bushes and the snow-fringed firs.

"Has she come?" cried out Mrs. Davis and Katy together. "My Poor child, how cold you must be," and kind

Mrs. Davis drew Adriana into the comfortable summer-parlor, doubly comfortable now for the great splintering sparkling logs, that spluttered up showers of fiery sparks, and sent a ruddy glow over the chintz covers, and added an additional lustre to the beads in Rebekah's presents, thereby making them seem all the more magnificent. "Draw the curtains, Katy, and ring for tea; there is nothing so comfortable after a journey as a good cup of tea; it sets one right at once. But, oh, child, how thin and pale you are! My mind misgave me when you went away, and you look as if you had been in sore trouble."

"Don't say anything now, mother," whispered Katy. "Come, Adrie, and take off your bonnet." And the two went up the wide staircase, and through the narrow passage to Katy's bedroom. Another, opening out of it, was prepared for Adriana. She sat down by the fire, and suffered Katy to divest her of her wrappings.

Katy proceeded with her task in silence.

"Who is staying here?" asked Adriana abruptly.

"No one," returned Katy, looking up in surprise.

"No one!" repeated Adriana, somewhat astonished. "What did your father mean? He told me I should find some one who was a stranger and who was not."

"Oh," said Katy, becoming deeply absorbed with a refractory button, "I suppose he meant Arth—Mr. Clinton, our curate; I dare say he did."

"Never mind the button, I can unfasten it without half so much trouble; you are quite red with your exertions. Just look up and tell me all about Mr. Clinton."

Katy did not look up, she looked down, and murmured something about "the rector being unable to do all the duty of the parish himself."

"I don't want to hear about the rector, Katy, I want to know all about Mr. Clinton, and how it is that he is no stranger. Have you known him long?"

"Five months to-day," answered truthful Katy.

"What an exact account you have kept. And when are you going to be married?"

"Adrie!" exclaimed Katy, in astonishment, "Who told you?"

"Yourself, my dear little cousin. I'm very, very glad," said Adriana, throwing her arms round Katy, and giving the blushing cheek a long congratulatory kiss. "What a good little wife you will be."

"Oh," returned Katy, "we've only been engaged three weeks, and I am afraid I am not half good enough."

"Nonsense! I believe you are a great deal too good."

"You have not seen Mr. Clinton?" said Katy protestingly.

"No, but I am going to see him, and shall doubtless find him of my opinion. Is he down-stairs? I must hasten my toilet, for we are keeping tea waiting."

"I think he has just come; I heard the door open."

"Quick ears, Katy! Well, then, have quick feet also, and I will follow you in a minute."

And when Katy had left the room, Adriana flung off her remaining wraps. She did not look into the glass as she smoothed her hair.

"I am past all vanities now," she said; "how old I feel; Katy seems like a daughter to me." And she went down into the cosy parlor where Mr. Clinton was already seated.

He rose at her entrance: a grave earnest-looking man, certainly ten years older than herself, quiet in manner, but very self-possessed. Quite different from the picture that Adriana had drawn of a young curate fresh from college, boyishly attempting an extra display of dignity,

and boyishly failing in the attempt. His dress tended to carry out the impression he produced. His coat was cut after the manner of a Roman Catholic priest, his waistcoat, buttoned close up to his throat, left but a narrow white margin that passed for a collar. His dark hair was cropped as close as it could be without incurring the charge of disfigurement, and not a particle of whiskers relieved his sallow cheek. His features were well formed, and the slight contraction perceptible in the strongly-marked eye-brows was strangely counterbalanced by the peculiarly sweet smile that from time to time played round his mouth. There was something decidedly striking about his whole appearance, and the question rose in Adriana's mind, "How came such a man to fancy my simple little cousin?" followed by another question, "How came joyous-hearted little Katy to fancy such a man?"

Very much perplexed too was Adriana at the perfect ease with which he inspired the Silverdale family. Good Mrs. Davis talked as naturally as ever, and Mr. Clinton not merely listened, but appeared amused and interested. Mr. Davis spoke of his crops and of agricultural matters, and Mr. Clinton answered with intelligence. Perhaps he did it to please Katy. But here was another perplexity; a change had come over Katy also, she was as light-hearted and joyous as ever, but a half-unconscious sense of responsibility had stolen over, and given a certain amount of dignity to the young girl that was very far from unbecoming. In fact, in that homely parlor and amongst those three unpretending persons there was a degree of refined politeness that would have done no disgrace to any society.

Adriana overlooked several native elements which would have gone far to dispel her perplexity. They were all three natural and unselfish, there was no self-consciousness and no pretension

about them; moreover, they were thoroughly in earnest in all they said or did. With them a kind word sprang from a kind thought, and there was no honeyed phrases and set conventionalities when the heart was far away. But Adriana overlooked all this, and so she wondered.

Was there anything Jesuitical about Mr. Clinton? Perhaps he half divined her thoughts, for he looked at her interrogatively, and Adriana felt that she had been taking too copious notes of him.

"I suppose the snow was lying all along the lines, Adrie?" said Mr. Davis.

"Yes, I've seen nothing but snow since daylight this morning."

"You have had a long journey then, Miss Linden?" said Mr. Clinton.

"From near Winsford," answered Adriana.

"Winsford!" repeated Mr. Clinton, "I have a second or third cousin living somewhere near Winsford. It would be odd if you should have happened to meet with him: Richard Etheredge, of Etheredge Court."

"Why, that's where Adrie has been," interposed Katy.

"I did not know that Richard had ever married," said Mr. Clinton, turning to Adriana. "I find I shall have to learn particulars respecting my own kith and kin from a stranger, but I have seen nothing of my cousin since our college days, and later events have kept us separated. How long has Mr. Etheredge been married?"

"He is not married," answered Adriana, forcing herself to speak: then she paused; Mr. Clinton might not like to hear that Katy's cousin had earned her own bread. She looked half hesitatingly at the well-bred gentleman before her, and then at Katy. Simple Katy seemed to have gained in perceptive faculties; she came to the rescue at once.

"My cousin Adrie," she said, with

quiet dignity, "was teaching Mrs. Braddick's children." She too looked up at Mr. Clinton, for Adriana's hesitation brought a sudden doubt to her mind also. Mr. Clinton returned her glance, and the sweet smile satisfactorily answered her momentary doubt.

"But I am more astray than ever," pursued Mr. Clinton, "for I have never heard of Mrs. Braddick. Will you kindly enlighten me, Miss Linden?"

"Mr. Etheredge's mother married twice."

"Yes, but her second husband's name was Cunningham, and there was one son, I remember, by the second marriage,—Charles, I think his name was—and he was a good deal abroad at one time, and then he married. His wife was a very handsome woman, I have heard. But I did not know that there was a daughter."

"Mr. Cunningham took the name of Braddick in order to succeed to some property," replied Adriana.

"Ah, that accounts then," said Mr. Clinton, as if following out some train of thought. "I see. But, Miss Linden, how is my relative? And what did you think of Etheredge Court? a fine old place is it not? though it does not seem to suit Mr. Etheredge, for I heard the other day in a curious roundabout way that the place was going to be sold to a Mr.—I could not remember the name till you mentioned the name of Braddick, and now I see it all. And, by the way," continued he, turning to Mr. Davis, without waiting for Adriana's answer to his queries, "what sort of a place is Trenholm? for it was added, though I never thought of it again, that Mr. Etheredge was in treaty for the Trenholm estate. How far is that from here?"

"Not much over fifteen miles," returned Mr. Davis. "The house is old, and wants a great deal of repair. A handsome house enough in its time, but

may be any newcomer would pull it down and build a new one."

"Richard won't, if he's at all like his old self."

"Ah," said Mr. Davis, "I should be glad if it fell into hands that would care for it; I'm sorry to see the old places swept away. I've known Trenholm Hall for well-nigh fifty years, and I should miss it like an old friend. The squire and I were friends in years gone by, and he was a kind man in the main, but wasteful and extravagant, and so he went to the dogs. But there's never an ill word for him on the estate to this day. It's been lying in the hands of the lawyers, with now and then a shooting tenant, and it's only just been offered for sale."

"It is strange, Miss Linden," resumed Mr. Clinton, "how one finds links everywhere binding the great human family together. I never went to any place without finding some one who knew of friend or acquaintance of mine. It seems as if one were fettered down to an interest in others from which one could not by any possibility escape. Each individual has his appointed place, none is too insignificant. We cannot all be prominent or even noticeable by the general eye, but the smallest nail is as much a part of the stately vessel, and as necessary in its degree; as the broad sail or the tall mast. It has a certain duty to perform, and none can measure what effect the removal of a single nail might produce. And so it appears to me with humanity. When I get into an idle mood, Miss Linden, I sometimes speculate upon the difference to the world the slightest action of mine might make. Some would tell you it would make no difference to the world at large whether I go out to-morrow or stay at home. I think otherwise. I believe that no action, however trivial, is without its sequences, which are multiplied *ad infinitum*."

"Then," said Adriana, who had been

listening attentively, "you believe that man by the exercise of his will has power to change the course of events. That, if he does so and so, certain effects follow; that, if he takes an opposite course, the result will be just the reverse. And do you think he can do this, and that he is bound down in an appointed path?"

"I have not gone quite deep enough to come to grave conclusions," answered Mr. Clinton. "The question would require some limit on either side; and I suppose," he added, looking at his watch, "that it will be too late to decide upon our premises: but," he concluded in a more serious tone, as he bade her good-night, "I believe that into whatsoever paths we turn, and with whatsoever events we meet, there is an over-ruling Providence working all things together for good to those who love Him. And let us remember that it is not always in the smoothest paths or under the most cloudless skies that His voice makes itself most distinctly heard."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the quiet of Silverdale, Adriana had time to consider the past, and plan for the future. If there were a chance of Mr. Etheredge's buying Trenholm, the sooner she left Silverdale the better. She had no wish to meet him. What an unfortunate circumstance that he should be Mr. Clinton's cousin. It seemed as though the fates pursued her.

Good Mrs. Davis watched her, and though satisfied that she was regaining health and strength, she yet did not fail to perceive that there was a cloud hanging over her that neither time nor change seemed to remove.

"Tell me, my dear, what is it that frets you? I was your mother's best-loved play-mate: poor Susie and I had no secrets."

And then Adriana opened her heart, and poured forth her story and its sequel into the astonished ears of Mrs. Davis.

"It's just one of those romances that people write about, Adrie, dear, and it's not without its difficulties."

"Difficulties of my own making," said Adriana.

"Not quite, not quite," returned the sympathizing Mrs. Davis; "it partly comes of all this learning and education. And yet I am not so sure of that neither, since I have known Mr. Clinton. But perhaps learning does better for men than women; they can stand it better. I can't say. Nevertheless, it seems to me that clever people are just the ones who are always doing the most foolish things, stumbling over sticks and stones that simpler folks would lift out of the way. Their heads are so filled with fancies that they get confused, and then they've too good an opinion of themselves, and they don't see anything rightly."

"I knew I was wrong," murmured Adriana.

"Ah, child, you wanted a guide: we can't any of us go right without one. It's all very well this talk of perfection that people make such a fuss about, but I never saw the man, woman, or child yet that came anything near it. It will do now and then for a little fair-weather sailing, but when a storm comes, where are you? It's like tossing about in a boat without a rudder; you can't steer to land. No, no, Adrie, there's nothing in it."

"But I did not wish to do what I knew to be the right thing to do."

"And, may be, if you had wished, you'd not have been much nearer doing it. You would have found stumbling-blocks that you could not get over by yourself, and, you'll pardon an old woman, Adrie, but you're not just in the way to trust in any one else."

"Was I very wrong? I wished so to see him again."

"Ay, lassie, it might have been a temptation, I grant, but it was over-venturesome to try it. When anything has

a doubtful look, you may be pretty sure you're not on the safe side. And to think of the hard thoughts it made you indulge in towards those who never did you any injury!"

"I don't think hardly of Mrs. Brad-dick; I don't hate her; I don't wish anything to be different. I would not change places with her now; it's all passed by, and I'm willing to go my way quietly. I've seen for myself the vanity of all things; no one can teach us that lesson, Cousin Davis; it is a lesson each in the bitterness of his soul must learn for himself"

"And what is the use of the lesson, Adrie?"

"I wish I were dead!" said Adriana, passionately.

"Oh, no, my dear," said Mrs. Davis soothingly; "there is another peace waiting for us, even on earth, if we learn our lessons rightly."

Adriana looked at Mrs. Davis. Was this the homely housewife that she had almost despised? Her words seemed well-nigh eloquent.

"I should like to be at peace," she said, almost humbly; "but it is hard to find it after a life like mine. I have so much to look back upon and ceaselessly regret. You and Katy have nothing to upbraid yourselves with, but for me it is very different. I am like the weed tossed upon the wave. I can find no rest. I want rest and I want work; the one will not come without the other. I cannot stay idle here, and I'm not rich enough to stay elsewhere."

"You've a home here, Adrie. We've enough and to spare, and Susie's child is next to my own."

"I cannot stay, I cannot meet Mr. Etheredge."

"He may never come. There's little to be trusted to hearsay. If there had been much in this Trenholm business, you would doubtless have heard something about it."

Not so certain, for Adriana had seen but little of the family at Etheredge Court for some weeks prior to her departure.

And the days went on and on, and Mr. Clinton came, and Katy was inexpressibly happy. There was something in her happiness very soothing to Adriana. She watched jealously to see that Katy was not undervalued, but she watched in vain. Mr. Clinton had seen enough of the world to know the value of an honest loving heart.

"It's all right there," thought Adriana. "Pooh! why am I setting myself up as a guardian, when I have shown sufficient inability in my own case? What is it?" asked she, as Katy stooped to pick something that had fallen.

"My lock—your locket, Adrie, that I gave you."

"Is it? I thought I had lost it in packing; it must have got into the folds of my dress. I looked upon it as a bad omen; it seemed to have left me. You have given it me twice, Katy."

As Adriana took it, Katy asked, timidly,—

"Have you ever opened it, Adrie?"

"Yes. Do you think I have been entitled to do so? you remember the conditions?"

"Oh, I did not mean——"

"Anything but what is perfectly right. I understand. But I did meet with a stumbling-block, and I did fall over it, and then I opened the locket."

"Adrie, is it true, do you think,—I mean do you know what I mean?"

"What a very puzzling sentence," said Mr. Clinton, advancing from the other end of the room.

"Have you heard what we were talking of?"

"No, otherwise I might, perhaps have understood your sentence. But I want you to walk over to Clayfield with me; perhaps Miss Linden will join us."

"Thank you, no; I am luxurious enough to prefer sitting by the fire."

And when Mr. Clinton and Katy had gone, she drew her chair still nearer, and, looking into the red embers, she drew therefrom a quaint fantastic gallery of pictures of the past, and as each rose before her she sighed deeply.

"It is time to have done with all sentimental folly," so ran her reverie; "the past has run its course. 'There is a time for everything,' and my life-dream has had its time and place. It was not out of the season in its day, but it's terribly old-fashioned now, worn quite threadbare. *Vale!* I could almost laugh at it, so motley are its colors, and so strangely torn," and she laughed aloud, but the tears were running down her cheeks; "and yet it's hard parting with an old friend. Nevertheless, *Vale!* 'Let the dead bury their dead,' and from the grave of the past let a better life arise. A living sermon, with little Katy's quotation for its text,—'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

"ADRIE," said Mrs. Davis, "do you remember a cousin of my husband's, Rebecca Davis? She belongs to the Society of friends. I mind your taking a great fancy to her when you were but a small child; but perhaps you have forgotten her."

"Forgotten! oh, no, I remember her as if it were but yesterday that I saw her: a fair, thin elderly lady, with mild grey eyes, and light-brown hair, as smooth as glass, and her white cap, and her grey dress. It's nearly twenty years ago, but I remember her quite well."

"Her hair's white now, and she's getting older, Adrie; she's lonely and yet I ought not to say that, for if ever any one was cheerful and content, it is Cousin Rebecca. But she is alone, Adrie, and

I was thinking, if you would not find it dull, she'll be glad to have you, and it would not be like going among strangers again."

"But I want work; how am I to live without doing anything? I'm not a lady any longer, I must earn my bread ladies," she said, half bitterly, "never do that."

Mrs. Davis looked at her sorrowfully.

"Never say that, Adrie. A lady born will die a lady. It's not work that can take that heritage from her. You'll be a lady to the end of your days, dear. But it will little matter when you are resting under the green sod whether you trod palace-floors, or the brick tiling of a cottage: the footsteps all wend to the same bourne, but its rougher, and there are more slips and stumbles for some than others. I sometimes look back to the old times, Adrie, and my heart mis-gives me about the pomps and vanities of life now-a-days. They say the heart is the same in all ages, but these new-fangled wants and fancies that are springing up make me think of an old couplet I once heard,—

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?'"

"You dear, good, revolutionary, philosophical Cousin," said Adriana, with unusual animation. "I've not heard anything I've liked so much as to hear you talk for a long time. It's better than a sermon."

"Hush, hush, Adrie dear," replied Mrs. Davis, "it's not fitting to think lightly of sermons."

"I don't," said Adriana; "I find them heavy enough."

"Rebecca Davis was reckoned a good preacher in her day," said Mrs. Davis.

"She's a good woman," said Adriana, suddenly.

"She's lived out her sermons," answered Mrs. Davis; "the preaching and the practice went together."

"I think I'll go to her," said Adriana,

still communing with her own thoughts.

"She'd be right glad to see you."

"There would be no work," continued Adriana. "I must have work."

"There would be no lack of that with Cousin Rebecca," said Mrs. Davis, smiling.

"And it's far away," said Adriana, still pursuing her own thoughts.

"Far enough, and a lone wild place it is, close down by the sea; no one but Cousin Rebecca would have chosen such a wild place; but the wilder, she said, the more need of softening. Scarce a house within walking distance, save the poor hovels of the fishermen. It's quite out of the world."

Adriana was listening attentively.

"Out of the world, out of the world, just the place for me. You think I'm weak, Cousin Davis. So I am. But there's one comfort, I know it. I want strength. I've been sorely tossed, and I've got out of belief with everything. I know what you think," said she, springing up, as was her wont when she became excited, "I've been made the wreck of a foolish love-story that ought to have been forgotten long ago. I know you will say it's nothing uncommon. I dare say I've been proud and rebellious and repining all the time that I thought I was enduring like a heroine. I'm willing to bear any amount of blame, but I want to get rid of it all now. I see that I've been making a ridiculous martyr of myself; and," she added mentally, "I don't think Charles Cunningham was by any means worth it. The ideal of a girl under twenty is by no means the ideal of a woman. He is not up to my standard now." Which mental comment she pondered on at leisure during the next week, and derived much consolation therefrom. "I'm glad I did not marry him. He's well enough for Mrs. Braddick: yet I should never have found it out, but for my stay at Etheredge Court. Everything turns out for the best! Then why

can't people wait for the turning out? A wrestling, I suppose, of free-will with destiny. The two run together, but can't be reconciled; and which preponderates it is hard to say: sometimes one seems to have the upper hand, sometimes the other. I've had enough free-will for the present; I've got into the waiting humor; there's something very luxurious in drifting with the course of events. Old Time is obliged to carry one along, and he seems to fly the faster the more burden he carries. The older he gets the faster he goes, and yet he is no nearer the goal."

Which last thought set Adriana thinking of a certain unsolved problem of childhood upon eternity.

CHAPTER XX.

"It's odd, Charles," said Mr. Etheredge, "that Trenholm should be in —shire."

Mr. Braddick looked puzzled.

"I really don't see anything remarkable in it, nor anything objectionable either, as your tone seems to imply."

"Miss Linden's friends live in —shire."

"How do you know that?" asked Mr. Braddick sharply, "and what has that to do with the matter?"

"Miss Linden is the last person I wish to meet with," said Mr. Etheredge gravely.

Mr. Braddick sprang up impetuously.

"What do you mean, Richard?"

"What I say," returned Mr. Etheredge.

"What in the world is Miss Linden to you?" inquired Mr. Braddick, almost angrily.

"Nothing and everything, Charles," replied his brother. "I've fallen in love too late, and have made a fool of myself." And he strode up and down the room.

Mr. Braddick gazed at him with unfeigned astonishment; he had never seen him so moved before. Putting his hand on Mr. Etheredge's shoulder;

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" said Mr. Etheredge, pausing and suddenly confronting him, "what can a man do when he has been refused?" Mr. Braddick started.

"You don't mean that you have made her an offer?" said he, with some effort.

"I do." And Mr. Etheredge strode up and down more energetically than before.

"Miss Linden, my sister!" ejaculated Mr. Braddick.

"Why not?"

But Mr. Braddick made no answer; he had thrown himself back in a chair, and was repeating softly to himself,—

"Miss Linden, my sister,—never, never, never!"

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Etheredge, with some irritation; "you really are a most unreasonable fellow, Charles. Why should not I marry Miss Linden, since you *would* not?"

Mr. Braddick's eyes flashed.

"Richard, I can't stand this."

"Neither can I. Why should not I marry Miss Linden?"

"It seems she has settled the point," returned Mr. Braddick, brusquely; then, as a thought occurred to him, "perhaps," he continued sarcastically, "she may yet be won, as she seems to have left you her address."

Mr. Etheredge stopped.

"Charles, this is unworthy of you. Miss Linden gave me no clue wherewith to guide me either to herself or to her relatives. It was my own finding out."

"So much the better. We should cease to be as brothers if so dark a shadow of the past came between us. I'm very glad she refused you;" and Mr. Braddick paced up and down, and jerked out his sentences. "It's a deuce of a catastrophe, Richard. It seems as if one can never get rid of what one wants to get rid of. Turning up when one least expects it. Disarranging families. Who on earth could have ever supposed that Miss Linden would come to Etheredge

Court? And why on earth you should take it into your head to fall in love with her, is more than I can account for."

"Perhaps, if you take the matter into consideration, you may not find it altogether so difficult a problem to solve," rejoined Mr. Etheredge drily.

"I don't intend to take it into consideration. It's settled without my entering into it, and I'm glad of it."

And Mr. Braddick hastily left the room, banging the door after him.

Mr. Etheredge stood for a moment in deep thought, the result of which escaped him in the following sentence:—

"Poor Charles! very natural, very natural."

Mr. Braddick, in a more unphilosophical state of mind, made his way to his wife's morning-room.

There he found her sitting quietly over her embroidery-frame. A very becoming loose robe of the palest green contrasted well with her complexion, and she greeted her husband with a placid smile. But as her eye fell upon his agitated countenance, the conviction forced itself, even upon her, that something unusual had happened. Mr. Braddick threw himself down upon the sofa, but said nothing. Mrs. Braddick resumed her work,—stitch, stitch, stitch,—then she fastened off, cut the end of wool, and proceeded to fill her needle from another shade.

"Margaret!"

Mrs. Braddick threaded her needle, and laid it down on the table.

"Has anything happened, Charles? you seem disturbed this morning. I don't half like your looks. Has anything unpleasant occurred?"

"Occurred! Margaret, I do believe nothing would disturb your equanimity. I'm disturbed almost past enduring, and yet it's no matter now, for it's all over."

"And what is it, Charles?"

The ice was producing a cooling effect upon Mr. Braddick's irritated spirit.

"Well, perhaps after all it does not matter so much, but it seemed little short of a miracle."

"What seemed?"

"The idea of Richard's falling in love!"

"Richard! dear me!—Richard!" said Mrs. Braddick, suddenly rousing herself, "and with whom? Who is it? Tell me. I'm dying to hear."

"Curiosity," returned Mr. Braddick; "no woman can resist hearing secrets."

"Now, Charles, don't tease, tell me at once."

"It's so absurd, it's really a pity I said anything about it."

"Nonsense, you must tell me, now you've raised my curiosity."

"Guess."

"I hate guessing; besides, I never find anything out," said Mrs. Braddick, quite unconscious of the truism she was uttering.

"Then you give up at once?"

"Of course I do: don't be provoking."

"What do you think of Miss Linden?"

"Miss Linden!" responded Mrs. Braddick, in a tone of the deepest amazement. "I thought Richard hated her."

"Well, I never thought otherwise till very lately. However, she's refused him."

"And I don't wonder at it," replied Mrs. Braddick, quite energetically; "if that's Richard's way of making himself agreeable, he'll never succeed. If you had been half so rude to me as he has been to Miss Linden, I should have said 'No' at once."

"Well, 'All's well that ends well,' and there's no danger of your having her for a sister-in-law."

"I'm not sure that I'm glad, Charles," returned Mrs. Braddick, thoughtfully.

"I was very fond of Miss Linden; I think, indeed, I am quite sure that I wish she would have married Richard, but of course one could not expect it."

Charles Braddick looked at his wife in unmitigated surprise.

"Yes, my dear," continued she, "I

should be glad to have her for a sister; I quite trusted in her, and I've been much happier since I knew her. I know all that you think; it would have been no match for Richard, as she was a governess; but we might have got over that; she never taught any children but ours, so, of course, never received any money from any one. I can see exactly your ideas; it would not have been pleasant for any one to have it in their power to say, 'We paid Mrs. Richard Etheredge so much a quarter for teaching our children;' but then, you see, no one but ourselves could say that, and of course we should never say it, and so it never would be said. If I had only had the least suspicion of the case, I might have done so much to bring it about,—Charles, I shall almost upbraid myself."

"I shan't. I'm very glad that nothing of the kind is likely to happen."

"Yes, I can understand your reasons perfectly, and I quite appreciate them."

Mr. Braddick winced.

"Not quite," said he slowly.

And as he said it, the thought again crossed his mind. What if he should make his wife a confidante of his early life? For a moment he was again tempted to do it. But he drove the thought away. His wife had ever been an affectionate wife to him, and had he any right, nay, was there not something cowardly in even wishing to share his burdens with one who could only be distressed by its recital?

No. The past must be a sealed book forever; and though in years to come he and his wife might draw nearer and nearer together as time should leave the grey shadow fainter and fainter in the distance, still there must ever lie in his bosom a secret hidden from her who ought, if marriages are made in heaven, to be the sharer of his inmost thoughts. For in the entireness of such confidence alone is the holiness and happiness of

marriage. So he said nothing, but gave a sigh of relief.

Not so Mrs. Braddick. For once she was deeply interested in a subject, and so she pursued it.

"I wonder if anything could make Miss Linden like Richard? I fear not, for he has an unfortunate way of making one afraid of him. Not exactly afraid, but one is never certain whether he's in jest or earnest, and it makes one feel uncomfortable. Of course Miss Linden could not like him, but do you know, Charles, I like her all the better for refusing him. Many a woman in her place would have accepted him at once, whether she liked him or not. What a settlement it would have been for her! I call it noble, disinterested, unmercenary."

"Pooh, my dear, she did not care about him."

"Still, if Richard were not so disagreeable, I mean if he had not that unfortunate way about him, there's something rather striking and *distingue* in his appearance; his eyes are good, and—"

"My dear, I have no doubt you will make Richard out to be an Adonis presently,"

"Not at all. Still it seems strange. I see it, I see it all," cried Mrs. Braddick, with sudden animation; "she has had an early attachment, don't you think she has?"

"Pshaw."

"I feel sure of it, Charles, and I think it most interesting. If she had been here a little longer, and we had become better acquainted, she would have told me all about it."

"I am sure——" began Mr. Braddick, hesitatingly.

"Yes, so am I," said his wife, complacently, "And I dare say the reason she left so suddenly was on account of Richard. What a pity, because Richard is sure to go to Trenholm, he likes it so much better than Etheredge Court, and

then there would be no reason why she should not be here. That is delightful, we will have her back again!"

"I think, perhaps, after all, we had better leave matters as they are," returned Mr. Braddick.

"Now, Charles, why you should be opposed to what would be for the children's good and for my comfort, I cannot understand; and, besides, as a mere matter of gratitude, think what we owe to her for nursing Charley through the fever."

Mr. Braddick was silent for a moment.

"Our best way of showing our gratitude is by allowing Miss Linden to pursue her own course, and not to intrude when she so plainly shows us she wishes to have no connection with Etheredge Court."

"I believe, Charles, you are still afraid about Richard. I think you and Richard

are two of the most incomprehensible men I know. Richard has quite deceived me; I shall never trust to understanding him again, and I am beginning to think that I may be almost as much misled about you."

Mr. Braddick shrugged his shoulders, his conscience was not quite easy, and the inner voice said, "More so." But Mr. Braddick made no spoken comment.

"I should so like to have Miss Linden for a sister!"

The words, as Mrs. Braddick uttered them, had something almost pathetic in them, and as her husband gazed on his wife, this pleading for her unknown rival smote upon his heart. He bent forward, and kissed her. And she, unconscious of his thoughts, returned the kiss, and said:—

"Ah? I think you will yet help me about Miss Linden."

(To be concluded.)

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES OF ANTIQUITY.

THE existence of Friendly Societies in Greece and Rome before the Christian era is a fact with which many persons are unacquainted; or, if they have any knowledge of it, it does not extend beyond the meagre accounts usually given in works treating of the origin and history of Friendly Societies. These works generally commence with an account of some Angle-Saxon Guilds, preceded, however, by a reference to a passage in a Greek writer, who is supposed to have referred to the subject of Friendly Societies. This appears to be all that has hitherto been known about the antiquities of these interesting associations. Not only, however, may we assert that Friendly Societies existed at least 300 years before Christ, but we can also add, that we know what their rules and regulations were, what they did, how the government

treated them, the titles they assumed, what their officers' duties were, and many other particulars about them, which we may search for in vain among the records of Friendly Societies in much later ages.

The want of definite information about these ancient societies is conspicuously evident to any person who has seen the absurd accounts given as the history of the origin of secret Friendly Societies. The fabulous tales referred to are supposed to account for the rise and origin of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Foresters, Druids, and other similar societies. In them the names of Adam, Solomon, Hiram, Titus, Vespasian, and other historical characters are largely taken in vain, and without any ground for making them contributors to the fabrication of such imaginary histories. That these societies have an ancient his-

tory is true. It is time, however, that the idle tales hitherto prevalent on this subject should be abandoned, and that the facts of true history should be brought forward in their place. The object of the following pages is to place before the reader information on this subject, which may be relied on as historical. The evidence on which the following remarks are founded will, it is thought, be of such a character as to place them beyond all reasonable doubt.

The subject of these observations—namely, the Friendly Societies of Antiquity—has hitherto been almost entirely neglected. It is true that the subject has been treated by Dr. Smith in his "Dictionary of Antiquities," as well as by Albert de Broglie, Wescher, Renan, and other writers, but still, the subject has never been properly investigated. In the following pages all the evidence on the subject under consideration, which I have been able to obtain, and which is out of the reach of ordinary readers, is passed under review. The particulars referred to are scattered in many works, and, as far as I am aware, the greater part has not hitherto appeared in the English language.

It is not certain when the associations we know as "Friendly Societies," or clubs, were first established, but there can be no doubt of their great antiquity. It will be seen hereafter that they existed in the third century before the Christian era, but how much earlier they existed is only a matter of conjecture, although their antiquity is probably of a much earlier date. The knowledge of these interesting facts has been greatly extended during the last few years by the discovery in Greece and elsewhere of various marble tablets, and fragments of tablets, on which are engraved, in Greek characters, the decrees, or resolutions, of these ancient societies, made either in honor of some of their officers, or on other occasions. These inscriptions have been

translated, as far as they were capable of translation, by M. Wescher and others, and specimens of them will be given in the course of this paper. The original Greek texts, with the translations, are to be seen in the "*Revue Archeologique*," and the Latin one, from Lanuvium, is to be found in *Mommsen's* work, "*De collegiis et sodaliciis Romanorum*." Most of these societies were connected with the religious services paid to the Gods in the temples; in addition to this, some of them had for their object to aid their members in the pursuit of a particular profession; they then formed industrial, maritime, or commercial corporations, like our ancient guild of trades; some were, like the semi-religious guilds, under the patronage of a tutelary saint, which are found at this present time in connection with many Roman Catholic churches on the continent. The meetings of these ancient societies opened with prayer, after which came the general business. The place at which they were held was called a *synod*, or sometimes a *synagogue*, and the assembly was absolutely secret—no stranger could be admitted; a severe code maintained order thereat. They were held, it appears, in enclosed gardens, surrounded with porticos, or piazzas, or little arbors, and in the middle of which the altar of sacrifice was erected. The officers made the candidate for membership submit to a sort of examination, and they had to certify that he was "holy, pious, and good." There was in these little confraternities, during the two or three centuries that preceded the Christian era, a movement that was almost as varied as that which produced in the middle ages so many religious orders, and so many sub-divisions of these orders. No fewer than nineteen have been counted in the single island of Rhodes, of which several bear the names of their founders, or of their reformers. Several of these confraternities, especially that of Bacchus, had sublime and elevated doc-

trines, and endeavored, with a good will, to give to mankind some consolation. If there still remained in the Greek world any love, any piety, any religious morality, it was owing to the liberty granted to such private religious doctrines. These doctrines competed, in some measure, with the official religion, the decline of which became more evident day by day.

These societies were sometimes called *Thiasos* and sometimes *Eranes*. The word *Thiasos* is derived from the Greek word *thiazō*, which means to lead a chorus, or to dance, whence comes the word *thiasotai*, referring to those who formed a society and exercised themselves in chorus singing, but more frequently it is used of those who, on the pretext of the sacrifices and the worship of the Gods, met together as members of a society on the festival days of the Gods, and indulged in feasting. *Eranes* is derived from *eranos*, which signifies a contribution, or a collection, especially for a feast. It also means money. It is from the word *eranizomai*, meaning "I beg an alms," also, to collect or get together alms.

Let us now consider what these companies were which are called by the names of *Eranes* and *Thiasos*, and of which the following and other inscriptions have revealed the number and importance. These companies were formed of members who met together to sacrifice to certain divinities, and to celebrate their festivals in common; besides this they assisted the members who fell into necessitous circumstances, and provided for their funerals. They were at once religious associations and Friendly Societies; sometimes they partook of a political and commercial character. These private corporations (recognized by the State,) had their laws, their presiding and other officers, their priests, their funds supplied by the contributions of members and the liberality of benefactors. They assembled in their sanctuary

and made decrees. They were found in great numbers in the important cities, and especially in the maritime ones. At Rhodes, for example, there were "The Companions of the Sun," the "Sons of Bacchus," of "Minerva Lindienne," of "Jupiter Atabyrius," of "Jupiter the Savior." At Athens (or rather at the Piræus) there were the "Heroists," the "Serapistes," or company of the worshipers of the God Serapis, the "Eranistes," the "Orgeons," and lastly, the "Thiasotes."

One of these inscriptions, of which the original Greek is to be found in the "*Revue Archeologique*," has been translated by Mr. Wescher. Its date cannot be fixed with certainty, because the marble is broken where the *archontes*, name should appear, but on comparing it with another inscription relative to the *Thiasotes*, there is good reason for placing it about the commencement of the third century before Christ. The translation is as follows:—

"It has been proposed—Seeing that Menis, the son of Mnesitheos, of Heraclea, is full of good will towards the Thiasotes, and of zeal for the temple, that at present being treasurer appointed under the archontate of—he has fulfilled that charge with zeal and honesty, that he has finished the portico and the front of the temple of Jupiter Labraundos in a manner worthy of the God, that he has managed the common funds with honesty and justice, and that for all the Thiasotes he has been irreproachable both before and after taking office as treasurer, that he has not hesitated to add his own money towards the expenses of the temple, showing thus, in an evident manner, the good will that he has for Thiasotes, and that he has exercised the sacerdotal office in a manner worthy of the God. For all these things the Thiasotes have decreed to award a vote of thanks (or eulogium) to Menis, son of Mnesitheos, of Heraclea, to crown him with a chaplet of foli-

age, to consecrate in a part of the temple where it will be best seen his likeness, painted on a piece of wood, according to law, in order to show to all those who wish to prove their zeal towards the temple what honors they may obtain, each one, according to the good they are able to do for the Thiasotes, to engrave this decree on a stone tablet, and to place it in the temple of the God."

(Above the inscription is the crown or chaplet.)

The treasurer's office, if not the highest, was at least one of the most important in these societies, as the inscriptions prove, which speak of their financial embarrassment, and of the liberality of benefactors who came to the succor of the common fund. The members showed but little zeal in the payment of their contributions—first, because the funds were expended on lawsuits, which were frequent and sometimes unfortunate (but what these lawsuits were about does not appear); and secondly, because the expenses of the sacrifices and festivals left but little money for other expenses. There is a second mention of the honesty and justice of Menis in the management of the common fund, adding, however, that none of the Thiasotes had to complain of him. That means probably that he was not too rigorous in exacting the contributions from them. To provide for the necessities of the society, and at the same time to spare the members' pockets, Menis had generously furnished, from his own resources, the funds for the expenses of the sanctuary.

It is a rather strange sight to see a man charged with administering a common fund, assist it out of his own pocket; but it was a common occurrence among the Greeks, and especially in these associations.

The second part of the decree relates to the honors to be paid to Menis—namely, a vote of thanks (or eulogium) and a chaplet, or crown of foliage. We learn

from another inscription that the crown, or chaplet, was placed by the priest while officiating, at the moment that the Thiasotes sacrificed and made their libations; at the same time, he had to declare the reasons why the reward was given; if he omitted this he was liable to a fine.

It appears that to have the portrait painted on wood and placed in the temple was reserved for those who assisted the society by benefactions. Those who had only shown good will and zeal merely obtained the chaplet, or crown of foliage. The expression "according to law" may mean according to the society's rule, which probably regulated the recompenses to be awarded to benefactors, or it may allude to the laws of the state. These societies, by their philanthropic organization, as well as by their mystic and religious character, make us think of an institution that we are inclined to suppose exclusively modern. Each association possessed a common fund with two sources of revenue—namely, donations of benefactors, and the regular contributions paid personally by the members. The amount of contributions appears to have been about three drachmas per year, or about three days wages of a laboring man, and the member who refused to pay was excluded from the society, provided he was not excused on account of indigence or sickness. The members, or "eraniates," celebrated certain fetes in common, and had meetings for sacrifices and banquets, while they also mutually assisted each other in time of need.

The member who met a reverse of fortune received assistance from the common fund, with the understanding that he was to repay what had been advanced to him if fortune should prove favorable again. The members met in a common assembly to deliberate, and their resolutions, which were engraved on tablets, placed in the sanctuary, were the archives of the order. Women were present at these meetings. We know this by an

Athenian inscription, and by two marbles recently discovered in the isle of Santorin. The rules, which still exist, to prevent disorderly conduct forbid severely any tumult, and condemn the offender to fines. At the head of the society were a certain number of dignitaries chosen by lot, except the president, who was elected, and forming a "clergy" in the etymological acceptance of the term (Greek, *klerotes*; Latin, *clerus*). The principal of these dignitaries were

A president (Greek, *prostates* or *epistates*).

An archeranist, superintending the financial administration (*arkeranistes*).

A secretary (*grammateus*).

Quæstors or treasurers (*tamiat*).

Syndics (*sundikoi*).

Commissaries (*epimeletai*).

Sacrificers (*ieropoioi*).

A herald charged with making solemn proclamations (*ierokerus*).

A priestess, charged with the direction of the female portion of the community (*proerantistria*).

When they left office, after having conscientiously fulfilled their functions, they found their recompense in the honors which the grateful confraternity gave them.

These societies almost always took the names of the deities they venerated. Hamilton, in his "Researches in Asia Minor," published a facsimile of an inscription found by him on the borders of the Gulf of Syma, but he gives it without any transcription or interpretation. This fragment has since been translated as follows:—

"Alexander, of Cephalonia, has been honored with a golden crown by the Adoniastes (worshippers of Adonis), the Aphrodiastes (worshippers of Aphrodite), the Asclepiastes of Aulæ (worshippers of Esculapius), as well as his wife Nysa, of Cos. Epaphrodite, of Cos, has been honored with a golden crown by the Heroistes (worshippers of heroes in gen-

eral), and the Æaciastes (worshippers of the hero Æax, son of Nauplius), as well as his wife."

Ross, in his "*Inscriptiones Græcæ*," published an imperfect inscription relating to these societies, which was found in Rhodes. The translation has been given as follows:—

"—crowned with a crown of gold by the community of Jupiter Xenos, the Dyonisiastes Chaeremoniens, as well as by the Panathenæastes, and the— crowned with a crown of gold by the Soteriastes (worshippers of Soter), the confraternity of Jupiter Xenos, and that of Minerva Lindienne, followers of Caius, crowned with a crown of foliage by the community of Jupiter Atabyrien, and the Agathodæmoniastes philoniens, as well as by the community of Dyonysiastes chæremoniens, and by that of Apollo."

M. Wescher, during his residence at Athens, saw a fragment of an inscription engraved on a piece of blueish marble, similar to the marble of Hymettus, which has been translated as follows;—

"As he conducted himself with honesty and with kindness towards the community of Eranistes by a regular and equitable administration of the money coming out of the common funds, successively paid in by the Eranistes themselves, in conformity with their laws, and the annual subscription; seeing also that, in everything else, he does not cease to show integrity according to the oath which he swore to the Eranistes, good fortune to him. It has pleased the Eranistes, to praise Alcmeon, son of Theon, a naturalized stranger, their treasurer, and to crown him with a chaplet of foliage, on account of his zeal and good will to the community of Eranistes. It has also pleased them to praise the commissaries, as well as the sacrificers of Jupiter the Savior, of Hercules, and of the Savior Gods, and to crown each of them with a crown of foliage, on account of their virtue and their zeal for the community of Eranistes. It

has also pleased them to take care——”
(The text is broken off).

Some years ago there were discovered in the isle of Santorin two Greek inscriptions of the Roman epoch, graven on two pieces of marble, and surmounted with bas reliefs in good preservation. These precious monuments were taken to the museum at Athens. The following is a short description of the two bas reliefs:—The first has a priest holding a sceptre in one hand and a patera (or flat sort of a chalice) in the other; he is standing near an altar under the shadow of a tree. Fronting him a young man brings a lamb destined to be sacrificed as the victim. A young lady holds on her head a packet (probably a plate of offerings), and holding an ewer (or jug) in her hand, appears awaiting his orders. A draped personage assists at the ceremony. Below is an inscription, which has thus been translated:—“The members of the Thiasos have crowned Asclepiades, son of Melidonus, who has exercised with honor and dignity the functions of priest in the year 174. They have awarded him the tablet and crown of foliage with bandelettes for his lifetime.”

The description of the second bas relief is as follows:—We see two divinities in a garden—Cybele and Apollo; Cybele is sitting, the head crowned with turrets, with a lion crouching at her feet. Apollo, standing, clothed in a long robe, holds in his left hand a lyre, and in his right a patera (or flat sort of chalice). Near these two divinities there is a priestess standing; fronting her is a young man bringing a lamb for sacrifice, behind her a musician plays the double flute. The inscription underneath the bas relief has been translated as follows:—“The members of the Thiasos, men and women, have crowned Stratonice, daughter of Menecrates, who was priestess in the year 178 of Cybele the mother of the Gods. They have awarded her a crown of foliage, a marble tablet, ornamented

with bandelettes, and to be proclaimed publicly, and another crown with bandelettes, and to be proclaimed in the assembly of Jupiter, on account of her virtue.”

The era referred to under the figures 174 and 178 is unknown. It may have been the 174th and 178th years of the society's existence.

An inscription found at Rhodes, and transported to Venice, gives the following curious details:—“That the coronation be proclaimed in the assembly the second day after the holy ceremonies, by the care of the archerantist and the dignitaries who are next to him in office. That the president of the community, or the sacred herald, make the following proclamation: ‘The community of Heliades and of Heliastes has honored Dionysodore, of Alexandria, in perpetuity.’”

We have thus passed under review the principal Greek inscriptions relating to these interesting societies. They afford a glimpse of part of the inner life of antiquity which is very suggestive. Several other inscriptions have also been translated, and are to be found in the “*Revue Archeologique*” with the original Greek text, but as in these the Thiasotes and Eranistes are not the principal subject of the inscription, but are only mentioned incidentally, it has not been thought worth while to reproduce them, and it is from these sources that all the information which is not found in the texts quoted has been derived.

We now proceed to consider the associations of the class referred to as they existed at Rome, and under the empire. At Rome (quoting M. Renan) they found greater difficulties, and not less favor with the disinherited classes. The principles of the Roman policy on the subject of confraternities had been promulgated, for the first time, under the Republic, 186 years before Christ, on the affair of the Bacchanales. The Romans, by natural taste, were very favorable to associ-

ations, and especially to religious associations; but these species of congregations were displeasing to the patricians, the guardians of the public powers, who, in their narrow conception of life, only admitted the family and the state as the proper social groups. The most minute precautions were taken, such as—authorization was required before commencing, limitation of the number of members, forbidding the appointment of a permanent *magister sacrorum* or president, and also the raising of a common fund by means of subscriptions. The same solicitude manifests itself on various occasions in the history of the Roman Empire. The arsenal of the laws contained provisions for all sorts of repression; but it depended on those in power whether they were put in force or not. The proscribed religious doctrines often re-appeared within a few years of their proscription. The foreign emigration likewise, especially that of the Syrians, renewed the sources continually from which the opinions drew their vitality and which it was vainly sought to suppress.

A Roman inscription found at Lanuvium, about 19 miles from Rome, and given in Mommsen's work, "*De Collegiis et sodaliciis Romanorum*," informs us that the society referred to on the tablet was an assemblage of worshipers of Diana and Antinous. Among the rules it appears that it was provided that an amphora of good wine was to be presented to the club by a new member, the sum of 100 sesterces (about \$3.75.) to be paid as entrance money, and five asses (little more than four cents) per month as subscription. The meetings were not to take place oftener than once a month. If any one omitted payments for—months, no claim could be made, even though he had directed it by will. In case of the death of one who had paid his subscriptions regularly 300 sesterces (\$11.25.) were allotted for his funeral expenses, out of which, however, fifty were

to be set apart for distribution at the burning of the body. The funeral was to be a walking one. If a member died more than twenty miles from Lanuvium, and his death was announced, three delegates from the society were to repair to the place where he had died to perform his funeral, who had to render an account of it to the members. Fraud was to be punished by a four-fold fine. Twenty sesterces each were to be allowed the delegates for traveling expenses going and returning. If the death had taken place at more than twenty miles from Lanuvium, and no notice had been sent, the persons who had performed the funeral were to send a sealed certificate, attested by seven Roman citizens, on the production of which the usual sum for the expenses was to be granted. If a member had left a will, only the heir named in it could claim anything. If he died intestate, the quinquennales or magistrates of the municipium, and the members generally, were to direct how the funeral should take place. If any member in the condition of a slave should die, and his body, through the unjust conduct of his master or mistress, should not be given up for burial, his funeral should be celebrated by his bust being carried in procession. No funeral of a suicide was to take place. In addition there were many other rules for the preservation of order and good fellowship.

There is little room for doubt that many of the rules found among the regulations of this society at Lanuvium were common to others in Greece and elsewhere, formed for the accomplishment of similar objects.

We are surprised to find to what degree these associations, a subject, apparently of such secondary importance, pre-occupied the strongest minds. One of the principal attempts of Cæsar and of Augustus was to prevent the formation of new colleges, and destroy those that

already existed. A decree, issued, it appears, under Augustus, attempted to define with exactitude the limits of the right of meeting and association. These limits were extremely narrow. The colleges were to be simply for funeral purposes. It was not permitted for them to meet more than once a month; they could only occupy themselves with the burial of deceased members, and on no account were they to extend their objects. The empire eagerly tried to accomplish what was impossible. It wished, as a consequence of its exaggerated idea of the state, to isolate the individual, to destroy all moral ties between them, to combat a legitimate desire of the poor, that of standing close together. In ancient Greece the city was very tyrannical, but it gave in exchange for its vexations so many pleasures, so much information, so much glory, that nobody thought of complaining about it. They could die with joy for it—they submitted without revolt to its most unjust caprices. The Roman Empire, on the contrary, was too vast to be a country. It offered to all great material advantages, but gave nothing to love. The insupportable dullness inseparable from such a life appeared worse than death.

However, in spite of all the efforts of the politicians, the confraternities developed themselves immensely. The noble families had their names, their country, their traditions to care for, but the humble—the little ones—only had their "*collegium*." It was there they desired to please. All the texts show that these *collegia* or *cœtus* (colleges or assemblies) were formed of slaves, of veterans, persons in humble life. Equality reigned there among the freeborn, those who had been made free, and the slaves. Women were there in considerable numbers. At the risk of many malicious insinuations, and sometimes of the most severe penalties, persons desired to be members of one of these *collegia*, where it was

possible to live in the bonds of an agreeable confraternity, where mutual assistance could be had, and where relations were contracted which endured beyond the grave.

The place of meeting, or *scholia collegia* had usually a *letrastyle* or portico with four faces, whereon were affixed the rules of the college, by the side of the altar of the protecting deity, and a triclinium for the banquet. The banquets, in fact, were waited for with impatience; they were held on the fete day of the patron deity, or on the anniversaries of certain brethren who had left money for the purpose. Everybody took with him his *sportula* (or little basket containing his contribution to the festival); one of the brethren, taken in turn from the roll, furnished the accessories for the dinner, such as the cushions, the table furniture, the bread, the wine, the sardines, the hot water, etc. A slave, about to be enfranchised, had to provide for his comrades an *amphora* of good wine. A pleasant joy animated the repast; it was an express rule that no business relative to the college should be brought forward, in order that nothing should interfere with the few moments of joy and repose which these poor fellows managed to obtain for themselves. Every turbulent act, and every offensive word was punished with a fine. If we regard appearances only, these colleges were simply associations for mutual interment; but that object alone would have been sufficient to have given them a moral character. In the Roman times, like in our own, and at all epochs when religion is weakened, the piety of the tomb is almost the only one which the people retain. They liked to think that they would not be thrown into the horrible public graves, that the college would look after their funeral, that the brethren who came to their funeral pyre would receive a small gratification of about the value of four cents. The slave, particularly, had need to think

that even if his master had his dead body thrown into the public receptacles of filth, there would be some friends who would give him imaginary funeral rites. The poor fellow put a half-penny every month in the common fund, in order to procure after his death a little urn in a columbarium (or dove cot, as the little hole or place was called where the funeral urns were deposited, examples of which are still to be seen in the ancient catacombs of Rome), with a tablet of marble, whereon his name was to be engraved. Sepulture among the Romans being intimately connected with the *sacra gentilitia*, or the rites of families, had a very important signification. The persons buried together contracted a kind of relationship and an intimate fraternity.

The societies, once provided with a special authorization, had, at Rome, all the rights of civil persons, but this authorization was only accorded with an infinite quantity of reservation, commencing from the time the society possessed a fund, and providing that it was a question of nothing beyond burials. The pretext of religion, or the fulfilment of vows in common is provided against,

and is formally pointed out as one of the circumstances which gives a meeting an illegal character; the crime was nothing less than *lese majesty*, at least for the individual who had brought about the meeting. Claudius went so far as to shut up the public-houses where the members met together, and took away the license from the humble restaurants where the poor men could get their hot water and their boiled meat at a cheap rate. Trajan and the best emperors looked on these associations with suspicion. The extreme humility of the parties was an essential condition for the right of union for a religious purpose to be accorded, and even when it was accorded it was done with many reservations. The lawyers who drew up the Roman code, eminent as they are as jurisconsults, gave the measure of their ignorance of human nature when they pursued with all sorts of measures, even to the menace of the punishment of death, and when they restrained by all sorts of odious or puerile precautions that which experience proves is an eternal need of the soul of men.—*Odd Fellows' Quarterly Magazine.*

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

"You'll spend Christmas with us?" John Mellish had said to his cousin; and Brian, remembering how very gloomy last Yule-tide had appeared, as viewed from the solitude of his chambers, gladly accepted. Brian's exile, if it may be so called, was entirely voluntary. If he had accepted the invitations that poured in, he might have passed his days hunting, shooting, or dining; but being of an ambitious turn, and having, from the earliest boyhood, heard it asserted that he would "do something," and attain some position above the ordinary herd, Brian had laid down a course of hard law reading, to which he had

hitherto stuck honestly. Perhaps there was not much merit due to him yet; the plough and furrow may have been as fascinating as the outer world. He had run the gauntlet, it is true, of many of those temptations which most easily beset a man. But he had never been in love; that trial remained, and we shall see how he met it: of flirting, he had done his share, possibly more than his share. Law is, we know, at best, dry work, requiring counter excitement now and then, and Brian being indolent in his amusements, took that which was at hand. But the women with whom he flirted said he had no heart.

It is written that there is a tide in the lives of all men. This particular tide had not as yet set in upon the even shore of Brian's life, but the crisis was not far off, and as is generally the way, fate came concealed by the most innocent of disguises; and so it was, that being in a fair way to become a Q. C., if nothing more, Brian, running against his cousin John Mellish in the Strand, was summoned to meet his fate at "The Cedars"—where, a week before Christmas, we find our hero, sitting by the Squire's young wife, but looking with all his eyes at the pretty face of the wife's younger sister Kate, and trying with all his ears to catch the murmurs of her low, soft voice.

"I'll marry that girl or none," Brian said to himself as he undressed the night after his arrival; and so he repeated still more passionately, when on the footman rousing him next morning he became conscious that Kate's grey eyes had been shining upon him in his dreams.

"The hounds meet at the kennel, sir," said the servant, "and master says you'd better be down soon, as he and Miss Kerr are going to ride to cover."

"All right," quoth Brian; and having luckily come provided with breeches and tops, it was not long before he descended to the breakfast-room, where he found Kate presiding, and the squire and a couple of strangers from the other side of the country busy in fortifying against the chances of a long day.

"I've ordered the young chestnut for you, Brian," said John. "I want him shown off, and I am too heavy for the country we'll most likely cross to-day: besides, you handle a horse better than any man I know." Then the conversation turned upon the merits of the horse, and the prospect of having a run.

For the first ten minutes after starting Brian had his hands full, and not until the chestnut quieted down had he a fair opportunity of looking at Kate, who like

all pretty women who can really ride, looked better on horseback than anywhere else—and as Brian watched her brightening color, and lithe figure, swaying with every motion of the horse, the remembrance of his chambers came up like a nightmare.

What had green leaves laced with dew-laden gossamers, caroling larks, and full-throated robins, to do with dusty folios, and bluelined foolscap? Brian thought it over that night, while the picture was still fresh on his memory, and he thought it over every night, till, as the reader will see, the odds against the Q. C. became longer and longer.

What the riding, dancing and games had left undone, the dressing up of the church and house, for Christmas Day, completed; and by the time the greenery was gathered and hung, Brian knew that "the tide" had set in, and that the full waves were beating down every obstacle in their course.

And yet he had not by word or look betrayed himself to Kate. He was much too deeply in earnest to risk asking too soon. He knew it was life or death, so to speak; and so, though he haunted Kate's steps, people did not see what the truth was, partly because of the mask he wore, partly because of a very special reason which I shall explain presently.

Christmas was over, some guests left, and others came. So that going into the drawing-room one evening, and being rather late, Brian found every one assembled, enjoying that pleasantest of all times, the gloaming half-hour before dinner. Kate was sitting near the fire, and consequently in the lightest part of the room, and by her side a stranger, not a young man, but old enough to be her father; so Brian stood aside content to worship his divinity at a distance. Presently she caught his eye, and beckoning him to her, introduced him to General Amberly, who held out his hand, saying—

"I have just been telling Kate that your father and I were comrades in early days, and saw some hard times together with the Duke of York. You've heard him speak of Jessie Amberly?" And then, turning to Kate, he went on, "Jessie was my nick-name when I joined; I believe in those days I was considered a pretty boy, and coming fresh from a mother's care, my ways and wants were different to those of public-school men. This young gentleman's father joined the same year, and being bigger and stronger at that time, stood by me in more than one row."

"His father is dead, General," whispered Kate, her soft eyes filling.

"Yes, my dear, I know; but the memory of a good man never dies. His father was one of the best of them."

So Brian's heart was at rest, and what was left of it went straight to the outspoken old soldier whose old-fashioned courtesy and chivalrous attention to Kate seemed in poor Brian's eyes the greatest charm he possessed. Two days after this, Brian's visit terminated. As bad luck would have it, Kate had a headache; the last day she neither appeared at dinner nor yet in the evening. Brian, who had made up his mind to speak out, was down an hour before any one else next morning; but Kate only showed herself when breakfast was half over. So, as time waits for no one, he had to take his departure minus the hoped-for interview, and there was nothing for it but to trust his fate to the post. So after reaching London he wrote a manly, straightforward letter, telling Kate the truth, and asking her to be his wife.

In two days the reply came, and Brian's fate was sealed.

"I am deeply grieved," wrote Kate; "more deeply than I can possibly tell you. I thought you knew I was engaged to General Amberly. John should have told you, and I cannot understand how it was you never heard; the fact is so

universally known amongst my friends, that I never doubted you knew, and that will, I hope, enable you to forgive me if my conduct has helped to pain you. I showed your letter to the General, and he bids me say that he feels as I do, very, very sorry, and that as your father's friend, you must look upon him as a true friend."

Over and over again, Brian read this letter, quietly enough, too; but with the quiet that comes of despair. He saw it all; and there was not a shadow of reproach or blame in his heart against Kate. But the light seemed to go out of his life, and for three weeks Brian tried the old trick of driving away his misery by a life of riot. At the end of three weeks nature gave way, and he was raving with brain fever. Dissipation did not suit him, and luckily the stop came before he was utterly lost.

"You must leave London," said the doctor; "quiet is necessary—try a sea voyage."

"I must see her first," thought Brian, "and then I don't care where I go. I shall see what I want to know in her face."

So as soon as he could move about, Brian took the morning express, and hiring a gig at East Cross Station drove over to "The Cedars." "Mr Mellish was out—the mistress was with the baby, but would be down directly." So Brian went into the morning room to wait, and presently coming from the garden he saw Kate. She walked up to the house rather slowly, and hidden as he was behind the curtains, Brian could see without being seen, and his heart grew sick even while a wild triumph seemed to fill his being; for he saw what he had hoped, even while he dreaded, in Kate's face. She stopped opposite the window, and looked at the dog-cart as if uncertain to whom it belonged, or whether to go on. Then suddenly a flush came over her, and she turned quickly down the avenue. Brian

had come out of his hiding-place, and leant against the window: he was desperate just then.

When Kate was out of sight, came the remembrance of where he was, and the certainty that if he stayed he would have to face Mrs. Mellish. If the thought of this interview had seemed difficult when he first sat down in the room, it became still more hard after seeing Kate, and at last grew so intolerable that Brian fairly turned and bolted, and the dog-cart was half-way to the station before Mrs. Mellish, who had waited for the nurse coming up from her dinner, deposited the baby in that functionary's arms, and having seen that her hair was straight, descended to speak with Brian, found the bird had flown.

"What could he mean?" she said afterwards, to Kate. And Kate, looking very pale, answered,—

"He wanted to see John, perhaps; won't John go up and see him?"

And John, who was one of the most good-natured men in the world, went up to town next day, taking with him Mrs. Mellish, and they, having done some shopping, proceeded to Brian's chambers, where they heard the fiat pronounced by the doctor, and learned that Brian, having tired of reading law, meant to try a settler's life in Australia.

"You'll come back to us some day, old fellow?" was the squire's farewell.

"Ay, in ten years I'll spend Christmas Day with you."

"Well, that's a bargain; in ten years we'll lay a knife and fork for you."

Brian laughed bitterly, repeating, "In ten years," and Mrs. Mellish coming up to him, put her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him, whispering, "her blessing, too, Brian; you are a noble fellow."

She followed her husband down-stairs, and taking a cab, they drove to Euston Square.

Kate was sitting by the library fire when they reached home, and very wist-

fully the girl looked at her elder sister.

"We have seen Brian, Kitty; he is much better, and has been ordered a sea voyage; so he is going to try how Australian air will suit him. He has promised to spend Christmas with us ten years hence. How did baby get on without me?"

* * * * *

Spring came; but the General was not well, and the marriage was put off until Christmas; but when autumn came the old man was prostrate. He lingered on nearly two years; Kate nursing him, and to her he left his property. Once or twice during his illness he had asked for news of Brian, and by his request the squire had written to relations and friends, but no tidings could be obtained.

"He might have had the grace to write," said John, when he told the General the result of his inquiries. But the latter shook his head.

"Nay, John, he is right. 'He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not meet for the kingdom of Heaven.' The poor boy has done well; he will come back in ten years, and when he does, tell him I said so."

When the General's warfare was over, and the old soldier had answered his last muster-roll, Kate remained altogether at The Cedars, and, calling herself the old maid of the family, was looked up to with much respect by the rising generation of nephews and nieces. Nor was Kate's money idle; many a wrinkled old face in the village grew anxious when gossip gave out that Miss Kate had another wooer, but when the lover mounted and rode away, and Kate was still Miss Kate, the news spread like sunshine, and the smiles came back again; and Christmas after Christmas brought good cheer and full larders to every home in the little village, a softer glow to Kate's cheek, and a brighter smile to Kate's lips.

At last the tenth Christmas was near at hand. The winter was a hard one,

Upon the morning of Christmas Eve, Kate and the children went forth to gather greenery. Young Ethel, now nearly as tall as Kate herself; Dick upon the sheltie; Tom and Harry armed with knives, big enough to do serious damage to the holly trees. Amongst them stood Kate; time, in taking away the lightness of girlhood, had perfected the maturer beauty of womanhood, and very fair and loveable she looked as, with her hands full of gleaming holly, she stood in the wintry picture—a picture very unlike that of a Christmas on the other side of the world, where the seasons are turned upside down, and Christmas Day comes at midsummer. So thought a man who was leaning against the churchyard gate. He had been standing there for some time before the children came down the avenue, and moving a little so as to bring the branches of a tree between him and them: he still stood, until the thud of a horse's feet on the snow made him turn, and as the squire trotted up, the men came face to face.

John Mellish reined in his horse, and stared, stooped down in his saddle, and grew red in the face, as he cried:

"Not Brian!—and yet, by the Lord Harry, it is. Welcome home, old fellow!" As he spoke the squire had got down from his horse, and was clasping Brian's hands. "Why didn't you write?"

"I'll tell you some day, old friend; let bygones be bygones."

"Right there; but see, lad, there's something to mark the bygone," and John pointed to the group so busily gathering greenery, but which, that instant catching sight of him, broke up, the boys running forward to meet him, leaving Kate and Ethel alone, up to whom John and his cousin went.

"I have brought the guest of the year,

Katie," her brother said, "a guest from the other side of the world to keep a tryst made ten years ago, before you were born, Dick; think of that," and taking the sheltie's rein, John ran down the road, calling to the other boys to bring his horse.

Kate's eyes had darkened as Brian came towards her, and the holly fell from her hands, so that both were ready to be put in his. Beyond this double shake, the meeting was quiet enough to strike Ethel as a very cold way of receiving a friend after being away for ten years; but Ethel, you see, had a great deal to learn yet. They walked up to the house together, and when Brian went to speak to Mrs. Mellish, Kate disappeared.

What a dinner that was! Surely some of us have known or shared in the happiness of welcoming one long absent from the home fireside; and, after many days of exile by sea and land, of strange adventures, perils, and hair-breadth escapes, have felt the heart grow full, as looking down the table past familiar faces, the old face changed and yet the same, turns to us, and the eyes throw back their answer of faith and affection. So, at least, felt John Mellish, and so, too, felt one true heart not far from John. But it was not until later in the evening, when they were all standing about in the front rooms listening to the carol singers, that Brian found an opportunity of saying in Kate's ear:

"I never loved a woman but you, Kate, and I've been faithful to my love through all these ten hopeless years. May I ask for my wages?"

Kate had no voice to make audible reply, but a warm hand stole into Brian's, and he knew that after many days he had his reward.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

PERHAPS there is no rule so little used and so much abused as the one, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" or, to put it into household English, "Do as you would be done by." Where many decline to act, or find some excuse for not acting upon it, most are ready to complain when it is neglected by others in the treatment of themselves. Whatever any one thinks or does, it is always and clearly his neighbor's business to keep this rule. It is indeed counted "golden" by all, being often considered too precious to be spent or bestowed on another, and yet such as every one wishes to be applied to himself.

I have said that there is no rule so little used and so much abused. Let me try and make this clearer by illustrating both sides of my assertion. First, let us look at the neglect of it. We too often make ourselves the center of our consideration. There is a vile Dutch proverb, expressing, some may think, the secret of that nation's thriftiness, which says, "Self is the man." But I fear it has a wider application than the limits of that people. Look at the ruling motive of, I might say, all commerce and trade, great and small—buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. Well. Men of business must live; and yet, surely, Christian men of business should look not only at the profit they can make by legitimate trading, but at the essential equity of their transactions. There is many a stroke of business done which is defensible by the established laws of commerce, but which, judged by the highest morality, that of the Golden Rule, is very questionable to say the best of it. Take an example. A picture-dealer sees a dingy-looking portrait in a poor broker's shop, ticketed a dollar. His experienced eye perceives that it is

worth fifty or more dollars. Now, he is permitted by the laws of trade to reap the benefit of his knowledge, and make five hundred per cent. of his purchase. But, however little the small broker may have paid for the picture, it is evident that he thinks it of little value, by the slight profit he proposes to make by its sale. Now, how ought a scrupulously honest man, who wishes to do as he would be done by, to treat the little broker? Shall he buy the picture at its paltry price, carefully concealing his perception of the prize he has found, or pay such a price as would leave himself only a fair profit? How about the rule, "Do as you would be done by?"

I have taken a solitary case. But there arise many analogous ones in all businesses. How can a Christian trader take advantage of another's ignorance? It is, I grant you, a complicated question. Directly we enter into it, we seem to be half stifled by the bewildering atmosphere of casuistry. I doubt, however, whether commerce is not often sorely poisoned, and the moral sense of many who live by it confused by much legitimate sharpness. There is all the difference between regular trading, in which commercial skill gives one dealer a superiority of another, and chance opportunity for a special bargain which is perceived by a shrewd man. Must he try to discriminate between the advantages which educated experience gives him, and those which arise from the exceptional ignorance or embarrassment of another? Surely he ought according to the Golden Rule. It would not spoil the good savor of his name, the steady progress of his business, and the accumulation of his money, if he refrained from making more than a fair market gain out of each transaction he engaged in. A really great bargain generally involves a

really great loss by some unfortunate man who is in a corner. Now, may his special perplexity or inexperience be made into capital by a Christian man of business? Depend on it, the Golden Rule must come in here. Never mind whether the custom of trade permits the bargain. There is a higher law, which hinders no fair profit, but ever raises its protest against these "strokes of business."

We have hitherto looked at the application of our rule in the conduct of the larger transactions of trade and commerce. It is equally needful, and I fear equally neglected, in common craft and handiwork. What is the custom of "making the most of a job," as it is called, but an expedient for getting more money out of an employer or customer than he wants to spend? How difficult it is to get rid of a workman out of your house when once he has begun to make some chips and noise there! He is a good sort of fellow, no doubt, honest, sober, industrious, after his fashion; but how obvious his effort to spread the job over as wide a space and time as he can. How he potters, mislays his tools, goes to "shop" to fetch this, that, and the other. How persistently he forgets to finish up. You seem powerless. He is such a civil man to talk to, and appears so interested in his work; is so suggestive, intelligent, and skillful, that you hardly know how to complain. And yet, you are sure that he is needlessly spinning out the business in hand. You long to get rid of him: he knows you do. Nay, you tell him so, and he responds with a smile. The fact is, your interest of itself is nothing to him. Of course it is his interest that the work should be well done, that the credit of the trade should not be lowered; but as while he fulfills the requirements of his craft, he imposes himself upon you with a tedious persistency which makes many a householder dread the very sight of an "intelligent artisan" within his doors.

After a civil inaccessible fashion he systematically declines to act upon the rule, "Do as you would be done by." This is a small matter, one may think, and must be made the best of; but it is not a wholesome thing that large numbers of respectable men, clever and steady at their trade, should, apparently on principle, ignore the convenience and legitimate wishes of those who employ them, looking at their work simply with an eye to make it go as far as possible, and produce the most pay at the least pains, quite irrespectively of the wants and purposes of the persons for whom the work is done.

In handicraft, as in commerce, we must admit that there is a serious neglect of the Golden Rule. The illustrations I have given may suggest others to those who know anything of business. The same selfishness crops up in a hundred shapes. We see the spirit of the Dutch proverb, "Zelf is de man." "Self's the man," in more of our work than one likes to think of. Indeed it is rendered, in our language, by one which is even worse than the other, inasmuch as it presents itself with an air and in the dress of piety, saying, "Every man for himself, and God for us all"—an utter perversion of, or rather, I should say, radical opposition to, the Christian order of obedience, in which the first commandment is duty to God, and the second to our neighbor, self being left out altogether as a chief object of our work—the concluding moral of a discourse about the law being, therefore, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I need hardly say that a neglect of the Golden Rule is by no means confined to commerce, trade, and handicraft. It infects more than our relations to strangers in the current business of life. It creeps into the household, and keeps up those little sores which are too often the curse of a family, the fly in the ointment

of home love. It is not only master and servant, mistress and maid, that often forget to do as they would be done by, failing in that mutual consideration which alone keeps the wheels of the family wagon greased; but in the kitchen and the parlor, round the fire and the table, the neglect of the Golden Rule, in home chat, and in the interchange of those little duties which are too small and too many to be reckoned up on paper, lies the difference between domestic happiness and discomfort. Try it, my friend. Just make it a special aim for one day to study the ease and convenience—nay, the little harmless whims and fancies of your own home circle. Contrive to check the querulous or caustic expression of your own opinion. Be ready to hear what others say, and to take interest in what interests them. You will see a result, probably at once. You will feel your humor re-act upon yourself. It is catching as well as cheering. Suppose you find some one specially pleasant. You can't say exactly what he or she has done to make pleasantness; but something—some influence has flowed in upon you which makes you see things in a better light, and judge them in a gentler temper. You have been treated as you wish. You have been done by as you would in the little matters of home. You have felt kindness. You have enjoyed the application of the Golden Rule in small things. Well, it is in your power to communicate to others the pleasant sensation which you have felt yourself. Try it. Try it fairly, honestly, and you will find that you possess a very talisman, a source of cheery atmosphere, which will make you feel twice as rich as you were before—nay, will really make you richer, for you have so far been in receptive contact with the rich Spirit of grace, who sheds his influence not only in those mighty works which move a people, but does not forget the lesser charms of life any more than the sun

which sheds its light and warmth upon a crowd of worlds, fails to tint and cheer the daisy on a lawn. You have so far been in receptive contact with the Spirit whose law is "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

But I have said that there is no rule more abused than the Golden one. Let us look at this side of the matter. If we are to do as we should be done by, we must wish to be "done by" honestly. No law of the Lord is overridden by falsehood or injustice. Right must ever be the root of the Golden Rule.

Of course the case of a thief, who might wish me to drop my purse in the road he was walking, and so be "done by" as he would, is not to the point I am making for, since he would himself be unwilling to drop his; but I cannot imagine a case in which we might seem to be keeping the Golden Rule, and yet be far from doing right.

A beggar presents himself before me in the way. I think, "Poor man, if I were he, I should be very glad of an alms," and I give him a coin. Now, am I thus really keeping the rule to do as I would be done by? Is my act a kindly departure from the severe rules of political economy, by which we seek to check pauperism and imposture? Does not the beggar heartily desire alms? If I were a beggar, would not I desire them? Do not I do as I would be done by in bestowing them? Yes, indeed, if so be that I have a beggar's soul, or can really identify myself with one who makes it his business to live upon alms, who is willing to accept, nay, to seek, the proceeds of work solely by refusing to do any work at all. The business of the beggar is to feed upon that which is directly or indirectly the result of some one's labor. He dislikes toil. He dislikes the restraints of productive industry, and he himself produces nothing, except it be a brood of beggars in prospective, and some in-

crement towards the pauperism of a people, with the additional item of confusion in the sense of the word charity.

I have referred to professional beggars; but what I say has many applications. When we are asked to do as we would be done by, and our good nature, frequently the child of mere selfishness, if appealed to, we must consider not merely whether, if in the petitioner's place, we should like to have our petition granted, but whether it ought to be granted. No man has a right to expect his desire to be granted unless he desires what is just and right. We must ask whether the person who wants help considers himself alone in his prayer. If he considers himself alone, we merely encourage selfishness by granting it. We promote that very vice which causes the right use of the Golden Rule to be neglected.

There is room for much more kindness in the world, but there is daily proof

that much apparent kindness, such as is often received with profuse thanks, is really not true kindness, but the stimulant of mischievous dependence.

Let us, then, not suppose that the Golden Rule is kept by a mere compliance with the wishes or importunities of others. He who gave it did, according to the record of his work, by no means gratify the requests of all who appealed to him.

While, therefore, we do wrong by yielding to selfishness in our refusal to act upon the Golden Rule, we must take care lest we overshoot the mark, and encourage by our deed that very fault which we wish to strive against ourselves. We must do as we would be done by when the deed may be fairly demanded of us, but we must not do as we would be done by when the petitioner is not justified in his request.

MEMORY.

How sweet to glide in mem'ry's train
Along the track of vanished years,
And gather up the gems and flow'rs
That time has scatter'd through the past.

To sit, in mem'ry, on the knee
Where oft we sat in childhood's hours,
And drink the inspiration of
A mother's holy love again,
Is one of Heaven's dearest gifts
To man, while wand'ring in the thick
And tangled wilderness of life.
We feel again her warm kiss on
The smooth and tender brow, and hear
Once more the sweet, endearing words
Of fond, maternal love and hope,
So often whisper'd in our ears,
With admonitions of the snares
That thick beset the path of life,
With tempting bait alluring fast
Our footsteps to the doors of death.

'Tis sweet to gather up and store
Away in mem'ry's precious urn,
The gems of charity, that in
Profusion lie and sparkle, like

The silv'ry drops of April dew,
Around the foot-prints of those years
We spent to others doing, as
We wish'd that they to us should do.
We call to mind, with thrills of joy,
Our youthful friendship's tender ties,
That Time's relentless surge has snapt,
And live again in better days,
When selfishness no place could find
To lodge its hateful, loathsome form;
And ev'ry impulse of the heart
Was towards the noble, true and good.

But there is something more than sweet—
More thrilling still than friendship's
pledge,
In going back through flow'ry lanes
Along the track of wedded life,
To that bright day of nuptial vows,
In which two hearts, by heavenly fire,
Were melted to a fount of love,
In which to soothe the wounds of time,
And which will make eternity
Itself, an endless day of bliss.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

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ODD FELLOW'S DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

The fourth volume of the "*Companion*" will begin with the number for August, 1868, when it will again be enlarged. The increase, this time, will be mainly in the size of the page, which will be so enlarged and changed, that each number of the magazine will then contain fully one-third more reading matter than this number. This will enable us to bring a greater variety of articles than heretofore, and we already have contributions promised from quite a number of distinguished Brothers, several of whom we announce as contributors in our Prospectus, on the fourth page of the cover of the magazine.

In view of the great and growing popularity of the Degree of Rebekah, we have selected as the Premium Plate for the fourth volume a beautiful picture of "Rebekah at the Well." Each subscriber for the fourth volume will receive one of these pictures, or one of the large Premium Portraits, as he may prefer.

Some of our friends have suggested that, while they are very fond of the "*Companion*," would it not make the magazine more interesting to have more of those excellent stories and sketches, and not so much about Odd Fellowship; and other friends have as considerably advised us to discontinue publishing the "light literature of the present day," and fill our pages with good addresses on Odd Fellowship, the reports of Grand Officers of the various Grand Bodies, and entertaining Odd Fellows' reading of a similar character. We are always pleased to receive these suggestions, as we can best learn from them what our readers desire; but as they frequently differ as greatly as those quoted above, it would be a task of some difficulty to comply with the wishes of them all. Now, we desire to accommodate our friends in the manner of conducting the "*Companion*;"

it is our duty and our pleasure to make it as acceptable to our readers as possible; and as we cannot conveniently adopt the ideas of all our friends in the premises, we do the next best thing under the circumstances, and adopt neither in full and part of both. We shall in future give you, Brother, a greater variety, and more of those excellent stories and sketches, each month, than heretofore; but you must please remember that the "*Companion*" is an Odd Fellow's magazine, and must permit us to devote a number of its pages to the "Good of the Order." And to the Brothers who desire less of the "light literature," we will, in our fourth volume, give more of Odd Fellowship than in the past; we can assure you that our main efforts are given to improve and perfect the Odd Fellow's Department, and we believe that our fourth volume will demonstrate that we have not thus exerted ourselves unsuccessfully. The editor, however, who would cater successfully for the public, whatever may be his own taste and judgment in such matters, must provide that for his readers, which his readers demand and will certainly obtain, whether he provides it, or whether others do so. And it cannot be denied that the overwhelming majority of Odd Fellows, as well as others, demand stories and other light reading to form a large proportion of their literary food. A great deal of the preaching of the day is done by the writer of stories, and the lessons which he teaches are those to which men and women will listen, who but too frequently heed none other. This was not the case thirty years ago, and may not be so thirty years hence; but in the meantime, the editor of the magazine of to-day must provide for the readers of the day that class of literary food which they require, and do the greatest possible good under the circumstances, by providing them with good stories teaching good lessons.

GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

Our readers will find in the Ohio Department a synopsis of the doings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, during its recent session, from the able pen of Grand Secretary Earl. We fully concur in what Bro. Earl says of the hospitality, kindness and attention of the Cleveland Brothers. The quarters provided for the members of the Grand Lodge at the American House were excellent; Bro. J. P. Ross, the obliging host, knows how to keep hotel, and does not charge too much for showing that he does know.

Deputy Grand Sire E. D. Farnsworth, of Nashville, Tennessee, passed through Cleveland while the Grand Lodge was in session, and paid a brief visit to that body. We also had the pleasure of meeting in Cleveland P. G. M. John W. Orr, editor of the "American Odd Fellow," and P. G. T. G. Field, editor of the Girard, Pa., "Crisis."

Grand Patriarch Turner and P. G. R. Duffeu, of Chillicothe, who attended the session of the Grand Lodge, went from there to England, where they intend to spend several months among their old friends.

THE ODD FELLOW'S RECORD.

We are in receipt of Nos. 2 and 3 of the "Odd Fellow's Record," published by Frank Clinton, in Philadelphia, Penna., at \$1.00 a year. The "Record" is a monthly publication of eight large folio pages each month, "devoted to the dissemination of the principles of the Order." With proper efforts, Bro. Clinton is certain to meet with success.

WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND LIFE INSURANCE CO.

A new life insurance company, bearing the above name, and to be controlled exclusively by Odd Fellows, has been organized in Nashville, Tennessee. Deputy Grand Sire E. D. Farnsworth is President, and Past Grand Patriarch Joseph L. Weakly one of the Directors. The other officers are gentlemen whose names are unfamiliar. We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Bro. Farnsworth, but he has a high reputation for business capacity, and will doubtless succeed with his new enterprise.

PENNSYLVANIA, INDIANA AND MISSOURI.

The Grand Bodies of these jurisdictions were in session during the third week in May—too late to enable us to present our readers with a synopsis of their proceedings in this number. We hope to do so next month.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.

The Grand Encampment of Ohio was in session in Urbana on the 5th and 6th of May, all the Grand Officers and one hundred and five Representatives being in attendance. The report of Grand Patriarch Slater, after giving a condensed account of his labors during the past year, and of the institution and re-institution of the fourteen Encampments authorized at the last session, calls attention to several discrepancies between our local law and the rulings of the Grand Lodge of the United States. This portion of his report was referred to the committee on the state of the Order, who recommend the adoption of a series of amendments, to make our legislation conform to that of the higher body.

The substance of the report of Grand Scribe Hubbell has, through the kindness of that Brother, been laid before our readers in the last number.

The amendments offered by Grand Representative Babcock, changing the representative system were adopted, after the number of Representatives had been changed from fifty to seventy-five. This gives one Representative for about eighty-seven members. The system of District Deputies is not changed by this law—each Encampment will have its own Deputy, and in cases where several Encampments form one District, the Grand Patriarch will designate the D. D. Grand Patriarch, to whom the votes for Representative must be sent.

The first section of Article V was so amended, as to give us a Grand Senior Warden and a Grand Junior Warden, instead of a Grand Warden only.

Some changes were made in the law relating to dropping for non-payment of dues. It was made the duty of the Scribe "on the first meeting night of the term to cause a notice to be sent to all who may be one year

in arrears." Section 4 of Article VII was stricken out and the following substituted:

SEC. 4. "No member shall hereafter be suspended or expelled for non-payment of dues; but every member who shall become one year in arrears for dues, shall be dropped from membership, after he shall be notified by the Scribe of such arrears, thirty days before being dropped. Any member so dropped may, within one year, be restored to membership upon payment of one year's dues, by a vote of a majority of the members present and voting thereon, at a regular meeting. If a dropped member shall not apply for re-institution until one year has elapsed from the time he was dropped, his application for re-institution shall be referred to a committee of three for the usual examination into character and health, and he shall be subject to the same test by ballot as an applicant for membership on card. The provisions of this section, respecting the re-instatement of members dropped, shall apply to all persons heretofore suspended or expelled for non-payment of dues; *provided*, that no re-instituted member shall be entitled to benefits until after the expiration of six months from the date of his re-institution."

Sections 7 and 8 of Article XIV were stricken out.

Seventeen petitions for charters were presented, but only eleven were granted, for Encampments at Cincinnati (German), Canton, McArthur, Waverly, Barnesville, Marysville, Clyde, Salem, Chagrin Falls, Blanchester and East Liverpool.

Permission was granted for the removal of Anderson Encampment, No. 85, from Mt. Washington to Columbia.

Past Patriarchs D. Fithian, of No. 32, J. H. Clemmer, of No. 1, and C. L. Russell, of No. 5, were elected as Trustees, and W. M. Hubbell, of No. 32, as Clerk.

The officers for the current year are:

JAMES TURNER, Dayton, Grand Patriarch.
ROBERT HEDGEE, Cincinnati, Grand Sen. Warden.

W. M. HUBBELL, Cincinnati, Grand Scribe.
N. F. LUCKY, Goshen, Grand Treasurer.

WM. A. DICK, Cincinnati, Grand Junior Warden.

DANIEL FITHIAN, Cincinnati, and JOSEPH DOWDALL, Columbus, Grand Representatives.

The next session of the Grand Encampment will be held in Cincinnati.

REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

The beautiful lithograph of Rebekah at the well, which we are having made as our premium plate for the fourth volume of the "Companion," will not be ready until some time in July.

THE PITTSBURGH CONVENTION.

As anticipated, the "Convention of all Christians opposed to Secret Societies," which assembled in Pittsburgh on the 5th of May last, was quite insignificant in point of numbers—so much so that the reporters of the Associated Press took no notice of the affair. When the ballot was taken as to the next place of meeting, only sixty-three votes were polled.

The Convention met in Lafayette Hall, on the 5th of May, and was called to order by the Rev. Dr. Joel Blanchard. Rev. Dr. Brown was elected temporary chairman, and Mr. A. J. Bailey, of Illinois, temporary secretary.

The following committee on permanent organization was appointed:

Rev. Dr. Fairchild; Rev. B. F. Roberts, of Rochester, N. Y.; Wm. Pettingill, of Illinois; Rev. Mr. Burger, of Ohio; Dr. J. S. Paxton, of Alleghany; Rev. Dr. J. T. Cooper, Philadelphia; and Rev. Dr. Marsh, of the New York State Temperance Society.

They reported the following as the officers of the convention:

President—Bishop David Edwards, Ohio.
Vice-Presidents—Major Wm. Frew, Pittsburgh; Wm. Henry Cowles, Ohio; Rev. A. Crooks, New York; Dr. Thos. Sproull, Alleghany; Rev. B. T. Roberts, New York.
Secretaries—1st, Dr. J. Douglass, Pittsburgh; 2d, Rev. A. A. Phelps, New York.

Rev. Dr. Pressley, of Alleghany, read the Scripture and prayed.

Prof. Henry E. Whipple, of Hillsdale College, Michigan; Philo Carpenter, of Chicago; Rev. J. A. Hart, Rev. Columbus Greene, and R. R. Whittier, of Illinois, were added to the Vice-Presidents. Rev. Dr. Douglass resigned the position of Secretary.

Five minute speeches were then made by Messrs. Jones, of Penn.; Roberts of New York; Dr. Butler, of Indiana; Rev's. Herless, Travis, and Marling, of Illinois; Mr. Shatter, of New York; Dr. Rogers, of Ohio; Rev. Hart, of Illinois; Mr. Scalsburg, of New York; Mr. Heaton, of Salem, Ohio; and Dr. Cooper, of Philadelphia. Nearly all of these speeches were directed against Masonry—reviving the story of the abduction of Morgan, and claiming that Masonry is opposed to Christianity. Odd Fellowship is mentioned occasionally. Dr. Cooper, of Philadelphia, the last orator mentioned, said that he was especially gratified at the evi-

dence of undoubted antagonism to these un-Godlike organizations in different parts of the country. He believed that there is nothing more damaging to religion than these Orders. He had found that members of these Orders thought nothing of the Church, of progress or family devotions. He said the number of secret organizations in Philadelphia was something very astonishing; indeed, their number could hardly be enumerated. He related where, in a visit to the family of a member of his church, he had ascertained that no devotions were had, no blessing asked on the food, no evening prayer, no reading of Scriptures, and in the end, the member told the speaker he was thinking of joining the Odd Fellows. Dr. Cooper told him that, in his opinion, he was just ready for that. (Laughter).

The following additional committees were appointed:

Finance—Rev. T. Hanna, Pennsylvania; Rev. Milligan, Alleghany; and J. L. Burrell, Ohio.

Letters and Correspondence—L. H. Stratton, New York; Mr. R. Britten, Wisconsin; and Rev. M. Wright, Indiana.

Addresses and Resolutions—J. Blanchard, Illinois; R. R. Whittier, Illinois; and Dr. J. T. Cooper, Philadelphia.

Publication of Books, Tracts, etc.—Rev. J. A. Hart, Illinois; Rev. Kerup, Ohio; and Rev. Blanchard, Illinois.

After remarks by Dr. Marsh, of New York, on the influence of secret organizations on the Temperance movement, Rev. Roberts, of New York, offered a resolution in favor of Temperance.

Mr. Baird, of Pennsylvania, who "had had the experience of seventeen degrees in the art of Free Masquetry," then addressed the convention.

Rev. Dr. Cowles, of Ohio, made the following report of a permanent organization:

1. The name of this body shall be known as The National Christian Association opposed to Secret Societies.

2. Its objects shall be to expose, withstand and remove the evils of secret societies, and of Freemasonry especially, in order to save the Churches of Jesus Christ from being depraved by their influences, and also to redeem the administration of justice from perversion and our republican government from corruption.

3. The officers of this Association shall be a President, and one Vice-President from each of the states represented in this body; an Executive Committee of nine members, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum; a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer

and an Auditor, the four last named to be appointed by the Executive Committee, and the Corresponding Secretary to be *ex officio* a member of said committee. All these officers shall be chosen for one year, and hold office till their places shall be supplied by the appointments of their successors.

4. The annual meetings of this Association shall be constituted of delegates from auxiliary and kindred bodies, as hereinafter provided for, and shall be held the first Tuesday in May, the place of said meeting to be determined by the Association at the previous annual meeting, subject to change, for good cause, by the Executive Committee, who shall also make all needful preparations for said meeting.

5. Associations for the same general objects, whether state, ecclesiastical or local, may become auxiliary to this body at their own request, and may represent themselves in its annual meeting by a majority vote.

Rev. Mr. Kingsley, of the Methodist Church, New York, read extracts of certain passages, marked as from the Bible, but showing the name of Jesus to be omitted, from a book called the "Guide to the Royal Arch Chapter."

Rev. Dr. Fairchild read a paper on the influence of secret Orders on social life.

A letter was read from Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator, regretting his inability to be present.

The following is the organization effected:

President—Bishop David Edwards.

Executive Committee—President J. Blanchard, of Wheaton College, Illinois; Rev. J. A. Hart, Wheaton, Corresponding Secretary; Philo Carpenter, Chicago; Prof. Joseph Haven, D. D., Chicago; Rev. Joseph Travis; Rev. Nathan Brown, New York "Baptist;" Benjamin Hackney, New York; J. T. Cooper, D. D., Philadelphia; A. M. Milligan, Alleghany; Rev. L. Stratton; Ezra A. Cook, Chicago; Rev. H. Kinsley; Rev. D. Berger, "Religious Telescope," Dayton, Ohio.

Rev. John Marsh and Rev. D. Berger were appointed delegates to the National Temperance Convention, at Cleveland, with instructions to present to that body the resolutions on temperance.

The following is the vote on the different places for the next convention: Pittsburgh, 26; Hillsdale, 4; Oberlin, 30; Rochester, 3.

A second vote was then taken on the two highest, with the following result: Oberlin, 36; Pittsburgh, 27.

It was recommended that works on secret societies be freely distributed, and a paper be published, when the funds can be secured

The Executive Committee are to issue a newspaper as soon as possible.

Dr. Pressley's resolution was adopted. It is as follows :

In view of the fact that secret organizations are on the increase, and from a conviction that these organizations are extending an influence most prejudicial to the interests of religion—therefore

Resolved, That this convention do most earnestly recommend to all Churches of Christ to unite in vigorous efforts to arrest the progress of these organizations, and to adopt the most effectual means to exclude from the fellowship of the Church all persons who persist in adhering to these secret Orders.

Committees were appointed to present the resolutions to the Chicago Methodist Conference and to the Conference of Ohio.

Rev. George Clark, of Oberlin, Ohio, offered a resolution authorizing Rev. Dr. J. Marsh to present the views of this convention to all ecclesiastic bodies, churches, and temperance organizations, that he may visit. Adopted.

Dr. J. Blanchard, of Wheaton College, Illinois, from the Committee on Address and Resolutions, presented the following address, which had previously laid over :

The National Christian Convention met at Pittsburgh, May 5th, 6th and 7th, 1868—

To the Christian people of the United States and throughout the world :

BELOVED BRETHREN IN CHRIST :

The Bible recognizes but two sorts of religion in this world—the true and the false. Jesus Christ is "God manifest" in the one, and Baal Satan, or "the" *god of this world*, is lord of the other.

Our children's geographies estimate the people on our globe at one thousand millions. Of these, something less than one third are as yet denominated Christians. It is time that the Christianizing of so small a population as this earth contains was looked squarely in the face.

We believe that Jesus Christ was not an impostor, a traitor to Cæsar, a blasphemer of God, as all the false religions make him. We think that Christ was and is the author and source of indissoluble marriage, true religion and just government, founded on his doctrine of equity and equality between men. We believe, moreover, that Satan, "the god of this world," is the ruler of its darkness, the source of its evils, the cause of all despotisms, the inventor and god of false religions, the rival and antagonist of Christ, the enemy of God, and of man made in God's image.

These things we understand to be not the peculiar belief of this convention, but the

teaching of the Scriptures, and the belief of all Christians. We declare our utter disapprobation of the speculations of all half-Christians who doubt or deny the existence of Satan, because they cannot see why God should let such an evil creature exist. We can understand why God should let the devil exist and work, just as well as we can understand why he let the authors of the late rebellion exist and murder half a million of our young men, thus fearfully deranging society by suppressing the families of which they might have been the supporters and heads. We do not know why God permits evil at all, but we bitterly know that there is evil, and we know also that Jesus Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.

The troubles of the world, the source of its evils, is not primarily bad politics, but bad religion ; and the Bible teaches that Satan's chief "work" is therefore with religion, and that he never meets Christ and Christianity as an open and fair antagonist, but seeks to insinuate himself into, mix with, and spoil Christ's movements by imitating, counterfitting, rivaling and displacing them.

Beloved brethren, we have met here from many Christian denominations, from widely distant localities ; we have together prayed to God through and considered the subject of the secret Orders which have spread their networks over all the Christian, as similar ones have always covered the Pagan world, and this is our definite judgment concerning them :

1. That they are of this world, and not of Christ, and so belong to Satan, the "god of this world."

2. That with every one of these Orders, which are designed to be permanent, the interest of the Order is the supreme law, and therefore all the good ends and objects it may profess are only secondary, subsidiary and subordinate to the interest of the Order ; and the spirit who rules the Lodge.

3. Though the ultimate end of Satan is the complete suppression of Christianity and consequent destruction of our race, he yet invited the Church to join his church by worshipping him, and promised him the kingdoms and glory of the world if he would do it. This shows exactly his proposed relation of Christianity to the Lodge. He wants all of Christ in the Lodges which he can get in, provided Christ is kept strictly subordinate to him and his strange dark worship ! So Mahomet and Mormon told their followers to recognize Christians, and so set aside and destroy Christ as they do.

The fact that multitudes of our brethren are deceived and drawn into these worship, as Christ was not, instead of being an argument in favor of these Lodges, only makes us the more in earnest to destroy the cause of their deception ; as the multitude of honest but deluded men drawn in by slavery only made us the more earnest to destroy it.

Therefore, beloved brethren, we pray you,

in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Lord Jesus of Glory, that you will unite with us in our present and future just and proper endeavors to crown our Saviour and yours by establishing his principles and worship against the self-projected, rival and counterfeit worships of the Lodge.

On motion of Mr. Travis, there was inserted in the opening of the address, after the words "on his doctrine of equality," the following: "That faith in his atonement is the sole ground of his acceptance with God, and that grace received by faith is the sole power of regeneration, available and applicable to the children of men."

Speeches were made by Rev. B. T. Roberts, Rev. George K. Ormond of Youngstown, Ohio, and Rev. Milligan, of Alleghany City. 7

Rev. Warden, from the Committee on Subscriptions, for pamphlet copies of the minutes of the proceedings, reported 164 copies; money paid, \$60; amount pledged, \$89.

We condensed the above report from the "National Freemason," of May 16.

THE FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

The forty-ninth anniversary of American Odd Fellowship has been very generally observed, but its celebration in many instances was of a more subdued character than last year. Owing to the fact that the 26th of April in this year fell on the Sabbath, many Lodges observed the day by meeting at some church and listening to appropriate remarks from a Reverend Brother. This was the case in Columbus, Ohio, where Rev. C. Heddaeus in the afternoon of the 26th preached a sermon on Odd Fellowship before the members of Concordia Encampment, No. 96, and their friends.

In many instances, however, the celebration was had on one of the preceding or succeeding days, and then generally embraced a procession in full regalia. We have received a very large number of letters giving descriptions of the celebrations at various points—so many, in fact, that it is impossible for us to print any of them in full. We therefore present them to our readers in condensed form. The Brothers who have favored us, will please accept our thanks.

"Sowansett" gives an animated description of the celebration at Providence, Rhode Island. All the Lodges and Encampments in the state, and the Grand Lodge and Grand

Encampment took part in the procession, which contained 542 members. It was followed by a magnificent dinner for the Brethren and their wives, enlivened by short speeches, interspersed with music. A ball in the evening closed the celebration.

In Nashua, New Hampshire, fifteen Lodges and Encampments united on the 28th in a grand procession, followed by a dinner. In the evening an oration was delivered to a large and appreciative audience in City Hall by Past Grand Sire James B. Nicholson. The Nashua Cornet Band also gave a promenade concert in Franklin Hall in the evening, and the celebration closed with terpsichorean festivities.

In Boston the anniversary was observed by a meeting of the members of the Order at Music Hall, to listen to able speeches, interspersed with songs and instrumental music.

In Lawrence, Massachusetts, there was no outside demonstration, but the Odd Fellows and their friends assembled at the City Hall in the evening, to listen to an address by Past Grand Sire J. B. Nicholson. Notwithstanding a pouring rain, the hall was very well filled, and the large audience were entertained for the space of an hour and three-quarters with a most brilliant, eloquent, and instructive exposition of the history and objects of the Order.

"C Sharp" kindly gives us an account of the celebration in Washington and vicinity.

In Alexandria the celebration took place on Sunday, and the Alexandrians were joined by quite a large delegation from Washington. The Brothers marched to the Methodist Church South, where, after appropriate singing, Rev. Parker H. Sweet, Grand Secretary of the District of Columbia, delivered a fine discourse. After conclusion of the services, the members of the Order returned to the hall of Potomac Lodge, and listened to remarks by Grand Representatives McLean, Stuart and Havenner, P. G. M. Latham, and P. G. J. T. Parker.

In Washington the Order assembled on Monday evening at Seventh Street Hall, and after a prayer by Grand Secretary Sweet, and a brief introductory address by Grand Master Kidder, listened to appropriate addresses by P. G. B. Dannenhower, Rev. Bro. D. A. Shermer and Rev. Bro. A. B. Grosh. During the exercises a "christen-

ing" took place, Bro. John Palmer, of Georgetown, having his little girl baptized by Rev. Bro. Sweet. After benediction by Rev. Dr. Drinkhouse, the audience dispersed.

The Order in Leesburg, Va., were joined in their celebration on Monday morning by delegations from Alexandria, Georgetown and Washington, to the number of about three hundred. The exercises consisted of a procession and addresses at the church by P. G. M. Hunt and Grand Representative F. D. Stuart, both of Washington, followed by a bountiful repast at the hall.

In Nashville, Tennessee, the Order marched in procession from their hall to Masonic Hall, and listened to an eloquent oration by Deputy Grand Master M. R. Elliott. The exercises opened and closed with singing and prayer. The procession was headed by the Odd Fellows' Band, composed of eighteen members, who on this occasion made their first appearance in public. The Nashville papers pronounce it "the best band ever organized in this city."

A valued correspondent in Nevada, Colorado, writes: "The 49th anniversary was observed by Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 2, and Colorado Lodge, No. 3. The two Lodges assembled at the hall of the former in Central City on the 27th at 8 o'clock P. M., where they listened to speaking and singing until half past ten o'clock, when they repaired to the Connor House and partook of a supper; after which those who wished went to the Court House and tipped the light fantastic toe till the wee sma' hours of morn. The exercises at the Lodge-room as well as the dance were well attended, and everything passed off pleasantly." The main oration was delivered by Grand Secretary Ratliff, and was a very able document, presenting a history of the Order in Colorado.

In Davenport, Iowa, the Brothers had made great efforts to secure a brilliant celebration, and they were eminently successful. On Monday, the whole forenoon was occupied in receiving the various delegations which arrived by rail and water. Iowa City, Marengo, Clinton, Lyons, Geneseo, Rock Island, Cedar Valley, Washington, Wilton, DeWitt, Rochester, Bloomfield, Quincy, and many other towns and cities were represented in the arrivals. About 12 o'clock, noon, the grand procession commenced forming under the supervision of the Chief Marshal,

Gen. J. B. Leake, very nearly as follows: At the head of the column was the Marshal of the day, Gen. J. B. Leake, and his aids, Dr. J. A. Reid and J. C. Branch; then the Union Band; the first division, Assistant Marshal Ferdinand Spring: Scott Lodge, No. 37, and the emblematic car, representing a bear, lion, fox and little child; Hohman's Band from Iowa City, with Eureka Lodge, No. 44; Teutonia, No. 129; Kosciusko, No. 6; and Pulaski, No. 107. Second division—Assist. Marshal R. H. L. Smith, Silver Band; Davenport Lodge, No. 7; car, emblematic of the universality of the Order, represented by a canopy under which were gathered characters representing all nationalities, and a Bible placed before them; Lyons Band, Lyons Lodge, No. 21, and Clinton Lodges. Third division—Assistant Marshal J. B. Schmidt, Rock Island Band; Rock Island Lodge, No. 18; Coal Valley Lodge, No. 304; and Geneseo Lodge, No. 172; Rowley's Cornet Band, State Encampment, No. 3, and emblematic car, representing the Degree of Rebekah, showing Rebekah at the well. Fourth division—Assistant Marshal Christian Hersche, Music, Grand Lodge, emblematic car of the State Encampment, and visitors. Fifth division—Assistant Marshal Frederick Stram, Daughters of Rebekah and wives of the Odd Fellows in carriages. In this procession the following Lodges were represented, other than those already mentioned, some by one and some by several delegates: Hebron Lodge from Marengo; DeWitt Lodge, No. 86; Covenant Lodge, No. 101; Hamilton Lodge, Ohio; Bloomfield Lodge, Illinois; Rochester Lodge, N. Y.; Venango Lodge; Franklin, Quincy, Bloomington and Palmetto Lodges. The procession moved through the principal streets to the Opera House, where, after singing and prayer, Grand Representative E. J. Leech introduced the orator of the day, Grand Sire James P. Sanders, with a few eloquent remarks. Grand Sire Sanders was welcomed with enthusiastic applause, and delivered a most eloquent and masterly oration, which we would like to lay before our readers, if our space would permit. After its conclusion, Bro. Sanders was astonished by the gift of an elegant album, presented with a few appropriate remarks by Bro. J. S. Drake, for the Daughters of Rebekah. The assembled multitude then dispersed, to re-unite in the evening

at the Opera House, Lahrman Hall, and the German Theater, for dancing and social enjoyment.

Friend "Waw-ko" gives us a detailed account of the celebration at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in which the three Omaha Lodges took part. We condense: The Omaha Lodges were received by Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 49, at the depot and escorted through the principal streets to the Methodist Church. Here the exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. C. C. Mabey and singing of the anniversary ode by the choir. The oration was delivered by Past Grand D. C. Bloomer, and is spoken of as a very eloquent effort. He was followed in impromptu speeches by Deputy Grand Master Saunders, Past Grand H. L. Johnson, and Past Grand Master A. D. Jones, all of Nebraska. The exercises at the church concluded with the singing of the closing ode in German by Allemannen Lodge of Omaha. A splendid dinner prepared by the Daughters of Rebekah and a cotillion party closed the festivities.

Bro. Geo. F. Adams very kindly gives us an account of the celebration at Sparta, Illinois, from which we condense: Notwithstanding very stormy weather, large delegations were on hand from Lodges at Chester, Richview, Rockwood, Tamaroa, Redbud, Pinkneyville, and from Lodges and Encampments at Nashville and Duquoin. The Brothers of Sparta Lodge, No. 52, in conjunction with the Masonic Lodge, have just finished a splendid hall-building, three stories high, at a cost of \$17,000; and the dedication of the hall to the uses and purposes of Odd Fellowship was a part of the exercises; Deputy Grand Master Amos Watts took charge of these ceremonies, performed in a solemn and imposing manner. Past Grand Sire Veitch then delivered a most eloquent oration, in which he vindicated the Order from the slanderous attacks recently made upon it by Rev. D. S. Faris and others. We may in future numbers lay portions of this able address before our readers. A social re-union of the members of the different Lodges and their ladies closed the festivities.

The Lodges at Edwardsville, Jerseyville, Venice, Bunker Hill, Elsah, and Brighton, Illinois, with a number of the Lodges and Encampments at Springfield, Ills., and St. Louis, Mo., joined in the celebration at Al-

ton on the 27th. The procession marched through the streets for an hour, to the City Hall. After singing and prayer, Mr. W. H. H. Russell, of St. Louis, Mo., delivered a very able oration, which gave general satisfaction. The exercises closed with a sumptuous dinner.

Bro. J. W. Cornelius gives a detailed account of the celebration at Freeport, Illinois, which we are compelled, to our regret, to curtail. On the 27th the Brothers of Freeport with their visiting friends formed in procession at 2 P. M., under the marshalship of P. G. Jacob Krohn; and marched to Hettinger's Hall, where an appropriate address was delivered by T. W. S. Brawley, of Freeport. At the close of the address, the order of the procession was again resumed, and the Brothers returned to the Lodge-room and were dismissed. At 5 P. M. a goodly number of the Brothers with their ladies again assembled at Hettinger's Hall, to discuss a splendid dinner, prepared by Brother Phil. Arno, of the New York House. The festivities closed by a social hop in the evening.

Bro. C. Hall writes from New Boston, Ills., that "we celebrated the 26th of April on the 27th by speeches, toasts and supper, and wound up by a grand Odd Fellows' Ball at night."

W. H. S. writes from Milwaukee, Wisconsin: "The 49th anniversary was celebrated here on the 27th. At the proper hour there sallied forth from headquarters a grand army. The procession consisted of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 2; Racine Lodge, No. 8; Excelsior Lodge, No. 20; Teutonia Lodge, No. 57; Armenia Lodge, No. 97; Humboldt Lodge, No. 119; Cream City Lodge, No. 139; McDonald Lodge, No. 140; Aurora Lodge, No. 145; Wisconsin Encampment, No. 1; Racine Encampment, No. 3; and Thusnelda Encampment, No. 11, making in all not less than eight hundred. The procession marched around the city, after which they were dismissed until evening, when addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Dennison and Grand Chaplain A. C. Barry, of Racine. The affair was a grand success, and will no doubt be of great benefit to the Order."

The "Appleton Crescent" reports: "At Oshkosh, Wis., there was a handsome display, a creditable procession, excellent music and singing, and one of the ablest ora-

tions ever delivered to the Order in this state. The large assemblage was presided over by Sam. Ryan, jr, Deputy Grand Master, assisted by Grand Warden Chas. Marks and several District Deputies, and the oration was delivered by Hon. T. R. Hudd, P. G., of Appleton. Dinner was served at both the Empire and Adams Houses, and it is enough to say that all spoke well of that portion of the entertainment. From Shullsburg we have not heard. At Green Bay and Madison there was 'a general good time.'"

At Lowell, Massachusetts, the Odd Fellows of Middlesex county joined in a celebration on the 27th. Ten Lodges and Encampments were in the procession, which was succeeded by a grand banquet in Huntington and Jackson Halls, in which twelve hundred persons took part. Past Grand Sire Nicholson was present, and responded to the first sentiment.

At Jefferson City, Missouri, the Hon. C. B. Townsley delivered an oration at the hall of Representatives on the 27th, and Bro. W. H. H. Russell at Lexington, Mo., on the 25th.

PENNSYLVANIA.

NEW BRIGHTON.—The members of the Order had a rich treat on the evening of May 21st, by a public lecture on Odd Fellowship by Past Grand Sire James B. Nicholson. Robinson Lodge, No. 450, met at their hall at 7 o'clock P. M.; shortly after, Valley Echo, No. 622, came in, headed by the Beaver Falls Brass Band. A procession was formed, and met Beaver Lodge, No. 366, accompanied by the Rochester Brass Band. They were then escorted to the M. E. Church, which was crowded to overflowing, hundreds going away because they could not get in. The meeting was opened by singing the opening ode by the choir, accompanied by an organ; then prayer by Rev. Chaplain Reeves, followed by an address by P. G. Sire Nicholson, who spoke for an hour and a half. He answered some of the objections advanced by the Great Anti-Secret Society Convention, which met in Pittsburgh some two weeks ago. After the address, the choir sung the good-night ode, and the meeting adjourned, to take part in a festival given by the Ladies' Church Extension Society of the M. E. Church. All returned home, satisfied with the evening's enjoyments. T.

FAYETTE CITY.—On the 25th of April, Fayette City Lodge, No. 511, celebrated the anniversary of Odd Fellowship in America by a procession. The day being disagreeable, it having rained the whole forenoon, the turn out was not as good as it would have been had the day been favorable. A dozen Lodges were invited, and among these were represented Nos. 51, 613, 491, 440 and 377, there being about two hundred members in procession. There was music by the West-newton Silver Band and the Brownsville Brass Band, and after the procession, Rev. Bro. H. Miller, of Pittsburgh, Pa., delivered an address in the M. E. Church to a large congregation. The address was excellent, and reflected great credit upon the Brother. After this, Bro. Hope, of Uniontown, followed with a short speech. The members then marched through town and were disbanded; Bro. Hutchison was Chief Marshal.

Fayette City Lodge, No. 511, located at Fayette City, was instituted thirteen years ago, P. G.'s M. Alter, N. B. Brightwell, J. Housman and W. D. Kendall being conspicuous for their active exertions to obtain the charter. This Lodge, while war was abroad in our land, tottered, and would have fallen, had it not been for the zeal and energy of a few of her members; but now she is in a prosperous condition, having a membership of eighty, and is stronger and richer than ever. We believe she has done as much for the relief of distress as any other Lodge of her size. The present elective officers are: N. G., N. B. Brightwell; V. G., R. C. Byers; Secretary, W. F. Brightwell; Asst. Secretary, A. S. Mansfield; Treasurer, M. Alter. Fraternally, J. GOULD.

WEST VIRGINIA.

SESSION OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

WHEELING, May 2, 1868.

Editor Companion: On Monday, at 2 P. M., the steamer "Rebekah" left Wheeling for Parkersburg, having on board quite a number of the Order, to attend the session of the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge of West Virginia, as well as to attend the celebration of the Order in that city. The weather was beautiful, and nothing was wanting to promote the comfort of all on board, though the boat from time to time

landed at the various towns to take aboard delegations, and we were crowded by the time we reached Marietta. The splendid brass band of our city discoursed the sweetest music during the trip. At Marietta we took aboard a delegation numbering about 100, accompanied by the band of that city; about 10 A. M. we arrived at Parkersburg, where we were received by a number of the Order and taken to the hall. Soon after, the procession was formed, and after passing through the principal streets, returned to the hall and listened to several speeches, and then adjourned to the City Market, where we enjoyed a most magnificent dinner, served in the best style.

The Subordinate Lodges then returned to the boat, while the Grand Encampment remained and had a very harmonious session. The Grand Lodge also held a very pleasant session.

The Grand Encampment elected for the ensuing year the following officers:

T. S. SPATES, Grand Patriarch.
DAVIS H. ESTILL, Grand High Priest.
WM. E. ANDERSON, Grand Senior Warden.
H. A. UTHMAN, Grand Scribe.
R. T. ROBERTS, Grand Treasurer.
G. EDWARDS, Grand Junior Warden.
WHEELER REEVES, Grand Sentinel.
DR. GEO. BAIRD, Grand Representative.

Bro. S. K. Bradshaw was along, and, as usual, was very popular; I hope he added to your list of subscribers. After spending a most pleasant time, we returned to our homes, highly pleased.

Fraternally, H. A. UTHMAN.

GRAND LODGE SESSION.

Editor Companion: The Grand Lodge of West Virginia met in annual session on Tuesday, the 28th of April. The Lodges at Parkersburg, Nos. 7 and 28, invited the Grand Lodge to join with them in procession, in honor of the forty-ninth anniversary of the institution of the Order in America; and the invitation was accepted. When the Grand Lodge turned out and joined the Lodges from Ohio and this state, they numbered over six hundred. After a promenade through the principal streets, we entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, where Bro. W. L. Hyland delivered an address, which was in the usual happy style of the speaker; it was listened to throughout with breathless attention by the vast crowd in the church. The speaker gave us a detailed history of the

rise and progress of the Order in the United States and the jurisdictions thereunto belonging, also the aims and objects of our institution, "to improve and elevate the character of man," our duties to God, ourselves, and fellow men. I regret my inability to give a synopsis of this heart-stirring address. It cheered, elevated and warmed the hearts of all. It had a very happy effect on those outside of our Order, by informing them as to its real objects; we have nothing to lose from the world knowing of all and every aim of our institution, on the contrary, everything to gain. After the services at the church, the procession formed again and proceeded to the market house, which was splendidly fitted up for the occasion, where the whole procession was seated at tables, with all the delicacies of the season, in rich profusion, spread upon them, of which all present heartily partook. The day and occasion will long live in the hearts of all who partook of the magnificent entertainment, and their hearts will overflow with thanks to the donors.

The following extract from the Grand Secretary's report will inform your readers as to the state of the Order in West Virginia:

Initiations.....	604
Admitted by card	77
Re-instated.....	53
Reported last session.....	2061
	<hr/> 2795

Withdrawn by card.....	111
Expulsions	37
Deaths	19
Suspensions.....	11—178

Total membership..... 2617

BELIEF REPORT.

Brothers relieved.....	185
Widowed families relieved.....	52
Brothers buried.....	19
Paid for relief of Brothers.....	\$2,677.13
" " Wid. families....	885.90
" Education	155.50
" Burying the dead.....	1,008.73

Total amount of relief.....\$4,727.26

The following are the Grand Officers elected, with their address:

WILLIAM WILEN, Grand Master, Martinsburg, Burkely county.
JAMES P. DAVIS, Deputy Grand Master, Clarksburg, Harrison county.
PETER DARNEL, Grand Warden, West Columbia, Mason county.
THOS. G. STEELE, Grand Secretary, Fairmount, Marion county.

RICHARD T. ROBERTS, Wellsburg, Brooke county.

B. TYSON HARMER, Grand Chaplain, Shinnston, Harrison county.

GEO. EDWARDS, Grand Marshal, Moundsville, Marshal county.

D. H. ESTILL, Grand Conductor, Charleston, Kanawha county.

H. D. M'GEORGE, Grand Herald, Morgantown, Monongalia county.

W. H. STAHLMAN, Grand Guardian, Parkersburg, Wood county.

JOHN F. SMITH, of Middleway, Jefferson county, and I. H. DUVAL, of Wellsburg, Brooke county, Grand Representatives.

Yours, in F., L. & T.,

THOS. G. STEELE, G. S.

GRAND SECRETARY C. C. ARCHER OF MISSOURI.

We regret to learn that Past Grand Master C. C. Archer, who has served in the capacity of Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, I. O. O. F., since 1861, has been compelled, by the pressure of other business, to decline a re nomination for that position for the present year. Mr. Archer was an energetic and vigilant officer.—*St. Louis Dispatch*.

We very sincerely regret to hear that Bro. Archer's business arrangements have compelled him to relinquish the post which he has filled for the last seven years with great ability and to the entire satisfaction of his jurisdiction. We think many of our Grand Bodies are committing a serious error in paying their Grand Secretaries so small a salary, that the latter are compelled, in justice to their families, to seek for more lucrative positions elsewhere.

ARIZONA.

Dispensation has been issued for the organization of an Odd Fellows' Lodge in Prescott, Arizona. P. G. E. J. Cook, of California, was authorized to institute the Lodge, and has probably fulfilled that duty during the month of May.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

BY F. G. JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

Odd Fellowship is a practical business, and he who enters its sacred doors for mere selfish purposes, is a man devoid of all reason—an individual to be pitied by all sensible men. Never can he become a true and worthy member of our Order; such a

person lacks the first grand qualification, that of being a true man. As we advance in the Order, we are taught of the beauties of disinterested Friendship, how pleasant it is for Brothers to live together in the bonds of Brotherly Love; to take a deep, faithful, abiding interest in each others welfare, exhibiting that living friendship which ever shows itself in words and deeds. With us there should be no strife or discord, for we are Brothers, bound together by the most tender ties. Our covenant of Brotherhood should be as pure and sacred as that which existed between David and Jonathan, and it were well did we, as Odd Fellows, frequently read the beautiful narrative of these two friends. Life's journey is an eventful one, and we are all liable to err. We should cheer each other in our toilsome journey through life's rugged paths. If a Brother strays from the paths of rectitude and duty, reach out to him the helping hand, and by kind words show him that we feel an interest in his welfare, making him feel that a circle of sympathizing Brothers are around him, ever willing to help him in his hours of adversity. He will thus be encouraged to renewed energy, and a determination to press forward manfully in the struggles incident to life. We should meet each other with kind words. They cheer the drooping heart, and bind closer around us the mystic chain. The world is full of sorrow: from the cradle to the grave does man drink of the bitter cup. It is a sad yet true fact, that in many Lodges this heaven-born principle of true fraternal friendship is so little practiced. Was this feeling more cultivated, our Lodge-rooms would be nightly crowded with warm-hearted Brothers. In our intercourse with each other we should always remember "That 'tis human to err, but Divine to forgive." Let us always speak kindly to the erring, remembering that if true to our obligations we should

"Seek again those cords to bind
Which human woe hath rent apart:
To heal again the wounded mind,
And bind again the broken heart."

Friendship, Love and Truth, sacred trio, if taken as the motto of our life, we shall be prepared to successfully buffet the fierce waves that so often engulf poor man. Friendship prompts the contest, Love's

gentle influence will supply the weapons, Truth will consecrate the effort and lead to victory. In all our transactions, Brothers of the three links, let us be true men. For

The grave's dark portal
Soon shuts this world of shadows from the view.

Then shall we grasp realities immortal,
If to the truth within us we are true.

We should always show by our conduct that our Brother's interests are our own, never losing sight of the golden chain, Charity; without this grace within us, all our professions of Friendship are in vain.

Ohio Department.

GRAND SECRETARY W. C. EARL, EDITOR.

GRAND LODGE.

As all look for an early report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, we will give a brief outline of its doings at the session recently held at Cleveland.

The session commenced on Tuesday, May 12th, and closed its labors on Thursday, the 14th ult. The attendance was full—perhaps unusually so, there being but three representatives absent.

All the Grand Officers were present at the opening and through the entire session, viz:

JOHN A. LEE, Grand Master.
JAS. A. SEMPLE, Deputy Grand Master.
HENRY LINDENBERG, Grand Warden.
W. C. EARL, Grand Secretary.
G. D. WINCHELL, Treasurer.

The reports of the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer, and Grand Representatives gave a clear impression of the condition and progress of the Order, and presented a most gratifying exhibit. The net increase of numbers during the past year was shown to be 3093, and the total membership 28,752.

The session was a most pleasant and harmonious one, and the legislation directed mainly to the good of the Order.

Several amendments to the constitution of the Grand Lodge were adopted, and one to that of subordinates; of the former, one was to reduce the percentage from 5 to 3 per cent., so that after the amendments shall have been approved by the Grand Lodge of the United States, Subordinates will only be

required to pay three per cent., upon their receipts. This will not affect the July, but will come into the January reports.

That to the subordinate constitution provides for the *Treasurer* holding his office for one year, instead of six months.

Charters were granted for Lodges to be located at Toledo; Kansas, Seneca county; Eagleville, Wood county; Walnut Hills, (Cincinnati); Carey, Wyandotte county; Galena, Delaware county; Youngstown, Mahoning county; Columbiana, Columbiana county; Texas, Henry county; and Canton, Stark county—the latter to work in the German language.

The charter of Appollo Lodge, No. 61, at Middlebury, Summit county, was restored, and permission granted for the removal of Harmar Lodge, No. 154, from Fayetteville, Brown county, to Marathon, Clermont county.

Among the decisions made was the following, by adopting the report of the Legislative Committee, as follows:

The Legislative Committee, to whom was referred the question presented by Representative Haines, viz: When a certificate has been granted to a Brother of a defunct Lodge, is said Brother entitled to the A. T. P. W., for one year from the date of his certificate, so that he can visit a Lodge the same as on a withdrawal card? would respectfully report, that such certificates have the same force and effect, and entitle the holder thereof to all the privileges of a card of withdrawal issued by an existing subordinate in good standing.

The following general law was also adopted:

That on and after an adjoining state's jurisdiction has adopted a law granting equal privileges to Subordinate Lodges in this state, a Subordinate Lodge of the adjoining jurisdiction granting such privilege, may have the power to receive by initiation, or admit to membership, persons whose residence is nearer the Lodge applied to, than to a Lodge in this state.

Sundry papers were presented, regarding the establishment of an Orphan's Home and College, and referred to the committee on the state of the Order, from which came a report, that was adopted, declaring it to be inexpedient at this time to assume so great a responsibility.

The Grand Master elect was instructed to procure a medal similar to those presented to Past Grand Masters, and present the same to P. G. M. John A. Lee.

The special committee on apportionment, appointed at the last session, presented a report which evidenced much labor, and an earnest desire to meet the demands of the Order. The report was adopted without discussion. And in this connection it is proper to say, that the constitution was so amended as to increase the number of members to seventy-eight.

Under this new apportionment the Representatives in Districts Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30, 34, 37, 38, 39, 41, 44, 45, 50, 52, 54, 56, 57, 59, 61, 62, 64, 70, Rep. Mella, of No. 113, in Dist. 13, and Rep. Bettelon, of No. 206, in Dist. 24, hold over for another year; Rep. Brown, of No. 17, elected in old Dist. No. 21, will represent his present District, No. 26, for another year; Rep. Overdier, of No. 23, elected in old District No. 48, will continue as one of the Representatives of his new District, No. 46, for another year; Rep. Jones, of No. 9, elected in old District No. 66, will continue as Representative of his new District, No. 47, for another year; Rep. Harrison, of No. 339, elected in old District No. 72, will continue as Representative of his new District, No. 48, for another year. District No. 68 will, at their election in December next, elect one Representative for one year.

Districts Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 28, 31, 32, 33, 35, 36, 40, 42, 43, 46, 49, 51, 53, 55, 58, 60, 63, 65, 66, 67, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74 and 75 will at said election each elect one Representative for two years.

It was decided that the next session shall be held at the ancient city of Marietta—the place settled first of all others in Ohio by white men, the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers having landed there from the “Broadhorn” *May Flower* on the 7th of April, 1788.

The following newly elected Grand Officers were installed, viz.:

JAMES A. SEMPLE, Grand Master.
JACOB M. EBERT, Deputy Grand Master.
ADDISON PEARSON, Grand Warden.
WM. C. EARL, Grand Secretary.
GEO. D. WINCHELL, Grand Treasurer.

The Grand Master made the following appointments, which were confirmed by the Grand Lodge, viz.:

Grand Messenger, Nathan Stewart.
Executive Committee, Chas. F. Wilstach, Wm. Cludsey, Chas. Thomas, John W. Carter, and L. S. Colton.

The Grand Lodge elected as Trustees, Jno. W. Carter, Daniel Fithian and Thomas Gilpin, and clerk of the Trustees, W. C. Earl.

Resolutions of thanks were adopted to P. G. M. Lee, for the able manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office—to the Brethren of Cleveland for the courtesy shown the Grand Lodge, and to Glenn Lodge, No. 263, at Brighton, for a similar exhibition of fraternal feeling.

HOW THEY DID IT.

We feel sure that the members of the Grand Lodge will not soon forget the marked kindness exhibited by the Brethren in Cleveland during their sojourn in that beautiful city. Everything was done that could be, to make all feel that they were welcome. Nor would we forget the entertainment given by the Brethren of Glenn Lodge, No. 263, at Brighton. On Tuesday evening, conveyances were furnished and we were all taken out a pleasant ride of four miles. When once there, there was the Lodge meeting—and it was a good one—the hall was filled, in the best sense of the word, and the meeting was a most pleasant one. Then, after this was over, there was for all who desired it an opportunity for a social dance at the “rink,” with plenty of women, good music, and assemblage of bright eyes and cheerful faces, to gladden the heart and make one forget the toils of the day. Nor, by any means, least of all was the supper. With tables covered by the good things that please the appetite, and kind attendants to supply each want, he must have been difficult, indeed, to satisfy, who could not find satisfaction there.

Speaking for ourself, we can say that the recent session of the Grand Lodge was a most pleasant one. To meet the many old friends whose faces illuminate the annual assemblage of our Order, and to make the personal acquaintance of many whom we have long known in spirit and by correspondence, is one of the bright features of Odd Fellowship. Its social pleasures are of too much importance to be slighted. Its opportunities enable men to know each other better—to enter into a closer bond of union—to feel the strength and power of combined effort, and to teach them the great lesson that our interests and purposes are one.

CHILLICOTHE—DEDICATION.

CHILLICOTHE, April 25, 1863.

Editor Companion: Last Monday, April 20, was a grand gala day for the Order in Chillicothe. The members having during the past season procured and furnished a new hall in which to hold their Lodge meetings, had concluded to dedicate it and their cemetery on the 49th anniversary of the Order. Fearing, however, that they might not be able to secure the presence of Past Grand Master Fithian on that day, they resolved "to take time by the forelock," and so they fixed upon the 20th of April, thus making certain of having him with them. Accordingly, on that day, at 1 P. M., the members gathered together at the hall, and though the unfavorable state of the weather prevented the attendance of the Brothers of the neighboring Lodges, yet those of the city turned out in goodly numbers, and under the guidance of Past Grand Addison Pearson, Grand Marshal, headed by Kutchback's Band, after marching through some of the principal streets, marched up the hill to the cemetery, when P. G. M. Daniel Fithian, acting Grand Master, assisted by G. Rep. A. H. Ransom, of Kentucky, as Dep. Grand Master, and P. G. C. F. Dufue, as Grand Chaplain, dedicated those beautiful grounds to the designated purpose—that of a resting place of the bodies of such Brothers, who have been called to rest from their labors, and where they shall remain until the last trump shall call them to receive their reward from the hands of the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge above. On returning to the hall, it was announced that the exercises of the evening would commence at 7 P. M., and as there was some time yet unappropriated, P. G. M. Fithian (who never allows any occasion to pass by without improving it for the benefit of the Order and its members) proceeded to instruct the Brethren in the secret work, and their duties and obligations as Odd Fellows.

Upon returning to the hall at the designated hour, we found it filled to its utmost capacity with the beauty, worth and intelligence of the city. Upon the Grand Marshal, P. G. Addison Pearson, announcing that it was the will of the Grand Master that the ceremony of dedication should proceed, Past Grand Lansing, on behalf of the

Order, handed the "keys" to the Grand Master, who, receiving them, dedicated the hall to the "business and purposes of Odd Fellowship," and by his order the same was proclaimed to "all men" by the Heralds of the North, South, East and West, and the blessings of the Most High asked upon the Order by Past Grand C. F. Dufue, acting Grand Chaplain. Grand Representative A. H. Ransom, of Kentucky, then delivered an address, replete with instruction, which for eloquence and interest we have seldom, if ever, heard equaled, keeping the audience enraptured during the whole time of its delivery. The allusion of the speaker to the latter days of P. G. Sire Wildey was beautiful; the contrast shown between the feebleness of the Order in its infancy, and its present magnificence, was grand, and the beneficial effects of the failure of the attempts to crush the Order, amusing and suggestive; the whole address showing in the talented orator a perfect acquaintance with the history, working, and principles of the Order.

Bro. Fithian followed with a description of the *inner life* of the Order, tracing the progress of the pilgrim from his first introduction, through the various Degrees, up to the time when, having traversed the journey of life, he receives an affectionate welcome to the Patriarchal tent, and is admitted to all the privileges and benefits of the Order.

Bro. Fithian, by his pleasing address and eloquent remarks, has taken captive the hearts of our people, and has their most ardent wishes that in his course down the journey of life "his ways may be ways of pleasantness, and his paths, peace." Such occasions and demonstrations always act for good to our Order, and the Lodges here must certainly receive a strong impetus onward from this public showing of whom and what they are composed, and from the efforts of the two Brothers whom we are proud to claim as leading spirits in Odd Fellowship, and members of the legislative head of our Order, the G. L. U. S.

After a few remarks from Past Grands Lansing, Dufue, and Pearson, the exercises closed with prayer, and the Brothers returned home, well satisfied with the labors of the day, and confidently hoping good results therefrom.

Yours, in F., L. & T.,

SMITH.

Indiana Department.

THE LITERATURE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

SHELBYVILLE, May 18, 1868.

It can be said of the papers, magazines, and books that have been published, and are now being published, in the interest of the Order of Odd Fellows, and that are claiming the patronage and reading of the membership, that they are, without an exception, healthy, and will benefit those who give them attention and a careful reading. Our monthly magazines have been increasing in number, and several of them have been increased in size, as a consequence, we suppose, of the liberal patronage with which they have been favored. Some of them will compare favorably with any of the monthly magazines of the country in appearance, and certainly are more healthy and safe literature for family reading, than some of the old and popular monthlies of the land. The subjects of the articles published, and the manner of treating those subjects, if the spirit of Odd Fellowship is there, are well calculated to ennoble and elevate. They have a refining influence upon the moral nature, and hence serve to fit the reader more fully for the positions occupied and the relations sustained in life, and for a performance of the duties growing out of those various positions and relations; and without laying myself liable to the charge of flattering, I think it but just to the "*Companion*" to say of it, that it ranks among the first, and would be a useful adornment to any moral or religious man's center-table.

With the "*Companion*," the "*American Odd Fellow*," the "*Western Odd Fellow*," the "*Olive Wreath*," the "*Memento*," the "*Talisman*" and the "*Record*," as monthly magazines, and the weekly San Francisco "*New Age*," are doing honor to the heads and hearts of their editors and publishers, as well as a great service to the Fraternity. I doubt though whether either of these periodicals have a subscription-list half as large as they merit. There are a few Odd Fellows, probably, who are not able to take any one of them, but the great mass of our members are able, and ought to be subscribers for one or more.

TEXT BOOKS.—There are a few text books of the Order, all of which have the sanction

and hearty recommendation of prominent members of the Order, who have served in the Grand Lodges and in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and each Odd Fellow, who is able to do so, should procure one or more of these text books, and familiarize himself with the objects, aims, principles, and teachings of Odd Fellowship, and thereby prepare himself for the great work of life, as presented in the world, the great field for his operations. We want an increase of intelligence, head as well as heart cultivation in this rapidly growing fraternity. Among these standard works on Odd Fellowship might be noticed "*Donaldson's Text Book*," "*Grosh's Manual*," and "*The Brotherhood*." The first and last of these works have been published in German, so that German Odd Fellows can be accommodated at the same price as the English edition sells for.

LODGE LIBRARIES.—To foster and increase a desire for useful knowledge among us, there ought to be steps taken, as has been suggested by Bro. I. D. Williamson and others, for the formation of libraries in our Lodges, and the appointment of a librarian to give out and receive in books that have been out for reading at each meeting of the Lodge. There are but few old Lodges that could not, with the services of a soliciting committee, soon secure a library that would meet the wants of their membership, and thereby furnish a great many young men, members of our Order, with books such as they need, and as they need them; and if necessary the Lodge-room might be used as a reading-room. But there are many others, beside the young or unmarried men of our Order, that might be greatly benefitted. Many of our members have families that are greatly needing reading matter that they are unable to furnish them with. From a Lodge library they might be able to do so. And in addition, in many Lodges widows of deceased members and their orphan children would be blessed with the benefits of the library. And what could we do that would be of so great advantage to our noble Order, at so little expense, as to furnish a reading medium to our Lodge members, and the families of the same, in a good substantial library. And each Lodge providing such a library, might well afford to take one or more copies of each Odd Fellow periodical, and thereby furnish the very latest intelligence and the

current literature; and this would increase very materially the subscriptions of our regular monthlies.

THE ORDER IN INDIANA

Is still flourishing, and at several points where the 49th anniversary of Odd Fellowship was celebrated on the 25th and 27th of April, a fresh impetus is given the cause; and we will look forward with great interest to the next, which will be the 50th, and as a semi-centennial will be probably much more generally observed than any former one has been. It certainly ought to be, and from every true Odd Fellow's heart devout praise should arise, to God, who has so wonderfully prospered us.

Our half-yearly communication for the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment will convene at the Grand Lodge Hall in Indianapolis on the 19th of May. As is common with us, we anticipate a harmonious session.

CIRCULAR OF GRAND SECRETARY.—In accordance with the action of our Grand Lodge, Grand Secretary Barry has just issued and sent out to all the Lodges in our jurisdiction a circular giving the number of expulsions and suspensions during the last quarter, with the names of the persons, the Lodges of which they were members, and the causes for which they were expelled and suspended. There were seventeen expelled; of that number 4 were for breach of trust, 4 for intoxication, 4 for defrauding. The other offenses named are contempt, swindling, adultery, abandoning family, seduction and violating word, forgery and obtaining money under false pretenses. Three were suspended; two of them for intoxication, and one for breach of trust. This report presents the fact, that discipline is not forgotten among us, and that we do not wink at wickedness, but war against vice in all its forms, and yet in that contest we endeavor to be prompted by the noble principles of our Order.

The Grand Secretary also informs the Lodges in his circular that there is a man visiting Lodges in this jurisdiction and circulating among Odd Fellows, who is imposing upon them. The name he gives himself is Henry Chance, and he professes to hail from Jackson Lodge, No. 9, of New Orleans. The Grand Secretary of the jurisdiction of Louisiana has been written to regarding

him, and he has pronounced him an impostor.

T. G. B.

AID TO ODD FELLOWSHIP IN THE SOUTH.

NEW ALBANY, May 11, 1868.

Now that the clash of arms and deadly strife in our land has been silenced, and the sweet messenger of peace is spreading its wings over the people, is it not the duty of Odd Fellowship to retrace the track of desolation, and see that our Brethren in the southern portion of the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States are drawn together within the sacred precincts of the Lodge-room, and made to feel that the teachings of the Order are more substantial than "mere worldly honors?" The terrible strife through which the people of that section have just passed, has left our Brethren shorn of the power to help themselves in the great work they have before them. It is known that they are now in an almost helpless condition. Financially they can do nothing, and consequently the thousands of widowed hearts and orphan children that fondly hoped to lean upon the Order in the day of necessity, are left without any of the benefits that it was reasonable for them to anticipate. Their present condition is a matter of thoughtful consideration for the entire Brotherhood in the north, who scarce felt, as an organization, the rude blast of the contending armies. Can we of the north do nothing commensurate with the necessities of the case? Can we not place, at once, every Lodge in the south laboring under this embarrassment, in a condition to go forth in the cause of humanity with every prospect of success? Is there not an idle surplus that can be used as a free-will offering upon the altar of a common Brotherhood, that shall at once place our Brethren, bound to us by the most sacred ties of fraternal vows, where want shall not stand in their doors, enabling them to bind up the broken heart and dry up the tears of sorrow among those who have a right to our sympathy?

Pertinent to this subject, we desire to call the attention of the Brotherhood to the surplus now in the treasury of the Grand Lodge of the United States. This immense sum is at the present of no practical use. Could not a large proportion of this sum be used in rendering assistance to the various Lodges in the south who require aid? We know

that that body has evinced a disposition to aid them, and has already been the means of accomplishing much good in that direction. But should the work stop where it is? Would it not be far better that a portion of that surplus should be judiciously expended at once in placing the Order in proper standing in that part of the jurisdiction, than to permit the Lodges to struggle almost against hope, and eventually be uprooted for the want of material aid? We know the disposition of our Brethren too well to believe that, after a careful consideration of the subject, they will not devise some plan to place Odd Fellowship, throughout the entire south, again upon a safe foundation. Think of it, my Brethren, and you will never regret having extended timely aid to those who are interwoven with us in the bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth.

THE FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.—It is with feelings of pleasure that we announce the almost unanimous compliance with Grand Master Sanders' request in regard to the observance of the forty-ninth anniversary. From every direction we hear of Lodges and combination of Lodges observing the day. Some with processions, addresses and dinners, others in a humble style, but all with that earnest good will that should characterize every return of the day that gave our institution a firm footing on the American continent.

VICKSBURG, MISS.—In the past two years, it has been the misfortune of the Order in this city, to have lost no less than four of its members by steamboat explosions, which have taken place at some point upon the Mississippi or Ohio rivers. In two or three instances they have taken place in the immediate vicinity of Vicksburg, Miss., and the Brethren there have extended always to the unfortunates that relief which is always expected from the Order in times of distress. Before the war they were prosperous and had plenty of means for carrying out the system of relief to transient Brethren adopted by the Order, through the medium of General Relief Committees. But at the present time they are greatly in need of funds, in anticipation of the sickly season, which is approaching, and they have sent Bro. P. G. T. Hackett north, to solicit aid for

the purpose of enabling them to meet, in the true spirit of the Order, the many calls that will be made upon their sympathies. Bro. Hackett has manifested the true spirit of an Odd Fellow, defrays his own expenses of the trip, and promises every Lodge which contributes that they shall receive the receipt of his Lodge for every cent donated. He does not ask this money for the purpose of building halls, buying fine regalia, etc., but for the purpose of affording relief to widows and orphans, and extending the benefits of the Order to those who are thrown upon them from other jurisdictions. Bro. Hackett is endorsed by his Lodge, by his Grand Lodge, and by the Grand Master of this state. He has visited this city, and received liberal donations from all of our Lodges. He will probably visit Cincinnati and Columbus, and you will find in his open, frank countenance that benevolent expression that will commend him and his cause wherever he may go.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—A mutual aid association has been chartered by the legislature of Kentucky to the Brethren in Louisville, and the association has been organized. The Brethren of that city are liberal to a fault, and the association has been organized in accordance with that spirit of liberality, and will be of immense benefit to the families of their deceased members.

JOHN W. MCQUIDDY.

THE MORALS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Editor Companion: After reading with much satisfaction Bro. Beharrell's well-timed remarks upon the morals of Odd Fellowship, the thought occurred to me: What are the merits of Odd Fellowship? and the next thought was: How many are to-day studying the "Lamb's Book of Life," by having been brought into the safe retreat of our Order? The echo answers "thousands."

I once heard a good Brother say, that "outside and independent of the Church of Christ, I know of no society that yields such a mighty influence for good, as Odd Fellowship.

"In their Lodges is the harbinger of peace—good-will toward all men," and they are blessed and made happy under the influence of "loving one another."

This inner beautiful temple is opened only

by reading and reflecting. Thus can we understand the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; the Bundle of Rods, which gives us strengthening power; and the Arrows, our peace. These are treasures that lie concealed from and unknown to those who do not search for them.

CHILI, May, 1868.

J. M. R.

TERRE HAUTE.

Our Lodge (Fort Harrison, No. 157) is in a very prosperous condition. All are alive to the work. We have our new hall fitted up in good style, and have met in it for the last month.

Terre Haute Lodge, No. 51, has bought a large building and are fitting up a fine large hall, and I think will have it finished in five or six weeks.

T. B. CARR.

Michigan Department.

DETROIT, May 14, 1868.

Editor Companion: Since the session of our Grand Lodge the following indicates the work in this state:

NEW ENCAMPMENTS.—Ingersoll, No. 29, Detroit; Paw Paw, No. 30, Paw Paw; Hudson, No. 31, Hudson.

NEW LODGES.—Eaton Rapids, No. 114, Eaton Rapids, Eaton Co.; Zion, No. 115, Grass Lake, Jackson Co.; Insley, No. 116, Black's Corners, Lapeer Co.; Blackman, No. 117, Leonidas, St. Joseph Co.

REVIVED LODGES.—Kalamazoo, No. 7, Kalamazoo; Constantine, No. 22, Constantine.

And two petitions on file for new Lodges, with more coming.

The 49th anniversary was duly celebrated in many places. Corunna Lodge, No. 64, was joined by Owosso, Vernon, Shiawassee, Byron, and other Lodges and Encampments, and Dr. Jas. Hooper delivered the oration in the Methodist Church. Hastings Lodge was treated to a fine address by Capt. Bailly, Past Grand.

The Lodges of Ingham County had a gala day at Mason, and formed the "Central Michigan Association of Odd Fellows." Address by Hon. Horatio Pratt, of Mason.

Battle Creek Lodge, and several others in

the vicinity, were ably addressed by the Rev. Dr. Joslyn, President of Albion College. Hillsdale, and neighboring Lodges, were addressed by Hon. John N. Ingersoll, Grand Patriarch. The Rev. J. Straub, of Capitol Lodge, addressed that Lodge. Dr. E. S. Leonard, of Ovid Lodge, is answering all calls for lectures, and is reported to be doing a good work. Dr. Isaac Sides, of Dennis Lodge, Colon, is ever on duty.

Monroe Lodge, No. 19, met with a severe loss in the destruction of their hall and property by fire on the 18th of March. Sister Lodges are lending a helping hand to share their loss and set them on their feet again.

By the way, what has become of the "Pittsburgh Earthquake" on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst.? We do not *realize* that we are entirely *extinguished* yet, but go right on as though nothing had happened! The Pittsburgh reformers did not give a public report of their doings, and perhaps that is the reason we don't know that Odd Fellowship is blotted out. We shall, perhaps, get notice in due time to close up, and stop our work of benevolence and charity. In this connection, it will be appropriate to add something about

THE SPREAD OF AMERICAN ODD FELLOWSHIP.

How cheering and satisfactory it is, to see American Odd Fellowship expanding and stretching out its arms to embrace Islands, Colonies and Empires! News has reached this country, that one of the main colonies in far off Australia is about to come into the field of American Odd Fellowship! The Order was first planted in the British Dependencies of Australia in 1840, at Sidney, in the colony of New South Wales. It rapidly spread to all the colonies, and according to the report of the Manchester Unity in England in 1864, the number of Lodges and members were as follows, in the several colonies:

	Lodges.	Members.
Victoria.....	84.....	6,803
South Australia.....	65.....	6,788
West Australia	2.....	46
New South Wales.....	38.....	2,260
Tasmania.....	12.....	351
New Zealand.....	32.....	1,956

Some years ago the Order in Victoria made overtures to the Order in this country,

for affiliation with our Fraternity—cutting loose from the parent or home Order of the Manchester Unity, which introduced it into the colonies. For some reason the offer never received definite action by the G. L. U. S., until last year, when a Special Deputy was named to proceed to Australia to learn the present feeling on the subject. The report comes to me from a trustworthy source, that the Victoria Colony Odd Fellows are still willing to affiliate with us, and that our Special Deputy is likely to substantially accomplish the union before he returns. This being accomplished, it is said other colonies will soon follow. As we are soon to be in closer fraternal relations with this far off land, a few words about the country may not be deemed out of place in this connection. The Colony of Victoria has an area of 98,000 square miles, or 62,720,000 acres. The port of Melbourne is the principal town. The population in 1836 was only twelve hundred. Ten years later it was 30,000, and still ten years later it was 300,000, and is now over 400,000, of which about 10,000 are aborigines. South Australia embraces an area of 300,000 square miles, or 192,000,000 acres, and is principally devoted to agriculture, while Victoria is mostly devoted to gold-mining. The capital is Adelaide. In 1855 the population was 80,000, which has largely increased since then.

West Australia was founded in 1829, and has but a small population. The main exports are wool, sandal-wood, whale-oil, and bone. Sidney is the port town of New South Wales, which has wool for its principal staple.

It is no insignificant compliment to the American branch of our Order, that it is spreading itself to the antipodes and supplanting the parent branch, that refused us affiliation only a few years ago!

That the American Order, although in many respects not essentially different in its aims and good work from the "Manchester Unity" Order, is better adapted to its high purpose than that branch, there is little doubt, and, as I anticipate its early establishment in France, its onward march will soon become so rapid, that it will ere long encircle the whole earth. So mote it be.

† † †

Maryland Department.

P. G. THOS. LUCY, A. M., EDITOR.

OPPOSITION.

The minds of some Odd Fellows in some of the jurisdictions appear to be no little exercised in relation to a deliberate organization, or organizations, in opposition to all secret societies. So far as such secret societies are political, it may be well to oppose them, but where benevolence is the main feature, such opposition will never be serious. Men's minds will be influenced in favor of all good and charitable deeds, but even if it were not so, Odd Fellowship has nothing to fear from mere opposition. *If the Order should ever be destroyed, it will be by itself*, from some internal dissensions, not external opposition. It seems to be a law of our being that man should destroy himself, if he is destroyed; and so it is with nations, or institutions. Whatever is true in the individual, is true of the aggregate; and without any desire to sermonize—which is a long way from our line—we see that from the creation man was surrounded by dangers which he could avoid or embrace as he wished, the law of the result being fixed and certain. Man destroyed his first happiness, and he continues to do it, whether in solitary forests or crowded cities. Rome did the same thing, Greece, Assyria, Egypt, and the whole host of departed governments; it was not the opposition to them, but their own demoralization, or selfish strifes. But we need not confine ourselves to past governments, we may take parties in our own country, the Whig, Know-nothing, Democratic and Republican, all defeated by their own improper acts; so with religious denominations, they dispute, provoke schisms, and finally separate. Men get powerful, then reckless, and scramble for power or wealth, to the exclusion of the rights of others, and fall like Lucifer or Woolsey. This is the inevitable law written on our world, and Odd Fellows can read and mark it. We must do right, be just to ourselves and others, pay no heed to opposition, unless to find from it wherein we are lacking—and just so far opposition is useful and good, we rather like it

in anything, it brings a man out, it invigorates him to higher exertion. Persecution to a certain extent is a help to a true man, or a true faith, or an earnest work. Odd Fellows have found it so, and so far have done well in soothing all sources of internal division. The New York difficulties, the Maryland disputes of a few years back, were both skillfully compromised, and Odd Fellowship is stronger now in these States than ever. And in our internecine strife as a nation, Odd Fellows have taught us a valuable lesson; the Order broke not its bands by passions, but, using charity and love, it arose from the encounter nobly, and is now more rapidly than ever advancing to the zenith of success; so will it necessarily ever be, harmony keeps the spheres in their true places, and it gives strength and power to the Lodges, and unites them in an Order too compact for any outside attack to break through. So long as we keep to the true spirit of our motto in all our legislative and personal acts, we are firm as a rock, nothing can divide, nothing can destroy us, but our own selves. We fear no opposition, nay, we rather court it. We have been careful, and so we can ever be, if we will, and the echoes from a thousand Lodges and tens of thousands of hearts reply—**WE WILL.**

NEWS ITEMS.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH.—The forty-ninth anniversary of the Order was very generally celebrated in the State with marked enthusiasm by both the city and the country Lodges, but the very limited space at the disposal of a single Department prevents us from entering into particulars. The Grand Lodge and several of the city Subordinates attended divine service at different churches, without regalia, and distinguished only by a small rosette of ribbon. In the country most of the Lodges celebrated the day on the 27th, by a procession, speeches, and festival. The new Lodge at Halltown, Richland Lodge, No. 109, held a grand re-union in the woods. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Sharp, and Dr. Newman. The last named gentleman called forth a spicy criticism from Mrs. McConaughy, the editress of the Clayton Herald, for his strictures on womankind. Among other interesting pro-

ceedings, was the election of a Queen of Love and Beauty. Miss Whitely having received 648 votes, was declared the successful candidate, and at sunset was crowned by Dr. Newman, of Church Hill. The ball commenced at eight, and was kept up until three o'clock next morning. The whole affair yielded some \$200, clear, for the Lodge.

THE GRAND LODGE.—At the annual session just closed, the principal matter, not altogether of a local nature, was the bringing up again of the Ladies' Degree. P. G. Swormsted, of No. 57, moved the following: "Whereas, the Degree of Rebekah is received with universal favor throughout the several Grand Jurisdictions of the G. L. of the U. S., with the exception of Maryland; therefore be it resolved, that the Subordinate Lodges of the jurisdiction of Maryland be hereby empowered to confer said Degree upon the wives of their Scarlet Degree members." And on a vote by Lodges it was adopted. Yeas, 54; nays, 43. At the night session this vote was reconsidered, and the whole matter referred once more to the Subordinates, to report next session. In singular contrast to this, is the report of Grand Representatives Ellis and Marley to the Grand Lodge, in which they say that the various discussions in the G. L. of the U. S. demonstrate the wisdom of the Grand Lodge of Maryland in declining to adopt or recognize the Degree from the outset.

OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.—On Friday, the 8th ult., Grand Master J. Q. A. Herring, assisted by Grand Secretary Escavaille, P. G. Master Cunningham, and P. G. J. A. Ritter, of Frederick City, instituted Catocin Lodge, No. 113, at Middletown, Frederick Co., by authority of a charter granted at this session of the Grand Lodge. There were six charter members, and fifteen admitted by card. The officers elected and installed are: Jacob Ruby, N. G.; Geo. A. Routsahn, V. G.; Westley A. Wachtler, Secretary; and Thos. H. Willard, Treasurer. There were a large number of members present from Adam Lodge, Frederick City, and at night they had four initiations. Middletown is a place of some 1500 inhabitants, in one of the most beautiful and wealthy valleys in the State, and the Lodge starts under the most favorable auspices.

Illinois Department.

GRAND SECRETARY SAMUEL WILLARD, EDITOR.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFICE.

In the January number of the "Companion" our friend and Brother in the Wigwam, who reveals himself as WAW-KO, brings up a conflict of laws as to the qualifications for office in the matter of Degrees. An examination of the laws of the G. L. U. S. does indeed reveal some conflicts of literal terms; but I think that when all parts of the laws and the ritual are taken together, the conflict is easily disposed of.

Will any one tell me where any written law of the G. L. U. S. is to be found requiring the Noble Grand to be in possession of the Scarlet Degree? I confess I know not where to find such, though no installing officer would ever induct into the N. G.'s chair a Brother of lower Degree than the Scarlet. There is no written law of the G. L. U. S. saying what Degrees are necessary for officers; yet the installation ceremony *implies* that certain Degrees are necessary. Take the Public Installation Book: we find the Grand Marshal is obliged to say of each of the elective officers that he finds him to have the proper Degree-rank. That that must be the Scarlet, is an inference from the fact that the N. G. and V. G. have the books with the work of that Degree, and that the Secretary must be able to record proceedings in that Degree; but this is only necessary inference. As to the Treasurer, concerning whom the same question is asked, we have no ground for such an inference; yet, without any reference to local law, I would never install a Treasurer who had not the Fifth Degree.

But look further into the same book. The Grand Marshal is required to say, in presenting the Warden and Outside Guardian, that he finds they have attained the proper Degrees for the office. What Degrees? This is a matter of inference and custom only: nor does the secret work set it forth definitely. The Scarlet Degree is doubtless the Degree required. Now, if the possession of some special Degree-rank is needed as a qualification for the other appointive offices, why does it not appear in the Installation

Book? The Marshal says that he finds the W. and O. G. to have the proper Degrees; but he is not required to say the same of any other of the appointive officers. I think that the legal maxim is here fairly applicable, *expressio unius est exclusio alterius*, the naming of one party is an exclusion of the other: the requirement made directly for the Warden and the Outside Guardian, gives leave to appoint all the other officers without regard to Degrees. In Illinois, our local law specifies that all elective officers and the Warden and Outside Guardian must be of the Scarlet Degree. I believe that nearly all Grand Lodges make this requirement respecting the elective officers: some, like Illinois, include the W. and the O. G.; others say nothing about it. Another Illinois law expressly considers the case of the other appointive officers, and allows that they may be of any Degree, but advises that the Supporters of the N. G. shall be of the Fifth, and the Supporters of the V. G. at least of the Third Degree.

Now as to the Rebekah Degree. The first enactment of the G. L. U. S. on this is its approval of the decision of the Grand Sire "that the officers of all Lodges which are in possession of the work ought to be in regular possession of the Degree, upon the same principle that they are required to assume other obligations belonging to their official stations." (Jour. G. L. U. S. p. 1841, approved, 1898 and 1952.) The very same Grand Lodge that approved this decision, however, almost in the same breath, certainly within the same quarter of an hour, declared that the Grand Lodge of Texas, which had accepted the Degree, as we learn from p. 1838, did nothing wrong in refusing to require the officers of a Subordinate Lodge to have the Degree as a qualification for their several offices. (pp. 1899 and 1952.) But examine the decision itself. The last part of it showed that it applied only to officers that "are required to assume other obligations belonging to their official stations." The Degree is to be a requisite in accordance with a certain principle; and the limit and measure of its application is given in this clause. Hence only officers that take obligations in assuming official stations are to be required to have the Rebekah Degree, so far as this decision is concerned; namely, the elective officers. The

next decision (p. 2214, approved 2264) is a mere repetition of this, in special application to the N. G. and V. G., and can cover no more than the original decision, to which it refers.

I conclude, then, that the language of the installation shows that certain officers, to wit, the elective officers and the W. and O. G., must have certain Degrees before their installation; that from the nature of their duties the N. G., V. G. and Secretary must have the Scarlet Degree, and I think universal usage makes this the Degree to be required of the Per. Secretary, Treasurer, Warden and Outside Guardian. And further that the elective officers of Lodges having the Rebekah Degree must have that Degree also.

I T E M S .

—Yates City Lodge, No. 370, was instituted at Yates City, Knox Co., April 17, by Deputy C. W. Heaton, of 44. I. Dunn, N. G.; Benj. Hay, Sec'y. This Lodge is at the junction of the Lewistown Branch with that part of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., formerly known as the Peoria & Oquawka R. R. It is a new and small railroad town as yet, but starts its Lodge so as to be on hand in good time.

—Bardolph Lodge, No. 371, is authorized at Bardolph, McDonough Co.

—Cambridge Lodge, No. 199, at Cambridge, Henry Co., was revived with restoration of charter and effects April 11, Deputy H. H. Bryan, of 128, installing and instructing. Past Grand G. F. H. Wilson, N. G.; Sylvester Rockwell, Sec'y. This Lodge was defunct about six years.

—Empire, No. 54, at Elizabethtown, Hardin Co., was revived and re-organized March 22d. Thomas A. McAnnis, its last Representative in the Grand Lodge, N. G.; E. C. Brown, Sec'y. This Lodge lived through the hard times of the war, and then failed, exhausted. Its prospects are quite favorable. As we write, there comes to mind what we once heard a lady say, when the Order was incidentally discussed in a mixed company. She said she should always remember Empire Lodge at Elizabethtown; for her brother, traveling on the Ohio River, was put ashore there from a steamboat, sick; and there he died. He was a stranger: but Empire Lodge

took care of him, and when he was gone, informed his relatives of his fate, and sent what he left. "But for Empire Lodge," said she, "we should never have known what became of my brother."

—Grand Patriarch Harris on March 27th instituted Tonica Encampment, No. 86, at Tonica. Bro. Harris writes to the "Memento": "The officers are: John M. Ong, C. P.; Wm. H. H. Holdridge, H. P.; Revilo Newton, S. W.; Henry Gunn, Scribe; L. A. Wilson, Treas.; Alfred Curtiss, J. W.—all good men and true, and all ambitious to do good and correct work. I was informed that nearly every member of the Lodge desired to join the Encampment, and I consider their prospects very flattering. There are certainly some very excellent Odd Fellows at Tonica."

—Hiawatha Encampment, No. 87, was to have been instituted at Monmouth by Grand Scribe Nason on the 7th of May.

—Our Lodge, Carlinville, No. 350, (working in German) meets on Tuesday, not Thursday, as you have it in your magazine.

C. L. ANDRIST.

—The beautiful burial-lot and monument of the Chicago Odd Fellows in Rosehill Cemetery, were formally dedicated to their designed uses, on the 23d of April, with the solemn and impressive services of the Order. Under the supervision of the Chief Marshal, Dr. J. Ward Ellis, the procession formed at 10 o'clock A. M., and moved through some of the principal streets to the Northwestern Depot, from where a special train of ten cars conveyed the Brothers and their friends to Rosehill Cemetery. Here the procession again formed, and marched to the vicinity of the monument. After singing of the opening ode, and prayer by Rev. Chas. Perkins, the dedicatory address was delivered by the chairman of the cemetery committee, Bro. John G. Rogers. Bro. Ellis then introduced the M. W. Grand Sire, Bro. James P. Sanders, who delivered a very eloquent and able address, which was received with marked approval in the most cordial spirit. The singing of the closing ode ended the ceremonies. The monument is described as follows:

The burial-ground is triangular in shape, containing an area of 8,000 feet, and from the center rises the monument, 41 feet in height. The pillar and pedestal are of Athens

marble, the statue of Vermont marble. The foundation is ten feet square and eight feet in depth. On this rise three steps, representing the three great principles of the Order, Friendship, Love and Truth. On the steps rests the base plinth, five feet in diameter, octagon in shape, and handsomely molded. This is surmounted by a die four feet in diameter and five feet eight inches in height, paneled on all sides, and ornamented with emblems of the Order. Above this is the pediment cap, octagon in shape, with symbols cut in relief. Surmounting the cap are two sections, the first ornamented with Corinthian leaves, the other with richly flowing drapery. The main shaft is fourteen feet high, and octagon in shape, with sunk panels and molded. The shaft is surmounted by a Corinthian cap, three feet six inches in diameter. The whole is surmounted by a beautiful figure of Charity, cut with exquisite grace and skill.

LODGE MEMBERSHIP IN ILLINOIS—STATISTICS.

The tables attached to the last Journal of Illinois show that the average of membership in the 249 Lodges, whose July reports are the basis of the calculation, is fifty. The total membership, as found in the footings on page 181, is 12,515. If we deduct the nine Lodges in Chicago and their membership, the average of the other 240 Lodges is 47. But though fifty is the average, more than half the Lodges have less than fifty. We show this by a table.

3	Lodges have	8 or	9.
12	"	10 to	19 inclusive.
43	"	20 to	29 "
48	"	30 to	39 "
38	"	40 to	49 "
34	"	50 to	59 "
23	"	60 to	69 "
22	"	70 to	79 "
6	"	80 to	89 "
8	"	90 to	99 "
4	"	100 to	109 "
2	"	110 to	119 "
6	"	120 to	219 "

This table shows that while 144 Lodges have less than the average number, only 105 have the average number and more. The largest is Robert Blum, No. 58, Chicago, which reported 219. The Lodges having 100 or over are these, given in order of magnitude, from the least of them up: 12, 41, 5, 180, 109, 221, 257, 77, 22, 4, 9, 58. Four of them are in Chicago, and two of these are German. Of the remaining eight, all but No. 180 are in the north half of the state, and no two are in the same place. The average membership of the Lodges in Chi-

cago was 118; that of the four German Lodges was 117; and that of the other five was 119. The establishment of another German Lodge there since July, makes the present average of the German Lodges more removed from that of the other Lodges there.

In July last, Chicago had nine Lodges; Peoria, Galena, and Bloomington, each, three, one of which in each place works in the German language; Alton, Aurora, Carlinville, Decatur, El Paso, Freeport, Geneseo, Jacksonville, Joliet, Lincoln, Naperville, Ottawa, Pekin, Quincy, and Springfield, each, two, one of which is German, except in Decatur, Jacksonville, and Quincy. A line, dividing the Lodges of the state equally into northern and southern portions, would now fall about on the northern line of Sangamon county: ten years ago it was on the south line of McLean county. Hence Lodges have for ten years been formed faster in the southern than in the northern part of the state.

It is curious to compare Illinois with Maryland, the oldest jurisdiction. In the Maryland tables for 1867 we find eighty Lodges reporting, with total membership of 12,237, not very far from our number. But as the number of Lodges is less than one-third of ours, her average is more than three times as large, being 153. Twenty-nine Lodges (say three-eighths of all) are in Baltimore; fifty-one out of that city. The membership in Baltimore is 7,812, which is nearly sixty-four per cent. of the total membership; average in Baltimore, 269; out of Baltimore, only 87. The smallest Lodge in Maryland had 26 members; the largest, 567. The oldest thirteen Lodges in Baltimore have a membership of 4,667; average, 359; largest, 567; least, 100. No place out of Baltimore has two Lodges; the policy there seems to be centralization. The Lodge at Frederick City, largest out of Baltimore, has 234 members. S. W.

—Memento.

—Bro. J. Ward Ellis writes to the "Memento" from Chicago on the 16th of April: "The Order in this city are for a short time enjoying the presence of our M. W. Grand Sire, Jas. P. Sanders. Last evening he met a large number of Brothers in Robert Blum Hall, and entertained them with a deeply interesting speech on the practical workings of the Order."

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

BURLINGTON, May 14, 1868.

Editor Companion: The celebration at Davenport, I understand, was a complete success. The day was fine, and the Brothers at Davenport did everything in their power to make the visiting Brothers feel at home.

There was also a celebration at Council Bluffs. P. G. Bloomer was the orator of the day. I send you an account of the celebration taken from the "Nonpareil."

I have letters this week from our three Lodges last instituted.

Bro. Camp writes that "Chelsea Lodge, No. 160, is doing well. They have 20 members, are out of debt, and \$100 in the treasury; their hall is furnished well, and prospects fine. D. D. G. M. Taylor had made them a visit, delivered a very appropriate address to the Lodge, and appeared to be well pleased with their work." The visits of D. D. G. M.'s do much good, and I hope others will follow the example of Brother Taylor.

Bro. H. Jordan writes that Protection Lodge, No. 161, has twelve members, with good prospects ahead. Their officers are: B. F. Franks, N. G.; H. H. Sebern, V. G.; H. Jordan, R. S.; R. H. Peters, P. S.; and W. H. Ehred, Treas.

D. D. G. M. McDaniel writes me that on April 21 he instituted Lisbon Lodge, No. 162, and installed their officers, viz.: Thomas J. Mason, N. G.; Henry Pomford, V. G.; J. C. Ringer, Secretary; and Elias Gerberig, Treasurer; that the Lodge is located in a good place; that they have a good hall; and that he is satisfied they will soon have a good, prosperous Lodge. They initiated four the first evening. Some five or six Brothers of Anamosa Lodge, No. 40, accompanied Bro. McDaniel.

I returned to Past Grand Master M. Monetou and four other Brothers the charter, books and effects of Monticello Lodge, No. 117, on April 27th, and Bro. Monetou writes me that they will soon have a prosperous Lodge. The Lodge is located at Monticello, Jones county.

I have a letter from Bro. Fleming, of East Melrose, Lucas county, and he writes me that himself and other Brothers will send me a petition in a few days, for a Lodge to be located at East Melrose. This place is on the B. & M. Railroad, east of Chariton.

Old Washington Lodge, No. 1, is doing well. We have initiated nine, admitted by card one, and re-instated four this term, and have two petitions in for next evening.

Eureka Encampment, No. 2, has initiated four this term, and instructed them in the Degrees.

Bro. Cornelius, your agent, visited our Lodge on last Lodge-night, but could not remain with us longer.

Bro. C. B. Hendershott writes from Ottumwa, Iowa, May 1st: "Our Lodge and Camp are doing better now than they have for some time past."

I T E M S .

—MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODD FELLOWS. From the Secretary's returns we find that the number of members of this society on the 1st day of January, 1868, amounted to 417,422, being an increase for the year of 12,167. The total admissions in Great Britain and Ireland during the year had been 32,785. The deficiency in the increase results from deaths, lapsed policies or secessions, expulsions, etc. The increase in the colonies since the last returns amounts to 3,550.—*Odd Fellow's Quarterly Magazine.*

—A correspondent informs the "American Odd Fellow," that Grand Master Fleming, of Georgia, has re-organized Mountain Lodge, No. 27, at Dalton, in that state.

—From the same source we learn that a new Lodge was recently instituted in Wilmington, Delaware, being the ninth Lodge in that city. Deputy Grand Master Daniel Farra officiated.

—Grand Patriarch Lewcek, of New York, instituted Thomas Wildey Encampment, No. 39, at Saugerties, N. Y., on the 3d of April.

—Dispensation has been granted for new Lodges at Batavia, and at Parma Corners, New York.

—There are now in San Francisco, California, thirteen Lodges with 3,086 members, and an annual revenue of upwards of \$80,000, and assets, invested at interest,

amounting to \$207,035.55, being an increase during the year of 526 members, and \$40,020.22 of assets. D. D. G. M. Pidwell, in the communication giving the above figures, adds: "Notwithstanding the large amount of assets, as here shown, it will be found, when the annual reports will have been received in July, that the amounts expended for charity and benefits have been larger than in any preceding year, in the aggregate. Thus showing that while we are increasing in numbers and wealth, we are not forgetting the great lesson of charity."

—The Odd Fellows' Library Association of San Francisco held its annual meeting on April 6th. The subjoined figures are from the report of the President: "Total number of volumes, 15,544; added during the year, 1,471; number of members, 857; value of library and cabinet, \$35,733.12; cash in the treasury, \$1,200."

—On the 18th of April, Ocean View Lodge, No. 143, was to have been instituted at Half Moon Bay, California, by Grand Master Fox.

—We extract from the letter of a valued correspondent, which our space will not permit us to publish in full: "Our enthusiastic Brethren of Wildey Lodge, No. 91, at Camden, New Jersey, among their many pleasant re-unions for 'the good of the Order,' and the gratification of themselves and their 'better halves,' arranged a meeting for Wednesday evening, April 15th, in the hall of Chosen Friends' Lodge, for the purpose of having the Degree of Rebekah conferred. The Degree was conferred in an able manner by P. G. M. Wm. H. Barnes, of Georgia, on 32 Brothers and 31 Sisters. D. D. G. M. John S. Stratford officiated as V. G., and discharged the duties of that position with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of all assembled. The beautiful language of the Degree, uttered in the pleasing tones of Bro. Barnes, was listened to with earnest attention; and I think I never heard the lecture with such satisfaction as on the present occasion." Brief addresses, interspersed with songs, followed by a magnificent supper at Getz's Hall, terminated the exercises.

—The Brothers in Nashville, Tennessee, have organized a Silver Cornet Band, which is winning high praises for its proficiency.

The Nashville "Banner" of April 19 says: "In November, this band, composed of eighteen members, all of whom are Odd Fellows, was organized, with Messrs. McCann, Fuller and Harris, as Leader, President and Secretary. Under the able tuition of Lieutenant Lilly, Leader of the Post Band, such rapid progress was made, that the Odd Fellows' Silver Cornet Band need not be ashamed to make its appearance on any public occasion."

—Bro. J. S. Boone writes from Honey Grove, Texas: "Our Lodge at this place is getting along finely, considering the scarcity of money, and is winning the approbation of the better informed of our community. It was intended by our Lodge to celebrate the anniversary of our beloved Order at this place on yesterday, but for the rain which was almost incessant during the day. Considerable preparations were made preparatory for the occasion. It was a general disappointment, as Odd Fellowship is something new here, and all classes were anxious to learn some of its principles and teachings."

NOBLE GRAND.

What a combination of dignity, nobleness, wisdom, and rank, and power are embraced in these two words. What an elevated position does he bear, who has attained to the office of, and bears the title of Noble Grand, in a Lodge of the I. O. O. F.; what a splendid opportunity he enjoys for exercising good influences over the members of his Lodge, and impressing them with the beauty and system of our beloved Order. When he speaks, all tongues are silent, and all attention is directed towards him. He is the chief officer, his words are received as truth, his decisions are regarded as law. He is presumed to thoroughly understand the laws of the Order, so as to be always ready to give such information as may be sought for. He has a general supervision over the whole work, and over the officers of his Lodge, and is held responsible for the faithful discharge of duty by all his subordinate officers. He is the custodian of the semi-annual and annual pass-words, and no member of the Lodge can lawfully obtain them without his permission. While possessing all this power, glory and honor, how important it is that he should be fully qualified for the discharge of the obliga-

tions devolving upon him. He should allow no opportunity to pass, for gaining a knowledge of the work and of the laws, without taking advantage of it. Nor should he wait till he enters upon the discharge of the duties of the office before qualifying himself well for the work. The surest passport from the floor to the office of Noble Grand, is a perfect knowledge of the laws and usages of the Order. True merit is not often neglected in an Odd Fellows' Lodge, and while it is always modest, yet it is always conspicuous. A good presiding officer adds dignity to the body, and elevates his Lodge in the estimation of visiting Brothers, and his renown spreads abroad and stimulates others, younger than he, to imitate his good example. But, alas, how often do we see men occupying the Noble Grand's chair, who are not only undignified and ignorant of parliamentary usages, but apparently do not comprehend the simplest of the laws of the Order. One would suppose that a person who could read, would certainly know how to put a Brother, at a distance, to whom his Lodge sends a card, in possession of the A. T. P. W.; but there are those who are certainly in the dark as to what course to pursue. I have before me, at this time, a letter written by the Noble Grand of Lodge, No. —, I. O. O. F., State of New York, in which he writes the A. T. P. W. and explanation in full, and instructs the Brother how to use it, and tells him that he can with this work into any Lodge. This N. G. is certainly a rare specimen. He writes a very *clear* letter, and does not fail to make himself understood; in fact a child, on reading his letter, would comprehend the whole matter. The letter, inclosing a card, was sent to a Brother in this city. I would forward it to you, but am under obligations to return it to the party from whom I received it.

It is humiliating to acknowledge that we have officers in our Lodges who are not only ignorant of the most common usage, but are also forgetful of their obligations. But while it will bring a blush to the face of many who read of it, it may, perhaps, deter others from committing equally as great errors.

Permit me to suggest, that you publish in the "Odd Fellows' Companion" the law prescribing the method for putting a distant

Brother in possession of the A. T. P. W., "so that all who run may read," and none may err. Fraternally, yours,

J. WARD ELLIS.

CHICAGO, May 12, 1868.

ON THE ROAD.

Once more on the road, wandering among the Brothers of the west. Strange faces greet me at every station; yet I am not among strangers, for everywhere I hear the welcome sound, Brother. On Monday evening, May 4th, I met with the Brothers of Rock Island Lodge, No. 18. The night was one of the most disagreeable nights of the season—the rain poured down in torrents—but this did not deter a goodly number of Brothers from attending the meeting of the Lodge. The Lodge is in a flourishing condition, and the members work with a zeal worthy the noble cause they advocate. The Lodge numbers 70 members.

Davenport, Iowa, the beautiful city of the Bluffs, has two Lodges, with a membership of upwards of 300. A few years ago, a few of the enterprising Brothers of this city purchased a building in the heart of the city for \$4000. Under difficulties and much opposition they bought the building, and today it is worth twice the sum they paid for it, bringing them an income of over ten per cent. on their money invested. I would do injustice to a worthy Brother and true Odd Fellow, did I not say that in Bro. P. G. W. F. Ehrig I found a noble, true-hearted man, a man worthy of the name of Brother. Though engaged in business that gave him but little recreation, he left all and made my sojourn pleasant. It does one good to find such friends. Visited Davenport Lodge, No. 7, and found the hall well filled—and a beautiful hall it is, magnificently furnished, complete throughout. Witnessed an initiation which was done up in a first-rate manner. The Lodge is highly prosperous. Had the pleasure of meeting Bros. P. G.'s John Gundaker and Haley, live workers in the Order; may they long live to work for the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. In meeting with the Brothers of Davenport Lodge, one can appreciate the meaning of those words we so often sing:

"Here in good faith we meet,
Here friends and Brothers greet
And in communion sweet
The hours employ."

Davenport is one of the most pleasant towns on the upper Mississippi; it has a population of 25,000. The site of the city is high. The landscape presented to the view from the bluffs back of the city is surpassingly lovely: for miles can be seen the waters of the mighty stream, in its onward motion towards the great gulf. The trade of the city is extensive. The traveling Brother will be amply repaid by spending a few days in this city.

Retracing my steps, I found myself at Geneseo, Illinois, a thriving young western city. Two Lodges are here located, made up of live Odd Fellows, among whom I would name Bob Ramsey. Bob is a fine fellow; long will I remember the courtesies presented by him to me while in his city. The next time we meet, Bob, I hope we shall have dry feet. Visiting Brothers will do well to stop at the Geneseo House; they will there find our jolly friend and Brother, C. B. Miller, who will entertain them in true Brotherly style.

From this place I proceeded to Kewanee, Illinois; here is working one large and flourishing Lodge. The "Companion" receives a good club of subscribers from this Lodge. They are wide awake to the interests of the Order.

Galesburg has a Lodge of nearly 100 members, and never has been as flourishing as it is at present. There are energetic, live Brothers in this Lodge, who are working to make it one of the best working Lodges in the state. From the acquaintances I formed, I should judge they will soon become a model Lodge. To the traveling Brother stopping over at this burg, I would say always stop at White's Hotel, near the Depot. Bro. J. T. White is the proprietor—a genial, warm-hearted Brother.

I also visited Abingdon and Knoxville, in the same county, and found a Lodge in each place in healthy condition.

At Monmouth, in Warren county, Illinois, is located one of the best Lodges in the west, composed of the most energetic denizens of the town. Visited the Lodge on the night of meeting, and was highly pleased with its working. The passing moments tell me to bring my ramblings to a close and haste on my way.

Fraternally, JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

PRACTICAL ODD FELLOWSHIP.

The Bible is an integral part of every Odd Fellows' Lodge. No Atheist can become an Odd Fellow. The neophyte is early taught his helpless, dependent and fallen condition, together with the fact that "the glance of the all-seeing eye of God ever rests upon him." Man's unkindness to man, in the ordinary walks of life, is beautifully illustrated by striking symbols. The extreme folly of covetousness, respecting fame, honor, distinction, or riches, with all its baneful consequences, is portrayed in a manner at once touchingly sublime and mournfully impressive. On first gaining admission into "our sacred retreat," no Odd Fellow can forget the fundamental truths so strongly impressed upon his mind by fit emblems. Here he is strongly reminded of his own weakness and emergent necessities, as well as the peculiar adaptation of our noble Order to fulfill its glorious mission of Friendship, Love and Truth. His eyes are open to behold the beauties and grandeur of a zealous Brotherhood, whose souls are knit together by the "mystic tie" of our unexampled Order, to wage an unceasing warfare against vice in all its forms. The initiate learns, in his first lesson, to regard all men as members of one great family, and God as their creator. He also learns that certain duties and paramount obligations grow but out of the mutual relations we sustain to each other as Brothers, and to God as our Father. The recognition of this fact constitutes a leading feature in our affiliation, and exerts a benign influence upon its votaries.

Odd Fellowship teaches that we are all Brothers in the highest, Brothers in the widest, and Brothers in the noblest sense of the word. Recognizing this great truth, which underlies and supports our peculiar institution, in connection with its correlative duty, the payment of certain dues from each member of the Order, we have no difficulty in explaining the vast amount of good which has been accomplished by it through the medium of *organized benevolence*. Herein it differs materially from its time-honored and honorable rival Sister—Masonry. In the former, all are equally entitled to its benefits, irrespective of their position and circumstances; while in the latter none but the really destitute receive any benefits at all.

Another difference in favor of Odd Fellowship is this: That each beneficiary member receives whatever is due him as a legal right, and not as a charity, as is the case in Masonry. Odd Fellowship is, so to speak, a health-assurance company. For a small weekly stipend each member secures to himself a weekly benefit so long as he may be sick or unable to pursue his usual vocation, and a funeral benefit in case of death. No such provision as this belongs to Masonry. It is also obligatory upon every Odd Fellow to visit his sick Brother and sit up with him at night as often as called upon to do so by the Secretary of his Lodge. That this duty is cheerfully performed by our members, all will agree.

Odd Fellowship in its Degrees enjoins Temperance, Sobriety, Chastity, Honesty, Friendship, Mutual Relief, Love, Charity and Truth. And that these distinguishing virtues are fully exemplified in the life and conduct of its members, *as a class*, is palpably manifest to every observant and unprejudiced mind. That all who gain admission into our Lodges do not always practice these ennobling virtues, every good Odd Fellow knows to be too true. Bad men are sometimes admitted into our benevolent Order. But this is no objection to Odd Fellowship. If the evil-doer does not make satisfactory improvement in his conduct, after being duly "admonished with candor, reprehended with justice, or punished with mercy," as the case may be, then his excommunication is imperatively demanded, for it is the only available means whereby the dignity and honor of our glorious affiliation can be thoroughly vindicated. Hypocrites are numerous in the Church of Christ. They are also to be found in every benevolent and humane association. But their presence in any organized body, whether civic or ecclesiastic, is no disparagement to said organization. There is no antagonism between Odd Fellowship and Christianity. The former deals only with this life, and things which pertain to it; while the latter looks beyond the tomb, and requires its votaries to make suitable Spiritual preparation for a permanent abode in the Spirit land. Odd Fellowship glories in doing good in all conceivable ways to the distressed of the human family. The erring Brother who has failed to discharge all the duties incumbent upon

him as a true Odd Fellow, must acknowledge the kindness of the hand that administers justice.

"To visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to bury the dead and educate the orphan, is the command of Odd Fellowship." Thousands and tens of thousands of these unfortunate classes bear willing testimony to the satisfactory manner in which all these duties are performed by the Brotherhood. The outsiders have witnessed with wonder and admiration the promptness, cheerfulness, and alacrity with which our benefactions are bestowed. They have likewise been amazed to see almost daily evidences of the strength of the triple-linked chain, which unites us together as a band of Brothers. Suffering humanity, whether within or without the pale of Odd Fellowship, always receives adequate consideration and relief. There is nothing wrong in our noble Order. Its mission is to ameliorate the condition of man, and elevate his moral standing in the community. The world may learn this important truth from the character of its members. In our Lodges there are many profound jurists, many pure patriots; many distinguished philanthropists, and last, though not least, many exemplary and pious Christians. Would such noble specimens of humanity foster and encourage an institution that winked at or inculcated evil, under any disguise whatever? I trow not. It eschews partisan politics or sectarian religion. "No political, sectarian, or other improper debate" disturbs the peace, or mars the harmony of its members, in Lodge assembled. Political prejudices and sectarian strifes are dwarfed into utter insignificance by the talismanic influence of Friendship, Love and Truth, whose dominion over the hearts of all worthy members is complete. All feel and acknowledge the peculiar power of the "mystic tie," which constitutes them Brothers, and therefore Brotherly love reigns supreme in the hearts of all. In becoming an Odd Fellow no sacrifice of principle, no surrender of allegiance that any one may owe to his God, to his country, or to his fellow-man, is required. But, on the contrary, each is assured that he cannot become an Odd Fellow, in spirit and in truth, unless he be grateful to his Creator, faithful to his country, and fraternal to his fellow-men. Odd Fellowship represents human character

in such a manner, as to impress upon the mind of the neophyte a strong sense of *his lapsed state*, and his individual responsibility arising therefrom. It teaches him how feeble and weak is poor humanity. It teaches him the important lesson that thousands of the human family are in darkness and chains, though they know it not. It also teaches that the chains of human bondage shall be broken, and the tears and woes of this world be submerged by the healing tide that shall flow from the fountain of Benevolence and Peace. Then one law shall bind all nations, tongues and kindreds of the earth—and that law will be the law of universal Brotherhood.

J. C. WELCH.

NICHOLASVILLE, KY., May 11, 1868.

A WORD TO THE WIVES OF ODD FELLOWS.

Does your husband pay his dues to the Lodge promptly? If not, see to it that he does. Or, do you not know? Then ascertain at once—do not postpone it, but ask him to-day, or at the first opportunity you have to do so. It is of great importance to you, that his dues be paid promptly; for your connection with the Order, your claims upon it for help, in case of need, are *only* through him, and cease whenever he becomes in arrears with his dues. Should sickness or misfortune overtake him while his dues remain unpaid, though he be but one day behind, neither he nor you will have any claim upon the Lodge for aid until he again becomes able to work and pays his dues. Paying up arrears to the Lodge *after* he is taken sick does not entitle him to the benefits of the Order during that particular sickness; nor, should that sickness end with death, does it restore you to your rights as the widow of an Odd Fellow. It is true, the Lodge would doubtless assist him and assist you, if needy, notwithstanding that he was a little in arrears; but it would not be obliged to do so. Whatever assistance he or you would receive under such circumstances, would be a gift, would be charity; while the aid rendered by the Lodge to a Brother in good standing—who keeps his dues paid up—does not partake of this character, but is the fulfilling of a sacred obligation. The sick Brother, or, in case of death, the Brother's widow, has an absolute right to this assistance. And to entirely remove from these benefits all appearance of

their being a charity, to avoid the possibility of wounding the feelings of even the most sensitive in such matters, our laws very wisely provide that no inquiry shall be made whether the sick Brother or the deceased Brother's widow is in need of assistance or not, but the benefits are bestowed upon the high and the humble, the rich and the poor, alike.

Would the wives of Odd Fellows but bear this in mind a little better than they do, the cases of "dropped for non-payment of dues" would soon become less frequent than they now are.

OBITUARY.

DIED—Past Grand Wm. Temple Elliott, of Litchfield Lodge, No. 202, Litchfield, Ills., on the 25th of March, 1868.

Bro. Alf. J. Wood, Secretary of Litchfield Lodge, has transmitted to us the resolutions of respect and sympathy adopted by the Lodge on the occasion of the death of Bro. Elliott. In the accompanying letter Bro. Wood says: "Bro. Elliott was the chief pillar in our Lodge, and we shall miss him much."

DIED—Bro. James Foster, of East Liverpool Lodge, No. 379, at his residence in East Liverpool, Ohio, on the 25th of April, 1868.

Bro. James Foster was born on the 13th of December, 1826, in Penkhull, Staffordshire, England. In December, 1848, he emigrated to the United States, and in 1849 came to East Liverpool, where he resided until his lamentable death, caused by too close application to his business. On the 27th of April his remains were followed to their last resting place by East Liverpool Lodge, No. 379, and a large concourse of citizens. Rev. Wm. Hastings, of Newburgh, Ohio, formerly the pastor of the Methodist Church at East Liverpool, delivered an appropriate discourse, and at the grave pronounced the solemn and impressive burial service of the Order.

DIED—Bro. Andrew McDowell, P. G. of Tecumseh Lodge, No. 80, at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 15th of April, 1868.

Bro. McDowell was a member of Tecumseh Lodge for twenty years, with credit to himself, and honor to the Order, serving as Perm. Secretary about eleven years. He had an unmistakable evidence some days before his death that his mission was completed, and said he was very happy; and on the 15th he passed away as peaceably as going to sleep. A committee, consisting of Bros. D. Dustman, J. Beideman and A. Russell, reported resolutions of condolence and respect, which were adopted by the Lodge, and ordered to be transmitted to the widow of Bro. McDowell. J. W. REED, P. G.

THE

ODD FELLOW'S COMPANION,

DEVOTED TO ODD FELLOWSHIP AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. III.—JULY, 1868.—NO. XII.

HINTS ON SICK - NURSING.

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

FLORENCE Nightingale, the youngest daughter of W. E. S. Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, England, was born at Florence in May, 1820. She enjoyed all the advantages of education which wealth could command; it was said of her—"In knowledge of the ancient languages, and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general arts, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English."

It is also recorded of her that "the schools of the poor round Lea Hurst and Embley first felt her kindly influence as a visitor and teacher." But from early childhood her great delight was to minister to suffering. The little girl would bind up the broken limbs of her dolls; the young maiden would visit and soothe the young and suffering on her father's estates. But when she attained womanhood, she craved a broader scope for her special instincts, and she gathered fresh knowledge from visits to the reformatories and hospitals of London and Edin-

burgh. In 1851 she sought further experience by spending three months in the German institution at Kaiserwerth. On her return to London she devoted her personal services and private means to re-organizing the Hospital for Sick Governesses in Harley Street. In 1854, at the request of the War Secretary, she took the conduct of a body of nurses sent out to alleviate the sufferings of the British soldiers in the hitherto woefully mismanaged hospitals at Scutari. What her ministrations were there is best described by the pen of an eye-witness.

"Night is especially trying to the sick and wretched; then on all sides arose the moans of pain or the murmurings of delirium. At this period there were no night nurses; but Miss Nightingale, lamp in hand, each night traversed alone the four miles of beds. How many lives this lady has been the means of saving during these rounds, by calling medical aid, or by administering little alleviations, is known only to herself and to the Unseen, who watches our steps. She was peculiarly skilled in the art of soothing; her gentle, sympathizing voice and manner always appeared to refresh the sufferer.

It was generally far into the night before she again reached her quarters."*

After her return to England, in 1856, her health suffered so severely from all she had undergone, that she was debarred from active service, but her pen has been busily at work. In 1859 she published "Notes on Hospitals," and in the same year, "Notes on Nursing," a book rich not only in the dictates of good sense, but in such enlarged experience as few women possess. We earnestly wish the maxims of this book were more known and acted upon by women. Every woman cannot be a Florence Nightingale, but every woman is more or less called to nurse the sick; and unfortunately it is a most fallacious idea that every woman is a born nurse. No one can be a nurse without a fair share of that most uncommon quality, common sense—and a professed nurse requires more; the ear, the eye, the mind, must be educated for this as for any other profession. The art of bandaging, dressing wounds, making sick-beds, applying blisters, leeches, etc., is best learned practically at a hospital: and here too the method, punctuality, and petty management required by the sick is best studied. But comparatively few ladies can avail themselves of such opportunities; for one woman who can be taught nursing in a hospital, there are thousands of mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters who have to nurse sick relations, and hundreds of patients who are sacrificed unnecessarily to the ignorance and incapacity of their attendants. This applies as much to the rich as to the poor.

Can a woman, then, train herself, or be trained, in family life, for those duties to the sick which will infallibly devolve upon her sooner or later? We believe to a great extent she may, and ought to do so. Moreover, the knowledge re-

quired for efficient sick-nursing is as necessary for the healthy as the sick; it is chiefly the knowledge of those physical conditions, those laws of health, which are quite as needful to maintain health, as to assist in its repair when broken. Child-life is the most delicate test of healthy conditions, and we should hardly have one child out of every six or seven die before they are one year old, if mothers knew and acted on those general laws of health which in God's providence cannot be broken without entailing illness or death.

We venture, then, to throw out a few hints for nursing, gathered partly from observation, partly from the experience of Miss Nightingale and others, premising that they are only hints; for the requirements of the sick are as varied as their complaints, and nothing but practical observation, directed by ready tact and forethought, will make a woman a nurse.

I. *Pure Air.* Miss Nightingale tells us—"The very first canon of nursing, and the first and the last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to the patient, is to keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him." If food and medicine be important, the air breathed is tenfold more so. We eat three or four times a day, we breath sixteen or twenty times in a minute, and on that breathing depends the renovation of our whole system. Poisonous influences are more directly absorbed by the blood when breathed than swallowed. Our own breath is poison even in health: the crowded work-room, the unventilated school, the close bed-room, are poisonous with carbonic acid gas; but also the air in an uninhabited room, if shut up, becomes stagnant and positively injurious. There must be a current of air to ensure healthy ventilation; one inlet is not enough: there must be a window and open chimney. It is always best to air

* "Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy."

from without, from the fresh open air. What is the use of airing a room by opening the door into a passage full of house smells, mustiness, and shut-up air? But nurses are so afraid of giving their patients cold by exposing them to a draught. Of course, when the window is open the door must be shut; but there is little or no danger in opening the window when the invalid is warm in bed. The time to be careful about a patient's catching cold is when he first gets up after the continued perspiration of days in bed, and the effort of dressing, as at such times he is peculiarly susceptible. The warmth is essential; but warmth may be secured by other means than shutting up a room, such as hot bottles, a good fire, and warm though not heavy clothing. And fresh air does not mean a draught. The window should be opened from above, or the room should be furnished with a ventilator near the ceiling. The simplest and the best we know is one invented by Squire (an English chemist); it consists of an oblong hole cut through the wall to the open air, close to the ceiling, furnished with a grating outside, and a valve which can be opened or shut at pleasure from within. This ventilator may be adapted to any flat-ceiled room at very small expense. The air as it enters clings to the surface of the ceiling, and only gradually diffuses itself, creating a pleasant freshness without any sensible draught. Another way of airing a room without draught is to have a piece of wood, some inches deep, fitted to the bottom of a sash window; the sash is opened and closed again upon the wood; the current of air which now steals in between the lower and upper sash is directed upward, and while no sensible draught is felt even under the window, the room is effectually ventilated.

An intelligent testimony to the value of open windows was given by a poor woman. "Ah! that was a wonderful

evening when you told us what air we could live on and what we couldn't. I says to Mrs. L., as we were going home, 'There, now, we've been a shutting up our windows, and thinking we were shutting the *pizen* out, instead of which we were shutting it in. I soon got my window made to open at the top, and it has never been quite shut since, for we always sleep six in one room. The neighbors did say at first that we should catch our deaths, but they soon saw that we were so much better, that half the people in the streets open their windows at the top now.'"

The nurse must be equally careful to remove from the room everything that can taint the air. Bed-hangings, window-curtains, carpets, are all absorbent, and noxious effluvia will cling about a woollen substance for months, being given out whenever the air is damp. Generally speaking, the lighter and more free from furniture a sick-room is, the better.

II. *Cleanliness.* Another all-important duty of the nurse is to look well to the cleanliness of her patient. The thousands of small pores which you may perceive on the surface of the skin all are the outlets of so many tiny pipes conveying waste matter out of the system. Every healthy person steams from one to one-and-a-half pints of moisture from the skin in twenty-four hours; in sickness, perspiration is often much increased, for in many important diseases nature relieves itself almost entirely by the skin. But perspiration remains on the skin, clogging its pores unless washed away; and if this be neglected, the patient will suffer from skin-poisoning. Every one knows the comfort and physical relief of a good wash; none experience greater benefit from it than the sick; but with them, as the power of reaction is small, care must be exercised not to expose too great a surface at once, so as to check

* "Ragged Homes."

perspiration, which would renew the evil in another form. It should also be remembered that soft water should be used, not hard. For "water dressings" soft water is absolutely necessary; hard water produces an opposite effect. If soft water cannot be got, you must collect rain water, or, failing this, boil the water, which removes half its hardness.

In fevers great relief is frequently found in sponging the face and arms with quite hot water. Restless patients are soothed by having their feet bathed with water as hot as they can bear, and dried with a hot towel; but the bed must be previously protected by a mackintosh and towels spread underneath the feet.

Cleanliness in bedding and clothing is not less essential. Much of the moisture of which we spoke saturates the bed-clothes and linen of the patient. Hence, frequent change of linen is necessary for an invalid. The poor, who cannot afford frequent change, should have at least two of each article in wear, *i. e.* two night-shirts and two pairs of sheets, that those not in wear may be hung out of the window, or in a yard, and purified by exposure to the open air, being well warmed before they are again used. If possible, no soiled garment or bedding should be aired in a sick-room. If the invalid is able to rise, his bed should be entirely stripped and exposed to the air. A spring mattress is the most healthy and comfortable for the sick.

Again: *all the things about a patient should be kept clean.* The floor and furniture must be carefully wiped with a damp cloth, to avoid raising dust. The medicine glasses should be rinsed and wiped whenever used. In giving liquid food, see that none is spilled into the saucer, or it will drop on the sheet or bed-gown. Before every meal spread a clean napkin from the chin of the invalid to the tray, to catch any crumbs which may fall, and which are a great worry to the sick, if they get into the bed. These

minute things make a real difference in a patient's comfort and his willingness to take food.

A nurse's duties are positive as well as negative: not only in watchful attention to ventilation and cleanliness needful to protect the sick from injurious influences, but any vital power they may have must be cherished and strengthened; for it is their best hope of throwing off disease or living through it. In nursing, it eminently holds good, "A penny saved is a penny gained." The doctor alone may prescribe tonics, but the nurse may economize the strength of her patient by attending to his warmth, rest, and food.

III. *Warmth.* If some substances, such as starch, fat, and sugar, are burned in the open air, they disappear, changing into carbonic acid and steam. Such changes are always accompanied by light and heat, or, if more slowly effected, by heat only. Now such changes are continually going on within us, and are the continuous natural source of our animal heat. While part of our food, the gluten, fibrine, and curd goes to repair our wasting frames, a scarcely less important part, the fat, butter, sugar, etc., forms fuel for the vital fire on which our warmth depends. Any cause, then, which reduces the temperature of the animal makes a demand upon its substance. Now, "in certain diseased states much less heat is produced than in health, and there is a constant tendency to the decline and ultimate extinction of the vital powers by the call made upon them to sustain the heat of the body. Cases where this occurs should be watched with the greatest care from hour to hour, almost from minute to minute. The feet and legs should be examined by the hand from time to time, and whenever a tendency to chilling is discovered, hot bottles, hot bricks, warm flannels, with some warm drink, should be made use of, until the temperature is restored.

The fire should be kept up. Patients are frequently lost in the latter stages of disease from want of attention to such simple precautions. A patient may sink from want of a little external warmth. Such cases occur even in summer; this fatal chill is most to be feared towards early morning."*

Warmth must be *judiciously* applied; for instance, blankets should never be doubled over the chest, as weak patients are always oppressed by weight of bedding. Again, hot bottles must not be filled with boiling water, nor left in the bed when cold. You should always be able to touch a hot bottle with your naked hands; if it is required to keep hot some hours, it should have a flannel cover or bag.

IV. *Sleep.* Who can estimate the renovating power of sleep? During sleep all the processes of life go on more slowly; the wear and waste of substance is so much less than in waking as to justify the expression "nourishing sleep." Never allow the sick to be waked; if you let them be roused out of their first sleep you secure a bad night for them. Be absolutely quiet while a patient is trying to get asleep; whatever has to be done must be left, rather than risk his night's rest by fidgeting about. Far better wake him after some hours of sleep than rouse him when drowsy; for sleep perpetuates itself, and in sickness the more a sick man sleeps the more power he will have to sleep. A good nurse ought to be able to change warm bottles, and even to give nourishment during sleep, without rousing the invalid. A comfortable arrangement of the pillows helps to sleep. This requires some little knack. "Every weak patient, be his illness what it may, suffers more or less from difficulty in breathing. To take the weight of the body off the poor chest, which is hardly up to its work as it is, ought therefore to be the object

of the nurse arranging his pillows. Now, what does she do, and what are the consequences? She piles the pillows one a-top of the other like a wall of bricks. The head is thrown upon the chest, and the shoulders are pushed forward so as not to allow the lungs to expand. The pillows, in fact, lean upon the patient, not the patient upon the pillows. It is impossible to give a rule for this, because it must vary with the figure of the patient. But the object is to support, with the pillows, the back below the breathing apparatus, to allow the shoulders room to fall back, and to support the head without throwing it forward. The suffering of dying patients is immensely increased by neglect of these points."†

All noise is painful to the sick, but sudden or unnecessary noise is far the worst. Any noise which excites expectation, such as a slow, shuffling step, or a whispered conversation, is to be avoided. A nurse should have a light, quick step, and a noiseless dress; the rustling of silk, the creaking of hinges or shoes, and the rattling of window-frames or flapping of blinds are peculiarly irritating to nerves rendered sensitive by fever or weakness. It needs but little care (a touch of oil, a wedge of paper, a stout stick to stir the fire, etc., etc.) to avoid them. Never speak to your patients while they are moving, or keep them standing, or interrupt them when occupied, or jar their bed or chair by leaning against it.

V. *Food.* Thousands of patients, we are told, are annually starved in the midst of plenty, not from neglect, but from ignorance. A patient may only be able to take food at particular hours, or he can take some particular kind of food at one hour which he cannot at another. Chronic cases of illness tax all the ingenuity, perseverance, and observation of a good nurse, and in careless

* "Notes on Nursing."

† Ibid.

hands become cases of protracted starvation. "As a general rule, weak patients cannot take solid food before 11 A. M., and yet require liquid food to sustain them from hour to hour; a spoonful of beef-tea, arrowroot and wine, egg-flip, every hour, will give them the requisite nourishment and prevent them from being too much exhausted to take at a later hour the solid food which is necessary for their recovery. Every patient who can swallow at all, can swallow those liquid things if he pleases."

The times for taking food must be carefully planned, and punctuality in sick-room meals is essential; life often hangs on minutes in taking food; but it must not stand by the bed-side, or a capricious appetite will be disgusted. The *quantity* of food must be watchfully regulated; if a teacupful ordered every three hours is thrown up, try a table-spoonful every hour. The kind of food must be judiciously selected. Jelly is of little nutritive value: one hundred teaspoonfuls only contain one teaspoonful of gelatine. Beef-tea has a restorative power peculiar to itself, and can be relished when all other food is rejected.*

Cream is the lightest form of nourishment, and is much more easily digested than milk; but great care is needed to ensure its being perfectly sweet. Ice is an excellent preservative. Tea and coffee, like beef-tea, have a remarkable restorative power. Chemists have found out why. They have weighed the man, and found that the infusion of one ounce of roasted coffee daily will lessen the waste going on in his body by one-fourth. As a rule, however, tea and

coffee are too exciting for the sick after 5 P. M., and interfere with sleep. Sleepiness in the morning, on the other hand, is often caused by exhaustion, and is relieved by an early cup of tea or coffee. A patient must not be talked to, or allowed to attend to anything else while at his meals: all his nervous strength will be needed for digestion.

A nurse who is true to her vocation will study the tastes and feelings, as well as the physical wants, of her patient. We do not need psychologists to prove the intimate connection between mind and body: it is patent to every-day observation. What invalid has not felt the better for a bunch of fresh flowers brought into the room? It is an exploded fable that a few flowers will deteriorate the air. A bouquet or a growing plant refresh both mind and body. You can hardly realize the weariness of constant confinement within four walls, without occupation, till you experience it. The sick should be indulged with as much variety as possible; only let it be a slow variety, which may amuse without fatigue. Invalids should be able to see out of the window, and the sunshine, with its cheering, renovating power should not be excluded from their room. In public hospitals it has been noticed that almost all the patients lie with their faces towards the light.

A glad, pleasant face is peculiarly welcome to the sick. A cheerful word is a positive tonic. An instance occurs to us: "One of the Light Brigade, who had escaped from the Balaclava charge, long after was kicked by a horse in the chest, and sent to the Scutari Hospital. He was depressed in spirit, which prevented him from throwing off the disease engendered by the blow. The doctor remarked he wished the soldier could be roused, and among other remedies leeches were prescribed. While watching them I tried to enter into conversation, but re-

* If the essence of beef-tea is wanted, cut a pound of raw beef into small slices, put it in a covered jar without any water, cover it and stand the jar in a saucepan of water to simmer for six hours. When you take it out you will find about a teacupful of the strongest beef-juice. For other receipts, see "Plain Words about Sickness, addressed to the Mothers and Wives of Working Men."

ceived only monosyllabic replies. A copy of Tennyson's poems having been sent to me that morning, I took it out and read aloud—

“ ‘Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
‘Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!’ he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

“ ‘Forward, the Light Brigade!’
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder’d;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.’

The man at once forgot his pain, and entered into a spirited description of that terrific gallop to and from the cannon-crowned height. In a few days the invalid requested the doctor to discharge him for duty, being now in health; but, whether the cure was effected by the leeches or the poem, it is impossible to say. On giving the card, the medical man murmured, ‘Well done, Tennyson.’”*

Many fancy a nurse is only needed to spare her patient *bodily exertion*; but it is far more necessary to spare him *mental effort*. If the sick have to think for themselves, they might as well have no nurse. They must not have to remind you of their medicines, their meals, their night-light, etc., nor require to answer the same questions again and again, when once would suffice. You must plan for them, remember for them, and anticipate all their wants, and all this without expatiating on what you are doing or mean to do. “A nurse ought to understand every change of her patient’s face, every change of his attitude, every change of his voice. And she ought to study them till she feels no one else understands them so well. She may make mistakes, but she is *on the way* to being a good nurse. Whereas, the nurse who never

observes her patients at all, and never expects to see any variation, any more than if she had the charge of delicate china, is on the way to nothing at all. She will never be a nurse. ‘He hates to be watched,’ is the excuse of every careless nurse. Very true. All sick people, and all children, hate to be ‘watched.’ But find a nurse who really understands her children and her patients, and see whether these are aware that they have been “watched.” It is not the staring at a patient which tells the really observant nurse the little things she ought to know. The best observer I know, the man whose labors among lunatics have earned for him the gratitude of Europe, appears to be quite absent. He leans back in his chair with half-shut eyes, and meanwhile sees everything, hears everything, and observes everything.”†

This habit of correct observation will enable you to give a concise and serviceable report to the doctor; you can tell how many hours the invalid slept, and at what hours of the night; you will be a fair judge of how many ounces of food he swallowed; you will learn to distinguish the indications of the pulse, so valuable when rightly interpreted, so fatally delusive to a novice; and you will notice many other points on which we cannot here touch.

Yet observation alone is not sufficient, without thought and judgment, to make use of the details with which it supplies us. A nurse should be a thoughtful, responsible person; nor must her thoughtfulness benefit her patients only while she is in actual charge over them. Her own health requires that she should leave the sick-room for rest and daily fresh air, and it is during her absence that so many *accidents* (?) occur; the visitor is injudiciously admitted, the afternoon rest is broken, the medicine omitted, and the meal delayed. All this might be pre-

* “Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.”

† “Notes on Nursing.”

vented by previous arrangement; and it is the duty of a nurse not so much to do the things which are actually required, as to know they are done. Indeed, the same principle applies to every person in charge; we should so conduct our affairs as to be able to devolve them on others when needful.

Have we sketched too high a model? Yet, less than this will not meet the wants of the suffering and helpless. For this, as for every other vocation, we must through prayer obtain a strength beyond

our own. This will help us to meet patiently the irritability of nervous invalids, calmly and promptly to fulfill duties of critical importance, and to reflect Heaven's own light on those walking in the shadow of death.

At this time, when so much is said about the employment of women, and the difficulty of procuring it, it is well to know that in the nursing department the demand far exceeds the supply, and this although ample remuneration is offered.

A D R I A N A .

CHAPTER XXI.

It was not town, and it was not country, and it was not sea. It seemed as though it had been trying to be all three, and having met with a terrible failure, had settled down into a nondescript state of existence, endeavoring to shrink again into obscurity, quite ashamed of its rash and hopeless aspirations.

There was a line of rude cottages lying along the beach,—if that long stretch of mud could be dignified with such a title,—and at right angles with this line of cottages ran a roughly marked-out road. The only house in the road was a shop, which had evidently been intended for the commencement of a row, the sides being unfinished, and showing the beams and apertures for the fireplaces next door, whenever the next door should be built.

But the next door had not been built, and probably never would be, though brick-ends and other indications of workmen, still not cleared away, gave token that the work was not intentionally left incomplete.

At a little distance from the foreground, on a slight elevation commanding what view of the sea there might be when there was no mist, were excavations in preparation for a house of goodly dimensions,

though why any one should ever have contemplated building in so uninviting a neighborhood, would be a difficult matter to determine. So the projector seemed, on more mature consideration, to have decided, for the idea was evidently abandoned. A few small houses and hovels scattered here and there completed the place, whose pretensions to a town might be summed up in the negation that it was not country.

In like manner its claims to country might be described by saying it was not town. A few stunted stubble-fields, some clusters of thick furze-bushes, a miserable common, whereon some donkeys believed themselves to be grazing, but found it a very hard creed to swallow, and half-a dozen dwarfed elm-trees, whose leaning trunks and boughs, bent by the sea-breeze, gave one the uncomfortable feeling that they were fast losing their equilibrium, and that the next gust of wind would topple them over altogether. Add to these a stagnant pool, in which some indefatigable ducks were dabbling for food, and all rural associations were at an end. Long sandy reaches covered, or rather sprinkled, with long rush-like grass, suggested the vicinity of the sea.

Adriana turned towards where the sea

should be, but the tide had gone far out, and only a hazy line indicated water in the distance. There were some boats lying on the muddy beach, and some fishing-nets spread out to dry, and troops of bare-footed children, luxuriating in sundry pools and puddles that the tide had left, gave rise to the impression that, in so far as the population was concerned, Grayside was an increasing place. She wondered how people living amidst such desolation could be content, and, much as she had wished for an out-of-the-world residence, her heart died within her as she noted the bearings of her future home.

"You must inquire for Mrs. Rebecca Davis," she said to the driver, and she shrank back into the corner of the antiquated chaise that brought her from the nearest post-town.

"Inquire, is it?" muttered the driver to himself; "sure then it's little the lady knows where she's going to. No need to inquire, ma'am," said he, aloud, "I know the house."

And after proceeding for about half a mile, he turned up a narrow lane, fenced on either side by a straggling hedge, and greatly abounding in loose stone-heaps, over which the chaise jolted uneasily.

As they advanced, the hedge assumed a somewhat more trim appearance, and as they drove into a sort of courtyard, the gate of which was left open, as if an arrival were expected, it seemed to Adriana as though the transformation-scene of a pantomime had taken place.

The courtyard was surrounded on three sides by an old stone wall, covered with carefully-trained fruit-trees, whilst the house formed the fourth side of the square; the back of the house evidently, though this seemed the principal entrance. And at the door stood an elderly lady in a dark-grey stuff dress; the whitest of white kerchiefs was crossed over her bosom, and the stiffest and primmest of Quaker caps covered her scanty silver hair.

"Welcome, dear friend," said the old lady. "I am right glad to see thee. Didst leave John Davis and his wife and child all well?" And as Adriana replied, she led the way into her sitting-room.

A low wainscoted room with beams across the ceiling, and the plain furniture, as bright as hands could make it. One end of it was almost taken up with a wide casement window, part of which formed a door into the garden; and as Adriana caught sight of the view that lay beyond, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is the only picture I have," said Rebecca Davis, smiling, and seemingly pleased with Adriana's astonishment; "truly, child, the Almighty's pencil paints finer pictures than the hand of man."

"But the hand of man has done something," said Adriana, as she looked out upon the soft turf, and the borders studded with snowdrops and crocuses.

"Yes, the hand of man hath tended, but not made. Look beyond. Many and many a day have I watched the sun go down from this window, and I have thought of the life of the righteous man, more and more glorious as the evening tide draws on and its setting is at hand."

The eye of the placid Quakeress lightened as she spoke.

Adriana looked beyond. The soft turf contrasted well with the grey rocks that bounded it, and which rose high above the shore. Their jagged peaks and outlines hid from sight the muddy beach, and showed no space between them and the wide waters. It was as though another transformation-scene had taken place, and Adriana was in fairyland.

The sun had struggled through the mist, and on a pale gold sky the dark grey clouds floated in bars of shade. The nearer ones were tinged with a purple crimson, and the more distant seemed as if a rosy fleece were hovering over them. There was but one single patch

of blue visible through a rift in the heavier clouds, looking more deeply blue from contrast with the surrounding shades of color; the waters reflected the brilliant hues, and flashed and sparkled as the monarch of the day sank down to meet them; and, as he greeted them with his farewell kiss, a flood of light hid the boundary line of earth and heaven.

Adriana gazed in silence. A new life had sprung up within her; a sense of deep peace stole over her; the past was for the moment forgotten, the present seemed so exquisite. She tasted that sensation of ineffable happiness, known at rare times to all of us, when the heart feels that it has snatched one moment of supreme repose, as though the ministering angels had overshadowed us with their protecting wings, and had enfolded us in a spiritual embrace.

"A peace that passed man's understanding."

Rebecca Davis stood watching her.

"Is it peace, my child?" said the gentle Quakeress.

"Peace! rest! I shall be happy here."

CHAPTER XXII.

TIME went on twisting his wondrous cable, entwined of so many threads that mortals fail to count them. A marvelous coil of sorrow and of joy, of life, of death, of good and evil, weaving in incongruities, and coming to no halt, no knot to be untied, no roughness to be made smooth, but one broad even line of indestructible fiber that has been weaving throughout all ages, connecting us, as it were, magnetically with the past, through the wonderous telegrams it delivers to the more marvelous present.

And as we stand, and look back with awe upon that mighty past, a feeling of regret comes over us, almost of remorse, as we reflect that we can send no message back along that even line, no words to tell the brains that worked themselves out, the hands that strove, the heart,

that struggled and despaired and pined to perfect it, that they wrought and fought and bled and died, not in vain, but that through their toil and sufferings their fellow-men have come to be more noble.

In vain! Like a marble monument to a starved painter or a maddened poet, is our most earnest tribute to those dead and now appreciated ones.

Yet such is life, and such the fate of genius. The death-angel oftentimes gives the crown of mortal as well as of immortal glory.

And Time wove on his cable. He had twisted into it the last spring violets, and was now wreathing it with early roses.

And Adriana sat on the mossy turf that crowned the grey rocks, and looked upon the sea. There was no mist now, and it was high tide. The sea breeze played amongst the wild-thyme and clover, and stole their sweet fragrance but to fling it away. And the waves rolled quietly over, with a dreamy, murmuring plash. Summer, delicious summer, was nigh.

The last few months had passed quickly enough to Adriana. As good Mrs. Davis had said, there was no lack of work at Cousin Rebecca's. Quiet, homely work. Adriana smiled as she thought of her various occupations.

"Katy would wonder if she saw me now. How many babies' frocks have I made? How many times have I taken Rebecca Davis's place in the primitive school-room? How many times have I trudged through snow and rain to take her alms, or to bear her message of consolation? I've done everything but preach for her; that I could not do, and no disgrace for me, for it's not every rector that could do that part of her work either. A queer life for me. I feel as if St. Christopher were my patron-saint, and I could found an order with '*Laborare est orare*' for a motto. Still, there's something soothing in it. One's life

seems easier from seeing how hard are the lives of others.

"I've not had much time to think of myself, and I'm beginning to forget that there is such a place as Etheredge Court. It is very pleasant, this drifting along and having work found for one, just like a little child. People used to tell me I should have no days like my school days, and I am beginning to believe them. No, I am not. On, on, forward! Life is a life-long battle, and there is something exciting in the struggle. *Vittoria!* *Vittoria!* ah, the improvisatore would rhyme with it, *Gloria!* But one gets tired of *Gloria* after a time. *Tranquillita* is a pleasanter word. *Tranquillita!* There's too much of the drum and trumpet in *Gloria*. But what nonsense I am dreaming! Here is Katy's letter to bring me back to common sense."

"Hum," said Adriana, "'everything going on as usual. Mother is busy with her poultry. The hay will be cut next week. Arthur Clinton has been away for three weeks, and whom do you think he brought home with him?—Mr. Etheredge! And Mr. Etheredge has bought Trenholm, but he is not going to live there just yet. I wonder you never told me more about Mr. Etheredge, I should have thought you would have liked him, but I suppose you did not. He seems very clever—at least, Arthur says he is; but he is not clever in the same way that Arthur is. I mean I am not afraid of Arthur's cleverness, but I am of Mr. Etheredge's. I don't know whether I like him or not. One thing I do not like at all,—he never once asked after you, and he knows we are relatives, for Arthur told him. Is he proud? I don't think it would have done him any harm to have asked after you, but he never even mentioned you. It is odd that mother does not think him proud or too clever; but then he admired her Spanish fowls, and that of course won her heart. And then,—and this is the great piece of news

of my letter,—the Vicar of Trenholm has been presented to a better living, so Trenholm is vacant, and Mr. Etheredge has offered it to Arthur, and Arthur is going to accept it, so we shall be married very soon, and you must come to the wedding. I think Arthur will ask Mr. Etheredge to come. Don't strange events happen? How oddly people are thrown together!"

"So Katy's beginning to note the curious web that people get entangled in," said Adriana. "No, I shall not be at your wedding, Katy. Mr. Clinton's relative will be a bar. Well, I must be content to be alone in the world,—a waif, a stray! You suppose I did not like Mr. Etheredge. I should have agreed with you once, though I'm not quite so sure about it now. He is worth a dozen Charles Cunninghams in some respects. However, I shall never see either again, so I need not trouble myself with their merits or demerits."

Here the gentle voice of Rebecca Davis interrupted Adriana's cogitations.

"Adriana," said she, "wilt thee go down to Thomas Greening's, and see what the trouble is? There are people running to-and-fro, but no one can give me a rational account. I hear there are two men drowned. Wilt thee go?"

"Drowned!"

"Nay I will not say so for certain; but a yacht was seen awhile since off the Sandhill Bank making signals of distress, and there are no signs of her now."

"In this calm sea!"

"Ah, dear friend, smooth waters are deceitful, and none can say there is no danger even when the heavens look fairest."

As Adriana made the best of her way down the stony lane, and along the muddy beach to the row of cottages, a dark presentiment filled her mind. She could not analyze the vague foreboding, beyond the point that it in some way touched herself, neither could she dispel it. She

felt oppressed with a weight that she could not shake off.

"Yet, what have I to do with these dead ones, even should they be dead?" she reasoned. "They are nothing to me. There have been deaths at Grayside before, yet I never felt as I do now. I want some of Rebecca Davis's Quaker calmness, or I shall be of no use. What is it, Thomas?" she asked, as she saw Greening with an awe-struck face at the cottage door.

"It's hard to see a brave man die, and he's one if ever there was," returned Thomas, in a hoarse whisper. "I could not stand by and see him die as others does."

"Was he drowned?" asked Adriana, scarcely more audibly.

"He's not dead yet," replied the man, "but he's going, and they say it'll be a sore struggle, for he's strong to look at, but there is no hope. His brother's come to. Pity they could not both go together, for he's all but wild with grief. Will you step in, miss?"

"I shall be of little use, I fear. I'll go back and fetch Mrs. Davis."

And Adriana was turning away, when the door opened wider, and Greening's wife clutched Adriana by the arm.

"Miss Linden, Miss Linden! ye're not going, surely. Oh, the poor brother, the Lord have mercy upon him! Surely, as David loved Jonathan, so this man loves him that is departing. The like of us can give him no comfort. Maybe you could give him a kindly word."

Words! What are words? But Adriana entered. She trod silently up the narrow staircase, and stepped into the low bedroom.

She was little prepared for the sight that met her view. Stretched on the rude bed lay Richard Etheredge; his pale features seemed stiffening to the stillness of death, looking more ghastly from the streaks of blood that trickled from a gash across the forehead.

The room was filled with rough sailors, and at the side of the bed knelt Charles Braddick, sobbing like a child.

Unprepared as Adriana was for such a meeting, there seemed nothing extraordinary in it to her. The vague presentiment was fulfilled, and therefore it vanished, and left her calm and collected. One thought alone darted through her mind as she gazed on the death-like figure before her. Her last words to him had been,—

"Mr. Etheredge, I hate you!"

And as she gazed, what would she not have given to be able to recall them!

But the words were spoken, and it was too late to take them back.

"Is there no doctor?"

"They be gone for un, miss, but it's fifteen mile, at the least."

"How long since?"

"An hour or more."

"There are too many people here," said Adriana, to the man who had spoken; "ask them to go away."

The man did as he was desired. Adriana threw open the little window, and looked out over the wide expanse, but there was no human figure visible across the barren flats.

"It will be too late, too late!" And she wiped away the bloody stains from the white face; in moving to do this, she accidentally touched Mr. Braddick; he looked up at her with such an altered face that she started back.

"Adriana! Miss Linden! Can you not save him? Can you not give him back as you gave me Charley?"

"How can I save him? What can I do?"

"You will not save him! You hate him! You are glad to see him lying there! You have come to rejoice over my misery! You triumph in your revenge! Do you like revenge, Miss Linden? It is sweet, is it not? Very sweet?" and he grasped Adriana's arm.

She perceived that he scarcely knew

what he was saying, and she tried to stop the tide of words, but he heeded her not.

"How should I know that there were rocks upon the coast? Why did the vessel strike? I ask you, why did it strike when he was in it, whilst hundreds of poor fishing-boats go by in safety? Ah, you will watch the fishing-boats for many and many a day, and will say, 'Charles Cunningham's brother perished, but there is no danger to these.'"

"Mr. Braddick," said Adriana, sorrowfully, "you are mistaken." Then, as she saw him about to speak again, she changed her tone to a more imperious one. "This is no time for words like these: be calm; no one can say how this may end. Your brother's life may yet be spared."

He looked at her eagerly.

"Do you believe it? No, you don't; you are deceiving me. You say it to quiet me. I used to think you spoke the truth, but this is no truth. You know there is no hope. You would like me to be my brother's murderer!"

The excitement and the injuries he had sustained had evidently produced an effect upon him, and Adriana no longer tried to reason with him. All she could do was to beg him to be silent, lest he should disturb his brother. So he was silent, whilst Adriana stooped down to listen if she could hear the breathing of the wounded man.

Very faint it was; scarcely perceptible. She placed the pillow so that the head might not fall back so much. The change of position was an evident relief, and a slight sigh escaped the sufferer's lips.

Yes what was she to do?

There was a stir below, then a footstep on the stairs.

It was the doctor.

Adriana was disappointed when a bright rosy face, with dark wavy hair, and no signs of beard or whisker, looked in the room.

So unlike the stereotyped idea of a skillful practitioner!

She did not remember the words of Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite.

The young doctor examined the wound, and shook his head.

"It will require more nursing than he'll get here."

"Could he be removed?" asked Adriana.

The doctor turned to Adriana, whom he had not before noticed.

"There's only one house about where he's likely to be well attended to. I should not mind asking the favor; I'm sure it would be cordially granted."

"I think I can answer for that," said Adriana; "you mean Mrs. Rebecca Davis."

The young doctor looked in some surprise at Adriana.

"I am living there just now," explained she.

"All right," returned the doctor; "then the sooner my patient is moved the better. Here, you good fellows," he called, from the top of the stairway, "lend a hand. I'm going to have the gentleman moved to Madam Davis's."

"Couldn't do better," responded a rough sailor, appearing, followed by two or three others, as rough and shaggy as himself.

"We shall want a stretcher," said the doctor.

"Easy manage that, sir," replied the sailor; "but we must get him downstairs first."

And Adriana slipped away to prepare Rebecca Davis for her visitors.

"There are no bones broken," said the doctor; "the right arm's out of its socket; we must put that right, and then he may be carried as safely as need be." Then, turning to Mr. Braddick,—"Why, you're not much better able to walk than he is. You've been pretty well knocked about, both of you. Is there any brandy

to be had?" A small flask was handed to him. "Here, drink this," said the doctor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE was no unwonted bustle in the house; the mistress moved about as placidly as usual, the servants pursued their ordinary work, the clock ticked cheerfully by the low roomy chimney, and the flies buzzed lazily round the old house-dog, who now and then testified his disapprobation of their impertinence by making a sudden snap of such surprising dexterity as to silence the rash intruder for ever.

And yet a man lay hovering between life and death in an upper chamber.

But such was Rebecca Davis's code. From no hardness of heart, but from constant self-control and habits of submission. No unavailing outcry, no utter stagnation in the business of life, no grass growing in the courtyard, because a day had brought with it its evils. "If we do our duty only when the path is smooth, we do nothing," was the Quakeress's precept.

So not a single room differed in any whit from ordinary. The large bed of the guest-chamber had indeed a wounded man lying in pain upon it, but Rebecca Davis was too good a nurse to allow any signs of disorder in the apartment. But in the room below, from whence Rebecca Davis's "only picture" might be seen, Adriana was pacing up and down as in the olden time.

"Shall I never forget the past? must it be ever rising up before me? Can no event of life be unlinked from the chain? It's like having to travel about with worthless luggage that can't be lost at the most over-crowded station, but is constantly being restored by officious porters, and turning up when least expected, like Kasim's slippers. It's always the case with anything one wants to get rid of; if it were worth keeping, it would

soon find itself wings and fly away. I thought I had found the waters of Oblivion, or rather that the waters of Oblivion might come between me and the world at this poor sea-side place, but it seems that Lethe does not run this way? Why cannot I forget and be forgotten?"

And still she paced up and down, each moment more disturbed.

Rebecca Davis, entering the room, was surprised to see her agitation.

"Nay," said she, "calm thyself; the injury is great, but with care the danger may be overcome."

"It's not that," said Adriana.

"What aileth thee, then?" asked the Quakeress, soothingly.

But Adriana did not answer the question.

"I must leave Grayside."

"Nay, I cannot spare thee just now; thou wilt not leave me?" Then, after a pause, she added, solemnly,—*"Thou art not afraid, though death should visit this house?"*

Adriana started.

"Death?"

She had not thought of it, or realized it, until the Quakeress put it thus clearly before her.

"Death!" she repeated; "will he die?"

"I cannot answer thee thy question. There may not be death. There is still danger."

The blood in Adriana's veins seemed to stop; long musings scarcely heeded, stray thoughts, and recollections barely noted, passed like a flash of lightning before her. In that one flash a secret was revealed to her, as it had been aforetime to Mr. Etheredge.

"I will stay," said she, in a low voice, "but he must not know it."

Rebecca Davis looked wonderingly at her for a moment.

"Dost thou know him?" "Yes."

"I will not ask thy reasons, child, but it shall be as thou desirest."

"And Mr. Braddick—is he going?"

"As soon as his brother is pronounced out of danger."

"When is that likely to be?"

"The doctor does not say; but he trusts soon to know with some degree of certainty what is likely to be the result of the heavy blow that Mr. Etheredge received."

"How was he hurt?"

"He was swimming ashore from the sinking yacht with his brother, who became exhausted, and would have sunk, but Richard Etheredge bore him up, and had nearly reached the boat that had put out to their rescue, when a sudden movement from Mr. Braddick dragged him down, and as he rose, close by the boat, one of the oars struck him with great violence, and he was stunned. The sailors succeeded in dragging both of them on board. The rest you know."

"Where is Mr. Braddick? I must speak to him."

"I will send him to thee."

And not many minutes elapsed before the door again opened, and Charles Braddick came in.

"I almost fear to see you, Miss Linden. I beg you to pardon me for my wild speeches of yesterday. I scarcely knew what I was saying."

"I have not thought of them again."

Then she was silent.

"Mr. Braddick," she resumed, with some effort, "I have a favor to beg of you." Mr. Braddick bowed.

"As a great kindness to me, I ask you not to mention either to Mr. Etheredge or to Mrs. Braddick, that you have seen me here."

Was there anything cutting in the emphasis on "Mrs. Braddick," as Adriana spoke, looking Charles Cunningham full in the face? He thought so, but she had not intended it.

"Is that all? Can I do nothing else?"

"Nothing."

A calm, decided "nothing."

It rang through Charles Cunningham's brain like a shrill grating bell. But he knew it was true. The woman who had been the idol of his youth was parted by an impassable gulf from any service that he could render her.

Once again she spoke.

"Mr. Braddick, there is one thing more I should like to say. May I?"

"Yes," he said.

"Mr. Braddick, in years to come, if you should ever think of Adriana Linden, remember that she thanked your wife for all her kind and generous acts towards her."

In aftertimes, as he looked back upon this short interview, Mr. Braddick felt that it was the ending of one phase of his being, from which a new existence, as it were, sprang up. His wife was nearer after that than she had ever been before, brought nearer to him by the one who should have been her rival.

CHAPTER XXIV.

So Mr. Braddick went away, and Rebecca Davis and the doctor undertook the care of Mr. Etheredge until such time as he should be fit to travel.

And Adriana went about her numerous avocations, more gentle and more subdued than usual. The summer of her life was wearing on, and she felt some signs of the autumn approaching. Ah! sometimes that autumn is a fair Indian summer, when leaves turn brighter for awhile, and their brilliant hues flash scarlet and gold through the stately forest; and the deep hush of nature makes one feel as though she had made a pause, and would willingly remain at that point for ever.

Mr. Etheredge progressed. He might leave his darkened chamber, and make trial of the light that crept through the small paned casement, and stole through clustering creepers, that weaved themselves into a framework for the "only picture."

So he descended to the quiet sitting-room looking out upon the sea; and Adriana ascended to her own room, and wondered how long she should have to be a prisoner, and when Mr. Etheredge would go.

It would be like a dream when he had gone; yet it would be pleasant to think that she had seen him since those bitter words of hers were spoken, and, though he would never know it, repented of.

Then she sat down, and tried to work, but the work fell from her hands, and she leaned her arms on the window-sill, and looked over the sea.

Then she pondered on the strange chance that had brought Mr. Etheredge hither. Was it another chapter in the book of destiny! O mystery, surpassing the mind of man to understand! how some are kept apart by merest trifles, and others brought together by seeming miracles. And yet the one no less miraculous than the other, though man in his want of discriminative power places the one high above the other. The sea-breeze fanned her hot cheeks, and she felt an irresistible impulse to go forth into the fresh air.

If she could gain her seat amongst the rocks!

No one from the house would see her. She would be as safe from Mr. Etheredge as where she was.

She slipped noiselessly down-stairs, and through the garden-door, keeping behind the hedge of Scotch roses that hid one path leading to her favorite retreat. A few rough steps cut in the rocks, and one turn round a projecting corner, brought her to a portion of the rock that formed a rude sent high above the water.

She threw herself down, and closed her eyes, and the soft wind swept gently by, and the sun's rays fell tenderly upon her with grateful warmth, and so she fell into a delicious stupor.

In the meantime Mr. Etheredge had opened the window-door, to take a clearer

view of the scene that lay stretched before him.

And the fresh wind lured him out upon the mossy turf, and the bright flowers tempted him to take a nearer peep at them. It was very pleasant after being shut up so long. Everything looked wondrously beautiful; he had never so keenly felt how beautiful was nature; never felt as he felt to-day; such a kindly recognition of the mother earth, who spread rich treasures thus lavishly for her children. And so he wandered on until he gained the narrow path between the rocks that also led to Adriana's nook.

Slowly he stepped along.

Adriana opened her eyes. She heard the step, but it entered not into her imagination who the intruder might be, until she found herself face to face with Mr. Etheredge.

His astonishment was greater than hers.

For a moment he was tempted to believe that this was some illusion caused by his illness.

"Miss Linden!" he exclaimed, as he steadied himself against the rock.

Adriana sprang up, and would have escaped, but he stretched out his hand imploringly.

"Miss Linden, tell me,—you do not hate me?"

She made no answer, but still turned to go away. He loosed her shawl, that he had grasped in order to detain her. She sprang forward, but her dress catching on the rocky projection, she turned to release it, and in so doing, she caught a glimpse of Mr. Etheredge's face.

Whiter than it was when she had seen him lying on the cottage-bed, and thinner, and he gazed at her sadly and reproachfully.

She could not bear to have that face haunting her through years to come. She stood irresolute, then she held out her hand. Mr. Etheredge grasped it.

"Let us remember each other as

friends," she said. "I do not hate you now."

A deep flush passed over Mr. Etheredge's countenance.

"Miss Linden, dare I think that you might sometime give me a different answer to a question I once asked?"

"I think not," replied Adriana, slowly, and with some effort.

"Then you are not quite sure," said Mr. Etheredge, eagerly, with something of his old manner.

"I am quite sure," answered Adriana, slowly and with some effort.

"Then I must go on my way alone, and forget the few short months that gave me a knowledge of what my life might be?"

There was no reply.

"Will you answer me one question honestly, Miss Linden?"

"No—yes," said Adriana, hesitatingly.

"Why do you not hate me now?"

The blood came into Adriana's face; she could not answer. She stood motionless. Mr. Etheredge leaned against the rock, and waited.

"You promised to give me a reply. Why do you not hate me now?"

"I do not know," she replied, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.

But Mr. Etheredge heard it.

"Is that the truth?" he asked, in a low tone. "Is that the truth, Miss Linden?" he repeated. "Look at me for one moment, and tell me so, and I will believe you."

Adriana's lips moved to frame a "yes," as she met his eyes for the first time: but the "yes" died away inarticulately, for in her eyes Mr. Etheredge had read another answer.

* * * * *

The sun in the "only picture" came out more gorgeously than ever, and streaked the skies with all imaginable
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colors, and glittered on the waters, and danced on the edges of the rocks, and sent slanting rays athwart Adriana's golden hair as she sat, a few hours later, on a footstool beside Mr. Etheredge's easy-chair.

"What brought you to Grayside?" she asked.

"Suppose I reply, Destiny?"

"No, I am not thinking of destiny now. I mean, why did you come here? where were you going?"

"Why did I come here?" began Mr. Etheredge.

And Rebecca Davis, passing through the room, and catching the words of the speaker, answered, as she disappeared through the doorway,—

"Adriana gave the doctor permission to bring thee hither."

Mr. Etheredge turned round to Adriana laughing.

"There, I can give you no better answer: you brought me here yourself. There is no other answer," he added, more seriously. "I should have come to you again. I know it. Free-will would have brought me, if destiny had not stepped in."

"Mr. Etheredge," said Adriana, after a minute's silence, "I have something to tell you; you must listen to the story of my life, you do not know how much I have been to blame. I would rather you should know it. Let me begin now, for it will take a long time to tell."

"I will not hear it," answered Mr. Etheredge; "I have read your story for myself; and I think your edition would quite spoil mine, and, besides, it would not be half so correct. I much prefer my own copy without any notes or revision. Adrie," he said, drawing her closer to him, "I trust you; what would you have more? Let there be no self-reproach for the past to embitter the happiness of the present. There are few who can look back upon the course they

have run without wishing some act or deed undone. Let this, however, satisfy you, and set your heart at rest—I have found one woman in whom I have per-

fect faith.” “I am satisfied,” murmured Adriana softly; “all is joy and peace.”

THE SONGS AND SONGSTERS OF LABOR.

“HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.”

Songs in the day, songs in the night; songs on the land, songs on the sea; songs at the plow, songs at the anvil; songs at the cradle, songs at the grave; songs of the birds, of the bees, of the breeze; songs of childhood, of manhood, of old age; harvest songs, Sabbath songs, Christmas songs; songs of hope, of love, of sympathy, of triumph, of sorrow, of faith and fear and joy; songs of mortals, songs of the immortals; songs in the lowest lanes of human life on earth, songs in the loftiest promenades of paradise; songs of spheres, songs of angels, songs of Moses and earlier saints by the crystal River of Life; and songs of little Carrie here over the penny cradle of her doll.

It is wonderful how much singing there is, after all, in this world of sorrow and trouble! It is a marvel how much there is said of it in Revelation, how much is done for it in Nature, and by it in Humanity. We will let the “music of the spheres” go as an extravagant fiction of a poetical imagination. If they sing on their axis and in their orbits, well and good; but there is no human articulation of joy in their music if we could hear it. Nor is it a very pleasant-sounding figure of speech to our human ears, for it suggests the monotonous noise of friction, or the great breezy whirl of revolving bodies. Without running into these high-sounding but rather hackneyed fancies, it is really a wonderful and most blessed thing that there is so much singing in this world of toil, affliction and sorrow,—veritable singing, with tongues of flesh

and blood, of man, and bird, and bee, and creeping thing, and swimming thing, and things amphibious; now piping in pools, now in the tree-tops, tall and leafy: relays of singers, that take up the song of the day-musicians of the hedge, grove and sky, and carry it on, with sweet variations of their own, far into the stillest hours of the night, warbling to the listening woods, till their mottled breasts quiver and palpitate with the ecstasy of their joy. It is one of the happiest things about this great earthly home of mankind. Beautiful and blessed is this companionship! Beautiful are the symphonies of these varied tongues of hope, joy and sympathy. They are all striving to make the music of human happiness, and give it speech to the ear of God.

But there is a feature of this arrangement I love to contemplate; that is, the special and God-hearted provision of “Songs and Songsters for Labor.” Whoever gives attentive thought to the subject, must come to the belief, I think, that the first human being taught to sing on earth was the man of the spade and the pruning-hook, and he was taught by the singing-birds inside or outside of Eden. Happy birds, of the same feather, wing and voice, have sung ever since over the thorns and briars, over the mines, fields, forests and factories, in which labor has bent to its task with bronzed brow and hands weary and worn. They have been the poor men’s minstrels through all the dark ages of their poverty and toil. They have sung their roundelays of cheer to the superlous, and even

taught hungry children to sing songs of hope and courage to silent fathers and mothers, hanging their heads in the sad sense of their penury. These winged blessings of God have hovered over the homes of the poor ever since the garden-gates of Eden were closed against man, and have dropped as sweet a music upon their hard and stony paths of life as they ever made for Adam in his holiest hours. The very sweetest of "the street musicians of the heavenly city"—the very bird that, above all others of the feathered choir, might have come straight down to earth from the branches of Heaven's Tree of Life with the notes in its tongue it sung to angels there—the skylark has been, is now and ever shall be, the ploughman's and the reaper's minstrel, singing over the morning furrow and the mid-day sheaf, and all the sweat-drops between that bead their brows, the twittering warble of its happy heart. It is on the look out for them. The rising sun lights them to no hour of labor unblessed with the lark's song and companionship overhead. It leaves the bird singing to them still when it withdraws its last beams, as if the ministry of music should outlast the ministry of light. And it does outlast it, by many, many a cheery hour at the poor man's hearth. With all the want and woe, the heart-sickenings, heart-achings and heart-breakings half-hidden and half-revealed in the experience of the poor, no condition of humanity has been so seasoned with song as labor. No human dwellings have been so set to music as the cottages and cabins of the men of the plough, the hammer, the pick and the spade. Song to them has been ever the spontaneous speech of hope; and their brave hearts would hope against hope in the darkest days of life.

Go where you will, and you will see how wonderfully music and song are blended with the most laborious occupations of human life; not only as the nat-

ural breathing of cheery thoughts and gladdening hopes, faiths and feelings, but as giving nerve, measure and harmony to the physical forces of men bending to the most arduous toil. We will say nothing here of the influence of martial music on the weary battalions of an army on a forced march. That illustration would not be apposite to the point we are considering. Any one who has traveled by sea and land, and visited different countries, must have been struck with the variety, the use and universality of the songs of labor. Who that has crossed the Atlantic and been awakened at night by the "merrily, cheerily," of that song with which the sailors hoist the great mainsail to the rising breeze, can ever forget the thrill of those manly voices? There they stand in the darkness, with the salt sea spray in their faces, and the tarred rope in their hands, holding the long and ponderous yard against the mast until their rollicking song reaches the hoisting turn, and all their sinews are strung to the harmony of a unison for the telling pull. Everywhere, and in all ages, the week-day music of the world has been the songs of labor, by men and women at their toil, and by the birds of heaven singing to them overhead and around them. And no ears drink in with richer relish the melodies of these outside songsters. No home more safe and welcome does the swallow find than under the eaves of the poor man's cottage. Go through the densest courts and lanes of Spitalfields, and see what a companionship of bird-life the silk-weavers maintain in their garrets, even when the loaf is too small for their children. The papers recently published a touching and beautiful illustration of the fondness which working-men show for singing birds. When the first English lark was taken to Australia by a poor widow, the stalwart, sunburnt, hard-visaged gold-diggers would come down from their pits on the Sabbath, to hear it sing the songs they loved

to listen to at home in their childhood. An instance still more interesting has been noted lately in connection with one of the large manufacturing towns in North Wales. The men, women and children in the great factories not many times a week heard the lark's song or the music of the free birds of heaven. These loved the bright air and the green, fresh meadows and groves too well to sing many voluntaries in the smoky atmosphere of the furnace and factory. Thus the cheap concerts of these songsters cost the operatives of the mills long walks beyond the brick-and-mortar mazes of the town. But thousands come to think them cheap at that price. Well, some time ago a new and strange singer came into the neighborhood, like an invisible spirit, with the music of another world on his tongue. In the dark and still night, when all other birds were silent, this poured forth in distant woods a flood of music most wonderful and strange. What could it be? The like was never heard in that region before. The rumor of its voice spread among the spindles. Men in fustian, after a long day of toil in the greasy factory, walked out silently away, further and further across the sooty fields to the shadow of the woods, and stood there stock still, and held their breath, and listened. Towards midnight there came the notes so strange to their ears; notes

of every song-bird they ever heard, strung on one voice. They decided it all came off from one tongue, though, for variation, it might have come from a dozen trained for popular concerts. It all streamed out from one point, and, besides, they knew the blackbird, thrush, lark, sparrow and robin were all a-bed and asleep three hours ago. This mysterious, invisible thing sang by turns, then chirruped and whistled with notes of its own. Night after night they walked the long way to hear it, and talked of its singing at their work by day. Their wives and children wanted to hear it too; but the walk was too long and toilsome for their feet. They got a van to take them to hear the bird perform its wonderful solos in the woods. It so varied its notes night after night they thought it sang a new song on each. The van was soon too small for the humble listeners at the concert. So the railway put on a special train to convey them to the Nightingale's Music Hall—the dark wood, lighted from above with the still stars of heaven, and curtained with the drapery of the night. Many a trip the special train made, and hundreds and thousands were the men, women and children of the hammer, spindle and loom who listened with wonder and delight to the invisible bird sent to give them such songs in the night.—*Elihu Burritt.*

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

THE town of Panama, on the shores of the broad Pacific, has been the scene of many sanguinary brawls and riots. In one of these, which happened nearly twenty years ago, when such occurrences were more frequent than at present, a middle-aged man, apparently an American, received a stab in the chest from the bayonet of one of the soldiers called in to quell the disturbance. The wounded man was carried to the military hospital,

where he shortly after breathed his last.

It was observed that during his dying moments he was constantly attended by an old sea-faring man, a species of "Ancient Mariner," of a tall, gaunt figure, and with a hard-looking, weather-beaten visage, who watched by his bedside with the most jealous attention. The old man stated that the patient, whose life was fast ebbing away, was his son, but beyond this refused to give any information what-

ever. Up to the last he remained at his post, and with the exception of a Scotch doctor who was in attendance, allowed no one to communicate with the dying man. The old man shortly after disappeared from the city, and the little interest awakened by the incident soon subsided.

Two years elapsed from the happening of the above event, when one evening, just before dusk, Doctor M'Dougall, the Scotch surgeon before referred to, was summoned to attend a patient supposed to be in the last stage of delirium tremens. Threading his way through the irregular streets, the doctor arrived at the entrance of a small house standing close to the shore, and overlooking the picturesque fortifications which surround the ancient city.

Exchanging a word with a swarthy individual of the Spanish-American race, smoking under the verandah, he ascended to the first floor, and found himself by the couch of the sick man. The little light which shone in through the open window sufficed to reveal to him the gaunt form and strongly-marked features of the old seaman whom he had met by the bedside of his dying son at the hospital. His face, wasted and haggard, was now flushed with feverish excitement, and his bloodshot eyes rolled wildly around.

Recognizing the doctor at once, the old sailor raised himself almost into a sitting posture, and in a low, husky voice asked his visitor if he remembered him. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued—

"I have sent for you—not to save my life, that I know is impossible, thanks to drink and this accursed climate—but because you were kind to that poor murdered lad some time ago; you recollect, no doubt. Well, he was not my son after all, though I said he was, and I liked him as much as if he had been, and maybe more. Since he died everything has gone wrong with me; and now, besides your-

self, I've not a friend left in the world. You see this?" said he, bending over the side of the couch, and pointing towards a corner of the room, where stood a sea-chest bound with iron plate and fastened by a padlock. "Hush! they will hear us," he excitedly exclaimed. "Lock the door—bar it; not a living soul but yourself must hear."

Though regarding this merely as a fresh outburst of delirium, the doctor did as desired. "Now," said the old man, as he thrust into his visitor's hand a revolver capped and apparently loaded, "if they try to come in, shoot them—shoot them dead on the spot. One, two, three, four, five lives," he added, counting the chambers of the weapon, while a gleam of savage satisfaction lighted up his countenance.

"Years ago I belonged to a band of queer characters, who first got together in California—then the right place to look for all sorts of vagabonds. We picked up a living in various ways, sometimes honestly, as the world calls it, and sometimes not so much so. Well, after awhile even San Francisco got too hot to hold us, so we clubbed together and bought a small schooner, and hearing of the revolutionary war in Mexico, we ran down the coast and supplied the insurgents with arms and ammunition. Sometimes our fellows took part in a skirmish on shore, either on one side or the other, and, in fact, we joined in any scheme that promised to be profitable. Most of our time was spent between Panama and the coast of Mexico in this sort of way; and after a couple of years or so we had together a considerable sum of money.

"There were six of us at this time, roughish-looking fellows most of us, and nearly all belonging to different nations. There had been eight altogether, but one had had a bowie-knife put into him in Sacramento City, and another was finished by Santa Anna's Mexican bullets.

"One fine morning, when we were ly-

ing off the town of San Blas, two of our men who had been on shore came off with the news that a small trading vessel was expected down the coast with over a million of dollars, belonging to one of the large Mexican houses, to be shipped on an English frigate at anchor near us for conveyance to Panama. We at once determined to intercept the coaster, and immediately got under way. There was not a moment to be lost—any instant might bring her under cover of the frigate's guns, and thus slip through our fingers. The breeze that morning was unfortunately light, and we had scarcely had the man-of-war hull down, when we perceived the trader coming along the coast under easy sail.

"Our plans were soon arranged. We knew that these vessels, not going more than a few miles off the shore, were rarely armed, and carried at the most three or four men. We hauled our wind, and beat up towards her; and, to avoid suspicion, made short tacks, so as to be able to run across her bows and board her when least expected. Our men were tolerably well provided with weapons, and we made up our minds that there would be no serious resistance. Nearer and nearer the two vessels approached each other, our schooner trailing a large net astern, to throw the crew of the other off their guard. At the right moment our helm was put down; we sprang on board, and in a minute or so were in possession of the vessel and everything belonging to her."

"And the men in charge?" said the doctor, for the first time interrupting the old pirate, as it now seemed he was.

The latter turned ghastly pale before the steady look of his companion, and then, recovering himself, he clenched his fists, and with eyes starting from their sockets he glared around him like a wounded tiger.

"'Tis false—ay, false!" he shouted, throwing his arms about him in the wildest

manner. "Who was it said I murdered them—ah, murdered them? 'Tis false, I say again!"

He sank back exhausted; the large drops of perspiration clung to his brow, and for some time a dead silence prevailed. At length the old seaman roused himself and proceeded, though with much less self-possession than before.

"How we took the coaster, and what we did with the crew, is nothing to anybody now; but anyhow, the end of it was that when we came to break open the boxes in the hold and count out the money, we found ourselves the owners of nearly a million and a half of Mexican dollars in gold and silver.

"This was the boldest of all our adventures, and we all felt the danger of staying any longer on this part of the coast, or even of remaining together after this. We immediately determined to stand out to sea, take the earliest opportunity of dividing the treasure, and then separate for ever.

"When not many miles from Acapulco, we ran short of water, and put into that port for a supply. Short as our stay was, we remained long enough for one of our men to be attacked with yellow fever. In a few hours he died, and we, fearing after this to stop in the place, hastily landed the body on a strip of beach outside the harbor, and at once put to sea.

From the moment of seizing that infernal coaster, misfortune hung over us. Before we had lost sight of the coast of Mexico, the trade wind failed us, and for days we lay sweltering under the hot sun in a dead calm. To make matters worse, two more of our hands took the fever, and died in a few hours. What was to be done? To stay in the ship seemed certain death; our numbers were reduced to three, and those so enfeebled as to be equally likely to fall a prey to the pestilence. To land with such an amount of money would assuredly lead to our detec-

tion. We had now all our booty to divide amongst three of us, but what on earth were we to do with it?

"Whilst making up our minds, we found by dead reckoning that we were only a few days' sail from the Cocos Islands off the Bay of Panama. We knew the islands very well, and we knew, too, that they were uninhabited, and within easy distance from Panama itself. We agreed to break open three cases at once, each holding two thousand dollars, divide them equally, and then bury the rest on the largest island of the group.

"On our arrival, having first satisfied ourselves by a careful search that there was no human being there, we ran the schooner as close in shore as possible, and commenced landing the money, a task which, with our reduced numbers, took us several days to get through. During the whole of this time we were in perpetual terror lest our movements should be observed by some of the passing vessels. We worked away cheerfully, and at last succeeded in burying all the boxes of dollars in a corner of the largest island, carefully marking the position of the spot by compass bearings. This done, we removed from the schooner everything worth saving, scuttled her, and taking the boat, landed not many miles from the town. Here we separated, after agreeing upon a day on which to return to the island and remove the rest of the treasure, each swearing to observe the strictest secrecy and good faith in the matter.

"The news of the seizure of the coaster had, as we expected, reached Panama, and large rewards were offered for the capture of those concerned in the deed. This showed me that it would be unsafe to remain longer than could be helped. Accordingly, I lost no time in taking a passage in a merchant ship sailing for San Francisco. A few days after reaching that port I came across one of my companions, whom I had parted from on landing from the schooner. Well, from

that time to the day you saw him die here in the hospital we never separated.

"At San Francisco, what with drinking and gambling, we soon ran through our money, and had only just enough to take us down to Panama again by the time appointed.

"We had not long returned before we learned that a man answering the description of the third member of our party had left in a canoe with three or four of the natives some days before—as he said, on a fishing expedition to the Cocos Islands; and that the canoe, with the bodies of two of the negroes, had been washed ashore during a gale of wind the following day.

"I can't say that either of us was very sorry to hear of the news; it was clear that our old shipmate was bent on being beforehand in getting at the spoils, contrary to our sworn agreement. We had the satisfaction of knowing that we two were now the sole owners of the money, and set to work at once to arrange a plan for getting it all into our possession. Everything was settled, and we should have started with half a dozen picked men, when that poor fellow received the accursed stab which put an end to him."

Here the old man's voice faltered, and in a sadder tone he went on—

"For years we had been together, and when he died I lost the only being I cared for in the world. Since that day I have been a lonely, miserable man. Drink, drink alone, has been my refuge. In drink I see the glitter of the yellow gold, that I have not dared to go and look for. For drink would I sell my soul itself—ay, and what is more, my buried treasure too. See there, see there!" he cried, in a tone of triumph, as with a last effort he sprang up and pointed to the still waters of the bay, now illumined by the last golden rays of the setting sun. "'Tis there it lies; I can watch the gold as it gleams and glitters over the sea, even now. 'Tis mine, mine, I say. Too late

—too late!" he whispered, sinking back in a state of insensibility.

All was quiet for some minutes. At length the old man recovered his consciousness, and in a voice hardly audible said—

"Doctor, in a few moments I shall be a dead man—and the money, take it every dollar. You will find it buried deep in the sand. See there—the plan is in that box. Hush, hush!" and pointed to a key hanging up, which his visitor at once put in his pocket as he heard footsteps ascending the stairs. It was the individual whom he had met on entering the house, and the doctor at once admitted him to the room.

The old sailor was now speechless; he feebly pointed first to the medical man and then to the box in the corner, and closed his eyes. It was soon clear that life was gone. The doctor, seeing that nothing more could be done, gave a handful of dollars to the owner of the house and returned home, taking care to remove the old chest at the same time. When opened, he found it contained, in addition to some articles of clothing and trinkets of little value, a crumpled and stained paper, on which had been rudely drawn a map of the Cocos Islands, and a description, in many parts illegible, of the place where the booty had been deposited.

The doctor, who was by no means a wealthy man, was overjoyed at the mere prospect of obtaining possession of so much wealth, and made up his mind at once to organize an expedition to the spot where it lay concealed. After spending nearly all his ready money in making preparations, he started from Panama with a party of natives. The object of

the expedition was kept a profound secret.

On reaching the island, which, from the plan in his possession, the doctor had no difficulty of identifying, he at once commenced operations. The document, from age, discoloration, and the imperfect nature of so much of the description as was legible, afforded, unfortunately, but a very uncertain clue to the treasure.

The south-west corner of the island was described with the utmost precision, also the distance from the beach, and the depth at which the money was to be found, but beyond these particulars the paper contained no intelligible information.

For ten long days and nights, allowing barely sufficient time for rest and refreshment, did the men dig away, the doctor being all the while, as he himself described it, in a fever of excitement, wholly unable to sleep, and watching with breathless anxiety every spadeful of sand that his dusky companions dug from the soil. At each stroke of the spade he listened eagerly for any sound that might indicate the discovery of what he sought, but in vain.

At the expiration of this time, the supply of provisions ran short, and it became evident to the doctor that he must abandon the enterprise, at all events for a time. Worn out with fatigue and exhaustion, and crushed by the weight of his disappointment, he was compelled to put back to Panama. It was long before he recovered his health and strength sufficiently to be able to resume his ordinary practice. With returning health, however, came renewed hope, and when last heard of, the indefatigable man, confident of success, was getting together the necessary funds for another expedition.

THE OTHER MRS. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON was "something in the City." When we have said this much we have told pretty well all that even his most intimate acquaintances and neighbors knew of his commercial status. A close uncommunicative little man was Johnson—one who never troubled himself about other folks' affairs, nor suffered others to busy themselves about his own. Not that there was any want of politeness in his manner, or anything rude or offensive in his reserve. He would chat in the most familiar way upon topics of general conversation; and his regular fellow-passengers by the morning ferry considered him a remarkably pleasant fellow. Punctually, at a certain hour every morning, would Johnson embark on the ferry boat for the City; and during the voyage he would, as we have said, converse in the most friendly fashion with the little knot of acquaintances on board—men who, punctual as himself, traveled every morning by the same conveyance, and so had almost come to know each other. But only upon general matters would he so converse. However others might talk of their several business affairs, Johnson never alluded to his own; nor ever dropped the slightest hint that would indicate the branch of commerce in which he was engaged. Arrived at his destination, he would bid his fellow-passengers good morning; and then disappearing into one of the numerous narrow, tortuous streets that lead up from the river to the Bank, would be seen by them no more until they met again on board the following morning.

Nor were his own immediate neighbors any more enlightened as to Johnson's business. Johnson was no recluse, avoiding the society of his fellow-men. On the contrary, the same agreeable companion that he was on board the ferry

boat in the morning, he also was among his neighbors when he returned from business in the evening.

But the few intimate friends who visited at Johnson's house knew very little of his circumstances. Mrs. Johnson did now and then have a few neighbors in to tea; and occasionally went out to tea herself: but the utmost anybody had ever learned from her, even in her most confidential moments, was that Johnson was engaged in getting up a company in the City; and, until it was all settled, he didn't care to talk about it. As to what the company was to be, she really scarce knew herself, for she never liked to interfere in business matters.

In saying this, poor little Mrs. Johnson scarcely exaggerated her own ignorance. Her husband had, of course, informed her of the name of the company with which he was connected; and she knew it had something to do with sugar. But what his precise position in connection with it was she was unaware. Once or twice, when she happened to be going into the City, she had proposed that she should call at the office and accompany him home. This, however, he invariably opposed. He had no idea, he said, of women interfering with business. As for a woman fetching her husband from his office, it was perfectly ridiculous. He would not hear of it. He must request of her never to intrude upon his business hours at the office.

His wife—they were, as yet, only in their second year of wedlock, and wives (at first) are apt to place implicit faith in the superior judgment of their lords and masters—supposed he must be right. Possibly her presence at his office might distract his thoughts from business. Possibly, too, affairs were not over flourishing just now with his company, and

he would not like her to be witness of any difficulties he might have to contend with. The housekeeping money he supplied her with, though regular as the sun itself in its coming, could hardly be called plentiful. His business obviously was not as yet a flourishing one. Probably at his office he had to undergo worse difficulties than they had at home, and he would rather spare her the spectacle of his hard struggles. At any rate, he did not wish to see her at his place of business; that was enough for her—the more especially as she found herself quite sufficiently occupied with Baby, who was now “beginning to take notice, in a way that was really wonderful for his age.”

So Johnson's office in the City remained a *terra incognita* to his good little wife.

And now, shall we be deemed guilty of taking an undue advantage of the author's privilege of peeping behind the scenes—of knowing all about the thoughts and motives of the characters—if we divulge the secret which Johnson kept, so assiduously from the nearest friends, even, in a great measure, from his own wife? The truth may as well come out at once. Johnson had a weakness—a pardonable one, perhaps some would call it; while others would pronounce it despicable—at any rate, he had a weakness. He did not care that his acquaintances, or even this loving little wife of his, should know how very humble was his real position. He had first met her three seasons ago, at a time when his prospects were decidedly better than at present. He had then made no secrets of his position in life—which was that of managing clerk to a large City firm, in which he had every chance of some day rising to a partnership. Since he had married, however, the large City firm had come to grief. Johnson had subsequently got engaged upon the new Sugar-Cane and Molasses Company, now just struggling

for existence. But he did not dare to tell his own wife, even, still less his mere acquaintances, that his connection with that company was only that of a clerk at fifteen dollars a week. So he maintained this mystery about his City business to his ordinary acquaintances, while he restrained his wife from calling on him at his City office.

But Christmas comes but once a year; and, as everybody knows who has ever read anything more sentimental than an almanac, the 25th of December is a day on which the domestic virtues and home affections hold high festival. So, considering the genial influences of the season, we can scarce blame Mrs. Johnson for that, finding herself on Christmas Eve in the immediate vicinity of her husband's office, she so far forgot her liege lord's general orders as to determine that she would just this once call in, and bring him home with her.

His office was No. 56 in the very street, the corner of which she was now passing. The corner house itself, opposite which she paused, bore for its number 48. Her husband was then but four doors off. Only the frontages of four narrow houses separated her from her dear Johnson. Was it likely she could pass on without walking just the distance of these four doors out of her way to see him? And upon Christmas Eve, too!

Mrs. Johnson turned down the street, and, having come to No. 56, she entered. A strange uncomfortable feeling seemed to take possession of her as she did so—a feeling that she was in some way an intruder, was trespassing on forbidden ground; and as she mounted the inhospitable, unfamiliar stone steps that led to the offices above, she could scarcely overcome a feeling of downright desolation, as she reflected how utter a stranger she was in this place, where her husband passed the greater part of his daily existence.

She reached the first floor, upon which she had some recollection of having heard her husband say his office was situated; but she looked round in vain for any reference either to Johnson or to Sugar-canes and Molasses. There were several doors upon the landing, but all bore unfamiliar names. All but one; and that had upon it simply a smudge of whitey-brown paint, blotting out whatever name had been there before. She was about giving up the search as hopeless, when her eye fell upon a strange hieroglyphic figure, which persons of an imaginative turn of mind might take for the representation of a human hand, with the forefinger pointing up the next flight of stairs. Upon the wall, close adjoining this anatomically impossible hand, were inscribed the words "Johnson & Co."

Upstairs accordingly she went; and knocking timidly at the office-door which bore her husband's name, was invited to enter.

She found herself in a handsomely carpeted, handsomely furnished room—more handsomely furnished, it appeared to her, than Johnson's business could either require or afford. Yet, doubtless, he knew best. In getting up a public company it might be necessary to make a show at any sacrifice. However this might be, she could not help mentally contrasting that splendid Brussels carpet, with the felt drugget that adorned their best parlor at home: and the comparison was decidedly not in favor of the drugget.

The sole occupant of the office was a slim, wiry youth, or boy, or man,—for he might have been of any age, from fifteen to five-and-twenty—whose bright red hair and keen, cunning, sparkling eyes irresistibly suggested the notion of a fox.

"Was Mr. Johnson in?" she asked the foxy-looking clerk.

"No, he was not. But would she wait half a second, please? What name?"

But Mrs. Johnson would not give her name. She had—silly little creature that she was—felt an indescribable relief on hearing that her husband was not upon the premises. The moment she had seen that elegantly-appointed office, so unlike what she had pictured it to herself, she had repented the rash step she had taken in intruding there, in opposition to his express wish. She felt very much as poor Mrs. Bluebeard must have felt on first viewing the forbidden interior of the Blue Chamber. What she now saw was less horrible than the sight that met that lady's eyes; but it was none the less one forbidden by her husband. Therefore she would rather he should not know she had been there. So she made some blundering speech, to the effect that her business was not of the slightest consequence; and that she would perhaps call again. (A fib! and she knew it. Once safe away from there, she would never come again without her husband's sanction.) And so, apologizing to the red-haired clerk for having disturbed him, she tried to make her way out at the door.

But this young gentleman would not hear of it. In the politest manner possible, but with a firmness far beyond his years (whatever they might have numbered), he requested her to be seated, "Just for half a second."

Of course, it would be preposterous to refuse waiting for that infinitesimal portion of time, although perhaps accurately speaking it might be difficult even to take a seat in the allotted period. Mrs. Johnson did not wish it to be thought that she absolutely ran away from her husband's office, much as she inwardly regretted having come there at all. So she consented to sit down for half a second.

The foxy-looking clerk disappeared through a door marked "Private." The half second that he was absent proved a long one. So long indeed that if there be any truth in the multiplication table,

human life made up in such half seconds would, with its threescore years and ten, utterly eclipse the longevity of the patriarchs before the flood. Long enough, amongst other things, was the half second that she waited, for Mrs. Johnson to overhear from the inner office to which her husband's clerk had retreated, a shrill and unmistakably female voice exclaim—

"Wants to see Mr. Johnson, and will give no name! Bring her in here to me!"

What could this mean? Who could be the owner of this shrill female voice, that seemed to speak with such authority? Poor little Mrs. Johnson regretted more and more that she had disobeyed her husband by calling at his office. She felt very miserable and uncomfortable altogether, and would have given anything could she have got away unquestioned from the spot.

At this moment, however, the foxy-looking clerk made his appearance, and would she step into the private office for half a second. (Half a second seemed to be his notion of the amount of time required for most things.) Would she step in for half a second?

No: she thanked him. She would rather not. Her business was not of the slightest consequence. And she fancied she had heard a lady's voice.

The foxy-looking one replied—

"Yes; it is Mrs. Johnson!"

"WHO?"

"Mrs. Johnson! Eh? Why, what's the matter, ma'am? You seem taken queer all at once. Take a chair, ma'am, for half a second."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the poor little woman, bursting into tears. "There's some mistake. Do let me go now, please."

She was moving towards the outer door, and the foxy one, by way of remonstrance, was about to suggest the propriety of reflecting upon matters for his

favorite length of time, when the door of the inner office once more opened.

A lady of commanding presence made her appearance: a lady above the average height, and decidedly beyond the average circumference, even in the present ultra-crinoline age: a lady wearing a magnificent and amply distended dress of purple moire antique, surmounted by a black velvet jacket trimmed with real sable: a lady with a massive gold chain affixed to a gold watch considerably larger than the usual run of lady's watches, and worn outside her jacket at her waist: a lady with a profusion of valuable rings adorning her somewhat extensive hands, and of other jewelry adorning her somewhat extensive person generally. All this poor little Mrs. Johnson was able to perceive at a glance, even in the midst of her confusion and distress. Indeed, she would have been no true woman had she not. We verily believe if there were female members of the police force, and one such were to arrest a criminal of her own sex, even upon the gravest charge, the culprit, before thinking of her own defense or answer to the accusation, would manage to "take stock" of what her captor was dressed in.

The gorgeously-attired female having gazed fixedly at our friend Mrs. Johnson, for a brief space of time (for "about half a second" would doubtless have been the deposition of the foxy-looking clerk, had he been called as a witness in the matter), and finding that lady not inclined to open the conversation, or indeed do anything but shed tears and tremble, begged to inquire what her business might be, adding that anything she might have to say to Mr. Johnson could be just as well told to her. Would the lady be good enough to step into the inner office—

"For half a second," insinuated the foxy one in a parenthesis.

Mrs. Johnson cried afresh, and begged they would let her go home. She was

sure there was some mistake. She was so sorry she had intruded.

The lady in the moire antique, and the big watch-chain, aided by the foxy looking clerk, however, managed to get our poor little friend in through that door marked "Private."

If Mrs. Johnson had been struck by the unexpected elegance with which the outer office was furnished, she was positively bewildered by the profusion she now witnessed in the little room in which she found herself closeted with this unknown lady. Pictures not only covered every available portion of the walls, but were piled in heaps upon the floor all round the room. Odd trinkets, knick-knacks, silver plate, and articles of *vertu* were heaped upon side tables, until the whole place looked like a broker's warehouse. There was, in fact, only just space to walk among the accumulated valuables to the small writing table which occupied the center of the apartment, and which had two chairs placed, one at each side of it. To one of these chairs the strange dashing lady motioned Mrs. Johnson, while she sat herself upon the other. And on the table by the chair where the strange lady sat there was some Berlin wool work (of an unusually large and glaring pattern), which she had obviously just laid down. Behind her chair her bonnet and shawl were hanging against the wall.

"Now, madam," she commenced, as soon as they were alone, "May I inquire what your business is with Mr. Johnson?"

"Oh, I am sure it's all some terrible mistake," sobbed out Mrs. Johnson. "It was so silly of me to come—when he always begged me never to intrude upon him at his office."

"Did he, indeed?" replied the other.

"And may I ask the nature of your acquaintance with Mr. Johnson?"

"Acquaintance!" she exclaimed in astonishment, (she forgot for the mo-

ment she had declined to give her name).

"Acquaintance! I am his wife!"

"His what?"

"His wife." She had shaken of her weeping, deprecatory manner now, aroused by an expression on her companion's face, of something very like contempt. And now the little woman asserted herself bravely.

"So!" cried the magnificent one, "it is you, is it, with your mincing wax-doll face, that has been the cause of his neglecting me as he has done!"

"Neglecting *you*! What do you mean, madam? I repeat, I am Mrs. Johnson."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the other. Don't talk to me. I have found you at last. I knew I should. And so Mr. Johnson forbade you coming here, did he? He knew that I should be here to meet you if you did come. And you have disobeyed him at last. Well, madam, I am glad to see you."

"What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Johnson, starting from her seat. "Who are you?"

"The unfortunate but lawful wife of the base man you call your husband," replied the other coldly.

"You?"

"I."

"'Tis false," cried Mrs. Johnson.

"Is it?" retorted her gorgeously attired companion, as she pressed down the knob of a spring-bell which stood close at her hand.

We should be sorry to accuse the foxy-looking clerk of having been listening at the key hole; but he certainly could not have answered the summons of that bell more rapidly, if he had not his hand upon the lock already. On this occasion his own estimate of the amount of time required for various actions was strictly true. It was literally not more than half a second from the bell striking to his entering the room.

"Skillet, request the housekeeper to step down to me."

Mr. Skillet—for such it seemed was the name of the red-headed clerk—disappeared in about the space of time he was so prone to talk about.

The two rival claimants to the title of Mrs. Johnson stood eyeing one another, each with an expression of fierce disdain—although on the part of her whom for distinction we must call our Mrs. Johnson, the disdain was of a tearful, alarmed, wondering kind; while on the other Mrs. Johnson's face it was haughty, triumphant, and contemptuous.

Mr. Skillet soon returned accompanied by the housekeeper, whom he had fetched from her secluded dwelling in the attics. She was dressed in a gown of rusty black merino, and wore a widow's cap which had evidently seen better days. In manner she was grave and sedate, as befitted one for whom the bustle and turmoil of life was over, and who had long since settled down resignedly into the care of offices. She curtsied deferentially to the lady whom we have designated the "other" Mrs. Johnson, while on "our" Mrs. Johnson, she fixed an inquiring stare.

"I want you, madam, if you please," said the other Mrs. Johnson, "to inform this person—we will say, if you please, this lady—whether or not I am the wife of Mr. Johnson, who rents this office from your master."

"Which certainly you are, mum," responded the housekeeper. "Leastways, I can't say as I've seen your marriage-lines. But since you've been in the habit of coming here every day, your good gentleman has always spoke of you to me as his good lady."

"She comes here daily!" cried our Mrs. Johnson in dismay.

"Which I hope, mum," remarked the housekeeper, turning to her, "I hope you won't be coming here to disturb the gentlemen as has the other offices, with anything like I may call obstreperous-

ness. They've always been kept respectable—these offices have."

"The other offices!" cried out Mrs. Johnson—a ray of hope seeming for a moment to illuminate the dark mystery. "Tell me, is it possible, there is some other Mr. Johnson, having an office in these premises?"

"None, mum," replied the housekeeper. "Leastways, there hasn't been since I've had care of the place, which is five years come Lady Day."

"And this is No. 56?" asked our Mrs. Johnson.

"This, mum, is No. 56!"

"And there is no other of the name," interposed the other—the sumptuously attired Mrs. Johnson, "than my husband."

"None, mum. Leastways, unless the party as has just taken the office on the first floor answer to the name. But they don't take possession till the day after tomorrow, and they hasn't got there name writ up as yet. So you see there's no knowing."

But this was quite enough for our Mrs. Johnson. Her Johnson was neither one of an extinct genus of the antepresent housekeeper period, nor a new tenant to come in in the future. He was located there now. And in this office of the only Johnson on the premises—she had found a woman who not only claimed herself to be, but was acknowledged by the respectable widow who had charge of the establishment, to be Mrs. Johnson!

This then was the reason why he had forbidden her coming to his City office. Office, did she say? Rather a sumptuous boudoir, in which he spent his days in the society of this gorgeous female, leaving his lawful wife to slave at home in poverty.

The gorgeous female smiled in wicked triumph on the unhappy little woman, and asked her whether she was satisfied,

or whether she would like to wait till Mr. Johnson came?"

"Oh, no, no; not for the world!" cried the poor little wife. "No earthly consideration should induce me to remain in this dreadful place, or ever to darken its doors again. But you may tell Johnson if you see him—as I have no doubt you will—that—that—that I could never have believed it of him!"

And bursting afresh into tears, she made a most undignified retreat from that sumptuously furnished apartment, and hurried rapidly down the stairs.

"Skillet," said the gorgeous one, directly she had gone, "follow that person, and bring me word where she goes to."

Skillet, of the foxy aspect, snatched up his hat, and followed in pursuit, with an unquestioning alacrity which seemed to imply that he was not unaccustomed to such or similar errands.

Johnson arrived home on that Christmas Eve at his usual time; in fact Johnson always did everything at his usual time. Altogether, he was in a merry genial mood, thoroughly fitted to the season.

The door was opened for him, not by his wife, as he expected, but by the girl. This was strange, Johnson thought; but still more strange, he observed the girl was weeping—no, that is too weak a term, was absolutely blubbing; more strange even than this, she handed him, without speaking, a letter, in the superscription of which he recognized the handwriting of his wife.

Strangest of all was what he found inside that letter:—

"You have deceived me. I know all. I have found out the real reason why you have always so positively prohibited my calling at your office in the City. I have gone to mama at Brighton. It will be in vain for you to attempt to follow me. After your deceit, I will not see you."

What could this mean? Even if she had discovered his very humble position (how she had found it out he could form no idea), still his deception in keeping it from her, for her own comfort's sake, was surely no such enormous crime. It certainly did not warrant such a remarkably strong measure of retaliation as this desertion of him. What should he do? Her letter said it was in vain for him to attempt to follow her to Brighton. Of that fact he was painfully aware already: for truth to tell, he had not about him at the moment sufficient ready money to enable him to do so, had he resolved upon that step (and railway companies will not, however urgent the occasion, give tickets upon credit). He could, no doubt, have borrowed the amount. But how could he tell any one his wife had left him—and for a cause so utterly absurd? How could he ever have the slightest claim to respectability hereafter, if it were known his home had been made desolate because Mrs. Johnson had found out he was not a City merchant or speculator, but only a clerk at fifteen dollars weekly wages?

Utterly bewildered as he was by the blow, so unexpected, so impossible to occur (as it would have seemed to him if prophesied), Johnson felt that there was literally nothing to be done. He immediately dismissed the girl from further attendance for the evening, and went lonely, despairing, hopeless, and joyless, to bed.

The sun rose bright upon the Christmas morning; a sharp, clear, crisp, frosty morning; a Christmas of the good old sort; and the churchbells rang merrily in honor of the day. And everywhere friends meeting friends, wishing one another "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

But Johnson, rising from his troubled slumbers unrefreshed, felt nothing of these genial seasonable influences. The Christmas morning might be clear and

crisp, and of the good old sort. For Johnson it was only miserably cold. For him the churchbells rang out discord harshly jangling out of tune. For him there was no friendly grasp of hand; no kindly wishes of the season. Nothing but solitude; dreary, cheerless, joyless solitude.

He came down stairs. The grates which should have been glowing with a Christmas blaze, were cold and black. And what is this hideous compound that he finds in a basin covered with a cloth? A chaotic mass of an unwholesome-looking yellowish drab mixture; something that might be taken for some new-invented mortar, but for those darker colored spots pervading it, which Johnson on investigation finds out to be raisins! Spirit of Christmas! is it possible? This unsightly mass turns out to be the uncooked pudding! The Christmas pudding! The magnum opus of the twelvemonth's cookery! The delicious sphere about which cluster metaphorically all the year's loving domesticity, and prosaically all the toothsome anticipations of a good Christmas dinner. The Christmas pudding! so splendid in its appearance in due course upon the table! How loathsome does it look in uncooked deshabille!

Under existing circumstances we need hardly say that Johnson did not care to boil that pudding. The present age has witnessed the birth of many heresies, and abundant flying in the face of old beliefs and traditions. But we are happy to believe that cooking a Christmas pudding for oneself, to be guzzled in unsocial solitude, would imply a degree of depravity at which the world has not yet arrived.

Still, however depressed and overwhelmed the mind, man must have food. So Johnson, having, after a good hour spent in trying to light a fire, and another hour in watching for the kettle's boiling, made himself a cup of wretchedly bad tea, took his solitary breakfast

—after a fashion; washed up his single cup and saucer; and then sat down to think how he should spend the day—his Christmas Day!

There are some problems which resolve themselves: and it is quite possible to debate in our own mind how time should be disposed of, until we find the question answered for us and the time already spent. So it was nearly noon, and Johnson had not yet made up his mind what he should do upon his lonely Christmas Day, when he was startled by a cab drawing up to his door, and still more startled on seeing emerge from that cab a buxom, smiling, kindly-looking personage in whom he at once recognised Mrs. Johnson's mother. He was by no means so much startled after this, when, having rushed to the door and admitted his good mother-in-law, another figure, that of his runaway wife, followed with Baby in her arms.

Mrs. Johnson seemed scarcely to dare look at her husband, as she followed her mother into the best parlor.

The old lady seated herself in a chair as though determined to make herself at home; and then, utterly regardless of Johnson's presence, proceeded to take off her bonnet; this done, she produced from some mysterious hiding-place or other, a cap of such wonderfully elaborate structure, that how it could have survived the railway journey without so much as being crushed appeared a downright mystery. She adjusted her cap before the chimney-glass, and then sat down again prepared for anything.

"And now then," said the old lady, looking across to where Johnson stood regarding her and his wife by turns with an odd, puzzled look. "Now then, let us have it out. This silly girl of mine came home last night with an absurd story—I scarce know what—of your having some other lady-love concealed in the unknown regions of the City."

"I!" exclaimed Johnson.

"Don't interrupt me," continued the old lady. "I said to the stupid child, 'Mary Jane, my dear, I don't believe it. But right or wrong, I will take you back and see about it. To-morrow, my dear, is Christmas Day, when no wife should, under any circumstances, be away from her husband's home.' In fact," the old lady added by way of parenthesis, "if I were not myself a widow, I would not have come with her, even on this occasion. So we packed ourselves off by the first train this morning, and here we are."

"Why, Mary Jane," cried Johnson, as soon as the old lady allowed him a chance of getting in a word. "What have you been dreaming about? I a lady-love in the City!"

Then Mrs. Johnson told him all. Her disobeying his commands; her calling at his office; and her interview with the gorgeous female. All, precisely as we have already told the reader.

"Eh! Then, by Jove!" cried Johnson, smiling in spite of himself, "you've been to the office of old Johnson, the bill discounter, on the second floor. A pretty sort of Christmas he'll spend to-day! His wife's as jealous as a hippopotamus, and goes there daily to witness his interviews with his female clients."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson. much relieved. "It was then not your office that I went to? Yet stay," she added, "they distinctly told me there was not another Johnson on the premises."

"Nor is there," replied her husband; "and in this fact lies all with which I feel I have to reproach myself. While in that building, I am no Johnson. Hear me, Mary Jane, and pardon my silly pride. When I met my recent pecuniary reverses, and had to put up with a very much inferior position, I did not like that my name which had previously stood so well in the City should be degraded; so I——"

"Don't say you took another name," interrupted his wife. "It sounds so base—so like a swindler. Don't say you took another name."

"I did not," answered Johnson, "but instead, I dispensed with a portion of that which was mine by right: and the individual who was formerly known as Hamilton Johnson, Esq., became, when forced to accept the situation of clerk and messenger at a poor fifteen dollars salary, plain Mr. Hamilton. So, my dear girl, believe me when I tell you that the one sole reason of my opposing your calling at my office in the City, was that I had no office of my own for you to call at."

Mrs. Johnson threw herself in her husband's arms. We will not attempt to enter into details of what she said to him—this husband of hers, who, while she thought he had been deceiving her, had only planned, and schemed, and plotted to save her from anxiety or worry; of what she thought of him, or of how she implored forgiveness for her doubts.

But how did it happen, possibly the reader may inquire, that Mrs. Johnson had not found out the office of the company in whose service Johnson held this subordinate position?

The great Sugar-cane and Molasses Company, not finding their shares go off with the rapidity that had been anticipated, had given up the expensive offices they had hitherto occupied. This company's name it was that had just been obliterated by the smudge of whitey-brown paint that Mrs. Johnson had observed the previous day on the first floor of No. 56.

And now, once more, a cab draws up at Johnson's door, and again therefrom alights a female. Mrs. Johnson, peeping over the blind, is utterly bewildered as she recognises in the new arrival the other Mrs. Johnson!

(The foxy-looking clerk had executed his commission thoroughly, and had

doggied the steps of our Mrs. Johnson to her home.)

She went herself to the door to admit the other Mrs. Johnson.

"So, madam," said the gorgeous one, "I am glad to see you in your own home. I confess I was somewhat curious to learn where and what your home might be. And after the very affectionate interest you expressed yesterday in my husband, common civility demanded that I should return your call; I am here as you perceive."

"Madam," said Johnson interposing, "through a strange series of mistakes, my wife yesterday called at your husband's office, believing it to be mine. I hope you will forgive her."

The appearance on the scene of a Johnson, who was not her Johnson, somewhat staggered the preconceived opinions of the gorgeous one. She instituted all sorts of inquiries into the minutest details of the circumstances which had led to the error; and being at length thoroughly convinced that her jealousy, at any rate in this quarter, was as groundless as it was ridiculous, it became her turn now to ask forgiveness.

She was assured that she was thoroughly forgiven—that no one held her answerable for the circumstances that had occurred.

But would the lady she had so wrongfully suspected do her the great favor of accompanying her home? She had had a terrible scene that morning with her husband; and though she had no right to ask such a boon, might she hope that the lady would come with her to be witness of her penitence? Nay; if she might, after her conduct yesterday, suggest such a thing, dared she hope Mr. Johnson too, and the lady to whom she

had not had the honor of an introduction, would dine with them that day?

The lady to whom the gorgeous one had not been introduced, and who we need not say was our Mrs. Johnson's mother, declared it to be her conviction that as the absurd conduct of the other Mrs. Johnson had been the cause of their having no Christmas dinner ready there, the very best thing they could do was to accept the invitation. (Our Mrs. Johnson's mamma had always been noted for shrewd common sense.)

So after considerable discussion it was decided that the whole party should proceed to dine at the house of old Johnson, the bill-discounter.

The party was duly introduced by the mistress of the house; and all the perplexing circumstances of the day before having been thoroughly explained, the two Johnsons and their two wives spent a regularly merry Christmas.

Old Johnson, the bill-discounter, indeed, spite of his reputation as a hard, grasping man in business, turned out to be a trump in his own house. Hearing of the humble position his newly-made acquaintance was compelled to occupy down in the City, he declared his intention of employing his own influence to get him a considerably better engagement in another quarter.

The bill-discounting Johnson was as good as his word, and both found reason to bless the day they had been brought together. The sweet simple domesticity of the good little woman whom we have from the first claimed as "ours," had a magical influence in banishing the ridiculous doubts and jealousies of her friend, and altogether in bringing to a more healthy, rational frame of mind, "the other Mrs. Johnson."

ODD FELLOW'S DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We do not continue sending the "Companion" after the year's subscription expires, unless directed to do so. The subscription of a great many of our subscribers expires with this number, and such of these as desire to receive the Companion during the ensuing year, should at once renew their subscription. If there is an agent for the magazine in your Lodge, subscribe with him; if not, send your subscription direct to us.

REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

The beautiful imitation Chromo-Lithograph, *Rebekah at the Well*, one of which will be presented to each subscriber for the Fourth Volume of the Companion, will be printed in six colors. Each picture will have to pass through the lithographer's press six times. It therefore requires a great deal of time to make these pictures, and we can assure our readers, that the picture will be a really beautiful one—a picture that any one will be glad to decorate his parlor with. The cost of the picture is such, that we cannot afford to give any of them away for samples to others than to our old agents, unless the Brother sending for it will send us at least one subscriber at the same time. Our old agents who desire a sample copy of the picture, should send us four cents in stamps.

IS IT RIGHT?

The first imperative command of our laws, "to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead and educate the orphan," is generally well obeyed, so far as the relief of our members and of their widowed families is concerned. We may say that it is *always* obeyed in Lodges which enjoy prosperity; but, unhappily, Lodges do not always prosper, and cases do occur, in which Brothers, who have been regularly initiated, who have been regular attendants upon the meetings of the Lodge, and zealous

in the discharge of their duties as Odd Fellows, where such Brothers, or their widowed families, without fault of their own, are not aided as thoroughly as they have a right to expect, or in some instances even are deprived of all the aid which was promised to them. This latter is especially so where the Lodge, to which the Brother may be attached, becomes defunct, it may be notwithstanding earnest efforts on his part to keep it alive, or perhaps while his occupation has taken him thousands of miles from its location. In such cases, the Grand Lodge lays claim to all the property and funds belonging to the defunct Lodge, but will do nothing for the aid of the Brother who has done his whole duty towards it and the Lodge, and is overtaken by sickness after the Lodge has ceased to exist; or towards the relief of the widow of a Brother who died while the Lodge was in flourishing circumstances, and who during his life, perhaps, spent largely of his time and substance for the good of the Order. Now, this seems to us to be radically wrong; if the Grand Lodge assumes to have the right to the property of a defunct Lodge, it also assumes the obligations resting upon that Lodge; and it should so shape its legislation, that a dying Brother may feel the most absolute certainty that his widow and children will not come to want, even if reckless or lukewarm Brethren should after his death bring about the breaking down of the Subordinate Lodge to which he was attached.

UNION WITH THE A. I. O. O. F. IN AUSTRALIA.

In our issue for May we published the substance of a letter from Grand Representative Meacham, who had been appointed Special Deputy Grand Sire, and commissioned to effect an affiliation with the Ancient Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Australia. Bro. Meacham had been very cordially received by the Grand Lodge of Victoria, the subject of affiliation had been referred to the Subordinate Lodges and a

special meeting of the Grand Lodge had been called, to finally decide the matter, and invitations extended to the Grand Lodges of South Australia and Tasmania, to join in the movement.

We now find a second letter from Bro. Meacham in the "New Age," dated at Melbourne on the 24th of February, which brings the welcome intelligence that at the special meeting of the Grand Lodge of Victoria, on the 22d of that month, the affiliation with the American Order was adopted by an overwhelming majority. Bro. Meacham's letter says :

I have the gratifying intelligence to impart to you and to the Grand Lodge, that the union of our Order in America and Australia is now an accomplished fact. As I informed you in a previous communication, the subject of affiliation had been again referred to the Subordinate Lodges for consideration. On their invitation I have visited the principal Districts and Lodges in the colony and given such instructions and explanations as were desired; and on Saturday last, Feb. 22d, a special Grand Lodge meeting was convened at the city of Geelong, at which nearly the whole jurisdiction was largely represented. After a full discussion, the proposition was carried by an overwhelming vote—only nine voting in the negative, and five of these came over immediately after the vote was taken. I at once re-organized their Grand Lodge, on the basis of an Independent Charter, and installed the following officers, whose terms will expire at their next annual communication in September: William Stirling, M. W. Grand Master; J. W. Dickenson, R. W. Deputy Grand Master; James Brewster, R. W. Grand Warden; A. J. Cohen, R. W. Grand Secretary; John Hedrick, R. W. Grand Treasurer. I then instructed the Grand Lodge fully in the Grand Lodge Degrees, and all the Degrees of the Subordinate Lodge and all Honorary Degrees. In the evening, a general meeting of the Order was held, at which I gave them the ceremony of initiation in full, and all instruction pertaining to the service, which appeared to give much satisfaction. The various Sub. Lodges will now be placed in possession of the new work as fast as possible—they continuing as heretofore till that can be fully done. I anticipate much good results from this union, and to the Grand Lodge of California will justly belong the honor of inaugurating our Order in this portion of the world, and that too on a sound, respectable footing, as this branch occupy a very good position socially, and financially are perfectly sound. As I have just returned to the city from Geelong, and the mail is about closing, I have no time to write more at present."

A new Grand Lodge, with 40 Subordinate

Lodges, numbering 1976 members, added to our affiliation, and on that distant continent! Let us hope that it has been but the initial step toward uniting into one great Brotherhood the various bodies of Odd Fellows, differing, it is true, in their ritual, but having the same aims and cherishing the same great principles.

MASONS—ODD FELLOWS—SONS OF TEMPERANCE—CHURCHES.

We know of no better answer to the clerical gentlemen, who are at present trying to inaugurate a crusade against so-called secret societies, than the following from the pen of the Rev. Arthur Cribfield, published in the "Christian Journal and Union" in 1847. Mr. Cribfield was a member of the "Christian Church," commonly known as "Campbellites," and was not a member of any secret society. We copy the article from the "Ark" for April, 1849:

We have observed some unfavorable indications among a few churches in the northern portion of Indiana. It seems that some of the Brethren have associated with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and others with the Sons of Temperance; and that the churches have met and passed resolutions, which amount to the exclusion or suspension of said members.

Things are in a horrible tangle! Will the reader permit us to say a few things about secret societies as related to the Christian Church?

In the first place, if there be an evil in Odd Fellowship, Masonry, Sons of Temperance, etc., that evil in some sense is to be laid at the door of the Christian profession. Were the world blessed, at this time, with Christianity in its purity, the eyes of the widow and fatherless and all the sons and daughters of want would be turned in that direction, and not be disappointed. But the heirs of want have been sent empty away from churches professedly Christian; cold neglect, even of church members, has destroyed the confidence of thousands of the poor; and others, having no assurance that such a Christianity, as we now see, would do anything for the sick and disabled, have, out of necessity, banded together for the express purpose of mutual relief in time of danger and need. Had Christianity, as the apostles preached it, been fully exhibited to the world by its professed friends, there could not have been found room for a Lodge of Masons or Odd Fellows, or for a division of the Sons of Temperance. The very existence of these secret Orders is proof positive of the low standard of Christian benevolence, or rather the absence of such philanthropy.

But, in the second place, we will come a

little nearer with facts still more startling. We will venture the assertion, that in all those places where church members are making a noise about Odd Fellowship, etc., the Odd Fellows are doing more for the distressed, the sick and bereaved, than those pragmatic Christians—vastly more. Let us say to the Indiana churches that are meeting, and resolving, and pow-wow-ing against the Odd Fellows, etc., that you can never put them down in that way. There is but one way under heaven in which you can succeed, and that is TO DO BETTER THAN THEY. At your public meetings, on the Lord's day, let it be asked: "Is any Brother or Sister sick, or otherwise in want?" If an answer be had in the affirmative, let the sick be visited regularly by stated and unfeeling turns of the members. Let the sick Brother or Sister have an appropriation of three or four dollars a week from the funds of the church, from the commencement of the sickness, till he or she is again able to do labor for a living. Should the Brother or Sister die, then appropriate some \$15 or \$30 for the burial. The Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance do thus, and such are the objects of those organizations. They also educate the orphan. Go, and do ye likewise—go and do *more* and *better*, if your object be to blot them out of the community. If you do less for your members than they do for theirs, it will be your shame, and will make the world think better of Odd Fellowship than of your Christianity.

But already we hear the response coming from those churches, "we cannot do this!" Well, if you cannot, shut up your mouths, and cease persecuting those who can! But the response is deceitful. You can do it; or, if you cannot, it is either because you are impeded by an inefficient organization, or are too stingy and niggardly for such a purpose. If the former, you should labor to reform your church, so that it may do what was designed to be accomplished by the Christian Church: if the latter, you are not fit to be even an Odd Fellow, much less a Christian. Instead of saying, "*we cannot*," say rather "*we do not*," and be ashamed of your parsimony and covetousness.

You cannot! Tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the Philistines rejoice, lest the uncircumcised triumph! You cannot! What, then, can you do? You can go to meetings on Sundays, sing, perhaps pray for the widow and fatherless, and contribute a few cents to the treasury, to buy wine for the communion and oil for the lamps! And this is about *all* you do! But why cannot the church of Christ take care of its sick by supplying in money the value of their time? Why cannot she bury her dead? Why cannot she educate the orphan? She can do all these things more easily than a Lodge of Odd Fellows. Every Odd Fellow contributes ten cents per week, the year round; and thus every Lodge can raise hundreds of dollars per annum. Suppose every Christian were required to con-

tribute from ten to fifty cents per week (and this is a very low tax) according to their worldly prosperity; the result would be a flowing treasury for the use of the poor, of the sick, and for every other purpose required, and none would feel the burden, while hundreds of the needy would rejoice. Instead of this liberal policy, many churches are dwindling down to nothing, because the members are too covetous to do anything for the cause. A *dime*, to such men, looks about as large as the sun, and a *dollar* as the whole heavens! Such men can meet in council, debate, litigate, discuss, resolve, and re-resolve; they can create disturbances about Temperancemen and Odd Fellows; they can pry into things which they never can know, and their fancies can conjure up ghosts and dreadful wickedness in secret places; while they themselves do nothing, or next to nothing, for the relief of the afflicted. Such are the men who are ever ready to say, the church CANNOT do as well by its members as the Odd Fellows do by theirs! Reader, the genius of Odd Fellowship, gazing out from its Lodge-room, looks infinite shame from its goggle eyes upon those misers who boast of their religion.

It comes to me from reliable source, that the Order of Odd Fellows, last year, in the United States alone, contributed to its sick and other beneficiary members more, I think, than \$200,000! * Take the churches, and have they done as much for their members? I verily believe they have not. Many of them are doing absolutely nothing, and some are doing worse than nothing. The same may be said of all religious parties. I say, then, that we should not oppose or persecute others, till we first ourselves learn to go before them in deeds of effective benevolence, and then neither.

We do not appear as the advocate of secret societies. Real Christianity has no use for them: but men need reciprocal help, and if they cannot find it in the church, where God put it—if it has been measurably turned out of the House of God, they will seek it in the world, and be "wiser in their generation than the children of light." How other men may feel, I know not; but for myself, I feel ashamed that Christianity, the last best gift of God to man—Christianity, the angel of peace and the highest proof of divine philanthropy—Christianity, that once relieved the *temporal distresses* of its believers, and, when earth failed, pointed the parting spirit to "a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens;"—should have fallen at this day, through the unworthiness of its advocates, into such bad odor as to make necessary, in the eyes of the world, any other source of benevolence.

*The total amount distributed by the Order for relief during the year referred to, 1846, was \$227,712.74; and during the year ending July 1, 1867, the amount expended for the same purpose had reached the sum of \$696,650.67.

EDITOR.

Most gladly, therefore, will we join with the Brethren in putting down Free Masonry, Odd Fellowship, and the Sons of Temperance; but we join the crusade under this express proviso, that we quit resolving, quit withdrawing fellowship, quit hard speaking, and go heart and hand to work, AND DO BETTER FOR OUR MEMBERS, THAN THEY ARE DOING FOR THEMSELVES. And let it not be forgotten, that "godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

We would say to our Brethren who are Masons, Odd Fellows, etc., be not contentious. Never forsake the appointed meetings of the church to attend those Lodges. Be like Paul in relation to meats; if you are likely to make a weak Brother offend by your Masonry, etc., then attend not the Lodges. But if the Brethren will persecute you, bear it with patience; never forsake the church on account of their evil deeds. You have equal rights there. Do not, out of a spirit of contention, make it seem that you have more love of your secret Orders, than you have for Christ. All things must give way to Him. Endeavor to impress upon the minds of the Brethren, that the Christian Church is bound, by the authority of her Head, to do more for, and better by, her members, than any human organization is capable of doing; and that if she does not so, it is because she has fallen from her glorious position as the light of the world.

Finally, Brethren, be at peace. With me, a man is none the worse for being a Mason, Odd Fellow, Whig, Democrat, the president, professor, or student in a college, provided he obeys from the heart the highest and best of all commands, those of the Prince of Salvation. And if the churches will not do more and better for unfortunate mankind, than Lodges of Odd Fellows, etc., in the same neighborhoods, it will be more tolerable for Odd Fellows in the day of judgment, than for them. Brethren, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness!"

THE RELIGION OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Editor Companion: I do not propose, on this, or any other occasion, to prove that Odd Fellowship is a religious association. Far from it. On the contrary, I boldly aver, that no intelligent Odd Fellow has ever believed that it possesses any of the divine attributes of the Christian religion. Odd Fellowship is not Christianity. Nor does it profess to be. Yet it is an admirable moral institution, capable of exerting a tremendous moral power in every community where its glorious principles, sublime truths, and precious precepts are duly considered and fully exemplified in the life and conduct of its members. It enjoins upon every one

the practice of all the ennobling virtues of poor humanity. And, above all, it urges, with peculiar force, a strict conformity to the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do you even so unto them." If all men would square their actions by this simple rule, denominated "golden" from its intrinsic value, much of the misery and woe incident to human life would be banished from earth. But our beloved Order draws us into a still closer bond of union. It ignores the classifications, divisions and distinctions of society. It regards all men as equal, and establishes a universal brotherhood in the family of man. And in this brotherhood we are taught to wage an unceasing warfare against vice in all its forms. But to render success more certain in this unequal contest, our forces are officered, and clothed with distinctive badges of honor, indicative of their rank and position in the Order, thereby enabling them to wield an influence for good far more potent, than could be accomplished by any other method. Therefore, the world may learn that our badges of office are not designed for mere display, pomp or glory.

But, on the other hand, no exaltation of position, rank or influence, confers any exclusive privileges or benefits upon the possessor, other than those already indicated, which relate directly to the government of the Lodge. This is as it should be. In all ages of the world, corporate bodies of every kind have invariably had their rulers; and it is right that they should. So it is with Odd Fellowship. But Friendship, Love and Truth—the peculiar characteristics of our glorious affiliation—are so completely interwoven with the web of authority, as to mollify the severest sentence that may be passed upon any delinquent member for a violation of our laws, usages, or rules of order.

While Odd Fellowship lays no claim whatever to that hidden power, which saves the souls of dying mortals; yet it encourages a veneration for religion and enjoins the practice of all the virtues that adorn the human family.

It acknowledges the authority of the Holy Bible, and recommends it as "an integral part of every well regulated Lodge." It enforces, with peculiar emphasis, an ob-

servance of the Ten Commandments—great prominence is also given to the injunction, "Love your neighbor as yourself." Love to God, and love to man constitute prominent and distinctive features in our unexampled organization. With such a creed as this, is it possible for our noble Order to be inimical to the Christian religion, or promotive of infidelity, as has been unjustly alleged by those who have never crossed its threshold. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

How analogous the imperative command of Odd Fellowship: "To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." The cheerfulness and alacrity with which these duties are performed by the Brotherhood, are worthy of special commendation. Every community that is blessed with an Odd Fellows' Lodge, has witnessed, time and again, the deep solicitude, watchful care, and considerate attention given to the sick, distressed and bereaved of our beloved Order. How often the broken-hearted widow, and the indigent orphan have been relieved in the darkest hour of their grief, by the kind ministrations of a large-hearted Brotherhood, is known only to such as have experienced the endearments and solid comforts ordinarily bestowed in similar situations! Examples of this kind readily suggest themselves to all who are conversant with the practical bearings and benefits of Odd Fellowship.

We give to every departed Brother decent sepulture, and cherish a lively recollection of his noble virtues. Nor does our mission of love end with his death. Should he leave a widow and child, or children, they immediately become the especial objects of our present consideration and regard, and so far as it is possible to supply the place of a kind husband and fond father to the bereaved, our noble Order undertakes this mournful, yet pleasing duty. That she performs it highly creditable to herself, thousands and tens of thousands, who have experienced her deeds of untold kindness and human benefaction, gladly attest.

Notwithstanding all this, our noble Order requires no change of heart as a prerequisite for a full participation in all its immunities

and privileges. A belief in the existence of God, as the Author of our being, with the correlative duties arising therefrom, comprises all that is required of a candidate for the mysteries of Odd Fellowship. While it enjoins the practice of every virtue, and the avoidance of all vice, yet it has no standard of moral excellence which would place it upon a religious footing, or entitle it to any consideration whatever, as a religious organization.

No intelligent Odd Fellow expects to be saved by its power. All admit that its chief, if not its only, object is to ameliorate the condition of the human family. It aims to create a great brotherhood in the family of man, and to bring mankind into a closer bond of union everywhere. We are taught to regard each other as brothers, in the widest and most comprehensive sense of the word, so that, in all our intercourse, we may illustrate the beauty and truthfulness of a strict compliance with the sublime teachings of our Order. There is nothing in Odd Fellowship contrary to religion, sound morals, or good citizenship. On the other hand, every good Odd Fellow is, necessarily, a better citizen, more humane, more charitable, and more philanthropic. It develops the good, and essays to eradicate the evil in human nature. But, as previously asserted, it does not essay to do this through any other than natural instrumentalities; except so far as to suggest that every member read and apply the words of Divine Truth, according to his own unbiassed judgment.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that no Atheist can be admitted into our "sacred retreat"—that such tenets of religion as are held in common by all the various Protestant denominations in Christendom, are likewise held in common by Odd Fellows. It also gathers into its common fold the representatives of all the antagonistic Churches of the day. Still, there is not a single instance of discord, or lack of harmony growing out of the religious views and sentiments of its members. With the classifications and divisions of society, whether civil, political or religious, our Order holds no affiliation whatever. Hence, we find uninterrupted peace and harmony among the members, whose peculiar views of government and religion are as diverse as their individualities.

A prominent member of the Presbyterian Church in this place attributes his conviction to a train of thought suggested by the solemn and imposing ceremonies incident to his initiation into the Order. The initiation, ritually, is well calculated to impress the heart and conscience of the neophyte with a sense of his lapsed state. It is at once impressive and solemn. Others, in other jurisdictions, have doubtless been similarly affected. So much, however, for this isolated case.

But I have already exceeded the original limits allotted to myself in this letter, and therefore must forego the pleasure of writing any more at present. Hoping that a careful perusal of what is already written, may suffice to awaken in the minds of all a strong desire to become more familiar with the end, aims and objects of our glorious affiliation, I have the honor to be

Yours, fraternally,

J. C. WELCH.

NICHOLASVILLE, KY., June 15, 1868.

ON THE ROAD.

Reluctantly I left the Brothers of the thriving city of Monmouth, with whom I spent pleasant and never to be forgotten hours. Of their hall I can only say, that they own the most beautifully finished hall I have ever visited in the west. A pleasant ride of a few hours brought me once more to the west bank of the Father of Waters, to the busy city of Burlington, Iowa. After an hour's rest, I called upon that veteran worker, Grand Secretary Wm. Garrett, and found him busily attending to his duties as Clerk of the District Court of Des Moines County. From him I received a Brother's welcome, and spent an agreeable hour with him in social chat, after which I was introduced to some of the Brothers of the city. In the evening I visited Washington Lodge, No. 1, where was spent a pleasant hour in the work of the Order. This Lodge is in a prosperous condition, and its officers and members are worthy the name of true Odd Fellows. The Lodge has just completed a large reading room, where Brothers have access to the best literature of the day. They are adding many good men to the roll of their Lodge. Never, in the history of Odd Fellowship in the west, has the Order been as prosperous as it is at present. New

Lodges are springing up in every section of the state.

Brother Garrett has been Grand Secretary for the past sixteen years, and will be most certainly re-elected in a few days again to the exalted position he has so faithfully filled. Under his supervision, the Order must prosper, and harmony and Brotherly love prevail. For thirty-two years a resident of Burlington, he is a thorough Western man, and the office of Grand Secretary could be in no better hands. May he never grow weary, until called upon to report to the Grand Master above.

One of the first thoughts which arise in the mind of the traveler, as he steps upon the streets of a strange city, is: where can I find a good hotel. To all Brothers, who travel this way, I would say, stop with Bro. W. B. Lawrence, of the Lawrence House, one of the best hotels in the city. Bro. Lawrence is a landlord who is careful that his guests are provided with all the comforts necessary to make their sojourn pleasant. I would say that the keeper of the house is a man bent on hospitable intents—who looketh not after the flesh pots of Egypt, but turneth rather his eyes towards the stalls of butchers, and hucksters, so that the tables of that house are called good. Now, the people of the city should go therein, and those that come from afar: that their days may be pleasant in the land of the Hawk-Eyes.

Twenty miles west on the M. R. R. R. is situated the thriving young town of New London. A vigorous young Lodge is here located. Onward still I reached Mt. Pleasant—beautiful name and beautiful place—the pleasantest internal city of Iowa. The State Asylum for the Insane is located here. Many beautiful dwellings adorn the streets of the city. The population is some three thousand. The seeker after pleasure can find no more charming spot in the west, wherein to spend a few pleasant days, than in Mt. Pleasant. Two Lodges are located here, highly prosperous, with a large membership.

Twenty-five miles westward I reached Fairchild, a flourishing western town of several thousand. I here had the pleasure of meeting Bro. Thos. D. Evans, Grand Representative to the G. L. U. S., and would return thanks for favors received at his

hands. The visiting Brother stopping at Fairfield, should call upon W. S. Moore, a worthy Odd Fellow, who will ever do his utmost to make the visit pleasant. Made a short stop at Batavia, a small town twelve miles west. The Brothers here are about completing a new hall; not having a place of meeting, they feel anxious to resume work again. While here I enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. Henry S. Hall and his estimable lady. I was a stranger, and they took me in—an hungered, and they fed me, for which I shall always keep them in grateful remembrance.

At Agency City is located a healthy Lodge, composed of the best men in the community. The passing moments tell me I must be "on the road", so I will say, in the language of the Ledger, "to be continued".

Fraternally, JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

I. O. O. F. PICNIC.

The Odd Fellows' Library Association, of Newport, Ky., will give a Picnic on the 4th of July, at Odd Fellows' Grove, Taylor's Woods, for the benefit of the Library Fund. Tickets, at one dollar each—no extra charge for ladies or children—can be had from any member of the committee, or at Dr. Stone's Drugstore, corner Jefferson and York Sts., Newport; or at the office of the Kenton Fire Insurance Company, corner 5th and Madison Sts., Covington; or of Warren Kennedy, 160 Vine street, Cincinnati.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN, May 22, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Grand Encampment of this state held its annual session in this city of Elms on the 19th inst. The usual routine of business was gone through with, and the work was most superbly exemplified by Grand Representative Stuart, of the District of Columbia, after which the following officers were elected and installed:

- I. E. BIDWELL, of No. 6, Grand Patriarch.
- T. I. DRIGGS, of No. 20, Grand High Priest.
- S. D. FARRECHILD, of No. 1, Sen. Warden.
- L. A. THOMAS, of No. 1, Grand Scribe.
- S. H. HARRIS, of No. 1, Grand Treasurer.
- * C. C. NEWELL, of No. 6, Grand Junior Warden.
- G. L. TOWNSEND, of No. 20, Grand Representative.

The attendance was very good, and the

report of the Grand Scribe shows a large increase in the Patriarchal branch during the year.

In the evening we visited Harmony Lodge, No. 5, with Grand Master Botsford, and Grand Sire Sanders, who arrived during that day. The Grand Sire made a very appropriate address, and was followed by Grand Master Smith, of Rhode Island, Grand Representative Stuart, of the District of Columbia, and Grand Secretary Driscoll, of Rhode Island. P. G. Phelps, of the Lodge, was then presented with a silver water-pitcher by Meridan Center Lodge, through the Rev. J. T. Pettee, in a very happy manner, and responded to by Bro. Phelps, who was completely taken by surprise.

The next day the Grand Lodge held its annual session at ten o'clock. A large number were in attendance, it having been announced that the Grand Sire would be present. A committee was appointed to wait on the Grand Sire and request him to be present at the session; and, accompanied by Deputy Grand Sire Farnsworth, of Tennessee; Grand Master Smith, of Rhode Island; Grand Representative Stuart, of the District of Columbia; and Grand Secretary Driscoll, of Rhode Island, he was duly introduced to the Grand Lodge, and welcomed by Grand Master Botsford.

The business transacted was wholly of a local nature. The Grand Sire exemplified the work of the Order, and all appeared to be much interested in its exhibition. I believe this is the only instance where the Grand Sire and Deputy Grand Sire have both been present at a state Grand Lodge session.

The following officers were elected and installed for the year:

- C. C. JACKSON, of Birmingham, Grand Master.
- P. L. CUNNINGHAM, of Norwalk, Deputy Grand Master.
- J. W. SMITH, of Waterbury, Grand Warden.
- L. A. THOMAS, of New Haven, Grand Secretary.
- S. H. HARRIS, of New Haven, Grand Treasurer.

We should do great injustice to our Brothers in Connecticut, did we not return our thanks to them for their unbounded generosity and unremitting attentions to us dur-

ing our brief visit to their city, more especially to Grand Secretary Thomas and Grand Master Botsford, and we sincerely hope we may yet have the pleasure of reciprocating their kindness.

ELM TREE.

VISITING OR TRAVELING CARDS.

BY GRAND SEC. JNO. O. RAUM, OF NEW JERSEY.

Considerable diversity of opinion exists in different parts of the country as to the true intent of visiting or traveling cards. Some maintain that they can be used to visit in the state jurisdictions in which they were granted, which, from my understanding of the laws of the Order, is erroneous; a Noble Grand has no right to admit a Brother to his Lodge on a visiting card, if the Lodge granting it is located in the same state.

The card is, however, good evidence of the standing of a Brother, and if it is for a longer time than the existence of the term password in the state, the Noble Grand may, upon the card, give the Brother the term password, to enable him to visit in the state. The card is good, to visit upon, only outside of the state jurisdiction that granted it.

Article XVI of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States says:

"The members of the Order from each State, District or Territory, under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, shall be entitled to admission into the Lodges or Encampments of every other State, District or Territory, upon proving themselves according to the established work of the Order, and the production of a proper card."

Article XIV of the by-laws is as follows:

"No Brother can be admitted to visit or deposit his card in a Lodge or Encampment out of the State, District or Territory where he resides, unless he present a card as furnished under the signatures of the proper officers and seal of the Lodge or Encampment of which he is a member, and signed on the margin in his own proper handwriting, and prove himself in the T. P. W.," etc.

The committee who were appointed to get up a suitable card for the use of the several jurisdictions, under the authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in 1844, give their views as follows, as to the true intent and meaning of such cards:

"That any Brother in good standing may draw a visiting card, to be valid for any reasonable length of time, expressed on its face, and to be determined by the Lodge from which it is drawn, to enable him to visit Lodges while traveling or sojourning in States or other places without the limits of the jurisdiction in which his own Lodge may be located," etc. Jour. U. S., page 677.

This is the construction the committee themselves put upon them, and the Grand Lodge unanimously adopted their report with the construction, and we have no right at this late day, to put any other construction as to the intent of such cards, than that put upon their use by the Grand Lodge itself, as no subsequent action of that body has in any respect changed that construction.

Again: Article XXV of the constitution says: "The T. P. W.," which always accompanies a card, "is designed only for the use of Brethren who are traveling beyond the limits of the jurisdiction to which they belong."

There are some who argue that this word "jurisdiction" means the Lodge to which the Brother belongs. Now, this objection is almost too frivolous to notice, for in Odd Fellowship we understand jurisdiction to mean a State, District or Territory in which a Grand Lodge exists, and the 16th and 25th articles of the constitution, as well as the 14th by-law, and the various enactments of the Grand Lodge, fully bear out this idea.

In 1852, Grand Sire Moore made the following decision, which was sustained by the Grand Lodge:

"That the Noble Grand of a Lodge has not the right to admit a member belonging to another Lodge in his state jurisdiction, without the term password," etc. Jour. U. S., pages 1840, 1897, 1952.

Taking the constitution, by-laws and the various enactments of the Grand Lodge into consideration, I cannot see how any Noble Grand can admit any Brother, a member of a Lodge in his own state, to visit his Lodge upon a visiting card. If, however, the card runs for a longer time than the term password, he would be justified in giving it to him, and then admit him on that, but not the card.*

*We would be pleased to hear Bro. Willard's opinion on this question. Ed.

Ohio Department.

GRAND SECRETARY W. C. EARL, EDITOR.

DEDICATION, ETC.—Saturday, May 9th, by request, the writer delivered an address to the Odd Fellows and their friends, who were assembled in large numbers at Doylestown, Wayne Co., and dedicated the new hall of Beacon Lodge, No. 258.

This Lodge, but a few years ago, presented the appearance of a decaying branch, but now it is full of life and vigor. Its members are good, live men, who are interested in the work, and who will, we think, not be likely to falter.

In the evening, we had the pleasure of conferring the Degree of Rebekah. The Lodge-room was well filled, and we think a new interest was created in this truly beautiful Degree.

A NEW ENCAMPMENT.—On Friday, June 12th, we had the pleasure of being present at the institution of Earl Encampment, No. 105, at Clyde, in Sandusky county. The number of Patriarchs present from the Encampments at Sandusky, Tiffin, Fremont and Norwalk testified that there is a lively interest existing in the "tents" at those points.

This new Encampment was instituted by Grand Scribe Hubbell, and is in the hands of a set of men whose energy is sufficiently eulogized by the fact that within two years they have built up one of the best Lodges in northern Ohio, and one whose superior is not easily found anywhere.

Under a dispensation, there were eleven Brothers exalted to the Royal Purple, which, with the charter members, started them out with nineteen members. May their labors be crowned by results commensurate with their deserts.

LODGE CELEBRATION AND REBEKAH MEETING.—On Saturday, June 13th, by invitation, we met the Brethren of Monroe Lodge, No. 224, at Lucas, together with a goodly assemblage of "Rebekahs," and a splendid turnout of citizens in a pleasant grove near the village, where we found a display of the good and substantial things of life in such profusion, as banished all possible thoughts of famine.

After all had enjoyed themselves to the

full in this department, the assemblage was called to order, and after prayer by the Chaplain, and music by the choir and band, Brother Barnes was introduced to the audience by P. G. M. Lee, who was President of the day, and addressed those assembled briefly, but with remarks full of interest.

After this, Grand Secretary Earl was introduced, and spoke for three-quarters of an hour—not as an orator, a title to which he lays no claim, but in a plain manner—upon the subject of Odd Fellowship, its purposes, the duties of its members, and the importance of the Degree of Rebekah, after which the procession formed under the guidance of Bro. Parry as Marshal, and marched to the Lodge-room, where the "outsiders" were dismissed, and the Brothers and Sisters witnessed the conferring of the Rebekah Degree by Grand Secretary Earl.

The day, though quite warm, was beautiful and pleasant, the assemblage one of which the Order may well be proud, and the exercises passed off in so satisfactory a manner, that we hesitate not to say that its results must be beneficial. To the credit of the people of the village and surrounding country, we are happy to say that we believe that there was not a person visible that day exhibiting any signs of intemperance. The keeper of the only grocery in the place, at the request of a committee of the Lodge, closed his doors for the day, and thus closed the only avenue to intemperance. Would that he would never open his traffic again, and that all others would "go and do likewise."

On Saturday evening, we returned to Mansfield, where, until Monday morning, we found ourself the welcome guest of our good and noble hearted Brother, Past Grand Master Lee. Monday we returned home, and found our loved ones all well.

NEW LODGES.—Monday, June 1st, Kirkup Lodge, No. 401, was instituted at Walnut Hills (Cincinnati) by Grand Master Semple. We have no particulars of the occasion, but presume that they will be furnished by some one who was present.

We desire, however, to congratulate the Brothers on the selection of a name so honored by all who knew our late Brother Jos. Kirkup. Let them honor the name as he did the Order, and the measure of honest ambition will be filled.

Tuesday evening, June 2d, Toledo Lodge, No. 402, was instituted at Toledo by Grand Secretary Earl, assisted by Past Grands Miller, Gibbons and Waltz, of Fountain City Lodge, No. 314, and Draper, Avery and others of Wapaukonica Lodge, No. 38.

The charter was placed in the hands of good and energetic Brothers, and we can see no reason why abundant prosperity may not attend its progress.

The officers elected were: John Faskin, N. G.; M. I. Wilcox, V. G.; W. W. Lawton, Secretary; H. B. Pomeroy, Per. Secretary; T. J. Bodley, Treasurer.

THE SIGNS of the times are most encouraging. Our Order moves steadily onward—its banner is held firmly to the front—its principles are being daily more fully illustrated—hundreds of new and true hearts are enlisting in its support, and thus, day by day, its strength is on the increase. Such will continue to be its history, if we are but true to the sacred obligations we have taken. The destiny of the Order is in our hands—we are its shield and defenders. Dare we prove recreant to so holy a trust?

CELEBRATION.—The Odd Fellows in Gratiot are making great preparations for the fourth of July celebration, in which some dozen or fifteen Lodges from abroad are expected to participate. Dr. Reamy, of this city, will deliver the address, which of itself will call out a large number of the Brethren from this city. There will be a dinner, songs and other cheerful exercises, and a good time may be expected. — *Zanesville Times*.

GALLIPOLIS, MAY 27.—Our Lodge (Ariel, No. 156) is in a prosperous condition. We have initiated sixteen this term, with two elected and one petition—all of the right kind. The Camp (Golden Cross, No. 103) is also flourishing. It now numbers thirty-three members, which we consider very encouraging, as we have but one Lodge to draw from.

C. R. MINTURN.

CORNER-STONE LAYING.—The Order in Columbus propose to lay the corner-stone of the magnificent hall, now being built by them, on the fourth of July with the ceremonies of the Order. All the Lodges and Encampments in Ohio have been invited to take part in the ceremonies, and a big time is expected. Grand Master Semple will take

charge of the ceremonies; Rev. Bro. David H. Moore, of Zanesville, will deliver an address in the English language, and Rev. C. Haddæus, of Columbus, in the German language. The various railroads leading to Columbus will issue half-fare tickets on that day.

Maryland Department.

P. G. THOS. LUCY, A. M., EDITOR.

PRINTING THE SUSPENSIONS, ETC.

It is not a little remarkable how many things we do with some labor and pains that, when done, are of no use whatever. Our attention has been called to this in matters of the Order, by the remarks on suspensions and expulsions found in the able report of G. Rep's. Ellis and Marley, to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, of the proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States last session. They say:—

“Another subject of regret is found in the very large number of suspensions and expulsions reported by some jurisdictions for offences of the most grossly immoral character,—and that there must be great negligence or much inattention in such jurisdictions in the admission of men of unsound character to membership in the Order, or great laxity in the execution of those parts of our laws, that are designed to protect the Order from the intrusion into its Lodges of men unworthy of the privilege, and unfit for its fellowship.”

This whole subject requires considerable attention; but what we would at this time call attention to, is the printing of such reports in the proceedings of the G. L. of the U. S., and we do hope that at the next session of that body, now soon to be held, some Representative will be found willing to move that hereafter the G. R. and C. Secretary be instructed to omit all such reports in the Revised Journal.

In the first place, the thing is useless, for by the arrangements of reports many who are suspended for cause are re-instated before the Revised Journal containing these reports can be printed and distributed to the Lodges; hence, as a matter of reference, it becomes valueless, unless the re-instatements

be also printed and forwarded to the Lodges with the lists. But it is also productive of no particular good that we can see; the parties named are entirely unknown beyond the immediate jurisdiction of the Grand Body reporting them, and scarcely any one reads over the lists, except, indeed, it may be for a little amusement at the strange causes sometimes given; no use seems to be ever made of the compilation, and none is required, for the regulations and work of the Order are such that all these members are effectually excluded from visiting, or, in fact, from doing ought to the injury of any Lodge or the Order; and if in any case they might be found in any way ineffectual, this printed report annually in the Revised Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States would be of little avail, being either too late or too indefinite, having nothing but the name to go by, which might easily be changed by one who was traveling out of his jurisdiction. In short, no Lodge takes any note of these reports, and they encumber the book and add to its expense for nothing.

In the second place, such publications are impolitic. The Revised Journal is prepared so that it can be, and is, circulated publicly—that is, it may be read by those who never were members of the Order. This is all right and proper; we desire to place our principles and legislation open before the world; there is nothing in either that we may not be proud, and justly proud of. We speak of our Order as one of decided morality, we point to our laws, our restrictions on admissions, and we ask the reader to do us justice and lay down his prejudices, if he have any, against the membership of the Order; and after having so carefully and truthfully depicted the workings of Odd Fellowship, so that a stranger is ready to say: "this is really a noble institution, an honor to the country, and a credit to the neighborhood in which it has found a lodgement;" but he turns over the pages at the back of the book, and what does he find every year—why a long string of names of Odd Fellows suspended or expelled for some of the worst crimes that are known to the community; and he naturally asks, how could such men gain admission, if they were such abandoned characters; or if moral men when they joined, what can there be in the

actual teachings or practices of the institution, to make them such men? Nor is the difficulty easy to explain away; and he lays down the book anything but satisfied; the Order suffers, and our own men are dissatisfied with such an expose or illustration of the inner workings of the membership. The subject has had but little consideration, or it would long ago have been seen to be a useless and impolitic arrangement; so we hope some one, who has the opportunity, will devote five minutes at the next session of our supreme tribunal to have the printing of these infamous actions of some Odd Fellows omitted, or obtain a good reason for its continuance. If it really is essential to the prosperity of the Order, or any decided advantage to the Lodges composing it, by all means let us know it, or abandon it as an evil, and turn our minds more seriously than ever to remedying the matter at home, by holding Lodges responsible for conferring the secrets and the privileges of the Order on immoral men. The present mode of publication is simply a mortification to every good Odd Fellow who loves the Order.

LODGE MATTERS.

OFFICIAL VISITATIONS.—Grand Master J. Q. Herring and Grand Secretary Escaville commenced the first of a series of official visits to the Lodges on Saturday, the 6th of June. Prospect Lodge, No. 110, at Phoenix, Baltimore County, was thus the recipient of the Grand Officers, and received a full and animated course of instructions in both the written and unwritten work, a plan which is now becoming quite general in Maryland, and is found of the greatest advantage to Lodges and members, and from the attendance of this little way-side Lodge, we have every hope of great success in Odd Fellowship on this plan.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.—The Grand Lodge of Maryland, at its session of 1866, resolved that a silver medal should be prepared, with a suitable inscription, to be presented by the Grand Master to such Brothers as shall have performed the duties of Degree Master in the Degree Lodges in Baltimore during two or more successive terms, and who are recommended to him for this complimentary distinction by the Lodge over which they have presided; and pursuant to

this order, Grand Secretary Escaville, by request of the Grand Master, made the first formal presentation of the medal referred to on Joseph Vansant, P. D. M. of Baltimore Degree Lodge, No. 1, for his faithful attention to important duties in Degree work, and for which no other honors are established. The presentation was made in the Grand Secretary's happiest manner, before a large attendance of Scarlet Degree members.

On Tuesday, the 18th ult., a similar medal was conferred on Henry D. Forman, of Escaville Degree Lodge, No. 2, by Grand Master Herring. We have long needed some acknowledgment of the valuable services of the officers of Degree Lodges, and these medals partly supply the want.

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—On the 25th of June, another Encampment was instituted at Hereford, Baltimore County, by dispensation from the Grand Patriarch. The new Encampment will be known as ——— Encampment, No. 22, and is another proof of the great advance being now made everywhere in our State in the higher Degrees.

Indiana Department.

EARLY RECORDS IN INDIANA.

We will commence, in the August number of the "Companion," the publication of a series of interesting sketches of the early history of Odd Fellowship in Indiana, from the pen of our talented contributor, Past Grand John W. McQuiddy, of New Albany.

OUR MOTTO.

"Friendship, Love and Truth," is a motto of our Fellowship, and as such is constantly recognized by the members of the Order, and even the outside world understand it and seemingly agree that we shall monopolize this motto. But especially our members look on it as belonging to us, for it is kept constantly before us. It is placed over a principal chair in the Lodge-room, for us to look at before we commence our labors, and while engaged in them. It is recognized as a motto in the opening charge of the N. G., in the beautiful ode sung in opening, and in the prayer offered up to the Supreme Architect of the Universe by the Chaplain; in the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, for

he always closes them with "In F., L. & T.;" and as one question after another is proposed in the regular business of the Lodge for the evening, the principles involved in this motto are constantly brought before us.

In the mysteries of initiation, as they are unfolded to the learner, it is frequently referred to and impressed upon the heart; and so, as step after step is taken in the Order in receiving the Degrees, these principles are referred to and enforced. Charity is taught in the First Degree in such a way, as to illustrate this motto in a beautiful manner. In the Second or Covenant Degree, mutual relief is enforced with an illustration that develops the principles of the motto. The narrative of David and Jonathan sets forth *pure friendship*—friendship that is worthy of the name, as manifested on the part of one toward the other. Love, that seemingly had no flaws in it, and was, indeed, as the touching elegy of David intimates, "Stronger than the love of woman." Truth, as full of moral grandeur as any record that has ever been made in the history of man for man. So the Third or Royal Blue Degree, though devoted especially to friendship, as it illustrates with the interesting record of the great Lawgiver of Israel, keeps all the principles of the motto before the mind, for while Moses practiced friendship to and with his countrymen, he set forth the principle of love in its finest form, and developed the cardinal virtue of Truth. The Fourth or Remembrance Degree, though devoted especially to love—*universal love*—a love that bounds over party lines and distinctions, and recognizes the great law of the great Teacher: "Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you;" yet the other two principles of the motto are recognized and enforced in their purest and strongest form. And so the Fifth or Scarlet Degree, though devoted to truth, yet keeps up before us the other two principles of the motto. Here in the Initiatory and the five Degrees we have the different parts of the motto given as principles in all their different phases and forms.

If we pass into the Encampment, we shall see them there; for though Faith, Hope and Charity, as distinguished virtues, are alluded to by the emblem of the Three Pillars, yet the three Encampment Degrees are devoted to

the three principles of our motto, Friendship, Love and Truth; and they keep them ever before the mind and incite to practice on them. Friendship, as practiced in hospitality to a stranger in need, is the illustration given from the record of the illustrious Patriarch; then Love, to the exclusion of bigotry and illiberality, and to the fostering of religious toleration, is set forth as the grand gospel maxim or Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Then Truth is set forth and exemplified again by giving faithfully needed help and support in a time of trial and danger.

Every communication that is directed to a Lodge and its officers from another Lodge, is subscribed with this motto; communications that are written for Odd Fellow publications for insertion, are closed up in the same way; and usually, when an Odd Fellow writes a friendly letter to an Odd Fellow friend, he subscribes himself "Yours, in F., L. & T."

May the banner on which this motto is inscribed soon be unfurled to the breezes in all lands, and the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth be practiced by men everywhere. Then would one law soon bind all nations, kindred and tongues of the earth, and that law be the law of Universal Brotherhood.

THE GRAND LODGE.

Since my last communication, the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of this jurisdiction have met and transacted the business of the semi-annual communications, and already our excellent Grand Secretary has secured the publication of the doings of the communication, and is sending them out to the Lodges.

The reports of the Grand Officers are model reports, and exhibit a term of almost unequalled prosperity for the Order. Nine new Lodges, that were chartered at the last session, have been organized, and are now in successful operation, and have made their first report and sent up their first Representatives to the Grand Lodge; two defunct Lodges have been resuscitated, and have reported at this communication; and, in addition, dispensations were granted for five new Lodges, making in all, during the term, an increase of sixteen Lodges.

FRATERNAL GREETINGS.—During the ses-

sion, fraternal greetings of the Grand Lodge of the Order in Connecticut were received in a telegram, and under the direction of the Grand Lodge, our Grand Secretary acknowledged the receipt of the same, and in a telegram sent the cordial greetings of our Grand Lodge in reply. And, duplicating the telegram, he sent the same to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in session at Pittsburgh, which was received and replied to by their Grand Secretary.

This is as it ought to be; if ecclesiastical bodies, political conventions, and the law-making bodies of different countries send to each other greetings, surely a great Order like ours, engaged, as we are, in a great work—all alike looking to the fraternizing of the world—should be on the most friendly terms, and develop a true fellow-feeling.

CHANGES IN GENERAL LAWS.—In accordance with the suggestion of our Grand Master in his report, the dues from Subordinates to the Grand Lodge are changed from ten per cent. to six per cent. Our Grand Lodge is in a condition to justify this reduction, and the Lodges all over the state will appreciate the action. The Grand Master also recommended that that per cent. be only on the Degree fees after the per cent. that is due to Degree Lodges, when they exist, has been paid; but the Grand Lodge, deeming that inexpedient, did not follow his suggestion in that respect.

REPRESENTATIVE DUES.—The Grand Lodge ordered the striking out from the general laws: "That no Representative shall be paid a greater amount for mileage and per diem, than the amount paid by his Lodge for the term preceding the representation." This change will probably secure a representation from weak Lodges in distant parts of the state from Indianapolis.

CHARTERS FOR NEW LODGES.—Charters were granted for six new Lodges, to be located respectively at Bainbridge, Putnam county; Boston, Wayne county; Daleville, Delaware county; Oakland City, Gibson county; Eminence, Morgan county; New Philadelphia, Washington county.

Having made my communication sufficiently lengthy for the space you can allot to Indiana, with the contributors you have here, I subscribe myself,

Yours, in F., L. & T., T. G. B.

ANNUAL SESSIONS.

NEW ALBANY, June 19, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Grand Lodge of this state now holds two communications each year. For some time back there has been a party in that body, who favor the abolition of the semi-annual communication, and, although the question has been before the Grand Lodge, all attempts in that direction have been unsuccessful. The pleasure and fraternal intercourse with the Brethren of the different portions of the state, who attend the meetings of the Grand Lodge, are of a peculiar nature, and one that we are loth to see abridged. There are a large number of Past Grands who look forward to these meetings with a great deal of pleasure, and very strong arguments will have to be brought to bear to convince them that it would be for the benefit of the Order to dispense with the semi-annual session; but the recent session in May demonstrated the fact very plainly, that that body was getting so large, that the large hall at Indianapolis would not afford sufficient accommodation for the increase in the attendance, and that some legislation will be necessary to reduce the representation. There are upwards of three hundred officers passed every six months; nearly all of whom are sent to the Grand Lodge as Representatives, and the liberal legislation of that body in regard to mileage and per diem, renders an expenditure of about \$3,000 necessary to meet the expense of that item alone. The percentage being reduced to 6 per cent., will lessen the receipts below the amount required to meet the expenses of each session. This being the fact, it will be seen that the representation must undergo a change, or annual communications be established. Now the question arises, which is the most practicable? which will redound most to the benefit and interests of the Order? Is it best to expend three or four thousand dollars, which would be of immense benefit to some of our weaker Lodges, if permitted to remain in their treasuries; or deprive the Lodges of a part of their representation?

These are questions that call for thorough investigation and calm deliberation; they are vital to the prosperity, not only of the Grand Lodge, but of the Subordinate Lodges as well. That this subject will be brought before the Grand Lodge at no dis-

tant day, no one, who is at all conversant with the necessities of the case, will for a moment doubt, and it will be well for the Brethren to think of the matter, that they may be better prepared to give an intelligent vote upon the subject, when it may come up for legislation.

ITEMS.

— Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city, is being renovated, and when the contemplated repairs are completed, the Lodge-room will present a much improved appearance. Our latch-string is always hanging out, and all transient Brethren are cordially invited to give us a call while visiting our city.

NEW HALL AT ATTICA.—The Brethren at Attica, Fountain county, dedicated their splendid new hall on the 17th inst. This is spoken of as one of the finest halls in that portion of the state. Attica contains many noble specimens of earnest Odd Fellows, and we are pleased to know, that the Order is in a very prosperous condition in that locality.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.—The Association of this city have extended the benefits of the society to the members of Lodges in several of the surrounding counties, and contemplate a still further extension, so as to include the second Congressional district. This will be appreciated by the members of the Order who belong to small country Lodges, which are isolated and would never be able to derive any benefit from these Associations. There is no good reason why the city Lodges should not extend to country Lodges the benefits of these societies. A Brother has to pay his admittance fee when he is received as a member, and he ceases to be a member when he does not pay assessments, and the Association would not be in any worse condition, were these privileges not extended. This subject is one that, like life insurance, the Brethren are apt to put off from time to time, and need to be constantly reminded of, or else they will fail to connect themselves with the Association, and death, who waits for no man, will enter his household and deprive it of its support, and his widow and orphans be deprived of the assistance which these societies so surely confer.

The Association in this city now numbers about two hundred, and with the additional

territory contemplated, will increase it in the course of the year to near one thousand. We hope to see these associations increase, and if any of the Brethren desire information in regard to them, they will be furnished with a copy of the constitution by addressing R. Robertson, the Secretary of the Association, in this city. Fraternally,
J. W. Mc.

HALL DEDICATION.—The new hall of Teutonia Lodge, No. 210, in Laporte was dedicated to the purposes of the Order on the 16th of June, Grand Secretary Barry officiating. After the ceremonies, Brother Barry delivered an eloquent address. The Brothers then formed in procession and marched to a grove near town. Here Bro. Barry delivered another address, followed by Chaplain Crary, of South Bend Lodge, No. 29; Past Grand Samuel Weil closed with a German speech. Then a splendid dinner, prepared by the Daughters of Rebekah, followed, after which the procession was again formed and returned to town. The festivities closed with a ball in the evening.

Illinois Department.

FUNERAL AID ASSOCIATIONS.

Associations of this nature, under names somewhat varied, seem to be springing up quite generally throughout this region.

One has recently been organized at Ottawa, designed to include members of all Lodges in the vicinity.

The Chicago Brethren have formed the "Odd Fellows' Protective Association of Illinois," and invite members from all parts of the state to join them. Admission fee, \$2.25; funeral assessments, \$1.25; funeral benefit, upon the decease of a member, an amount equal to \$1.00 for each member of the association. The officers are:—Dr. T. D. Fitch, President; H. L. Marks, Vice President; R. H. Jordan, Secretary; J. Ward Ellis, Treasurer. The affairs are managed by a board of fifteen Trustees.

It seems not unlikely that these various organizations may eventually be consolidated into a general Odd Fellow's Life Insurance Association. Risks confined to members of the Order would be much less hazardous than the average of those of com-

panies generally, and the business could be conducted much more economically, thus greatly reducing the premiums.

Another thing we have thought of in connection with insurance is a mutual fire insurance company for Lodge and Encampment property. Such a company could be very readily organized and would need but little machinery. Let all Encampments and Lodges that choose to do so put in their property (hall, regalia, furniture, etc.), at a fair valuation. Whenever one meets with a loss by fire, let all be assessed prorata to make up the amount. We should thus do away with begging circulars in such cases, and the whole matter would be conducted on an equitable business basis.—*The Memento*.

ITEMS.

—Bro. W. H. Brewster kindly sends us a lengthy account of the institution of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 374, in East St. Louis, from which we condense:

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 374, was instituted on the 16th of May, by Special Deputy, P. G. George F. Adams, assisted by Past Grand Master A. S. Barry, Past Grand J. Hyatt, and Past Grand F. Walters, of Alton; and by Past Grand Master Isaiah Forbes, and Past Grand William H. Brewster, of St. Louis. The following officers were installed: J. W. Chapman, N. G.; William A. Knight, Vice Grand; A. B. Armstrong, Recording Secretary; John Izette, Treasurer. The other subordinate and appointed officers were also duly installed in the respective stations.

After the ceremony of installation, the Lodge now in proper working order, four candidates for membership were introduced and solemnly initiated into the mysteries and work of Odd Fellowship in the presence of the officers and members of sister Lodges. After the initiation, the Lodge was closed at a reasonable hour for the purpose of giving time to the visitors for rest and refreshment after the evening work.

The following Lodges were represented by their principal officers and members:

Alton, No. 2, Six Mile, No. 87, Germania, No. 299; Germania, No. 3, St. Louis, No. 5, Excelsior, No. 13, Missouri, No. 11, Wingenund, No. 27, Pride of the West, No. 138, Concordia, No. 128, Washington, No. 24, of St. Louis, Mo.; Belle-

ville, No. 338, Enterprise, No. 369, of Belleville, Illinois; Metropolitan, No. 108, of Centralia, Illinois, and many other individual representatives of the different Lodges of Missouri and Illinois.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 374, I. O. O. F., of Illinois, as it is now entitled to be hailed, enters upon favorable and flattering auspices, and before the close of the year will become an influential and prosperous organization.

—We understand that the members of the Subordinate Lodges in Belleville, intend to organize an Encampment at that place soon.

From the "Memento" we copy:

MONMOUTH. — On Thursday, May 7th, Grand Scribe Nason, as Special Deputy of the Grand Patriarch, accompanied by Patriarchs Briggs, Beers, Clark, Bell, Burgess, Hempstreet, White, Kubits, and Doll, of Galesburg, visited Monmouth, for the purpose of instituting Hiawatha Encampment, No. 87. We found all in readiness, and the work of instituting the Encampment and installing officers was soon completed.

After this was done, petitions were received and acted upon, and six candidates were introduced and instructed in the Degrees of the Patriarchal branch of the Order. In all this work the Galesburg Patriarchs took part, and showed by their proficiency that they have not been idle since the revival of their own Encampment.

Hiawatha Encampment starts out with thirteen members, backed by a Lodge having a membership of more than one hundred, most of whom have their eyes turned longingly toward the Tent of the Patriarchs. The Lodge owns the hall in which it meets, which is large, commodious, and well furnished. We have never visited a town where Odd Fellowship seemed to be more highly prized by the members, or the Order to be more respected by the citizens generally. The Brothers have long been intending to organize an Encampment, but have wisely deferred carrying out their intention until they had their hall completed and could see their way clear through the indebtedness incurred in its erection.

The officers elected and installed in the Encampment are: J. G. Madden, C. P.; Wm. L. Smiley, H. P.; T. O. Hamsher, S. W.; C. W. Palmer, Scribe; Jeremiah McGrew, Treasurer; Robert Y. Frew, J. W.

GRAYVILLE.—Our Encampment progresses

slowly, but fully as well as we expected. We shall shortly have a lot more of initiations. Every one is highly pleased with that branch of the Order, and we think it a valuable adjunct of the Lodge.

J. ED. CLARKE.

NOTES FROM THE GRAND PATRIARCH.—I visited Somonauk April 16th. I had a very pleasant visit, was cordially received and kindly treated; found some good Brothers; assisted in conferring the three Degrees, instructed them in all the work, and gave them the best advice I could. All seemed harmonious.

From Geneseo, C. P. Ramsey writes me, "We are getting along well; hold weekly meetings; have now 22 members—all good men, such as all can have the fullest confidence in, and all are interested in the welfare of the Encampment. We aim not to work rapidly, but *well*, and we do not forget that numbers alone do not constitute strength."

I learn indirectly that No. 86 (Tonica) is working very successfully, as I presumed would be the case. I have no definite information from No. 85 (Lacoo), but do not doubt that it is flourishing.

—Bro. Williamson, of No. 23, informs us that his Lodge is initiating members to form a Lodge at Plainfield, eight miles west of Lockport, in the same county. He writes: "I hesitate not to say that they are men of the right stamp to make good Odd Fellows." Bro. W. is a judge of the article. He also informs us that Bro. Case, of 23, residing at Lemont, a village some eight miles up the road to Chicago from Lockport, is moving with some other old members for a Lodge in their place, and hope to start in a few months.

GRAND HIGH PRIEST JAS. MAGUIRE.

Through one of those unaccountable mistakes, which will occasionally happen, to the chagrin of everybody concerned, we omitted from the list of officers of the Grand Encampment of Ohio the name of our talented Brother, Grand High Priest James Maguire, of Cincinnati. This is the more annoying, since Bro. Maguire, during the absence of Grand Patriarch Turner in England, is acting as the chief executive officer of the Encampment Branch in this state.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

BURLINGTON, June 14, 1868.

Editor Companion: D. D. Grand Patriarch S. S. Winall, of Dubuque, on the 13th day of May, instituted Azur Encampment, No. 37, at Manchester. Patriarch Winall writes me that P. P. Ph. Rupert and others of Dubuque assisted him; that they had a very pleasant trip to Manchester, and that the prospects of Azur, No. 37, are good. They initiated three, advanced two, and exalted one. The officers elected and installed are: J. Phillips, C. P.; R. W. Firrell, H. P.; G. R. Buckley, S. W.; E. Graham, J. W.; W. N. Boynton, Scribe; and C. F. Horton, Treasurer.

The two Encampments at Dubuque are prospering finely.

I have a petition from former Patriarchs and others for the return of the charter and effects of Albia Encampment, No. 19, located at Albia, Monroe county. This Camp had to surrender its charter during the war; but, if re-instated, they promise to sustain and build up a good, prosperous Camp.

Grand Patriarch Gundaker writes me that State Camp, No. 3, at Davenport, has now 89 Patriarchs in good standing; they initiated 24 so far this term, and the cry is, "still they come." Scott Lodge, No. 37, (German) has 260 members, a gain of 16 this term; Davenport, No. 7, has 160 members, gain 13 this term; so there are 420 members at Davenport. The Grand Patriarch says: "My correspondence with the Encampments throughout the state shows that the good work goes bravely on, and that the year 1868 will be a regular harvest for our Order in the state of Iowa."

Bro. Butler, Secretary of Northern Light Lodge, No. 156, Monona, Clayton County, writes me that the Lodge was organized November 5th, 1867, with six charter members; they now number 23, with a good prospect for the future. Their attendance is good—hall plainly but neatly fitted up—*debts all paid and money in the treasury.*

Bro. Brice, N. G. of Enterprise Lodge, No. 159, writes: "Our Lodge is steadily in-

creasing in numbers and interest, and I have no doubt but we can sustain a good working Lodge in this village, Talleyrand, Keokuk county."

Bro. Adams, Secretary of Sigourney Lodge, No. 98, under date of June 15th, says his Lodge is doing finely.

Bro. Cowles, of Empire Lodge, No. 31, at Fort Madison, writes that his Lodge is prospering finely—that they have initiated five this month, and two more elected.

I have a letter from Bro. Stein, of Muscatine Lodge, No. 5; he writes me that they will petition in a few days for the return of the charter, books and effects of said Lodge, and that he is satisfied they will be able to sustain a prosperous Lodge at Muscatine. That city was for several years the seat of the Grand Lodge—from its organization, May 1st, 1848, to October, 1852—and at that time we had semi-annual sessions, in July and January; but in 1852 the constitution was changed, and since then we have had annual sessions, and your correspondent was elected Grand Secretary in October, 1852. I hope the prediction of Bro. Stein may prove true, and that old Muscatine Lodge, No. 5, may yet prosper, as she did in the early years of Odd Fellowship in the state, and that we may yet meet those old familiar faces in the Grand Lodge, that we did in those years.

On May 21st, the Grand Master granted a dispensation to institute Melrose Lodge, No. 163, at Melrose, Monroe county, and on the 11th of June D. D. Grand Master C. W. Bowen instituted said Lodge. Bro. Bowen writes me that, assisted by P. G.'s Glenn and Martin, of No. 76, N. G. Allen and several other Brothers of No. 108, he, on the 11th of June, instituted said Lodge, and installed their officers elect in public: Wm. Spurling, N. G.; J. F. Evans, V. G.; and W. A. Mathis, Secretary. Bro. Bowen says: "I gave them all the instructions I could, promising them to visit them again soon. They are active and energetic, and will soon have a strong and busy hive of Odd Fellows, I trust. After the exercises, we were taken in tow by Bros. Fleming and Evans, and conducted to an adjacent room and well feasted on the substantial and delicacies of the season, and after a pleasant hour thus spent, at a late hour of the night, we separated, carrying with us a pleasant recollec-

tion of the generous hospitality of the Brethren of Melrose Lodge, No. 163."

On the 1st day of June, we issued a dispensation to institute Lynnville Lodge, No. 164, at Lynnville, Jasper county, and I suppose that D. D. G. M. Howard will institute the Lodge some time this month.

On the 10th issued a dispensation to institute National Lodge, No. 165, Charles City, Floyd county; and when instituted, will give you an account of it.

I have letters from three or four places making inquiry in regard to establishing Lodges.

Michigan Department.

DETROIT, June 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: Since my last, Escanoba Lodge, No. 118, has been started. Escanoba is north of Green Bay, Wisconsin, and in the Upper Peninsula of this state. A dispensation has also been granted for a new Lodge at Manistee, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, away up in the "North Woods," but a fine, flourishing lumber-town, surrounded by a rich agricultural settlement.

Burnett Lodge, No. 119, at St. Joseph, Berrien Co., has been instituted, with Hon. A. H. Morrison as N. G., and a number of the first men of the town as charter members.

A petition has been received for a new Lodge at Plainville, Allegan county.

The "Ancients" of Fentonville Lodge are working to revive their Lodge.

Fayette Lodge, No. 16, at Jonesville, has been resuscitated, with the Hon. George C. Monroe as N. G.

New Encampments are projected in half a dozen places. Thus, you see, we are steadily progressing in this part of the vineyard.

It is cheering to witness the healthy growth of our Order everywhere; and a sure indication of it is the steady growth of the "Companion." I did not expect, after so many, to see you announce still another enlargement; but so it is, and I am rejoiced to see your efforts so well appreciated by the Fraternity. Nothing will tend to the upbuilding of our noble structure more than the general diffusion of the principles and objects of our Order, as promulgated through its literature. It is, therefore, the duty of

every Brother who can, to patronize the publications devoted to Odd Fellowship, and extend their circulation as widely as possible—not only among the membership, but outside of it—for the "Companion" is worth its cost as a choice family magazine, independent of its department devoted to the Order.

REBEKAH.

Your offering of that most beautiful chromo of "Rebekah at the Well" to the subscribers of the fourth volume of the "Companion" will be very acceptable and appropriate at this time, when there is a growing interest in that beautiful and sublime Degree. Throughout this jurisdiction this Degree is growing in popularity, where it has ever been popular. I have never abated my enthusiasm for it, since I first received it from the hands of its maker, the Hon. Bro. Schuyler Colfax, in the then small village of South Bend, Indiana, soon after it was adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States. No one can receive or study this Degree without feeling that its inception was inspired by the angel of love and mercy, and its framework admirably finished for use. Its principles can never die, and may its author live to a good old age.

NEW LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT CHARTERS.

For some reason, the Grand Lodge of the United States has not been able to furnish charters for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments for these many years past, and State Grand Lodges—at least this has been the case with this jurisdiction—have had to depend upon the enterprise of individual publishers for a supply, and at last it has been found difficult to get orders filled anywhere. I believe some publishing house in Philadelphia has heretofore printed charters, and also some one in Upper Canada, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Ontario.

To many of the forms heretofore published there have been objections, and perhaps it will be impossible to produce one that will suit everybody; but the difficulty of getting orders filled for every kind when wanted, induced our Grand Lodge to authorize our Grand Secretary, Benj. Vernor, Esq.,

to get up and publish a form for the wants of this state.

The job is now in the hands of the "Colvert Lithographing and Map Publishing Co.," and will be completed in due time. From the good taste of Bro. Vernor, and the well-known skill of the Colvert Co., we anticipate something superior to anything heretofore produced. As the preparation of the stone upon which they are printed costs several hundred dollars, and it cannot be kept for future use, Bro. Vernor will have printed about 300, exclusively for this state—enough to supply the demand for several years. For the information of other states, I will say that while the printing is being done, orders can be filled for them at not to exceed two dollars per copy, if sent to Bro. Vernor in time. The copies for this state will contain the state coat of arms, and for other states, the same of their jurisdiction, if they desire it.

Yours, † † †

Missouri Department.

St. Louis, May 30, 1868.

Editor Companion: The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Missouri was held here on the 19th inst., and was called to order by Grand Master J. W. Barrett. The attendance was larger than at any previous session, nearly every Lodge in the jurisdiction being represented.

The Grand Master reports twenty-one new Lodges organized and three old ones revived during his term, and says:

"At no time in our past history have we witnessed a more rapid and substantial growth, never greater devotion on the part of our membership to the pure principles and ennobling purposes of Odd Fellowship, and it affords me sincere pleasure to congratulate you on the present occasion upon the favorable auspices under which you have assembled. The large number and high character of the Representatives before me will alone afford a living commentary upon the status of Odd Fellowship within this jurisdiction.

"From the recent reports of the several installing officers, it appears that, with two or three exceptions, all the Lodges in the state are enjoying a high degree of prosperity. All concur in the statement that the Order is working harmoniously, and increasing in numbers and usefulness."

Grand Secretary Chas. C. Archer, in his

annual report of the condition of the Lodges, gives the following summary:

No. of members last report.....	5,029
Initiations	1,290
Admitted by card.....	470
Re-instatements	168
Withdrawn by card.....	334
Suspensions	267
Expulsions.....	32
Deaths.....	68
Contributing members	6,256
Past Grands.....	1,190
Rejections.....	207
Revenue.....	\$59,285.45
Amount in treasury.....	30,141.03
Investments	129,927.06
Total assets April 1, 1868.....	219,353.54
No. of Brothers relieved.....	409
" wid'd fam. relieved.....	171
" Brothers buried.....	57
Paid for relief of Brothers.....	\$8,521.45
" wid'd families....	4,790.95
" education of orphans....	2,849.65
" burying the dead.....	2,066.50

Total relief.....\$18,228.55

From the foregoing we find the following increase:

Membership	1,227
Revenue.....	\$12,498.38
Amount in treasury.....	3,997.47
Investments	19,445.47

Total increase of assets.....\$35,941.32

The above statements of relief do not include the amounts donated by Lodges to various objects of charity, which have been presented to them, and relief furnished members of the Order from other jurisdictions.

The total amount contributed for the relief of Lodges in the southern states was \$1,007.15. There was also raised for the relief of sufferers by yellow fever in Louisiana and Texas the sum of \$1,052.

The finances of the Grand Lodge are represented in a satisfactory condition. Receipts from all sources are as follows:

For per centage from Lodges.....	\$2,958.55
Charter fees.....	660.00
Supplies.....	570.86
Rent of Seventh Street Lot.....	200.00
Dividend on stock in Odd Fellows' Hall	610.75
Received from defunct Lodges.....	15.20

Total.....\$5,015.36
Balance in treasury May 21, 1867.. 1,165.25

\$6,180.61
Disbursements

Balance in treasury.....\$2,484.36

The following officers of the Grand Lodge

of Missouri were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

H. H. BODMAN, St. Louis, Grand Master.
JARED E. SMITH, Jefferson City, Deputy Grand Master.

E. BIXBY, Sedalia, Grand Warden.
E. M. SLOAN, St. Louis, Grand Secretary.
W. H. THOMPSON, St. Louis, Grand Treasurer.

J. W. BARRETT, Canton, Grand Representative.

REV. SAMUEL HUFFMAN, Savannah, Grand Chaplain.

P. J. MISSEY, Kansas City, Grand Marshal.

G. L. POPLIN, Poplar Bluff, Grand Conductor.

P. P. ELLIS, Danville, Grand Guardian.
A. E. WILKERSON, Platte City, Grand Messenger.

Past Grand Master Charles C. Archer, who has served in the important and arduous capacity of Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Missouri for the past seven years, declined the nomination for re-election to that office, at the recent session of the Grand Lodge in this city. During Bro. Archer's several terms of office, we have had occasion at different times to acknowledge many courtesies and facilities afforded us to gain information of importance relative to the Order which he has served with rare ability and untiring industry.

The Grand Encampment met in annual session on the 21st inst., and was called to order by M. C. Libby, Grand Patriarch. All the Grand Officers were present, and a large representation from the different Encampments. The Grand Patriarch reported two new Encampments organized, and three old ones revived during his term.

Grand Scribe John Libby, in presenting his report, says:

"In presenting my annual report, I congratulate the members of the Grand Encampment* on the increasing prosperity of this branch of our Order. The heart of every good Odd Fellow will be glad to know that in our state the Patriarchs are true to the high principles of the Order, and that the Patriarchal department of our great fraternal family is in the ascendant. * * * At no time during my long connection with the Grand Encampment, as one of its officers, have the semi-annual reports been made with so much promptitude and correctness, or been more full of promise, hope, and encouragement, than for the term ending March 31st, 1868."

Several amendments to the constitution were proposed by the Committee on Revision

and adopted, but none of a general character.

The Grand Encampment is now in possession of a splendid set of regalia for the use of their officers.

The following officers were elected and installed:

R. J. WISE, St. Joseph, Grand Patriarch.
REV. S. HUFFMAN, Savannah, Grand High Priest.

J. JOHANN, St. Louis, Grand Senior Warden.

T. W. SNEYMOUR, St. Louis, Grand Junior Warden.

A. G. TREVOR, St. Louis, Grand Scribe.
W. BERRY, St. Louis, Grand Treasurer.
W. MCCLELLAN, Hannibal, Grand Sentinel.

The proceedings of both Grand Bodies show an increased interest in the Order in this state, and with a steadfast determination to carry out the principles of Odd Fellowship.

Fraternally,

GEO. F. ADAMS.

Pennsylvania Department.

GRAND LODGE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1868.

Editor Companion: The great event of the month has been the sessions of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania, commencing on the 18th of May at Pittsburgh. The sessions were held at Lafayette Hall, and were very fully attended, from four to five hundred Representatives being in attendance on Grand Lodge. We noticed among the distinguished Brothers of the Order who were present Past Grand Sire James B. Nicholson, and Past Grand Masters John W. Stokes, E. Wildman, P. Fritz, R. A. Lamberton, and J. Alexander Simpson.

The first day of the session of the Grand Lodge was occupied almost entirely with counting the votes for Grand Officers and the admission of new members. The committee reported the following as the result of the election:

PETER B. LONG, Philadelphia, Grand Master.

SAMUEL F. GWINNER, Philadelphia, Deputy Grand Master.

J. B. SPRINGER, Philadelphia, Grand Warden.

WM. CURTIS, Philadelphia, Grand Secretary.

M. R. MUCKLE, Philadelphia, Grand Treasurer.

R. A. LAMBERTON, Harrisburg, Grand Representative.

These officers were duly installed into their respective offices. The new Grand Master then made the following appointments, which were confirmed:

THOS. A. ROWLEY, Pittsburgh, Grand Marshal.

JNO. S. HEISS, Philadelphia, Grand Conductor.

C. N. HICKOK, Bedford, Grand Guardian.
WM. H. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Grand Herald.

Also, the various standing committees. Courtesies by telegraph were exchanged with the Grand Lodges of Connecticut and Indiana.

It was determined to hold the next annual session at the city of Harrisburg, provided the permission of the Grand Lodge of the United States can be obtained.

The report of the Finance Committee shows that the receipts for the year were \$16,873.67, and the expenses \$16,333.11, leaving a balance of \$550.56, and a surplus in the treasury of \$11,714.33.

The most important subject before the Grand Lodge, the establishment of an Orphan Asylum, was not finally disposed of, the matter being, after considerable discussion, referred to a special committee, to devise and report a plan for the establishment of such an asylum, to report at the next semi-annual session, their report to be printed and sent to working Lodges, so that final action may be had on the subject at the next annual session.

Charters were granted for six new Lodges, to be located in Mechanicsville, in Emlentown and Dempseytown, Venango county; Centreville, Washington county; Lyon's Station, Berks county; and Hartford, Susquehanna county.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

The session of the Grand Encampment commenced at three o'clock on Monday afternoon. All the Grand Officers and a large representation of Subordinate Encampments were in attendance. The examination of the vote for Grand Officers gave the following result:

MAURICE FINN, Philadelphia, Grand Patriarch.

SAMUEL N. FOSTER, Philadelphia, Grand High Priest.

JAMES SHOLES, Alleghany City, Grand Senior Warden.

JAS. BINGHAM, JR., Philadelphia, Grand Junior Warden.

WM. CURTIS, Philadelphia, Grand Scribe.

HENRY SIMONS, Philadelphia, Grand Treasurer.

AUG. PFAFF, Philadelphia, Grand I. Sentinel.

GEO. C. HOSTER, Grand O. Sentinel.

JNO. H. BAILEY, Pittsburgh, Grand Representative.

Charters for three Subordinate Encampments were granted, to be located respectively at Lawrenceville, Alleghany county; and at Donaldson and Tremont, Schuylkill county.

The report of Grand Scribe Curtis shows that there are now 130 Subordinate Encampments, with a membership of 9,413, at work in Pennsylvania, who have expended over \$27,000 for relief during the past year.

RECEPTION AT PITTSBURGH.

The members of the Order in Pittsburgh and vicinity spared no pains to render the stay of the Grand Lodge pleasant to its members and officers. The address of welcome was delivered by P. G. R. Biddle Roberts, on behalf of the fraternity in the western portion of the state, and Grand Master Richard Watson answered his address.

On Wednesday evening, a complimentary reception was extended to the guests at the Keystone Skating Rink in Alleghany City; the rink is about two hundred feet wide by three hundred and fifty feet long. The large building was full of people, it being estimated that one hundred and fifty set were on the floor, dancing, at one time, and that eight thousand people were present. The Rink was handsomely decorated with flags, evergreens, Chinese lanterns, emblems of the Order, etc. A number of fancy cages with birds attracted particular attention. The festivities were continued until a very late hour, and everybody was gratified at the success of the affair.

Not less pleasant was the banquet at Maguire's Dining Rooms, arranged by the Pittsburgh Brothers in honor of the Grand Lodge Officers. The beautiful rooms were tastefully decorated. After the banquet, Gen. R. Biddle Roberts was called to the chair, and it was announced that, owing to the lateness of the hour, the sentiments

prepared for the occasion would not be read, but he offered a toast to "Our guests, the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania." The sentiment was received with loud cheers, and was responded to by Grand Representative John W. Stokes in eloquent terms. Bro. Shidle then offered as a closing sentiment: "The ladies, God bless them"; responded to by Gen. Roberts in a felicitous manner.

On Wednesday evening, Past Grand Sire Nicholson delivered one of his eloquent orations at Lafayette Hall. It was listened to with the greatest attention, and frequently applauded. *

TENNESSEE.

Editor Companion: Since our meeting in the Grand Lodge of Ohio at Cleveland, I have been visiting the Lodges in Nashville and vicinity, and have taken a few rough notes by the way, from which, if you desire it, you may extract an item or two for the information of your many readers. The Lodges in the city of Nashville, although not very strong in numbers, are composed of the very best material, and since the banner of peace has spread its folds around them, are recuperating sufficiently fast in numerical strength to satisfy the true and tried friends of the Order. And, so far as the work is concerned, I am happy to be able to say that I have never seen it performed better, either in Lodges or in Encampments, especially when taken in connection with their poor accommodations in the way of hall, regalia, etc., most of which was destroyed during the late war.

The Order has lately purchased a lot of ground in a very eligible part of the city, on which, at no distant day, they propose to build a substantial and beautiful hall, one that, like the one our Brethren are erecting in your city, will be an ornament to the city and a great credit to the Order.

A short time since I visited, in company with several members from this city, Edgefield Lodge, No. 118, situated in the suburban town of that name on the opposite side of the river from Nashville. This is a young Lodge, instituted since the close of the war, and the members of which are perfect, live Odd Fellows. They have just fitted up a new hall, which, I assure you, will

compare favorably with any of its size in Ohio. It is a perfect little gem, and is a great credit to the enterprising members of the Lodge. The whole work of building, painting, fitting up, etc., being done by themselves, with their own hands, and with but small means. A Lodge composed of such men cannot help but succeed, and consequently is growing rapidly.

I have also visited Magnolia Lodge, No. 30, located in the town of Lebanon, about thirty miles east of Nashville. This is one of the many Lodges that suffered during the late struggle, the town being frequently occupied alternately by the Union and Rebel troops, and was the scene of a brisk skirmish between Col. Wolford's cavalry and John Morgan's troops, during which the furniture, regalia, charter, books, etc., were destroyed. This was fatal to the Lodge, for being previously reduced in numbers by members joining the army, the few left were unable to endure the struggle, and it has only lately been re-organized, and is yet too poor to refit their hall, which was once a fine room, the property of the Lodge, but is now in a dilapidated state. But the members are of the right stamp, and only want encouragement, and they will yet build up a good Lodge.

Last week I took a trip to the town of Clarksville, situated on the Cumberland, about sixty miles below Nashville; while there I visited Pythagoras Lodge, No. 23, and was much pleased with my visit. This Lodge was forced into suspension during the war, and lost most of her property and members; but she is now doing well and increasing in numbers, and is looking around for a more comfortable room to meet in, the present one being poor and inconvenient and much too small for the accommodation of the Lodge. During my visit I assisted in the initiation of a Brother, and was much pleased with the manner in which the officers performed their duties.

Everywhere I go, I find the members take a lively interest in the "Widow and Orphan Fund Life Insurance Company," an institution, as you are aware, owned and controlled by the Lodges and members in this and other states, and which is destined to become one of the most substantial Life Insurance Companies in the country. Deputy

Grand Sire Farnsworth is President of the company, its principal office being in this city. Branch offices and agencies will soon be established in Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, California, and in fact in every state in the union, a more extended notice of which I will reserve for some future time. I expect to visit other Lodges during my sojourn in this state, and you may possibly hear further from your friend and Brother,
WM. CHIDSEY.

WHOSO READETH, TAKE HEED !

We have heretofore spoken plainly upon a subject to which we feel it to be our duty again to refer, regretting the necessity of doing so, for it does seem that many Brethren continually "need line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," to remind them of their obligations and duties as Odd Fellows. To be plain, it is the open, bold, public and thoughtless manner in which they converse freely upon topics and transactions that have taken place in the sacred walls of the Lodge-room, totally regardless of the presence of those whom they do not know to be members of the Order. It would seem, and certainly can reasonably be expected of those who have experienced the solemn rite of initiation, with its obligations, duties, and requirements, that a sense of propriety alone would dictate the right. To do otherwise than right in respect to the subject now referred to, is quite inexcusable, even the plea of thoughtlessness is inexcusable, for no Brother who visits a Lodge can possibly forget what he so often recognizes—the seal of silence, and the All-seeing Eye of God. The working signs of Odd Fellowship are not empty and meaningless—they have a significance—which, in its silent eloquence, speaks to the heart, intelligence and conscience of the initiated, and cannot be misunderstood.

Odd Fellowship is a human institution, and is of course liable to all the defects and imperfections which appertain to all human things. Odd Fellows are men, and of course liable to all the imperfections of humanity—but when solemn duties and obligations are openly and recklessly violated, they should be openly proclaimed and serve as a warning for the future, and open a way to the cessation of the evil. Officers and members of the Lodges have a duty to perform

—they are to watch over the conduct of members, not only in the Lodge, but in their intercourse with the world at large. Almost every Lodge has some members who find great difficulty in keeping to themselves and within the bounds of the Order, the various transactions of the Lodge to which they belong. What they know is sure to leak out, and they seem to be uneasy unless they impart it to those who ought not to be put in possession of it. If any little misunderstanding—any disagreement takes place between any of the Brethren, they are sure to magnify it into something of great importance, and perhaps consult with those who have no interest, nor any right to know anything about the matter. They pursue every course but the right one to produce reconciliation, harmony, and Brotherly love. With such there is need of a strict and unbending application of the laws of the Order—a more faithful and loving enforcement of its great and beautiful principles—and a more complete and effective system of watch, care, council and warning. There must be more individualism, more direct, personal application of the teachings, obligations, and requirements of the Order in Lodge meetings. Officers of Lodges, as officers, are bound to have an eye to the general conduct of members, and whenever there is an occasion, promptly and truly to speak their word of warning and advice. No reasonable man will take offence at this, if done in the right spirit and manner, for every Brother knows his duty. If, after warning and council in the spirit of Brotherly love, any one still persists in evil, and violates the obligations voluntarily taken, there is but one course, which should be promptly followed to the end, and the Order purged of all such hindrances to its usefulness. We hesitate not to say that all guilty of such improprieties as we have named, stand convicted of a violation of their obligations as Odd Fellows, and should be marked as unfit to enter its Temple and associate with those who know when to speak, and when to keep silence. Whoso Readeth, Take Heed!—*New Age*.

—We learn of movements for Lodges at various points in Illinois, as Willow Hill, Jasper Co. ; Grand Tower, Jackson Co. ; and Cedarville, Stephenson Co.

ITEMS.

—The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of California were in session in San Francisco early in May. The attendance of Representatives was very full. The Order is in a very prosperous condition. There are 138 Lodges, with a membership, April 1st, of 9,636. After deducting withdrawals, suspensions, deaths and expulsions, there has been an increase in membership of 1,495. The Grand Master's annual report states the assets of the Lodges on the 1st of April as follows:

Value of Lodge-Libraries.....	\$7,679.00
Value of Halls and Lots.....	98,540.00
Value of Cemeteries.....	17,245.36
Other Real Estate.....	35,464.00
Stock in Hall Association.....	178,601.75
Furniture and Regalia.....	93,019.50
Cash on hand.....	70,377.87
Money at interest.....	89,318.98

Making a grand total of.....	\$590,245.46
Less Lodge indebtedness.....	19,679.49

Leaving a balance of.....\$570,565.97

"To this should be added not less than forty-five thousand dollars invested in libraries not owned by Lodges, but by independent associations of Odd Fellows. The one library in San Francisco, one of the best on the Pacific coast, embraces 15,544 volumes, and is valued at \$35,733.12. Others, of smaller pretensions, are located at Sacramento, Stockton, Marysville, Petaluma, and perhaps other places."

The business before the Grand Lodge was almost exclusively of a local character. Of general interest is the petition of a number of Brothers of Italian birth, to have the work translated into their language, so that Italian Lodges may be instituted. The Grand Representatives were instructed to bring the subject before the Grand Lodge of the United States, and use their influence in favor of its accomplishment. The salary of the Grand Secretary was fixed at \$3000 in gold. The Grand Officers elect are: C. S. Haswell, Grand Master; S. W. Brockway, Deputy Grand Master; J. B. Harmon, Grand Warden; T. Rodgers Johnson, Grand Secretary; H. B. Brooks, Grand Treasurer; A. J. Gunnison, and C. W. Dannals, Grand Representatives.

The session of the Grand Encampment was also well attended. It has now 32 Subordinates, with 1588 members, under its jurisdiction. Chas. N. Fox, of Redwood City,

was elected Grand Patriarch; T. R. Johnson, of San Francisco, Grand Scribe; and George M. Garwood, of San Francisco, and D. B. Woolf, of Santa Cruz, Grand Representatives.

—The State Congregational Conference at Painesville, Ohio, adopted a report denouncing the Masons and all oath-bound Orders, but not excluding members of these Orders from the churches.

—Bros. Thos. C. Gummert, of Brownsville, Pa., says in a recent business letter: "Triumph Lodge, No. 613, now numbers 92 members, and several propositions in—all of the best material."

—Bro. S. S. Bonar writes from Larwill, Ind.: "The Lodges in this part of the country are generally doing well, although we are not increasing in numbers very fast, on account of hard times. But we are in hopes that times will get better soon, and we will do a more thriving business."

—Stranger's Refuge Lodge, No. 4, in New York City, on the 10th of June initiated 18 candidates, on the 17th of June 19 candidates, and on the 24th of June 9 candidates—forty-six new members in three weeks.

—United Brothers Degree Lodge, No. 4, in New York City, has published a directory of all the members of the Lodges in District No. 4, New York, and presented a copy to each of these members. District No. 4 embraces the German Lodges of New York City.

—Mt. Hebron Encampment, No. 37, was instituted by Grand Patriarch J. D. Pierman, at Bloomfield, New Jersey, on the 12th of June. The Grand Patriarch was accompanied by Grand Representatives T. A. Ross and F. R. Force, Grand Scribe John O. Raum and a number of other Patriarchs from Newark.

—Past Grand Master George L. Townsend, of Waterbury, Connecticut, died at his residence on Friday morning, the 5th of June, and was buried with the honors of the Order on the Sunday following. The officers of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut, Neshogon Lodge, No. 21, and delegations from various other Lodges of Odd Fellows, as well as of the Free Masons, followed his remains to the grave.

THE COMPANION

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FOR ODD FELLOWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

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No. 1.

CHARITY.

CHARITY consists not merely in giving alms when an importunate beggar comes in our way. The bestowment of a pittance on the wretch pinched with want, is often the result of importunity; for there are those who, like the unjust judge, who neither feared God nor regarded man, will give a trifle to the mendicant, not particularly for his good, but with a view to rid themselves of the annoyance of his entreaties. But he who is truly charitable, can be actuated by no such feelings as these. He looks on suffering humanity as the object of his care, and is glad of any opportunity to relieve the destitute; yet he does not feel that his duties end even here. He knows that charity is that spirit which worketh no ill, but is constantly striving to do mankind all possible good—that spirit, which aims to remove all causes of unhappiness; which watches with an anxious eye a threatened ill, and throws up its protecting hand to avert an impending danger; which hesitates not to step aside from its ordinary path to warn the object of its care of evils that may be by such warning avoided; which throws its broad mantle over the faults and failings of humanity, and seeks excuses for those frailties. He knows that charity is a virtue which, if its promptings were generally heeded, would lead men to follow the golden rule of doing unto others, as they would they should do to them—a virtue, which would transform this wretched world into a paradise, and unite the human family in the bonds of Friendship and Truth.

In one word, true charity is *universal love*. Looking upon the poor and the miserable, it considers wants, which they have, that are more vital than cold or hunger. It considers their *highest* welfare and labors for it. It bids society to reconsider its position in reference to those whom it calls outcast and abandoned. It asks: "What have you done for these, the children of want and shame? You have *punished* them—have you ever sought to *heal* them? You have noticed their vices and their crimes—have you ever marked their poverty, the irresistible, emergent suffering which has driven them to crime—the ignorance which has lapped them in vice? They have asked for bread, and ye have given them a stone! They have cried for food, and ye have dashed them with scorpions! Go back of this work! Shed upon these abject ones meliorating influences. Give them a little more of sympa-

thy and a little less of condemnation. *First* give food and clothing—but stop not with these. Endeavor to give to the suffering body the consolations of a cultivated mind. Labor for their highest welfare—for all their welfare. Neither consider ~~the~~ most degraded, the most hardened, as utterly abandoned. Search, and you will find some spark of good even in them."

But true charity is not complete even in these highest labors for the melioration of the poor, the ignorant and the depraved. It also aims to remove those obstacles which come between the hearts of man and man—to remove that isolation, that *selfishness*, which locks up our affections in our own souls, and which has been so fruitful with issues of evil. Perhaps there is nothing that more strikingly illustrates this spirit of selfishness, than the slowness with which men comprehend a principle—the many failures which they make in the carrying out of some broad and generous premises. They will contend for toleration, or liberty, for instance, because they suffer for the lack of its application to *them*. But when it has reached them, and they in turn are called to apply it to others who are contending for it with *their* old zeal, they assume the defensive. The reformers of yesterday, become the conservatives of to-day, and losing sight of the breadth of the principle, seek as anxiously to *limit* it to their case, as formerly to *extend* it to their case. Men will admit this self-same principle of charity to be a glorious principle. They will feel the force of its generous law as it is set forth in burning speech, as it glows before them abstractly; but when they go out in their daily life and mingle with the world, get absorbed in hard dealing, have some pecuniary interest in view, how readily they forget all its applications, and for the law of love, substitute the rule of self-interest, of fraud, perhaps, or even violence! How little can they spare for the poor? How clamorous are these incessant cries of the distressed! How easily is the great principle sacrificed to some policy of the hour, and all the ties of human brotherhood forgotten and unfelt!

Charity is manifested in sentiments of affection between man and man, in noble and kindly sympathies, in toleration and liberality, in Friendship, Love and Truth. Man needs more acquaintance with his fellow-man—we need a closer communion one with the other. See how irritable our differences of opinion make us! See to what a pitch a political question will arouse the angry passions of the nation! See with what acrimony we carry on our religious

disputes! Now, much of this bitterness is owing to a lack of acquaintanceship. We must expect to have differences, but their edges need not be so sharp. If men were not, in reality, such strangers one to another, we should discover points of agreement that are now hidden by a mist, and errors would grow less, that now, through that mist, loom into enormous magnitude. A more intimate communion between man and man would pour oil upon these troubled waters of passion, and our differences, if conscientious, would be firmly held, yet held in the spirit of Love. Here is what the spirit of Charity yet claims of us: A closer communion between man and man; and that we should meet not merely as sectarists, and partisans, and traders—as buyers and sellers—but as *men*, as *brethren*, and know more of each other's hearts—come together as we meet with those we love, around the hearth of home.

Thus we have endeavored to define and illustrate true Charity—Charity in its broad and eternal sense—as a great *principle*, working in many forms. We see that it is not alms-giving merely, but the *spirit of Love*, acting for human welfare. And in the fact that it is a charitable institution, that it creates, and is pervaded by, this spirit of Love, is found the explanation of the great strength and wondrous prosperity of Odd Fellowship. We are willing to grant that it is not an alms-giving institution; that it does not propose to relieve all the distress that exists in society. But, if cherishing the feeling of human brotherhood, if bringing men together in kindly communion, if the establishment of a system of mutual relief, if *these* are agents of true charity, then is Odd Fellowship a charitable institution. We are not playing with this word "Charity"—are not quibbling about it. We are using it in its legitimate, its broadest sense—as Love—kindly sentiment, friendship, sympathy. And in this sense of the word, we say again, Odd Fellowship is a charitable institution. In its narrower sphere, it effects that which every philanthropist, and every Christian wished to see effected throughout society. It puts aside all conventional distinctions, and brings men together as men—not as sectarians, or partisans, not as buyers and sellers, but as *brothers*. It is a great agent in removing misconceptions, in softening prejudices, and mingling human hearts as one. In its system of mutual relief, too, it obviates that feeling of wretchedness which stings those who are obliged to apply for public alms. It supplies watchers for the sick-bed, friends in affliction, cherishes the orphan, and comforts the widow. These are simply, and very briefly, its practical benefits, and these, in their operation, all tend to produce that spirit which is greater than the occasion, which is mightier than its forms, the crowning attribute of Odd Fellowship—the *spirit of Charity*.

We do a thing—which of us has not?—not because "every body does it," but because we like it; and our acquiescence, alas! proves not that "every body" is right, but that we and the rest of the world are poor creatures alike.

HUGH CARMICHAEL'S SECRET

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADRIANA."

CHAPTER I.

THE master and mistress of Green Oaks seated in their drawing-room when Joyce entered.

When I say the mistress, I make use of a form of speech, for Mrs. Carmichael had but a feeble voice in the management of the household. She was a short, plump, submissive-looking woman, with ruddy cheeks and hair that was neither thin nor grey, despite the years that had rolled over her head; and this still luxuriant hair curled in tiny ringlets beneath the bow of her blonde cap.

Why she had married Mr. Carmichael has always been a mystery to her family, since he was a man to whom none of them had ever been kindly. He was a person of essentially cold exterior, who never seemed to connect himself with them in any way, or to emerge from the isolation which he was embedded. He was rather a pendage, tacked on by stitches, that appeared a constant danger of giving way, than one who was now part and parcel of the family circle.

No one knew whence he originally came, but he had turned up, as people sometimes do, and gave the impression that he had made money in Australia, and returned to the old country to enjoy it; and as much as he could substantially prove his wealth to be no fiction, it was of course believed in.

He also gave out that he had fallen in love with Miss Charlotte Dormer, and as he had offered her an offer of marriage every one was bound to believe that that was true also. And as Miss Charlotte Dormer accepted him, it was natural to be supposed that she had fallen in love with him; at least it was to be hoped so, since, in due season, she became Mrs. Carmichael.

In spite of the veil that was thrown over Carmichael's early history, he was looked upon as a man who was not to be altogether lightly esteemed. He was a man of substance, and a possessor of very fair landed estate. Moreover, he was a staunch supporter of church-rates, and always plumped for the Conservative candidate at the county elections; both of which proceedings were considered vouchers of extreme respectability. Indeed, Mr. Carmichael's characteristic might be said to be eminent respectability. And, doubtless regarding him from this point of view, Miss Charlotte Dormer's kinsfolk and acquaintance thought it a lucky day for her when she became Charlotte Carmichael. Still he did not make much headway with the Dormer family, nor did he act as though it was his intention to keep up any very intimate relations with them.

Periodically, as in duty bound, Mrs. Carmichael paid a visit to one or other member of her family, and on these occasions, Mr. Carmichael brought her and fetched her away, though he never remained with her during her stay, but, as soon as possible, he would leave on the day he arrived.

if this were not possible, he would take his departure as early as he conveniently could on the day following.

In event of his staying over a night, it was customary to have a state party, to which all the notable Dormer clan were invited, together with the squire and his lady, and the vicar and his wife. And, as the squire was a pompous man, with whom the Dormer clan were not on the most intimate terms, it was supposed that the frigidity which pervaded these entertainments was attributable to his presence, for it was not a moment to be allowed that such a highly creditable connection as Mr. Carmichael could cast a gloom over the family circle. And yet, if one had spoken freely the thought of his heart, it would have been found that Mr. Carmichael, and not the squire, was in fault; though, out of courtesy to Mrs. Carmichael, who was a general favorite, such an opinion was never mooted.

This chilling influence, which seemed to emanate from him, made itself manifest as he advanced to greet Joyce Dormer, a fair, quiet-looking person, whom one scarcely knew whether to deem a girl or a woman.

"I do not remember you," said Mr. Carmichael, extending two fingers of his flabby hand; "you must have been a mere child when I was last in Credlington. What is the name of your niece?" he asked, with a strong emphasis on the possessive pronoun, and turning to his left.

"Joyce," she answered.

"Joyce," repeated Mr. Carmichael, and he hesitated; then, after a moment's reflection he said, "Joyce Anne, or Joyce Elizabeth, or Joyce Jane, or——?"

Only Joyce," interrupted the girl in a low tone. He looked coldly and sternly at her, but neither in anger at the interruption or in deprecation of her name, she could not determine. "I am sorry to hear it," said he; "had there been any reasonable second name we might have called you by it. As there is not, it cannot be helped, though I must remark that I consider Joyce as an exceedingly inappropriate name for a young woman."

"My mother's name was Joyce," observed Mrs. Carmichael, timidly.

"I regret that it should have been so, Charlotte," replied her husband, "as it forces upon me the unpleasant conviction that her parents could not have been people of sense."

"My grandfather and my grandmother——" began Mrs. Carmichael; but Mr. Carmichael stopped her.

"Are dead, therefore we have nothing further to do with them. It is with the living we have to deal, and since your niece has the misfortune to be called Joyce, we must make the best of the circumstance. I presume that it will prove no obstacle to her doing her duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased the Lord in his providence to call her."

Here Miss Dormer, had she framed her thoughts into speech, would have ejaculated "Hypocrite!" for she was not favorably impressed with her

aunt's husband. But she gave no utterance to her sentiments, and Mr. Carmichael went on as though he were reciting something he had previously noted down.

"Your father," said he, "died deeply in debt. The house, the household effects, and what little property he was possessed of at the time of his death, are insufficient to meet the demands of his creditors. Therefore you are left dependent on the bounty of your relatives. I have permitted your aunt to offer you a home, and I trust that you will give me no cause to repent a step that I have somewhat against my judgment been induced to take. Whilst under my roof——"

Here Joyce Dormer was about to burst forth indignantly, and to protest that she would not remain under Mr. Carmichael's roof, but, seeing that she was going to speak, he waved his hand to enforce silence.

"Another day, another day," said he; "I know all that naturally must arise in your heart, but I require no thanks. A good deed is its own reward. Doubtless grateful words fall pleasantly on the ear, but they are a temptation. I would do good for its own sake."

"But you do not understand," began the girl, half choked with indignation.

"Your feelings have overcome you," returned Mr. Carmichael; "I receive your thanks as though they had been spoken. In future, however, remember that I object to scenes. I consider all emotion as to be avoided."

So saying he left the room.

The girl turned to her aunt. "Aunt Lotty, Aunt Lotty," said she, for her words came freely now that the chill presence was removed, "I cannot stay here, I will go away, I will do anything—I will be a dress-maker, a housemaid, anything sooner than stay here."

"No, no," answered Mrs. Carmichael, soothingly, "you will understand Mr. Carmichael better when you know him, dear; he is a very good man"—here she looked nervously round—"very upright and conscientious; he felt it his duty to speak openly. He always does, whatever it may cost him."

"He always does, whatever it may cost him," mentally repeated Joyce; "poor aunt, poor aunt!"

"It was your poor father's wish, Joyce, that in case anything happened to him, you should come to me. Your father was very fond of me, and I've no children of my own, and I feel as if some one who would be like a daughter to me would be a great comfort."

The girl bent a glance of scrutiny on her aunt, and pondered as to how far trouble might affect her, as it certainly had taken no effect upon her in a personal point of view, for she was no less ruddy than she used to be. But then Mrs. Carmichael's temper was placidity itself, and under the tyranny of Mr. Carmichael—for Joyce unhesitatingly assumed that he was a tyrant—she might have fallen into a state of complete and contented slavery.

"Mr. Carmichael's own niece is coming to live here, is she not?" said Joyce suddenly, her thoughts flying off in a new direction.

"Yes, dear: but she is a stranger. I never knew that Mr. Carmichael had any relation until about a month since; and then he went down somewhere in the south to see a sister who was dying, and to arrange that Miss Carmichael should come here. He has suddenly found out that there is some large property that ought to be hers, and he's been writing and writing to his lawyer about it. But I don't know anything about it, and I never ask Mr. Carmichael any questions; he does not like it. If there's anything he wishes me to know, he tells me at the right time, for you see I never could understand much of business matters."

"Mrs. Carmichael is an heiress, then?"

"Yes, dear, but you need not say anything about it. I don't know about it, and I dare say I ought not to talk. Mr. Carmichael has not known about it long, but it seems to occupy him a good deal; and he's very anxious that his niece should be taught something, for I think she's been rather neglected, and he doesn't want to send her to school, and he thought, as you are said to be a clever girl, Joyce, that you'd be a help in the matter; and I was only too thankful to think of having you with me."

Mrs. Carmichael's lips quivered, and two tears stole into her eyes, but she wiped them away immediately and said that she had a scratching at her throat. Joyce put her arms round her and would have kissed her, but Mrs. Carmichael drew back hastily.

"No, no, dear, don't kiss me; Mr. Carmichael objects to anything demonstrative, and if he should ask me, it will be better to be able to say that we have not kissed each other. But we can love each other all the same."

"We can," returned Joyce, in a determined voice; and it seemed to her as though they were entering into a silent compact against Mr. Carmichael.

"You will like to see your room," said Mrs. Carmichael, leading the way upstairs.

They mounted a fine old staircase with handsomely carved balustrade, and landed on a long gallery that seemed to run from one end of the house to the other, with doors on either side.

Mrs. Carmichael opened the door of a small room over the porch; it was very plainly furnished, and there was no bed in it.

"You are to sleep here," said Mrs. Carmichael, opening another door to the right of it, and entering a large chamber very handsomely fitted up, which had a communication with the small apartment first mentioned.

"This is Miss Carmichael's room. I believe she is timid and dislikes being alone at nights, so I have moved the little bed out of the porch-room into this corner."

"Yes——"

"And the porch-room you can make into a sitting-room. I hope you will like it," said Mrs. Carmichael, looking anxiously at her niece; "though it's not so well furnished as the large room," and she passed into the smaller chamber where Joyce's two boxes and a portmanteau were standing. "I think you had nothing else," said she. "Nothing," replied Joyce.

"Well, then, I will leave you to unpack and arrange your affairs."

And Mrs. Carmichael went away.

Two boxes and a portmanteau, there stood, containing the whole of Joyce Dormer's worldly possessions.

She took out her purse, there was a five-pound note wrapped up in a piece of paper at one end and two sovereigns and some silver at the other.

And what was she to do when that was gone? She was an orphan, dependent, as Mr. Carmichael had said, upon the bounty of her relatives. And sitting down she leaned her arms on the window-sill, and her heart filled with grief and indignation.

There is something very soothing in looking upon a beautiful landscape, and Joyce's eye upon a beautiful one. She saw it through an archway made by a couple of majestic beech trees that stood in front of the house. It was a quiet country scene, telling of peace and plenty; the corn in the nearer fields was beginning to be gathered in; the church was seen in the distance, its grey tower half-concealed in glossy masses of ivy, whose leaves glittered with golden edges as the sunlight fell upon them. Farther away still rose the dark woods already turning grey as evening drew near and the sun sank slowly. Grey, but no, not grey, for a hazy cloud of gold seemed to float over them, and their outlines were only just visible through the brilliant veil.

As Joyce steadfastly gazed on the scene before her, it seemed as though some mysterious powers were breathing comfort to her soul; as though Mother-earth were whispering, "Peace, peasant thou not my child? Be comforted, for brightness as well as gloom hath a place in this world."

And the soft wind stealing through the sweet-scented clematis rolled a cloud of rare perfume into the little room, and was, as it were, incense upon the altar that had risen up before her; as if the songs of the birds were as a far-off chorus, that this melody lulled asleep the indignation that had been awakened in her breast.

A beautiful butterfly flew in and rested upon the hand that lay quite still upon the window-frame, and when it had remained long enough to rivet her attention to its marvelous coloring it fluttered its wings and flew upward, up, up, until she could see it no longer. Her thoughts soared after it, and rose higher than the gay sect's flight. And she learned two lessons.

Ah! but would all this calm feeling remain? Mr. Carmichael's presence?

Joyce was not sure, but her aunt's quivering lips and her words, "your father wished you to be with me," came into her mind.

"But not with Mr. Carmichael," she added, hesitatingly; "nevertheless, I am determined to make trial for a time of my new home."

Before long Joyce had unpacked and disposed of all her property to her entire satisfaction. The few books were placed on a shelf against the wall: her desk on the round table in front of the window. And from her desk she took a little book that was closed with a lock. It was half filled with writing, the latter part of which was blurred and illegible; short entries, some half-

en words at a time. It was the record of the few months of her sorrow-time, after some many years of tranquil happiness. He took a pen, and on the last blurred page wrote:

Here endeth a past and buried life."

and at the top of the next page,

The diary of a new life."

Joyce had always had a fancy for being an actress, and her diary was to be her first work.

CHAPTER II.

MR. CARMICHAEL was a man of average height inclined to be stout. His complexion was grey-brown, and his hair, which lacked the redundancy of his wife's tresses, dark and lank. His eyes were sharp and bead-like, though he had the faculty of withdrawing all brightness from them, when they would assume a fixed and almost stupid stare. They were so placed in his head as to bring before one the physiognomy of a horse, a peculiarity often noticeable in human faces. His lips, which were very thin, were perhaps his most remarkable feature, as in them lay the chief power of expression. One twitch of them would alter the whole look of his face, though not a muscle in the rest of it should move. Mr. Carmichael always spoke in a slow monotonous drawl. Seldom, even if excited, did he raise his voice; indeed, if anything, he lowered it at such times to speak more slowly in a lower tone than usual.

He always dressed in black, and wore a white cravat presenting somewhat the appearance of a waiting minister in comfortable circumstances. Perhaps this style of dress was in keeping with the general bearing, dress being to a certain extent the indicator of the inner man. At any rate, it commanded a certain sort of respect from his poorer neighbors, in whose eyes the grey broad-cloth, delicate cambric, and thick chain bore unequivocal token of confirmed respectability.

Mr. Carmichael had taken up farming as a pursuit. He had time on his hands which he needed to occupy, and, having a turn for chemistry and no lack of means whereby to try experiments, his crops turned out better than any in the county, and yielded him a good profit in addition to the amusement he derived from their culture.

He had bought Green Oake principally on account of the farm that was to be sold with the estate, for the house was larger than he would otherwise have cared to have. It possessed, too, the eyes of Mr. Carmichael, another recommendation: it was not within easy distance of the neighbors, the only house near being the property of an elderly gentleman, who lived in London, and never came down to it. His house was, therefore, shut up, as its owner, from some price or other, refused to let it. Now Mr. Carmichael disliked society, and therefore felt that Green Oake he could not be called upon to run into any, as a drive of from ten to fifteen miles might be looked upon as a reasonable excuse for declining a dinner invitation.

But elderly gentlemen cannot live for ever; and in process of time the elderly gentleman in London died, and the estate passed into the hands of a younger man, a nephew of the deceased.

Mr. Carmichael was exceedingly irate when this came to pass; but, as he could neither prevent the man's dying nor his nephew coming into possession, he was obliged to make the best of it; but he announced to his wife soon after the arrival of the new-comers that he did not intend to visit them.

"I have excellent and unanswerable reasons for this decision, Charlotte, though at present it is not necessary to explain them to you," said he.

Now Mrs. Carmichael had, in common with most other women, a very fair share of curiosity, and she had already been making inquiries in diverse directions, and had discovered that Mr. Gresford Lynn came from abroad, that he had a beautiful wife and three lovely children, the eldest a fine boy, about a year old; the two younger twin-girls, only a few weeks old. And Mrs. Carmichael's heart yearned after the children; she was devotedly fond of children, and would now and then steal into the cottage of some young mother for the mere gratification of holding the baby in her arms for a moment. But these visits were few and far between, as Mr. Carmichael strongly objected to the poor being visited, on the ground that such visits encouraged pauperism.

Why, Mrs. Carmichael never had had the courage to inquire, nor, if she had made the inquiry, would she have had the power to argue against it. As Mr. Carmichael had enunciated the sentiment, she was bound to believe in it, for great was her belief in her husband's infallibility.

But now, that a neighbor in her own rank in life had arrived with children, and such beautiful children, her heart leaped within her as she pondered over the source of pleasure within her grasp, and her heart sank in proportion as she listened to Mr. Carmichael's announcement.

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Carmichael, "you will in no way take the least notice of these Gresford Lynns."

Mr. Carmichael, being an autocrat, knew that the matter was settled. And therefore Mrs. Carmichael's pleasure was curtailed to looking at Mrs. Gresford Lynn in church, and to seeing the children with their nurses, when she approached nearer than usual the outskirts of Lynncourt.

Within a year of the Gresford Lynns' arrival at their new home, sorrow had visited them; the twin sisters were laid in the grave, and the boy's life was despaired of. However he recovered from the fever that had carried off the little girls.

Then another child—a boy—was born; and then Mrs. Gresford Lynn's health began to give way. And poor Mrs. Carmichael noted it all from afar, and her sympathetic heart grieved silently that it could offer no aid or succor to her sorrowing neighbor. Mrs. Carmichael was a woman of sympathetic nature and had had no one to lavish it upon, for Mr. Carmichael did

not require sympathy. She had, therefore, anticipated Joyce's arrival as the beginning of a new epoch in her existence; her brother's child would make up to her for the want she had felt throughout her married life.

And being somewhat off her guard, she greeted Joyce, when she came down to breakfast, rather more warmly than was her wont, and was immediately made uncomfortably sensible of it by a short cough from Mr. Carmichael, and the measured tone in which he said,

"Good morning. I hope you have recovered from the fatigues of yesterday."

Very little conversation took place during breakfast; and when they rose from the table, Mr. Carmichael, turning to his niece, said in a solemn voice—he always spoke in a solemn voice, even about the most trivial matters, and his requests at dinner-time, even to "potatoes," were like tragic petitions issuing from a sepulchre. (I give this simile because "whited sepulchre" appears rather an appropriate epithet for the master of Green Oake.) But to return.

Mr. Carmichael said in a solemn voice, "Joyce, since you must be called Joyce,—put on your hat, and I will show you the new kitchen-garden."

Joyce put on her hat, but with small expectation of seeing the new kitchen-garden. She felt intuitively that Mr. Carmichael had some other motive for asking her to accompany him. When she had been longer at Green Oake, she found out that Mr. Carmichael had a prejudice in favor of ostensible reasons.

As she expected, the new kitchen-garden was left to the right, and she followed her companion to the willow-walk by the river-side. There he motioned her to sit down.

She sat down, and Mr. Carmichael, sitting beside her, delivered, in the reciting manner of the previous evening, the following speech:—

"I am this evening expecting my niece, Miss Carmichael. She is the daughter of a sister of mine, who married a cousin. This accounts for the similarity of name. Her father died when she was an infant, and owing to some family quarrel, I never saw her mother again. Indeed, I had lost sight of her, and supposed her dead. But this was not the case; she died only a month ago in a remote village in the south of England, and on her death-bed wrote a letter to me, committing her daughter to my charge."

Here Mr. Carmichael paused, and passed his hand across his forehead, as though he were trying to remember what came next. After a moment he proceeded;

"My sister's means being limited, she could give the girl no advantages of education. I now wish to make up for this, and yet I do not care to send her to school. I must have my only relative with me," he sighed. "An only relative is too precious to part with."

"Sometimes," observed Joyce, drily.

Mr. Carmichael looked up quickly; then he continued, in the same measured tone,

"You are right, Joyce—sometimes. It depends upon the measure of gratitude that one meets with."

Was this intended as a cut? If so, it fell unheeded.

"I wish no one," Mr. Carmichael went on, "to do a service for me without emolument. I shall, therefore, pay you a certain stipend annually for superintending the future education of my niece. This will enable you to feel more independent than you might otherwise do."

Joyce felt obliged to him for that, at any rate, and she told him so. Then she waited what further he might have to say, for there was evidently something more to come.

Mr. Carmichael coughed once or twice, gave a prefatory hem, and again resumed his speech.

"I wish to mention one other point. I have lately discovered that my niece is heiress to a large property, now illegally held by other hands. Illegally, illegally," he repeated; "in unworthy hands, from which it must be wrested, unless she be given up with a good grace, which it never will be. But," said he, almost in a whisper, "secrecy as to means and movements is necessary for some time, in order that I may carry out all my arrangements. Therefore, at present I merely give out that Miss Carmichael is heiress. I think you now understand the position of affairs. You are said to be a clever girl, Joyce, and you have, I know, received great advantages in your education, greater perhaps than your father was warranted in giving you. But that is a thing of the past. Let me beg of you to turn them to account now, and so render yourself independent in some degree whilst you are under my roof."

The color rushed into Joyce Dormer's face. Mr. Carmichael concluded his oration, and gave an angry answer was rising, but the girl had strong will. She had made a resolve the night before, and she determined to carry it out. She would stay for a time at any rate; so she moderated her indignation, and remained quietly waiting for any further remarks that Mr. Carmichael might desire to make.

Apparently he had come to an end of his citations, for he too was silent.

"Is there anything else you wish to say, Miss Joyce, at last."

"Nothing," replied Mr. Carmichael. "I have explained the matter as far as it is necessary to explain it."

"Yes," returned Joyce, though she had a vague sense that there was something unsatisfactory that she could neither define nor fathom.

"And you understand the part you have to take?"

"Perfectly. How old is Miss Carmichael?"

"About eighteen."

"Will she care to continue her education?" asked Joyce.

"Under my roof," replied Mr. Carmichael authoritatively, "people have no will of their own." Certainly Mrs. Carmichael had none, but whether Mr. Carmichael would find it to the case with his new inmates remained to be proved.

"Then there is nothing else for me to hear."

"No, you can go and make yourself useful to your aunt; I do not like idle people."

Joyce went to Mrs. Carmichael; but Mrs. Carmichael, in spite of her husband's dislike to the people, had very little to do. No responsibility being allowed to rest upon her, the poor woman was obliged, out of sheer necessity, to spend her days in "strenuous idleness," but, as her fingers were always moving upon some piece of work or other, Mr. Carmichael conceived that she was fulfilling the destiny of woman.

The work she was engaged upon now was a set of knitted counterpanes and toilet covers for every room in the house; some were of very elaborate patterns, and there was something quite touching in the patient air with which she silently sat down to her self-imposed task.

"It was a great while," said Mrs. Carmichael to her niece, "before I could think of a long piece of work, but I've found one at last."

"Let me help you, Aunt Lotty?" said Joyce.

"Help me, my dear," replied Aunt Lotty; "no, no, that would never do, I should get them finished much too soon; I want them to last me as long as possible, for what shall I do when they are all knitted?"

There was a hopelessness in the tone of the weaker that told how dreary her life must be.

But Joyce replied cheerfully,

"What do you think of netted curtains to all the windows, Aunt Lotty, and netted curtains to drape the French beds with?"

Aunt Lotty left off knitting and looked up at Joyce with an expression of intense relief upon her countenance.

"I always knew you were a clever girl, Joyce; no but you would have thought of such a thing, and all in a moment too? You can't think how much obliged I am to you. It will be work for years. I knew you would be a comfort to me."

"And whether it was the prospect of having something to do for some time to come, or whether it was that Joyce's conversation was more cheering to Mrs. Carmichael than what she was generally accustomed to, may be left as an open question; one thing, however, was very palpable, and that was that poor Mrs. Carmichael had not spent so pleasant a morning for any day as the one she was now enjoying with her niece in the bay-window.

And Joyce looked out on the close-shaven lawn and the flower-beds, where the last of the crimson roses were blooming amidst the heliopes and scarlet geraniums. She was idle according to Mr. Carmichael's definition of the word, and yet she was busy doing a work that he had neglected.

CHAPTER III.

LATER in the day Miss Carmichael arrived, but Joyce saw little of her until bed-time, for Mr. Carmichael immediately after tea carried her off to his study. "He wished to hear much that he could tell him of his sister." Here Mr. Carmichael's face assumed a more somber expression than usual, relieved by something supposed to be a faint smile that attempted to play around the corners of his mouth, and was intended to convey to the observer that melancholy and pleasure

were mingled in the anticipated revelations; but the smile, signally failing in its efforts to perform an unusual task, served only to elongate Mr. Carmichael's lips, and display a narrow gleam of shining white teeth.

Whatever Mr. Carmichael wished to hear, and whatever he might have to say, took some time, and when he returned from the conference there was a look of satisfaction upon his countenance, that was by no means premeditated, but was, as the most casual beholder could at once perceive, the index to what was passing in his mind.

Aunt Lotty glanced at him and became less constrained than she generally was in his presence, and with a cheerful air she knitted away, as though the knitting had to be finished within a limited period,—her senses being pervaded by a misty impression that something good was going to happen to every one.

So the evening wore away, and every one retired to rest, and Joyce sat brushing her hair before the glass.

There came a gentle tap at the door leading into Miss Carmichael's bed-room, and a voice said—"May I come in?"

"Yes," replied Joyce.

The door opened, and Miss Carmichael entered.

"Oh," said she, looking round the room, "you have but one easy-chair, and, as I want to have a long talk, I may as well bring in one of mine."

She darted back and re-appeared carrying an arm-chair almost as large as herself. It was a wonder to Joyce how so small a creature could carry so great a burden; but Miss Carmichael was lithe and well-made, and it was apparently little exertion to her.

She was a slender creature, with large brown eyes, and dusky brown hair, and a clear white complexion without a tinge of color in it. A fairy-like being, who seemed to float about and be here, there, and everywhere at the same moment.

She seated herself in the arm-chair and gazed steadily and scrutinizingly at Joyce.

"Put down your brush and attend to me," said she, when she had finished her survey.

"What do you want, Miss Carmichael?"

"Miss Carmichael!" she repeated, with a contemptuous curl of lip, "Miss Carmichael! Nonsense, my name is Doris, call me so, if you please. What is yours?"

"Joyce Dormer."

"Are you my cousin, Joyce Dormer?"

"No, I am Mrs. Carmichael's niece."

"Oh, then," returned Miss Carmichael, "you have an advantage over me."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? why, that *your* aunt is infinitely preferable to *my* uncle. Have you not found that out? How long have you been here? Longer than I have, at any rate, and I came to the conclusion in half a second."

"Mr. Carmichael is said to be an upright and conscientious man," said Joyce, quoting from Aunt Lotty's commendations.

"Said-to-be's don't generally amount to much," responded Miss Carmichael; "besides which, I asked for your own opinion."

"Suppose I don't choose to give it?" replied Joyce.

"That's all I want," said she; "we shall get on capitally; you're to be my instructress, I hear. If you had been an ally of my uncle, I should not have paid the slightest attention to you; as it is, I see that our views coincide with regard to him, and therefore I am led to conclude that they may agree in other matters. I've a natural inclination for learning, but there's not been much thrown in my way, and I should be too old to learn from any one else; but I like your looks, and, though you can't be so very much older than myself, I don't mind following your directions."

"I am twenty-one," said Joyce.

"Of age," said Miss Carmichael, musingly; "do you feel very old and very important. I am to come into a fortune when I am twenty-one, so my uncle has been telling me; but where it is to come from is more than I can tell, for my father left nothing, and my mother and I have had hard work to get along."

Joyce looked at Miss Carmichael in surprise; her hands were white and delicate, as though she had never used them for work.

Miss Carmichael's eye followed in the direction of Joyce's glance.

"I can make beautiful lace," she said, "and my mother could make it even better than I could."

She covered her face with her hands and was silent for some moments, rocking backwards and forwards in her chair. Suddenly she burst forth:

"I don't want this fortune—it's come too late. Why didn't it come sooner? Why didn't my uncle do something for us whilst there was time?"

"But he did not know where you were," said Joyce; "how should he be able to do anything for you?"

"Did he tell you that?" asked the girl, almost fiercely, "did he tell you so? Did he tell you nothing of the letters that my mother wrote to him seven years ago, when we were all but starving? He took no notice of them at first, but at last he sent a reply, and after that my mother never wrote again. Soon afterwards she was very ill, and I thought she would have died. About a year after that, as she was still far from well, she went away somewhere for change of air, but I did not go with her, for we could not both afford to go, and she did not stay long. I don't know that it did her much good; at any rate, she never was the same again. She had grown weak through not having food enough, though I did not know it at the time, and she never recovered her strength, but drooped and faded until—" but Doris bent down her head, and her sobs prevented her continuing her speech.

"Joyce Dormer," she suddenly exclaimed, "would you not think a fortune a mockery if you were in my place? When I think how small a portion would have kept us from the misery we have suffered—when I think that—oh, Joyce! it cannot give me back my mother. And yet I believe that that letter had even more to do with her illness than our privations; there must have been something dreadful in it, or it would not

have shaken her so. I have it carefully sealed up, and sometime I shall open it; sometime, I said I might; and then you shall read it, and shall learn more of my Uncle Carmichael."

Joyce was silent. Mr. Carmichael had practised deception even at the outset; but she could scarcely understand how so shrewd a man should have so blundered. Had he not foreseen that she and Miss Carmichael were likely to compare notes? True, he might regard his niece as having been too much of a child at the time of his correspondence with his sister to be capable of making any important revelations; indeed, he evidently looked upon her as so much of a child even at the present time, that he would probably not give her credit for understanding much of her mother's affairs seven years ago. Still, Miss Carmichael had deceived her. Joyce felt it, and Miss Carmichael appeared to have strong misgivings of his integrity, from her next remark.

"We must stand by one another, Joyce; shall perhaps need a friend in this house."

"My Aunt Lotty," suggested Joyce.

Miss Carmichael shook her head.

"Aunt Lotty is too much afraid of Uncle Carmichael."

"How do you know that?" inquired Joyce, some surprise.

"Can I not see with my own eyes? People watch a good deal, Joyce; their eyes are sharpened," said she, half smiling and half laughing. "Poverty improves some parts of the mental machinery, but I am not learned enough to tell you what portion. But we will not go into that, or I shall keep you sitting up all night. I see that you are just on the eve of a disquisition that I am not quite up to yet, though I have thought more on such subjects than you would imagine. Good-night," and she rose, lifting her chair with the same ease that had so much surprised Joyce before.

"I shall see you again," answered Joyce, "I sleep in the little bed in your room. Have you any objection?"

"None in the least. I suppose they thought I should be frightened in such a large room. Is it haunted?" she added, jestingly.

"I thought—I heard—"

"Well—what did you hear?"

"That you were a little timid," said Joyce hesitatingly.

Miss Carmichael clapped her hands.

"Joyce," said she, when she could speak without laughing, "you must not believe all you hear; just take me for what you find me. I am no more afraid than you are."

"But I am a little afraid sometimes," replied her companion.

"I never am, so I can take care of you; I am as bold as a lion, and have need to be, for I have come into the lion's den. My uncle has no fear of either; there is that much of a Carmichael about him, but not much else. See," said she, leaving the chair, and unfastening a locket that hung round her neck, "here is a little likeness of my mother; it was taken many years since by an artist who lived in the village where we were living; not the one that I came from

at one where we were happier. We removed to the village where my mother died, on—on account of work," finished up Miss Carmichael, with a great sob.

Certainly it bore no resemblance to Mr. Carmichael: the eyes were blue, the hair very light; neither could Joyce trace any likeness in it to Miss Carmichael.

"I am not like my mother," said Miss Carmichael, noticing Joyce's look.

"No."

"We had no likeness of my father, and I was at a baby when he died, so I don't know if I am like him either," said Miss Carmichael, "my mother never spoke of him, and so I never heard that he was like."

She took the locket, which Joyce was still examining.

"It is a curious locket," said Joyce.

"Yes, it was one of my mother's few remaining treasures, and Gabriel painted the portrait to put into it."

"Gabriel? Who was Gabriel?"

"The artist I was speaking of; his mother was friend of my mother's; she was very kind to me, but she is dead now." Again she turned towards her own room. "We are firm allies, Joyce," said she looking back.

"Yes, Miss Carmichael."

"Doris," said she, somewhat impatiently; "you cannot think how much out of place Miss Carmichael sounds."

"Doris, then."

"Thank you," rejoined Doris, gravely; "good night," and she closed the door.

And then Joyce opened her diary and wrote until a late hour.

When she retired to her little bed, Miss Carmichael was asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

THE nearest house to Green Oaks was Lynnpurport, the residence of Mr. John Gresford Lynn, indeed it was the only house of any importance that was near at all, consequently the Gresford Lynns might be said to be the Carmichael's only neighbors.

But that there was no neighborly feeling between them, or at least between the heads of the houses, was soon apparent to Joyce.

She had met Mr. Gresford Lynn a day or two after her arrival, and inquired of Mr. Carmichael as to where he lived and who he was, observing that he was a handsome man. But Mr. Carmichael looked graver and sterner than ever, and made her not mention the name to him, as Mr. Gresford Lynn was no friend of his.

So Joyce was silenced, but unsatisfied. The next Sunday, as they were all going to church, they met Mr. Gresford Lynn face to face. He did not look at Mr. Carmichael, neither did Mr. Carmichael look at him; but they saw each other all that, and Mr. Carmichael's thin lips seemed tighter than ever, so tightly did he close them.

Mr. Lynn had turned round to help his wife, who had just driven up to the church-gate in a new pony carriage. Her veil was partly raised,

so Joyce caught a glimpse of a pale, thin face, that must once have been very beautiful, but she looked ill and worn now, and her thick black hair made her face look even whiter than it was. She was evidently in the last stage of decline.

Mr. Gresford Lynn was a tall man with a delicate complexion, that gave him the appearance of being many years younger than he really was; and he looked down on his wife as she leaned upon his arm so tenderly, that Joyce wondered that a face that could assume an expression so almost angelic, could have looked so scornful as it did but a few moments since, and as it looked again when he passed the Carmichael party in the porch, where they had paused a moment for Aunt Lotty to fasten her shawl.

And Mr. Carmichael's lips were again compressed, and a scowl passed over his brow.

Thus the two men went up into the house of God to pray. Mr. Carmichael repeated the response audibly, so Joyce could hear him say, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." And she wondered what answer would come to Mr. Carmichael's prayer.

There were two little boys in Mr. Gresford Lynn's pew, lovely as cherubs: the elder might be eight, the younger not more than four years of age. They were his only surviving children; the rest had died in infancy.

At one period Joyce noticed that Mr. Carmichael's eye was riveted on the eldest of these two children, and that a gleam of malignant triumph beamed on his countenance. Wherefore?

If Mr. Carmichael hated the father—as for some reason unknown he assuredly did—why need he extend the feeling towards the innocent children?

Yet the baleful smile still played on Mr. Carmichael's lips, and he softly rubbed the tips of his lavender gloves together as his look strayed every now and then towards the Gresford Lynn's pew.

Mrs. Carmichael's gaze was also directed towards the children, but her glance was one of such undisguised admiration, that it attracted the attention of the mother, and brought a pleased look into her sad face.

The service passed. And moving down the aisle, the Carmichael party brushed against the Gresford Lynns. Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael did not look at each other, but each saw the other as before, and a dark shadow passed over the faces of the two men.

* * * * *

"Aunt Lotty," said Joyce, as she and Doris were sitting with her in the afternoon, "why does Mr. Carmichael hate Mr. Gresford Lynn?"

"Hate him?" repeated Aunt Lotty, "Mr. Carmichael does not hate Mr. Lynn; he is too good and upright a man to be capable of hating any one."

No sequence, thought Joyce, though she did not say so, but, modifying her expression, asked, "Then why does he not like him?"

Aunt Lotty was perturbed.

"My dear," she answered, "we will not speak of Mr. Gresford Lynn. Mr. Carmichael has good

reasons for objecting to him, or he would not do so. I think he must be a bad man in some way, and therefore Mr. Carmichael does not allow him to be spoken of."

"A bad man," echoed Doris, impetuously. "I don't believe it. I beg your pardon, Aunt Lotty, but with such angel children as those, I don't believe any one could be bad; and how careful he was of his wife."

"They are beautiful children," said Aunt Lotty; and she sighed.

"And they looked up at their father so confidently, and how lovingly he stroked the little one's curls," added Doris. "Aunt Lotty, there is some mistake. I'll clear it all up in a fortnight, and then we shall have some neighbors."

Aunt Lotty looked up in alarm.

"Oh, no, Doris. It would displease Mr. Carmichael exceedingly. He is not accustomed to have his decisions interfered with."

"But there must be some mistake," persisted Doris; "I do not believe that Mr. Lynn is a bad man."

Doris had not noticed the scornful look as Joyce had done; and yet, even having seen it, Joyce found herself agreeing with Miss Carmichael's verdict. Then she asked, half-involuntarily,

"Did Mr. Carmichael ever know Mr. Gresford Lynn, Aunt Lotty?"

But the moment after she regretted the question, for Mrs. Carmichael appeared so unaffectedly distressed.

"Dear Joyce, don't ask any questions. I never know anything, and Mr. Carmichael would not approve of this conversation. He would not be pleased at my having allowed you to mention Mr. Lynn's name."

Doris's eye flashed; but Mrs. Carmichael was not looking at her. Joyce made some trivial remark concerning something in which she had no interest, and so the conversation turned into another channel.

And, after awhile, Aunt Lotty grew drowsy and fell asleep, and the two girls took up their books, but they did not read much; the pages they pored over were less interesting to them than their speculations as to the probable past of Mr. Gresford Lynn.

The past that came within the reach of Doris's researches within the next week did not throw any light upon the animosity that subsisted between the proprietors of Green Oake and Lynncourt.

Mr. Lynn had come to Lynncourt exactly seven years since. It was a wilderness of a place then, and had been left to him, together with a large fortune, by an uncle, on condition that he would improve and beautify it until his eldest child, whether boy or girl, should have reached the age of twenty-one. It was then, with the greater part of the fortune in money, to pass into the hands of this child.

At the time of his uncle's death, Mr. Lynn, or, rather, Mr. Gresford—for he assumed the name of Lynn in connection with the property—was living in the Brazils, where he had amassed a considerable property, and where he had married

a Spanish lady. Their first-born child, a son, was then nearly a year old. John Gresford was beginning to weary of life abroad, and his thoughts had more than once turned towards his native land.

His wife had no relatives; indeed, her being a penniless orphan, with no one to care for her, had in the first instance been his inducement for marrying her. For John Gresford led a solitary life and entered into no society, and was believed to have had some early disappointment that prevented his thinking of matrimony. However, he married, and surprised the people, and partially silenced their theories. He also partially emerged from his quiet life; but, Mrs. Gresford being delicate, they seemed to their gayer neighbors to lead a life that savored more of the anchorite than of the social member of society. Mr. Gresford's homeward-bound thoughts were brought to a decision by his uncle's will, and he determined to return to England as soon as he could wind up his affairs.

And his affairs being wound up, he set sail for England, arrived at Lynncourt, took possession of the property, and assumed the name of Lynn, in addition to his own. Immediately after their arrival, twin-daughters were born, who lived but a few months, and a small stone cross in the churchyard recorded the early deaths of Ellen and Teresa, the beloved daughters of John and Teresa Gresford Lynn.

There had been several children born since then, but of these only one had survived, the younger of the two boys that Joyce had seen at church.

Joyce and Doris were no nearer the original difficulty. Wherefore were Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Lynn at enmity? Was it as John Gresford thought Mr. Carmichael had known him? But yet Mr. Carmichael had never been in South America. And he had never left England since his marriage, which was now well nigh eighteen years ago. Before that time he had been living in Australia. And his relations now were certainly with Australia, and with no other part of the globe; and to the arrival of the Australian mail he looked forward with constant anxiety.

The hatred of the two men, then, dated back prior to those eighteen years of married life. That there had been no cause for it since Mr. Lynn's arrival at Lynncourt was easily gleaned from Mrs. Carmichael's utter want of knowledge upon the subject.

Eighteen years at least of intense hatred! Joyce speculated upon it. It is strange how long hate lasts. Is it, then, stronger than love? Truly many a kindness is forgotten, whilst one act that causes anger burns into the heart, and leaves there a scar for ever.

CHAPTER V. SOME PAGES FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

August 20th.—What would Mr. Carmichael say if he knew of our day's adventure?

Fortunately, Mr. Carmichael has been too much engrossed to think of us. He gave out at breakfast that he had business of importance to trans-

act, which would more than occupy him the whole of a long morning.

"Suppose we dine later, then?" suggested Aunt Lotty, timidly. And for once Mr. Carmichael made no objection to her suggestion. Indeed, he gave it a meed of praise.

"It is well thought of," said he. Here poor Aunt Lotty's face quite lighted up—"and the girls will perhaps like to picnic in the cornfields. My last field is being carried. You can see to it, Charlotte. Then they need not hurry home to luncheon in the heat of the day."

Really Mr. Carmichael is becoming quite amiable. It is very seldom that he so far unbends from his ordinary coldness and stiffness of manner.

Doris and I set forth. But not to the cornfields. There was a boat on the river, and we had taken to rowing since our arrival at Green Oake. So we paddled lazily down the stream, intending to moor in a favorite nook about a mile away.

It would have been a forbidden spot had Mr. Carmichael known of our partiality for it, since it lay close on the borders of Lynncourt, in a part where Mr. Lynn owned the fishing.

But Mr. Carmichael did not know of it, and we felt no inclination to obey him in "the spirit." Other obedience than "the letter" we held to be supererogatory, and determined to take our pleasure until a decided check should be put to it.

It was a spot little frequented by the Gresford Lynns, so there was not much danger of meeting them.

Not that we should have had the least objection to doing so, for the beautiful children who were so soon to lose their pale dark-eyed mother had some irresistible attraction for Doris, and I must confess that I had a secret desire to see Mr. Gresford Lynn and to judge for myself what manner of man he was.

It was a sultry day, and we were glad to get under the shady trees. We could not have chosen a more sheltered spot: the branches drooped, and in some places dipped into the water, and through narrow openings we caught a glimpse of the landscape beyond, with the river winding far away towards the distant hills. And how green the water looked with the shade of the leaves cast upon it! "Like to the waters of an emerald sea," so Doris said, as she looked down into the clear depths.

"Beneath a vaulted roof of emerald spread," added I, falling into her humor, and looking up at the layers of leaves through which the sun could not find its way.

"Just the place to be poetic in," mused Doris, moving aside a bough to get a peep at the view. And as she did so a party came in sight, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, and the two children. Mr. Lynn was pushing his wife's garden chair himself.

Mrs. Lynn looked whiter then ever, and very languid. Her husband wheeled the chair close to the water's edge and seated himself on a mossy stump near. I could not see his face, for his back was towards me. But I could see his

wife's. She was speaking very slowly, and in a low faint tone.

We could not hear what she said, and yet I felt as though we were eavesdroppers. I looked at Doris, the thought had also occurred to her.

"Let us go a little further down the stream."

As we plashed gently past the spot where Mr. and Mrs. Gresford Lynn were sitting, the two boys who had been collecting some few ears of corn that had been left after the gleanings, attracted by the boat, ran quickly towards the river to see us pass. The ground sloped considerably, and the elder of the two, who was in advance of his brother, not being able to stop himself, or not seeing the abrupt termination of the slope, made one step too many and in a moment plunged headlong into the water.

A cry of horror burst from Doris. The cry and the plunge caused Mr. Lynn to turn his head, and at the same moment Mrs. Lynn became aware of what had happened.

How it came to pass, I know not, but before I had time to think, like a flash, I saw the child rise to the surface and lie in the boat in Doris's arms; she sobbing like a child over him.

I did not seem to see it, I only knew that it was done; that a lithe figure had leaned over and caught a wet form, lifting it into the boat with a strength that appeared almost superhuman.

It was like a dream, from which the pleasant voice of Mr. Lynn awoke me, as he spoke cheerily to the frightened boy.

"Only a ducking, little man; we must run home for some dry clothes."

But I could detect a quiver in the firm-set lips, and I knew that he did not lightly estimate the danger his child had been in.

We had pulled close to the spot where Mrs. Lynn was sitting. She was much agitated, and I could see Mr. Lynn was in some perplexity as to how he should act. Emboldened by our eventful introduction, I asked,—

"Can I be of any use? Let me take the child home."

But the boy clung to his father and would not leave him.

"I shall not be long away," said Mr. Lynn, turning anxiously to his wife.

"No," she said, answering his thoughts, "I do not mind being left; go with him, dear."

And we stayed with Mrs. Lynn until his return. I don't know how it is that Doris creeps into people's hearts as she does, but she was sitting at Mrs. Lynn's feet as if she had known her all her life, and Mrs. Lynn's slender fingers were stroking back her ruffled hair.

No one spoke much, we were all thinking of what *might* have happened, but when Mr. Lynn came back and we rose to go away, Mrs. Lynn with her sweet foreign accent said,

"I hope we shall meet again."

A shade passed over Mr. Lynn's face as I looked up at him, scarcely knowing what to answer.

"I think you understand how matters are," said he, after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes and no," I replied.

"The yes is sufficient," he said, with a sigh. "I have no power to do anything but to ask Mr. Carmichael's nieces not to think me ungrateful." And again his lip quivered, though his voice was calm and steady.

And I absolved this man from all wrong in the quarrel, whatever it might have been, between him and Mr. Carmichael.

I wonder if we shall ever know more of these people, ever meet them again, and ever learn the secret sore that festers still, and makes the neighbors enemies?

Doris and I can talk of nothing else, and probably we talk a great deal more than we should otherwise do, because it is a forbidden subject. The spirit of Bluebeard's wives has animated us; but I hope it will not be to so tragical an ending.

And Doris says,

"If Aunt Lotty had been Bluebeard's last wife, the story never would have been written."

Poor Aunt Lotty! I should so like to tell her of our meeting with the Lynns. But still it is better not. She can keep nothing from Mr. Carmichael. I am quite sure he confesses her every night. She is so anxious not to hear anything that we have to say that might be displeasing to him.

By the way, what could Mr. Carmichael have been doing in Doris's room.

Doris had stopped for a minute in the garden to gather some heliotrope. I was, therefore, in advance of her, and had reached the top of the stairs before she entered the house. As I did so, Mr. Carmichael came hastily along the passage. He gave a little start as he saw me, and muttered something about the flapping of a window in Doris's room that had disturbed him.

But that could scarcely have been, for there was not a breath of wind stirring, and the casement, though not fastened back, hung as steadily against the wall as if an iron clasp had held it there.

Besides, there was a consciousness in his manner that convinced me he was not speaking the truth. I said nothing to Doris, nor do I intend to say anything to her at present; but I shall watch, and see what takes place.

I could not help asking,

"Where do you keep your mother's letter, Doris?"

"Locked up in my cedar box," she answered. "There are other letters in the same packet. My mother sealed them all up together, and desired me not to open them as long as I had a home at Green Oake, and was happy there."

"And you are happy," I said, half questioning her.

"Oh, yes, as long as you and Aunt Lotty are here. Uncle Carmichael would of course be a dead weight, unless there were counter-charms. He seems to bring winter with him on the hottest day. But when this fortune comes, if ever it does come, if I don't like being here I can go away; and you must go with me, Joyce, for I could not part with you."

She had grown wonderfully fond of me in the short time we had been together. Her clinging, impulsive nature could not do without a prop to

twine itself around. And yet she was strong enough in will and daring—stronger sometimes than I. A curious mixture of strength and weakness, that gave a certain fascination to her character. "She cannot part with me!" All very well, thought I, at present; but in the future other interests may step in. However, I did not pursue my musings on this subject, for another matter was weighing on my mind. An idea had taken possession of me, an idea of which I could not divest myself.

"I would very much like to see your mother's handwriting, Doris," said I, reverting to my idea. "Would it pain you to show it to me?"

"No," returned Doris, kneeling down by a small trunk, and taking therefrom the cedar box. She unlocked it, and gave me the packet to look at. There were only a few words of superscription in a clear, though somewhat trembling hand—"To be opened by my dear Doris when she needs assistance."

I looked carefully at the envelope. It was sealed with red wax, and her mother's Christian name was upon the seal.

I examined it attentively.

"It is sealed with this seal that I always wear now," said Doris, lifting up a bunch of trinkets attached to a little chain that Mr. Carmichael had presented her with. But suddenly she cried out—

"My seal is gone, my mother's seal! Oh! where can I have lost it?"

She darted out of the room, and flew downstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael were still in the drawing-room.

"Oh, Aunt Lotty! Aunt Lotty! I have lost my seal; perhaps it has dropped somewhere on the floor."

I had followed close upon her steps, and I saw Mr. Carmichael start as he had done in the passage; but he quickly recovered himself, and joined with much alacrity in the search.

"You may have lost it in the fields," he said when we had fruitlessly hunted in every imaginable place; "where were you?"

"We did not go into the cornfields," replied I though the question was not addressed to me; "we went down the river in the boat."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Carmichael; "then that is where you have probably lost it. Either in getting in or getting out it may have caught on something, and the ring have snapped, and so it has dropped."

"Into the water?" interrupted Doris.

"Very likely," said Mr. Carmichael, quietly.

"Was it old, and was the ring much worn?" inquired Aunt Lotty.

"Yes," answered Doris, half-crying.

"I am afraid, dear, that you will not find it, but it shall be searched for," said Aunt Lotty, soothingly.

"I am afraid it is hopeless," said Mr. Carmichael.

And we went up to our rooms again, and once more I looked at the packet, and noticed a slight difference of color at the edges of the seal, as though it had been sealed with two different kinds of wax.

It had been my intention to offer to take care of this packet for Doris, as I had had a presentiment that it might somehow fall into Mr. Carmichael's hands, though why I should have this feeling I cannot imagine, nor why I should have had any misgivings with regard to it. However, I felt convinced that it was safe enough now, as containing nothing else than Mr. Carmichael wanted. How far it had been tampered with no one but himself would ever know.

Shall I mention my suspicions to Doris? I cannot make up my mind. Perhaps it is better to be silent until I have something tangible to lay before her.

There is a cat-like stealthiness in Mr. Carmichael's manner that makes me distrust him. How could Aunt Lotty pin her faith on such a man? But he is so plausible, and Aunt Lotty is so unsuspicious. I have no doubt she thinks herself unequally yoked with an angel! Alas, alas! how credulous some women are. Thank goodness, I am not.

* * * * *

Aug. 21—Another confirmatory proof that I am not altogether on a wrong track.

Doris and I came down late to breakfast, despite our intention of being up betimes to hunt again for the missing seal. But, being tired with the fatigue and excitement of the day, we slept on longer than usual.

"Not that there is the faintest shadow of a hope," said Doris, "for I am afraid it must have snapped when I drew the child out of the water."

"It might, in that case, have fallen into the boat."

A gleam of hope shot across Doris's countenance.

"Yes; it may yet be found."

But not in that way.

We had not been long at breakfast before Mr. Carmichael came in.

He went softly behind Doris, and dropped something on her plate. It was the seal.

"Oh, you dear, good Uncle Carmichael!" screamed Doris, jumping up and dancing round him, "Where did you find it? Was it in the boat or on the bank, or on the path or amongst the grass, or——"

"Stop, stop!" said Mr. Carmichael; "how can I tell you if you won't let me speak. It was under a tuft of grass by the boat-house. I was very near not seeing it."

I looked up suddenly at Mr. Carmichael, and our eyes met.

His fell. Yet how did he know that I knew he was telling a falsehood?

"It is snapped in two, you see," continued Mr. Carmichael, scarcely however allowing Doris to look, for he had taken possession of the seal again, and now held it in his hand. "I shall not let you have it until the ring is quite safe; it has worn through. I will take it over to Winstowe with me to-day."

"Thanks, thanks," said Doris, and Mr. Carmichael, who had already breakfasted, beat a hasty retreat.

"Your uncle has been looking for it this half-hour or more," observed Aunt Lotty, quietly.

Time wasted, thought I. "He is so very persevering and patient," pursued simple Aunt Lotty; "he never gives up anything that he sets his mind upon."

I sat still and listened, but I said nothing. I had no wish to be a hypocrite in my own eyes, so I left the conversation to my aunt and to Doris.

I am somewhat curious to discover whither this mysterious occurrence tends, but I shall keep my own counsel, for Doris will open her eyes in time, and her unbiassed judgment will decide more truly than if I had set her upon the track.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a lovely day in September, the leaves were beginning to turn yellow, and red, and crimson-streaked, and were falling, and there was a slight chill in the air as the sun sank lower that told that the year was growing older and would soon begin to die away.

Joyce and Doris had rowed down to their favorite nook; hoping, as they had done several times since their eventful introduction, to meet with the Gresford Lynns. But Mrs. Lynn's white face was growing whiter and thinner, and she shivered if a breath of cold wind breathed upon her, and those around her knew that she was dying faster than the year, and that she would never see the snowflakes spread a white pall over the withered flowers.

So it was doubtful whether she would ever come abroad into the fresh, open air again. And whether Joyce and Doris had not seen her for the last time.

Mrs. Lynn had grown very fond of Doris in these stolen meetings, she quite clung to her, and Mr. Lynn appeared to share in his wife's predilections.

However, no Gresford Lynns appeared, and Doris, somewhat disappointed, sat silent for awhile; then, suddenly starting up, she proposed going across one of the fields to look at a favorite view. So the field was crossed and turning down a green lane the girls came to a stile.

Joyce was going to step over it, when to her astonishment Doris gave a great scream, and bounding past her, sprang over the stile and seized by both hands a gentleman who was quietly taking a sketch of the view they had come to see.

"Gabriel! Gabriel!"

The gentleman looked surprised for a moment, and then his face lighted up as he asked,

"Can it be my little Doris? How you have grown. I did not know you at first." And he held her hands tightly in his own, and gazed earnestly into her eyes.

"But I knew you, dear old Gabriel, the moment I caught sight of you. Where have you been? I thought I should never see you again."

And then they began to talk of what had happened since they last parted, and Joyce drew a little aside so as not to appear like an intruder.

She need not have troubled herself, for the

two were so engrossed that they were not even aware of her presence. Gabriel had seated himself again, and Doris was half-sitting, half-kneeling at his feet, her hat had fallen off, and he was smoothing back her hair as if she had been a little child.

He did it unconsciously, and she did not seem to notice it, for her face was hidden in her hands, and she was crying.

At something he said to her she looked up, and then for the first time remembered that Joyce was with her. She was upon her feet in an instant.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I had forgotten. This is Gabriel Chester, Joyce; and, Gabriel, this is my new and very dear friend, Joyce Dormer. You must call her Joyce, and love her as much as I do."

And Joyce blushed, and felt hot and uncomfortable, and of course could think of nothing to say; but that was not remarkable, for how very few people ever do think of what to say at the right time.

But Mr. Chester quietly said,

"I suppose you are accustomed to Doris's rash suggestions, Miss Dormer?"

Miss Dormer! Then Joyce blushed again, and this time felt vexed as well as uncomfortable, though she could not make out why she should feel so. Doris was so precipitate and thoughtless, she was quite startled out of her usual self-possession; added to which, she had been indulging in a reverie on the stile in which it had occurred to her that it must be pleasant to have so charming a friend as Mr. Chester to call one by one's Christian name, and be so glad to see one. And then she had looked back on her own experiences and found she had never known any one to compare with Mr. Chester. Oh dear! Was she beginning to be jealous of Doris? She hoped not; she must write down exactly what she felt in her diary, so that she might be upon her guard against the slightest approach of jealousy. Besides, what right had she to feel thus; she had never seen Mr. Chester until to-day, and Doris had known him for years.

Mr. Chester spoke much of Mrs. Carmichael and said that if there ever was an angel upon earth she was one.

She must then, thought Joyce, have been very different from her brother, for there was little of the angelic about him, and Joyce was sorely tempted to give an opinion that she thought him rather the reverse; still it might be uncharitable, and it was not well to be unreserved with strangers.

So she made no comments; and at length Mr. Chester changed the subject, and asked Doris if she had been drawing lately; and turning to Joyce, he told her that Doris had quite a talent that way if she would only persevere.

"I shall never draw again," said she. "Oh, those lace patterns, how I worked away at them, and how little I got for my design!" here the tears began to fall again.

"Poor little Doris," said Mr. Chester, tenderly; "I did not intend to make you cry. I was not thinking of lace patterns; I did not know

about them; I was thinking of your sketches of the cottage and——"

"Gabriel," burst in Doris, "I shall never cease to think of those patterns, and now I am going to be an heiress. Isn't it a shame? I shall hate the sight of the money."

"An heiress, Doris?" repeated Mr. Chester.

"An heiress," answered she, bitterly; "it's something to do with Australia, but I don't know what, and I am sure I don't care. It's all come too late." And she rocked herself backward and forward, Mr. Chester patting her head as if she had been a baby still.

For he seemed to have forgotten, at least so thought Joyce, the years that were accomplished since he and Doris had met.

"Australia! ah, yes, it might be," responded Mr. Chester, musingly.

And Joyce thought of the Australian mail so eagerly looked forward to, and of the arrival of a giant nugget that was to turn the penniless orphan into a wealthy heiress; and a vague longing after a fairy godmother passed into her mind for Joyce had not quite escaped from the region of romance, though reality was beginning every now and then to pull her up with a tightened rein.

But Doris did not leave Mr. Chester long to his musings; she began to talk about her present life, and the pursuits of herself and Joyce; and Mr. Chester was glad to hear that she was making up for lost time, and said he must give her some more drawing lessons.

"If you can," returned Doris, shaking her head; "but I'll tell you what you may do, you may go on with the sketch you are taking, and Joyce and I will come and sit with you, and see that you work diligently."

"Do you draw, Miss Dormer?"

"No," said Joyce.

Just then, who would come up but Mr. Carmichael; he had been looking over some fields that lay over that way.

His countenance lowered when he saw the two girls, and did not brighten when Doris explained that Mr. Gabriel Chester was an old friend of her mother's. He did not seem particularly glad to see him, though he made a formal speech in which he said he was pleased to meet with any one who had known his sister.

However, he brightened up a little when he heard that Mr. Chester was only going to stay a day or two in the neighborhood, and actually became so far affable as to ask him to dinner the next day.

Mr. Chester did not appear to appreciate the affability, for he accepted the invitation as a mere matter of course.

Conversation flagged after Mr. Carmichael's appearance, and after a few disjointed sentences he observed that it was time to think of turning their steps homeward.

"We have left the boat down among the trees," said Doris.

"Which trees?" he asked, rather sharply.

Doris pointed across the meadow.

"Too near the Lynncourt estate," he said. "I desire you never to go there again, girls."

And then Mr. Carmichael went his way, saying he could not go with them to the boat as it was too near the Lynncourt property.

His departure was a relief to all; and Mr. Chester, collecting his sketching apparatus, accompanied Joyce and Doris to the boat. Joyce was just going to say "good-bye," when he stepped into the boat and taking the oars said he would row them home.

So he rowed, and Doris steered, whilst Joyce gazed dreamily over the side into the water, wondering what might next happen in the story she had begun to weave, and listening to Mr. Chester's deep voice as he chatted with Doris.

There was a little hesitation when they landed, for neither Joyce nor Doris would have felt at liberty to ask Mr. Chester into Mr. Carmichael's house.

Doris, however, solved the difficulty.

As the boat was being fastened up, she turned to Mr. Chester.

"If Green Oake were my house, Gabriel, I should ask you to come in and spend the evening with us, but as it is not, all I can do is to show you the gate that leads out of the garden into the village, and direct you to the inn. There—there's nothing like the truth, Gabriel, though it's sometimes hard to speak it."

Mr. Chester looked at her attentively. "Quite right, Doris," he began; but what further he was going to say was never spoken, for Mr. Carmichael emerged from a path overgrown with shrubs, and invited Mr. Chester to come into the house.

His manner had completely changed, and he was now as anxious to show attention to Mr. Chester as he had hitherto been averse from doing so. He walked with him to the inn, and would have carried his portfolio had Mr. Chester allowed it. He waited for him and brought him home, and his affability was inexhaustible.

There were two notes in Joyce's diary that night, the one appertaining to Mr. Carmichael, the other to herself. The former ran—

"I have never seen Mr. Carmichael so gracious to any one as he has been to Mr. Chester. He has talked to him incessantly. I cannot help thinking that there must be some reason for this sudden change of tactics.

"Mr. Carmichael's affability has influenced Aunt Lotty. She has been most lively this evening. I suppose it was her husband's unflagging zeal to make himself agreeable to his guest that gave her the courage once or twice to make a remark. Mr. Carmichael would have let the remarks pass by unheeded, but Mr. Chester listened with a deference that won my heart, and caused Aunt Lotty to comment after his departure, "I have never seen so pleasant a man in all my life."

The other passage was as follows—

"To-night I wore a white dress, with blue ribbons, but I am not sure that it looked as well as Doris's black silk. Doris said the ribbons matched my eyes; but I think my eyes have a greyer shade in them. Mr. Chester seems fond of music, and I don't think he paid much attention to Mr. Carmichael's speeches during my last piece.

"Doris and I had a long talk after we retired to our rooms. She thinks——"

But what Doris thought must be left to another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

"Doris thinks that Mr. Chester is very handsome—" this was the unfinished sentence: then followed Joyce's comments.

"I think," writes Joyce, "that her opinion must proceed from his being an old friend, whom she has always thought much of. He merely strikes me as having a sensible face and pleasant voice. He looks twice as old as Doris; indeed, he has rather an old look, but that may be owing to his being so sunburnt. He seems to regard Doris as quite a child, and forgets that she is over eighteen at the present time. What is going to happen? In spite of his gracious manner I know that Mr. Carmichael will be very glad when Mr. Chester says 'good-bye.'"

So much for the extract.

"Doris," said Joyce, "who is Mr. Gabriel Chester?"

"I don't know," answered Doris.

This was not a very satisfactory beginning, but by degrees Joyce learned the little that Doris did know about him. Mrs. Carmichael had met with him and his mother in the little village where they had taken up her abode.

Mrs. Chester had been an elder girl in her last half year at a school where Mrs. Carmichael had been the youngest day-pupil. The great girl had petted the little one and made a plaything of her, and the little one had idolized the superior being who made so much of her. For children have much reverence in their natures, a species of clinging adoration for those above them, that seems to be but little understood, or surely mothers would pay more heed to it than they do. But this adoring principle implanted in the infant mind is too often crushed even in tenderest years. This heaven-begotten idolatry, that makes the parent in the childish heart type of an unknown God, that so through earthly love the heavenly may be taught, how often is it cast away and trampled under foot by those who understand not the power for good or evil that they hold over the souls committed to their charge.

And when the great girl and the little one met in after years as women, with the disparity of age softened between them, the old bond, though scarcely recognised, held a gentle sway in the sympathy the elder accorded to the younger, and in the unservile gratitude with which that sympathy was met.

Mrs. Chester was very kind to her old school-mate, and had assisted her as much as Mrs. Carmichael's gentle pride would allow herself to be helped; and the poor lady, lacemaking in her humble lodgings, had been taken into close friendship with her more fortunate companion.

There was another bond of sympathy; they had both lost their husbands, and both soon after marriage.

"Is Mrs. Chester still alive?" asked Joyce.

"No, she died eight or nine years ago, and I have only seen Gabriel once since, and that was soon after my mother received that letter from Uncle Carmichael. I shall read that letter some time, Joyce, and then I shall know what it was that made her suffer so."

But Joyce knew that she would never read that letter.

"Joyce," continued Doris, "sometimes I feel as if I ought not to stay here, as if I could not stay. And yet it was my mother's dying wish for me to come, and so I try to believe that it is right to be here, but often and often my heart leaps up against it. Gabriel asked me if I was happy, and I said 'Yes.' And I am happy, Joyce, as long as you are with me. And I did not want him to think I distrusted Uncle Carmichael; for, after all, he is my mother's brother. I told Gabriel what a dear kind Joyce you were, and made him promise to love you for my sake."

"Oh, Doris—" began Joyce.

But Doris stopped her.

"I like all the people," said Doris, "that I love, to love one another, therefore you will have to love Gabriel. I told him I should tell you to do so—"

"Doris!"

But Doris waved her hand imperiously.

"All people I love have to obey me," said she, "I never wish them to do anything that is not for their own happiness. How nice it would be," she went on, "if you and I and Gabriel could all live together when my fortune comes in."

"And leave Green Oake, and Aunt Lotty? Poor Aunt Lotty!"

"Well, I should like to have Aunt Lotty as well; but you see that would involve Uncle Carmichael," and she paused, as if considering the point. Then she clapped her hands. "What a good thing it would be if Uncle Carmichael were to die."

"Doris!"

"Well, of course, I mean if he were prepared, and all that sort of thing. No one would miss him much. But then," added she, thoughtfully, "I don't think he is prepared. He seems to me the sort of man who never will be prepared. What do you think?"

"Oh, hush, Doris! What right have we to be judging in such a matter?"

"Well, I'm not judging. I'm only speculating, and one can't help speculating. I try to be charitable in all cases, but I often have strong doubts about people. Do you never have strong doubts, Joyce?"

"Where has Mr. Chester been since you saw him?" inquired Joyce, changing the subject.

"In Italy and Germany."

"Did he know you were here?"

"No; how should he?"

"Had he forgotten all about you?" inquired Joyce.

"Forgotten!" answered Doris, indignantly; "forgotten! Dear old Gabriel would never forget me. He had been down to the little sea-village to look for us, and had found that my mother was dead, and I was gone no one knew whither."

"Then it was mere chance his coming here?"

"Yes; if you like to call it so. I don't."

"Neither do I. It's part of the story," said Joyce, involuntarily.

Doris looked at her.

"Oh, you dreaming Joyce! I believe you live in a world of romance. Do tell me the tale that is going on in your brain."

"Not now, but some day you shall peep into my diary, and see what is written there."

It was a rash promise, and the moment after Joyce doubted whether she would ever care to fulfill it. Would she like anyone to see *all* that was written down there.

Of course Doris wished to take advantage of it at once, but Joyce said:

"Not now; but when we are old women, at this present time seems to us only like a story we read on a fair summer day, half-laughing and half-weeping."

"With Gabriel for the sunshine," suggested Doris.

"As you like."

"As I like! Now, is he not a gleam across our paths? See how Aunt Lotty unfolds beneath his rays. And even Uncle Carmichael has become more amiable for the time being, though I must confess I don't think it's owing to Gabriel exactly. There are wheels within wheels that I can't understand. However, that is not to the purpose; it is Gabriel that has oiled the wheels and made them go more smoothly. Your hard heart will be softened, too, Joyce, when he makes him sing for us to-morrow—it is so beautiful. To tell you the truth, I don't think he has been much sunshine to you at present, though why he is not I can't imagine. It always seems to me cheerful where Gabriel is."

"But then you know Mr. Chester so well."

"Yes," returned Doris, pondering. "And you don't. That may be it. You looked quite grave all last evening, and you are looking quite grave now, and tired, too; but that is no wonder for here we are sitting up talking, and it's nearly midnight." (To be continued.)

THE COCKROACH.

NATURALISTS, as a rule, do not describe the polished and armor-plated gentleman; he is too well known, they tell us, to need description! Unfortunately that is very true—he is far too well known, and the slightest acquaintance you may chance to have with him is generally reckoned too much. His room would be much more prized than his company—in which respect he resembles some of the "lords of creation" whom one would rather keep at a distance. Not at all fascinating in aspect, or agreeable in manners, he will yet intrude on our privacy, and increase his unwelcomeness by his pertinacity. Perhaps if he were a little more modest and retiring one would like him better, or, to put it more appropriately, would hate him less. But he is not to be taught humility in any phase; he won't "keep himself to himself," as the saying is, do what you will—but, on the contrary, will

read himself out in all directions, asserting his right of free warren wherever he can make his way. One thing is to be said, however, in abatement of the huge nuisance he is—and that is, at having made a tacit compact with mankind to divide the world with them, he keeps honorably to his bargain, and, surrendering the daylight to our use, appropriates the night to his own. He is down in the list of night-feeding insects, and when he emerges from his lair after dark it is to forage for food, in which duty he displays remarkable activity and a most enterprising spirit.

Observers do not seem to have come to any general agreement as to what constitutes the favorite food of the cockroach; but to our notion the difficult thing to discover would be, not what he does eat, but what he does not eat. The crumbs and remnants of the table, dresser, and pantry, go but a little way towards the feeding of his legions. He will devour linen, wet or dry; pollen, in the shape of broad-cloth or flannels; the housemaid's slippers or the master's cast-off boots; he has no objection to soap and candles, and fond of sugar, will revel in the delights of jam and jelly, will bury himself alive in custard and marmalade, and, with apparently equal gusto, will feast on pills and doctor's stuff that may chance to be left in his way. We know by experience that he will eat the corks from wine bottles, and that if the wine happens to be to his taste, in which case it must be sweet and not too intoxicating (for he is a wise animal), he will tap and drink his fill. But in the matter of drinks, malt liquor is his peculiar weakness. He believes in beer with a devotion that is often fatal to him, and haunts the dripping taps in the cellar till he wants either inclination or strength to move away, and dies on the spot. There are traditions of the kitchen which attribute far greater results to his devouring propensities. He has been said to gobble up new-laid eggs by the dozen, to make away with whole jars of pickles a night, to dispose of a cold fowl in the interval between dinner and supper, and to perform other astonishing feats of the kind; but seeing that these traditions obtain chiefly in kitchens where no cat is kept, we are unwilling to adopt them, and shall give Mr. Cockroach the benefit of the doubts we entertain.

The explorations of the cockroach are not a bit less remarkable than his omnivorous appetite. Though his proper locality when ashore is the basement floor of the house, he has the habit of paying nocturnal visits to every part of the dwelling, and of investigating the most secret places with indefatigable curiosity. In these enterprises he is often overtaken by the dawn, and when that happens he does not retire to the basement, but hides himself in the nearest shelter to await the return of night. So you are continually finding him when you are not looking for him, and do not not by any means want him. He turns up in your wardrobe, in your linen drawers; you feel him tickling your toes when you put on your slippers; you spy him scampering over the counterpane to get out of sight when you enter your bedroom to sleep; and you

may chance to dislodge him from your garments when you put them on in the morning. There is indeed no knowing where you may not find him. He will retreat into open bottles, or into the hollow back of a book, into cracks in furniture, into folds of curtains, or the fringe of a bellpull. Some of his hiding-places are no better than traps for him, and he often turns up dead instead of alive. We have found him baked in a pie, drowned in a bottle of ginger-beer, and stuck fast in the crumb of a loaf from the baker's.

We said his proper locality when ashore is the basement floor, by which we meant to allude to the fact that Mr. C. is a great traveler, and is even more multitudinous at sea than he is on land. On shipboard indeed he has it nearly all his own way, and swarms in countless numbers in every crib and cabin unless constant war is waged against him, and even then it is all but an impossible task to keep him down. Among voyagers, however, he meets with much more toleration than he does among landmen. With sailors he is one of the plagues that can't be cured, and must therefore be endured. They get up a battue against him when his numbers grow outrageous, but for the most part submit with resignation to his inroads on their rest. If he had not been a traveler we should have known nothing concerning him, for he came originally from the East, as his scientific name, *Blatta orientalis*, implies. The honor of introducing him to this country has not, so far as we know, been claimed for any of our renowned navigators or naturalists.

It has been affirmed that there is a compensation attached to every infliction that can be endured, though what compensation the plague of cockroaches in a house or in a ship can bring with it, is by no means evident. We are told, however, by those who ought to know, that the cockroach, unsightly as we deem him, is really an agent of cleanliness: that if he abounds where grease and dirt abound, it is because he lives on the dirt and grease, which would be more abundant if he were absent; that the rats and mice which die beneath the floors and among the rafters and joists infested with them, would often be the sources of unbearable odors were they not devoured by the cockroaches, which have been known to pick bare the bones of a large rat in a few hours. We have no reason to doubt this dictum, though at the same time it is not verified by our own experience.

To housekeepers, the most interesting information with regard to cockroaches would be couched in a short and simple recipe for effectually getting rid of them. Beetle-traps and poisons never do more than thin their numbers, which increase again with amazing rapidity when such means of repression are discontinued. They may, yet, be thoroughly exterminated, though the methods of accomplishing this desirable end seem to be known only to the professional destroyer of vermin. One of these Nimrods of the kitchen, being once engaged by the writer for this special purpose, took despotic possession of the basement floor for the night, occupied himself there for an hour or so in his murderous

preparations before the family retired to rest, locked all up, taking away the keys, and, coming again at daylight next morning, swept up the victims in a mass of several bushels and carried them off. Not a single specimen of *Blatta orientalis* was seen in that house for the five succeeding years during which it continued to be our home.

Cockroaches generally swarm in great abundance on the premises of the baker, where any measure for exterminating them by poisons could not be safely hazarded. Some bakers keep a hedgehog or two for the express purpose of keeping them down, the hedgehog feeding on them greedily, and exhibiting remarkable vivacity, for him, in routing for them. There can be little doubt that rats, who will eat anything, are formidable enemies to cockroaches and it has been noticed that wherever cockroaches are, numerous rats will effect an entrance if they can. We had once a tame jackdaw who would snap up almost any number of cockroaches that could be offered him, but he was of little use in abating them, as he was usually at roost before they came out of their holes. It is probable that in their native East, where they are not compelled to resort to the dwellings of man to shelter them from the cold, these pests of our kitchens form a considerable proportion of the food of birds.

The male cockroach has wings about half the length of his body, though so far as we know he is never seen to make use of them. The female has only rudimentary wings; her young are hatched from eggs, which, however, she does not deposit in any nest, but keeps enclosed in an oblong case attached to her body. The eggs are generally about sixteen in number; the young escape from their oblong cradle by emitting a fluid, which softens a part of it and lets them out. They are active and alert when they leave their mother, though they are much less in bulk than the smallest ants. Looking to the rapid increase of cockroaches in places favorable to them, it is plain that the female must produce her small broods with astonishing frequency.

A WINTER NIGHT.

A WIDE, wild heath, scattered with big moorstones, shining grey in the cold twilight, and hiding many an open shaft, lurking here and there among the furze, whose yellow blossoms strove vainly to sprinkle the bleak waste with some speck or spot of warmth—vainly, because the gold of the fragrant flower paled beneath the hard grey sky, and the blossoms drooped and shivered with a weight of snow. Over all the wide, darkening waste the snow lay sparsely, like a thin veil, so thin that the frozen ground showed black beneath, and the slight covering of white seemed only like a dim greyness, or hovering shadow of the cold and cruel winter.

Far away beyond the moor stretched the great Atlantic, with the winter sun sinking in it duskily, and its mighty rollers beating on the beach like the roar of many guns. Yet there was a strange stillness about the sea. The face of its mighty

waters wore a solemn shadow—a calmness, cold, silent, inscrutable, like the face of death. A line on all the visible ocean, even out far as the eye could reach, there rested the same palpable greyness, the same cold shadow of the bitter winter.

Gazing out at sea, with their slight figures leaning against a tall moorstone, stood two young girls. No other living creature broke the solitude of the wild scene. No goat or sheep upon the moor, no hovering bird upon the coast, no little boat upon the bay, gave token that life was not dead. The only life that had been caught lived here save winter and wild weather, and these two young girls looking on the dark sea.

"Do you hear me, Lydia? I was to take home a token before the sun set; 'or else,' he said, 'tell her we had better part: I am weary of these quarrels.'"

"He said that! Well, let us part, then. I shan't die of it!"

The elder girl turned impatiently on her companion with flashing eyes—

"You have no heart, Lydia! You are half good enough for Stephen. I always said so."

"Then let him leave me, if he can find a one better. Not good enough! Do you want to be a lady for your brother, Bridget Dunmere, or a princess, or maybe a saint? You won't find a saint like Stephen is no saint himself."

"Do you dare abuse him?" cried the younger sister. "Do you dare say he isn't a good, brave man?"

"I said he was no saint," persisted Lydia, "and I say it again. I've put up with his temper and his jealousies hundreds of times, and he's tired so am I. He may be good, but I don't know about being brave—"

"Not brave! Stephen a coward! Stephen who—"

"Was so afraid of the cold that he would wait ten minutes in the frost for his sweetheart, but sneaked home to his fire-side, blowing his fingers, I suppose."

Lydia laughed nervously, and glanced at Bridget to see how this last blow fell.

Bridget was trembling, and her face was pale with anger. She and Stephen were orphans, and her brother was her idol and her glory. Her mind—for hers was a gloomy nature—railing accusation brought against him was a scarcely to be forgiven.

She answered in a low voice, steady and hard—

"I have told you already, Lydia, that I had waited for you an hour. You can't expect a man to wait through a whole winter evening freezing to death, till a girl chooses to come and speak a cross word. You may call my brother a coward, Lydia, but you won't make him a fool. There's no man will ever be the slave to a girl that you want."

"Yes there will. I can say what I like," said Larry Trenouth, and he never gets angry, when Stephen grows sulky at one word."

"Sulky! If you had lived with Stephen as I have for twenty years, you wouldn't dare utter such a lie. You'd cry yourself to death for sorrow."

"You don't know him. You are not worth one thought of his great, good, kind heart. Go to Larry Trenouth; you are only fit for a grinning fool like him! Sulky and a coward! I shall tell Stephen what you say. Have you any other word to send him, Lydia Ennis?"

"Not through you. Tell him what you like—don't care!"

"The sun is gone down, and you have sent no message to undo your word this morning, when you said you would never meet him or speak to him again. Is that what you mean now?"

"Leave me alone, Bridget! Why can't Stephen come himself and speak to me?"

"And he underground since six this morning! And when his pair struck work at two, you know he promised your father to go to St. Ives about the new seine. You've got no sense Lydia. I'm sure I wish Larry Trenouth joy of his bargain. There, the sea is black as night now, and no kind word has passed your lips. I can't stay; the cold is killing me now the sun is gone. Will you send a kind word even now, or is Stephen too sulky and too great a coward for such as you?"

The injudicious peacemaker paused for an answer, but Lydia's swelling heart was too insignificant to let her speak.

"Well, good night! Take care, Lydia Ennis, that a night doesn't come to you when you'll weep and pray it might never be morning. Not twice in a woman's life can she throw away the heart of a good man."

Bridget was wise in her way; she knew bitter truths, and could speak them coldly without compunction. More to others, though, than to herself, for if she had dived into her secret soul, would she not have seen there a sort of joy that this young rival for her brother's love was obstinately bent on losing it?

As she spoke her last word she was gone, seeing through the dusk swiftly, not turning back or giving signs of adieu to her companion.

"Bridget! Bridget! come back!" cried Lydia eagerly. "Don't tell Stephen what I've said. I didn't mean it—you know I didn't."

But her words went idly down the wind, and the angry sister ran on heedless of her cry. Lydia might perhaps have overtaken her, but pride and sorrow rooted her to the stony ground.

"Of what use to say one is sorry to her?" she said to herself. "She always puts me in a rage. I can bear Stephen's sermons, but when Bridget colds I fly in a passion. She is bent on making mischief between us. And Stephen doesn't see that she hates me. Well, let her say what she likes, I don't care; if he heeds her, and loves her better than me, we had better part. There are as good fish in the sea as out."

The proverb gave her no comfort, for as she spoke it tears filled her eyes and fell down upon the grey snow, which she beat idly to and fro with her foot. Then looking up through her tears she saw the sea growing dark, the light on the western waves waning dusky into grey, and the stars shining out in cold splendor on the frosty sky. At this she gathered her cloak around her hurriedly, shaking light snow-flakes from it, and

with a quick step she bent her way along the little footpath that edged the cliff, keeping in her passionate mood so dangerously near the brink, that her slight figure, as it swayed towards the sea, looked as though a breath of wind would waft it to a dreadful death.

But winding onwards, the path took her safely to a spot where the bleak moor seemed rent in twain, sheltering in the fissure a cluster of poor cottages, below which stretched the long reach of sands and the darkening sea. Descending by a rugged path, the girl reached the neatest of the cottages—a thatched, pretty place, covered with honeysuckles and fuchsias, while a garden, fragrant with flowers and herb, surrounded it on every side. But with her hand upon the gate-latch she paused, for in the window of the bright kitchen there shone a head covered with short, crisp curls, and upon the wall was shadowed a saucy profile, with nose pointing impertinently in the air.

"There's Larry! Now Stephen will believe I asked him here, and things will be worse than ever between us. I'll run in to Aunt Nancy's till he's gone."

Softly she let go the latch and turned her steps towards the sea, but before she had passed the garden a swift foot followed, and a merry voice cried—

"Have 'ee gone blind, Lydia, darling, that you pass your mother's house like a stranger, or is it me driving 'ee into the sea?"

"Narry one, Larry Trenouth. I am going to Aunt Nancy's about some sewing she's doing for me."

"Now, Lydia dear, that's a stram. You are afraid of Stephen Dunmere. You dar'n't for your life speak a word to me, even in your aun mother's house, lest you should vex him."

"Me afraid of Stephen! You talk like a pat-tic, Larry. I've no call to be afraid of him or any man."

"Then do 'ee come in and say a civil word to a neighbor. I thought to titch pipe a croom with Ennis, but he's away fishing, mother says. And I'm going in a minute, then I'll do your errand at Aunt Nancy's ef you like."

Lydia listened with reddening cheeks, and eyes that glistened with a sort of vexed pleasure, that another man should plead with her even for a word, while Stephen held aloof, and expected her to plead with him. She turned, and again her hand was raised upon the latch of her mother's gate.

"Well, Larry, if you'll do my errand for me I may as well go in," she said. "It was not for fear I went away just now. I'd go into mother's with you all the same if Stephen was here to see me."

As if the words had conjured up a ghost there appeared at the moment on the brow of the deep descent a tall figure looking wistfully down upon the clustered cottages, the trim gardens, the glistening sands, and the in-rushing sea beyond. But perhaps, though he looked, he saw none of these, for his eyes were fixed on Lydia as she stood with her hand upon the latch, her face flushing, eagerly turned towards Larry, while he,

smiling, leant forward and spoke. Then the smile upon his lips flashed into laughter—a merry peal which echoed up the cliff, and reached the melancholy listener. Another moment and the two went up the garden, she laughing too, and bending her head towards him as he talked. Then the cottage-door was shut to keep out the bleak wind, and the fire-light shining in the window showed still that ever-smiling, saucy face of Larry, and the dainty shadow of Lydia as she flitted to and fro. The watcher on the rocks turned wearily away, and going down to the sands by a perilous path worn in the rocks, he stood by the fierce waves with his hands above his eyes, looking far out at sea.

"It's the cruellest winter we have had for nigh 'pon eighteen years. I mind very well in '29, when I was a croom of a child no higher than this little rock, the frost warn't so hard as now, and yet passengers died then in the coaches as they traveled. Ay, died! I mind hearing the folks tell of the Exeter coach, the auld Quicksilver, coming into Truro with horns blowing, and horses dashing along carrying the dead; for when the door was opened the passengers sat stiff and stark, killed by the bitter night."

The young man turned his face towards the keen north wind, which whistled over the sea with a piercing, steady strength, not stormily, not even roughly, but with a strange, cruel persistence that made the thought of change fall upon the mind like a miracle, and the remembrance of summer appear a wonder. In the face of this quiet, piercing, unchanging blast, winter seemed eternal, sunshine and warmth an impossibility.

"It cuts like a knife," said Stephen Dunmere. "It seems to find out one's bones and marrow. And he's a wisht man—not one likely to stand such a night as this. If they haven't put into Newquay——"

One more wistful glance over the darkening sea, and the young man cast his eyes upward with a despairing gesture.

"And she is idling and laughing with Larry Trenouth! Well, if he is a better man than I, let him win her; or if she loves him, why should I say her nay?"

But Stephen's lip trembled as this thought came, and his step grew hurried and restless. Then looking up the glen, through which the north wind whistled, he saw the lights of the cottages, and the breath of the thyme, and marjory, and winter roses came to him sweetly, bringing bitter thoughts of his love.

"Shall I go and tell them what I think? Shall I carry my black dream to their fireside, or shall I get my boat out silently and search for them? Yes, that will be best—but it's hard to go without a word."

Perhaps half unwittingly his steps took him up the glen, across shining sands and slippery rocks, and over soft herbage of sea moss, sweet-smelling thyme and heath, till he stood at the garden-gate, and looked in again upon the face of the girl he loved.

"If Larry is gone," he said, as he put his finger on the latch. But a burst of laughter shook the casement, and Larry's face, radiant with fun,

and ruddy with the glow of the turf fire, flashed by his eyes at the very moment of his thought. The latch fell from his chilled hand, and a feeling of bitterness, keen, miserable bitterness, took possession of him.

"Have I loved her so long to be cast aside a pattie like Larry? I'd best go my ways and forget her."

But at this instant he heard his own name pronounced in a loud tone.

"Stephen Dunmere! I tell 'ee"—Stephen opened the gate and walked up the garden, where Larry poured forth his silly words in a high tone—"I tell 'ee Stephen isn't haafe a man. I reckon he's what we caal haafe saved. To be afeard now, of the cowlid, do you caal that like a man? Why, ef you'd promised to meet me, Lydia de I'd have sot upon the stile all night to wait 'ee."

"Not such a night as this," answered Lydia. "You'd been froze to death, Larry."

"My love would keep me warm," said the girl, and went on.

"Hould thee tongue, cheeld-vean," interposed Mrs. Ennis; "there isn't a man alive could stand such a night without shelter. 'Tis a cruel cowlid I never mind sich a winter since Lyddy thine was three years old."

"It isn't often we Cornish have to bear a hard frost," said Larry, "and I say, when it does come a man can't worth his salt if he goes whimpering home to his fireside because his fingers are cowlid."

"Who says that Stephen Dunmere did that?" asked Mrs. Ennis, laughing.

"Lydia towld me so. He promised to meet her by the stile over agin the steppin-stone, and when she got there he was gone. And this morning he sent her word by Bridget that he was too cowlid to stop. What do you think of that for a man?"

"I reckon last night was the first night of a hard frost," said Mrs. Ennis, "and when Stephen saw the brook looked up like a stone afore his eyes, he went home like a sensible lad to firelight and warmth."

"No he didn't, mother," responded a voice from the door. "He tried to come round to the glen the shortest way by the sands, but the tide ran so fast he was balked, and he had to climb up the cliff, and stand out in the cowlid three hours, afore the tide fell, and by that time 'twas night, and as why, Lydia, should I come and wake you at your mother up to tell you I'd been a gaukum? As to you, Larry Trenouth, come and wrastle with me ef you will. And ef you don't fight, you have a man to dale with, then fling me, as I promise I'll lie on the heath till the Queen of England picks me up."

Lydia's face was pale as death, as she stood with her small brown hand resting trembling on her mother's chair, and Larry was silent and abashed; he knew Stephen was the best wrestler in the county, and but for rivalry in love, a disparaging word would ever have passed his lips against him.

"I'm peverly sorry, Stephen," he began, "but thee knowest th' ould saying, that listeners never hear no good of theirselves."

"And cowards are always backbiters. I've nothing more to say to you, Larry Trenouth. Lydia, I won't be hard on you. I won't say good-bye with anger, though you sent me word this morning you'd never look on my face again. And Bridget, to-night, when I met her on the moor, as I was coming to you, stopped and told me you wouldn't unsay that word, and you had no other thought of me except that I was a coward, and too sour a man to love. Well, 'tis all over now. You and I have kept company these three years past, but they are gone by, and faithless love is like a feast that's eaten—the memory of it is a folly. This is the laest word I'll ever speak to you out of my heart. Larry has thrown old sayings in my face to-night, but afore you grow fickle again—for when his turn comes to be cast off, he won't be so paiceful a man as me—I reckon you'd better bear in mind an ould saying too, 'It's best to be off with the ould love afore you're on with the new.'"

He turned and left the cottage before a word could be uttered. Lydia, with her cheeks on fire, and angry tears in her eyes, stood looking at the door in proud silence. Bridget had made all this mischief between them. If he listened to her, let him go; they could never be at peace with her always like a firebrand between them. Why didn't she tell he had gone down to the sands—weary of watching for her so long—and had nearly lost his life for her sake? And why now was he so unjust, so cruel, never asking her for a word, and believing all Bridget said?

She was too young to see that he was jealous she seemed to her hard and cold: She thought perhaps it was best to forget him.

With resentment hot upon her brow, and a cold, still pain in her heart, she turned to Larry. "So you and I are to be sweethearts whether or no," she said with a nervous laugh. "Wilful man must have his way. I want none of Stephen he don't want me."

Here was Stephen again as she spoke, his face shade paler, his lips white and set.

"Mrs. Ennis, may I have a word with you?" The frightened woman rose and followed him out to the garden.

"Why, Stephen, lad, what ails thee?" she said. "Bridget is a wisht woman to make up a quarrel. Come and speak to Lydia thyself."

But Stephen did not answer as she hoped. He looked at her with grave, sad eyes.

"Not to-night," he said, "and that jerry-pattic y to listen. No, let it bide till Lydia knows I am no coward, and don't fear a frosty night more'n any man. Mary Ennis, when your husband sailed this morning, did he say he'd come home to-night?"

"That would depend, my son, upon the fish they took. I sha'n't be scared, you know, if they be away the night."

Stephen drew a quick breath.

"'Tis wisht weather to be out at sea," he said. "Do 'ee reckon, now, 'pon his putting into harbor somewhere?"

"For sartain he will," responded the wife. "There was no anxiety, no fear in her voice. Her husband was a miner and a fisherman, and the

wives of such men see them depart daily to risk their lives, and until the night comes when they never return, they scarcely think of their peril.

"It's bitter cowl'd," continued Mrs. Ennis. "Come in Stephen; do 'ee, now, co, and make it up with Lydia."

"If Lydia wants to make it up with me, let her tell me so to-morrow, and I'll do it. To-night, mother, if tummals of gold lay in my way they shouldn't stop me from going where I mean to go. Lydia thinks I am a poor fellow who can't stand the frost of a winter night. Well, never mind—we shall see, I only commed away from the stile, mother, because I thought the evening too cowl'd for her to be out in."

"I know that, lad, and I'll tell her so."

"No, don't tell her that. But when her new love in yonder is gone, tell her ould friends are truest and best. And—and say from me, as my laest word, that, living or dying, I loved her."

He wrung the woman's hand, and with a hasty step strode down the hard frosty road, the echo of his tread coming back to the ear in lonely wistfulness, mingled with the surge of the sea.

"Poor lad!" said Mrs. Ennis. "His heart is true as gould, but then 'tis jealous as fire, and Lyddy is but a cheeld, and Bridget and Larry make grief too often betwixt them."

An hour later a group of men stood on the little pier in the village, watching a small boat out at sea. The moon's rays shone down on her with piercing clearness, and in the icy smoothness of the water, and the stillness of the bitter night, the strained ear seemed to catch the ripple of the waves as they laved her prow. She sailed swiftly, and her pathway shone beneath the moon like a silver thread of light, while every sail stood out distinctly cold and white as some phantom on the sea.

"And who's gone out to fish on such a night as this?" asked one. "Some mazed jerry-pattic, sure, for no man in his senses would brave the cowl'd."

"It looks like Steve Dunmere's boat, but he's no crazed hoddymandoddy to go wool-gathering on a sea in a frost and wind that's like a razor."

"Come in and titch pipe a few—I caen't stand tha cowl'd," said another; "it cuts my flesh to tha bone. I reckon a glass of toddy would do us more good than stan'ing out here like a passel of toatedum pattics to be froze alive."

Unanimous in acceding to this opinion, the men turned and went up the pier, beating their hands together and stamping their feet for warmth. But hurrying down to meet them came the muffled figure of a woman, and in her sharp impatience she called before she reached the group—

"Stephen! Stephen! are you there?"

"It's Bridget Dunmere," said a voice softly; "and for sartain sure it's her brother in thic boat. He's stark staring mad. What's he gone for?"

"Stephen isn't here," replied a miner kindly. "Shall we look for 'un for 'ee, Bridget, dear?"

But for answer Bridget clasped her hands with a cry of pain. Her eyes were fixed on the silvery track of the little boat, which stood out white against the sky, cold and clear as gleam-

ing ice, and still as some picture of the frozen North.

"He is gone!" she said, and with a heavy sob she sank down as she spoke into the arms of her companions.

They carried her in by the blazing fire in the kitchen of the Cornish Arms, and all crowded around her with soothing, kindly words.

"Don't cry, Bridget," said the hostess. "He'll be back, my dear, in a little spell. It's too cowardly to stay out at sea in an open boat."

"No! no!" cried the wretched girl in a sharp voice of agony. "He's gone to find David Ennis and his pair. There's ten of 'em in David's boat, all doomed men, he says, unless he takes them succor."

"Doomed men! Why David's boat is saafe in harbor somewhere, and he and t'others are faast asleep in their warm beds, I'll bet my head on that."

"No; he tould Stephen afore he went he should anchor off the rocks near Bedruthan, and bide there all night."

"Hould thee nonsense, maid! A man esn't foast to do aal he says he'll do. David Ennis and the men are safe enough, I'll war'nt."

"David Ennis is at sea off Bedruthan steps," persisted Bridget, "and Stephen is gone to him with brandy, and tummals of things besides."

"Is he gone alone?" cried an eager voice.

"No; I guess Larry Trenouth is weth him. I heard them talk together. I heard him pray Steve to let him go. 'And we'll be friends forever,' he said. I reckon they had had words together."

Bridget's plain pale face flushed into sudden beauty, and she hid it with both her hands.

There was deep silence in the little community. Many had brothers, fathers, sons in David's boat, and a deathly chill fell upon all hearts as the weeping woman imbued them with her fear.

"We can do naughting but trust in God," said one man at last. "Stephen Dunmere is gone to do all that man can do, and if he saves lives this night, may the good Lord of us all reward him!"

"He's a braave man—a braave man," said every voice. "God keep him saafe! Soas,* we'll never say a word to Mary Ennis and her cheeld till morning light. Let them sleep in peace."

Sleep! Ah, but how was the wretched sister to sleep? She, who had fomented discord and widened the breach in loving hearts. She, who through jealousy and a soured spirit had striven to put those asunder whom God had joined.

Weeping through the silent night, while the cruel north wind blew relentless, she remembered how often she had exaggerated a hasty word, and quenched the love in her brother's breast. It seemed ages ago since she had told him Lydia's lips had called him coward, and said tauntingly he feared to numb his fingers in the frost.

Oh! if God would give her room for repentance, if her brother might come back, she would never say a word against his love again!

And so the long, long night wore on, and the

moon and stars sank into the bitter sea, and darkness fell down upon the heaving waters of the frost-bound earth, a darkness in which the cold fought with life and quenched it. Then in the steady thrill of the biting wind, there glimmered through this darkness a veil of light, grey as mist but colder, and the watchers knew morning had broken upon their dread.

They hurried to the sea. Wives and sisters, mothers and children of the absent ones, crowded the little pier. And still the waves fell calmly on the beach, still the persistent north wind blew like the icy breath of some strong spirit, before whom all living creatures fell. Ah! the harsh hard winter, pressing cruelly on the poor! The choicest of all on those mild, gentle people of the West, whose soft seasons never teach them how to bear the rigors of those rare times when winter comes in earnest. Distress sat on the pinched faces of the crowd, and hunger shone in many a fevered eye, as the sight was strained in anguish across the grey cold sea.

And the light strengthened, bringing with it no touch of sunshine, but painting the sea with strange quivering gleams that trembled on the water, then passed away like spirits. And when the veil of darkness slowly lifted, and day came fully, there was not a speck or spot upon the cold lone ocean, far as the eye could see. They scarcely knew whether to hope or fear from the Hope came strongest, for it seemed a proof that men had wisely sought a shelter, not braving in an open boat the perils of the night. Slowly ministers and fishermen strolled away to their work, sorrow and fear stay not the labor of the poor; only the women waited, and among them Bridget stood foremost. Soon she stood alone; for cold was bitter, and the tension of fear being relaxed, the women went back to their homes. Scarce were they gone when Bridget saw David's boat coming straight into the bay from the north with one sail set, and one hanging loosely from the mast half-reefed.

She strained her eyes with anxious longing that she might be sure it was the fishing-boat of David Ennis; then, with a cry of joy, she rushed up the pier, and spread the good tidings through the village, and onward, like an arrow, she sped breathlessly through the glen, till she reached the cottage of Mary Ennis.

"Your husband's boat is coming into the bay, mother," she said, with pale lips. "Last night Stephen feared his life was in peril, and he was saved."

But Bridget's tears could no longer be held back, and falling on Lydia's neck she wept loudly.

In incoherent words she told of Stephen's fear and his resolve to take succor to David Ennis and his crew. Her tale was mingled with cries for pardon, and the story of her long night-watch, her prayers, and repentance.

"But, Lydia, you will be happy now. I will never come again between you and Stephen. Come with me to the pier to welcome him. I thought I thought I should see his face no more. The old men had said no human being could live out such a night and live."

* Soas, friends.

"But are you sure Stephen is in father's boat?" asked Lydia anxiously.

"Yes, yes. He knew where to find it, and he said he would reach your father or die. Larry went with him. They will be friends now always. Oh, Lydia, if you could turn Larry's heart to me!" Lydia kissed her pitifully, for she saw now what had made the sore between them. Meanwhile Mary Ennis had made ready to depart, and the three women went swiftly to the pier—the elder very silent, for age knows more of danger than the young.

A crowd stood on the shore watching the boat as she came on unsteadily, wavering in her path and swaying in the wind.

"Who's at the helm?" said one.

"Not David," answered Mrs. Ennis. "My man never steers like that."

Another moment the boat shifted her track, and the gazers saw there was no man at the helm!

"What's wrong? What has happened?" cried Bridget sharply.

No voice answered her.

Lydia clung to her mother, her tearless eyes fixed upon the sea. Fastened to the larger boat she saw Stephen's little skiff, but there was no man in it. The crew of David's bark were visible, but they made no sign when the people waved their hands and shouted. One man sat leaning against the mast, another lay by the helm, and a third leant over the side with both hands drooping forward to the sea.

Slowly, slowly the boat came on, drifting—they could not deny it now—she was only drifting, no man guiding her.

"They be aal shrimmed weth cowl'd, I reckon," said a hopeful voice. "But they'll soon come round when they get ashore."

The boat struck the shore as he spoke, yet not a man within her sprang to his feet, not a hand stirred, not a sound broke the silence.

With white faces, awe-struck, pressing on one another, the crowd left the pier and rushed to the narrow sands where the boat lay. The foremost men among them sprang on board, and saw the truth with their first glance.

The crew dead! They lay as the frost had seized them. David with his stalwart hand upon the helm, Stephen near him. Larry with arms drooping over the boat's side, as though in death he had appealed to Heaven with outstretched hands, and as these had fallen he had fallen too, and died.

But who can tell of the horror that grasped the living as they gazed upon that sight? Who can paint the pain and anguish upon those bowed faces as the loud wail of wife and mother rose to the dull sky? There is no man living, nor woman either, can tell of grief as mourners feel it. And there are woes which rend the human heart—dumb, speechless agonies, which utter no cry, find no tears, and ask for no consolation. Before these words fall powerless, comforters close their lips, and writers lay down their pen. Hence, with no weak word of mine will I strive to shadow forth the awful strength of sorrow as it wrestled with souls that day.

It was easy to see that Stephen's brave deed had been done in vain. When he and his generous rival reached the boat, David Ennis and his crew slept peacefully—slept the sleep that knows no awaking. Perhaps Stephen's heart broke in sorrow—such a sight might kill even a brave man—at least, they said he and Larry had not died as the others died, in sleep, tranquilly. There was grief on Stephen's face, and his hand rested on David's heart, as though to the last he had hoped to find some life there, and yet bring the man back safe to his daughter.

Mary Ennis grew old in a day. Her face was wrinkled, and her hair snow white, before they laid her husband in the ground. People said she could never bear more trouble, but she bore it and lived. Lydia died within the year; she never held up her head again after looking on her dead lover's face. A kind of madness came upon her first. She would rise in the night and cry—

"Father! father! Stephen! speak to me a word of love before you go! Do not let us part in anger!"

Then, shivering, she would creep to her mother's side and whisper she had killed him, and ask if there was forgiveness for her yet in heaven.

The young bear grief impatiently; it wore her strength away at last, and Bridget saw her die.

Thus Mary Ennis was left childless in her old age, but not alone, for Bridget, who had grown strangely calm and quiet, took her to her own home, and was unto her as a daughter, a most faithful and true daughter, till she closed her eyes in peace.

Amid the grey tombstones of an ancient church by the Cornish sea there stands the stern of a fishing-boat, on which are recorded the names of those who died on the sea that winter night two-and-twenty years ago.

In the churchyard of St. Mawgan strangers will find this memorial, giving the names of ten fishermen who, in one night in 1846, were all frozen to death in their boat, which in the morning drifted ashore bringing its stark and ghastly crew.

MATTERS OF FORM.

"THAT is all; you need not take the trouble to read it; you would not understand it if you did. All you have to do is to sign your name at the bottom; there, where the pencil mark is. A mere matter of form!" You do not like to appear obstinate or pudding-headed; or to show mistrust of the lawyer or secretary on whose integrity you have every reason to rely. Perhaps you are indolent, and shrink from the trouble of investigation; or you have a peculiar hatred of being singular, or of affecting to be wiser than your fellow-creatures. Or, perhaps, you prefer a little jump in the dark to a confession that you cannot see. Whatever your motive, the chances are that you say in a jocular tone, through which a suspicion of nervous uneasiness betrays itself, "No responsibility or risk, I suppose?"

And once more re-assured on that point, you sign. Well, in nineteen cases out of twenty, you hear no more of the matter; on the twentieth occasion you may find yourself in a very unpleasant predicament.

But that is a trifle; if idleness and carelessness only affected the idle and careless individual, the punishment would be rather a good thing. But unfortunately a large proportion of our national, social, and pecuniary muddles, emanates from that habit of satisfying conscience with a ceremony. Why are workhouses sometimes turned into lazarhouses, full of nameless horrors, moral and physical? How is it that private lunatic asylums are occasionally used as traps for the inconveniently sane? What is the real cause of the state of bankruptcy to which some of our best paying railways have been wantonly brought? Is it not because guardians, inspectors, directors, have assumed responsibility for the acts of their subordinates over which they have had no real control, and have contented themselves with signing papers, listening to reports, making periodical and conventional inspections, pocketing fees, and discussing—well, luncheons?

Taking a legal oath is a serious matter to most outsiders; but men who are obliged to swear professionally every day of their lives cannot think much of it. No doubt the average policeman, like every other honest man, tries to be truthful; but it is very doubtful whether taking the oath can have any effect upon his veracity. What wonder if the honor of the corps and consistency of statement should appear of much more importance to his mind than a squeamish adherence to the exact verbal accuracy required by his oath? He is pretty sure about the broad facts, and as for petty details, the principal matter is that No. 6 and No. 12 should agree in their account of them, and that he himself should allow no adverse private impression to invalidate their evidence. In one, at least, of our country towns (whether the practice is general I cannot say), the enthusiastic chief of the police has his men regularly drilled in evidence-giving. A satirical friend calls these parades his *perjury classes*, which is unfair, for a habit of speaking clearly, unhesitatingly, and directly to the point, is, at least, as favorable to the cause of truth as of error. But still, what chance has a witness who was never sworn before, and who weighs every word he utters with a nervous sense of solemn responsibility, against a man who is in the daily habit of giving evidence, and who utters almost as many sentences in the course of the twenty-four hours on oath as without that formality? Moral: Don't get into a row; or, if you do, compound the matter before it comes into court. You are in the right? that is fortunate; you will be able to get away cheaper, perhaps. At any rate, do not make a fuss about injustice; the police are at perpetual war with professed criminals, against whom there is a *prima facie* probability of guilt. If you find yourself on that side, you must blame your own imprudence, or ill-luck, if you find the swearing go a little hard against you.

Ladies are sometimes very cool hands with regard to their treatment of matters of forgery. Forgery they think nothing of, if they can save the trouble of forwarding, say an absent sister papers to her, by signing her name themselves and returning them. A clerk in a pension-office has told me that signatures to annual declarations, which ladies on their list have to send in, that they are alive and single, must often be forged; for half-a-dozen will come in from one family, with different names, indeed, appended to them, but all precisely in the same handwriting. As to endorsing a check made payable to some one else's order, or rectifying the omission of a careless friend, who gave them an unsigned post office order to cash, hundreds of innocent young ladies would think nothing whatever of it. They know that it is all right, and that there is no intention to defraud, and cannot understand why such a fuss should be made about a mere technicality. It is a wonder they do not oftener get into serious scrapes.

LOST SUNSHINE.

OUR house is emptied of delight;
It is no more the house of joy
That once shone with his presence bright,
That echoed to his laughter light,
His bounding step upon the stair,
His joyous accents everywhere—
It is no more our home, without our boy.

All's gloom, although the sunbeams glow
On yonder churchyard tomb and cross
(So near, so far!); and silence, though
His brothers' footsteps come and go,
And voices that are dear to me
(As *living* voices e'er can be),
Too young to know the greatness of their loss.

Ah, room wherein our dear one lay!
As sacred as the sacred fane
Wherein he loved to kneel and pray—
The good seed ripened day by day,
I watched it in the ear, the blade;
And when upon his death-bed laid,
He reaped the harvest of God's golden grain!

Oh, manly form, that never more
Shall swell this yearning heart with pride!
Oh, kindly face that always wore
Its best for me!—I watch the door
Half-hopeful; through the window gaze;
My sorrow gives me such amaze,
At times I have to whisper; "No, he died."

The landscape now has lost its charm,
The home view he was wont to prize
(Ah, how he loved each field and farm!).
The very air now lacks its balm;
The pulse of oars upon the lake
Is silent; and his gun can wake
No echo; a mist ever hides our skies.

Yet dwells he in some heavenly home
Far fairer; and about him lie
The plains of heaven. Let us come
In Thy good time, where grief is dumb;
Not as with us, Lord, who lack speech
The depth of our distress to reach,
Art where Thou wip'st the tears from every eye.

My boy, my Bayard without stain,
Whom the world loved, yet soiled not;
We would not have you know our pain,
Else you would feel it; but would fain
Still think (forgive us), though you be
In Jesus' breast, that you and we
Have yet some bond of sympathy,
That somehow, sweet, we are not quite forgot.

ON THE NILE.

Know'st thou the land where palm and citron grow,
And golden fruits in darker foliage glow?
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue
sky,
Still stand the myrtle and acanthus high!
Know'st thou it well that land, beloved friend?
Thither with thee, O thither would I wend!"

I HAD been to Egypt before, and on this, my
second visit, I appointed to meet two of my old
friends in Cairo, and with them hire a boat to
proceed very leisurely about eight hundred miles
the river to the Cataracts of the Nile.

There is a railway between Alexandria and
Cairo, 120 miles of road; so that your entrance
to Egypt proper is effected in a manner as seem-
ingly incongruous in that land, as would be the
hiring for hire of elephants and camels in the
New York streets in lieu of omnibuses. How-
ever, it is a boon, for the traveler is generally
anxious to pass quickly through the Delta on to
Cairo.

Of course it is impossible to maintain Wes-
tern discipline in Egypt; thus the departure
platform of the Alexandria station presents a
picture of busy life, such as no one who has had
fight his way therein will easily forget.

Panting and breathless with half an hour's
fuss about tickets and baggage, I threw myself
into the near corner of a comfortable carriage
and looked out upon the tumult. There was a
tossing crowd of wily Greeks, dusky Arabs, and
dark-featured Syrians before me—men, women,
and children in every variety of costume and no
time; a mob of women pushing aimlessly, of
men gesticulating and shouting vehemently. I
noticed two sharply-featured peddlars in baggy
trousers, shawls, and wonderful turbans, who
were elbowing their way, bowed beneath a load
of merchandise; they met in mid-career, butted,
and mutually expostulated as they lay
awailing amid their scattered and intermingling
press. Many a one stumbled over them, but no
one came to their aid. Then there were water-
ers, sweetmeat-sellers, bread-sellers, persistent-
pestering everybody; ghostly women in white,
visible as human only by their flashing dark eyes
and naked feet, flitting hither and thither in
antic search for a lost husband or friend. There

were solemn Turks and crafty-looking Jews; there
were the weak struggling with the strong; in fine,
every one, being left to his own devices, fought
his own battle—self against the world. Twenty
recruits, fine brawny Abyssinians, powerful fel-
lows in white tunics, with bare black legs, chubby
faces, and dark lustrous eyes, were being packed
away in a carriage apart, man chained to man.
They made no show of resistance; in fact every
now and then, as some passing joke struck a
laugh from them, you saw their broad chests
heaving with laughter.

Three compartments of the carriage adjoining
were devoted to the harem of some Egyptian
grandee, probably removing to his winter residence
in Cairo. Very full of fun and frolic were these
ladies. It was easy to observe, although, indeed,
each was strictly veiled, and in outward show
more suggestive of a perambulating bolster, than
a human being—how joyous they were to be free
truants from their cloistered home, even for a
day, ready for a romp as a bevy of school girls.
Two or three though, more advanced, evidently
looked down somewhat superciliously on this
light behavior of the rest, and became huffed at
it, much as a mother puss would be at the imper-
tinent levity of her kittens.

Could these women ever be happy, thought I
—happy as wives or mothers? Were they fit,
either by education or moral worth, to take part
in their husband's joys and sorrows, or to walk
pilgrim-like by his side in life's rough road. Were
they helps meet for man? Could they as moth-
ers—? But, ere I finished my musings, lo! a
fat bloated eunuch, a hideous bleary-eyed creature,
in charge of the women, strode forward, stood at
the carriage threshold, and bundled them in. So
I saw them no more.

There traveled with me in my compartment
two Egyptians and a Dervish. The latter was a
wild hairy man, clad in a rough brown tunic and
leathern girdle, given now and then to strange
maniac mutterings and contortions of face, but
who, in lucid intervals (which, on the whole, pre-
vailed), sat quiet in his corner and smoked like a
chimney. The two Egyptians, apparently well-
to-do Alexandrian shopkeepers on a flying busi-
ness visit to Cairo, jumped in at the last moment.
They had been detained on the threshold by four
or five women, wives and daughters, I suppose,
who set up a wail of anguish at their departure.
It was pitiful to see the big tears coursing down
the cheeks of one of the younger, as she played
nervously with the necklace hanging over her
bosom, a delicately-featured girl, whose frame
shook with grief. What a tempest for a few days'
separation. She was clad, as were the rest, in a
simple robe falling straight to the ankles, and
wore a veil cast back from her head over the
shoulders. A little half-naked urchin clung dis-
consolately to her knees, taking in evidently one
of his earliest lessons in woe. Then there were
mutual embracings, kissings, and passionate
sobs, and so the train rolled off.

I marked, however, that my companions soon
succeeded in consoling themselves. In ten
minutes sunshine had chased away the shadows.
The men had taken kindly to two enormous chi-

boukes and became hilarious over a game of beans. I wondered, though, whether those left behind were equally happy. Likely enough. They care not to hide their feelings, these children of the East. Whatever comes uppermost is fearlessly shown; but it soon passes. You are constantly, in your wanderings, edified by little babbings up of affection, anger, spite; and ever are met, now by some touching episode of domestic life, now by an unmitigated quarrel. By-and-by, though, you see that these emotions are too transient to be deep—mere surface agitation—so you get hardened, economical in your pity; tempests of sorrow cease to affect you; you have become a niggard in sympathy, and almost find it in your heart to be amused.

But we are now scouring across the Delta at the rate of—well, more than fifteen miles an hour. No Cairo "Express" is as yet known. The most fertile, but least interesting part of Egypt lies before us; that tri-angular tract of flat land through which the Nile, formerly by seven, now only by two, diverging branches (the other five being closed), empties itself into the Mediterranean. We first skirt the shores of Lake Maræotis, stretching away to westward, like the lagoon of an inland sea. Those broad patches of dazzling white, on the rushy sandbanks, cropping up here and there through the glassy waters, are flocks of pelicans; their downy plumage glitters in the morning sun; and as they rise in the air—for something has disturbed them (not the train—like cattle, they have become used to that)—it is as though a thick cloud were passing across the heavens, whose far-spreading shadow you see traveling over the fields.

In the midst of the broad green landscape to eastward, where larks are singing above the waving corn, and where, low on the herb, the tremulous heat is dancing as upon the sea, there are dotted here and there, principally upon the horizon, straggling clusters of palm-trees. Each shelters a little mud village, the home of the lowest Egyptian peasantry, and of *fellahs*, who till the soil. The road passes through one or two of these.

Doubtless it is a monotonous landscape to look out upon, especially as you have the seven best hours of the summer day thus to spend. However, there is a certain charm about it. Besides, it so happens that the high road from village to village runs immediately parallel with the rail; thus from the window you can survey the passing traffic.

One of the first things that struck me—and groups illustrative of it often repeated themselves along that high road—was the relative adjustment considered fitting between man and wife, on their marketing expeditions. Of course a donkey was of the party. Every well-to-do Egyptian owns a donkey: it is part of the family. The *husband* invariably sat a-straddle thereon, while the wife, with native politeness, followed barefoot behind! Assiduous as she always seemed in driving the beast to that speed her good man desired, you might naturally have argued that such delicate attention would have led him at least to carry the purchases. But no:

ordinarily I saw her trudging patiently on, like classic *Canephora*, a huge basket poised gracefully on her head, steadied by one finely rounded arm, the other being left free to goad on the ass. As for her turbaned husband, he sat there high and mighty as a peacock, humming a song as complacently swinging his brown legs to the throbbing of the donkey's march; and yet, seemingly as far as I could judge, the wife took kindly to the arrangement. She went her way, a little dusty boy or girl frolicking by her side, light-hearted and blithesome; always intent, however, on the nod of her more fortunate, if not better "half." "Half," though, would not invariably apply, more than once I saw *two* wives following; in which case I suppose division would go by thirds.

ON THE RAIL.

DAMANHOOR. Damanho—oo—r! The train has drawn up, with a shriek, at this village. A sleepy-eyed, bronze-shouldered, bare-legged fellow, with a big bell, cries out the name, finishing it off with a prolonged howl, by way of emphasis. This gentleman, after a relapse or two, squats quietly down on his haunches in the dust—there is no platform—resumes his pipe, hunches his knees, and serenely contemplates the travelers as they descend. We are stayed in the midst of a labyrinth of mud dwellings, the road on a level with what is, I suppose, the Public Place. It is a huddle of houses, populous with crowded queer inhabitants, very scant of dress, who are now clustering in every available patch of shadow like bees at the hive door. They hardly turn an eye to take note of us, though we are stranded in the midst of them. It would compromise their dignity, I presume. They have arrived at Horace's *nil admirari* unconsciously.

Most of the travelers descend for a rest, and shake themselves deliberately. No fear of the train going on. They do not hurry you on the rail. A number of little urchins are about, selling sugar-cane. It is a favorite refreshment, more sought after than oranges, a few half-pence stalk. Most people buy, cut, or break it up in convenient lengths, and begin the attack. So all the world is chewing sugar-cane. Some of the motley company are squatted in the dust, some taking a turn; but all are in various stages of difficulty with this luscious reed. Such have a regard for appearances gnaw at it delicately, but the greater part are seen with cheeks puffed out, struggling desperately with the sugar joy. Moreover, they gesticulate, and try to talk and chew at one and the same time. Thus you have an amusing picture before you.

My two friends, the merchants, now thoroughly jovial, beaming with good-nature and perspiration, get out and shake themselves. So does the dervish, but solemnly. It being now near noon, unrolls his praying carpet, spreads it decorously in the dust, a little apart, kneels, and faces towards Mecca, and says his prayers.

What queer places these mud villages of the Delta are. From afar, how picturesque! From near, how very disenchanting! There is always a group of outlying palms. The clust-

ing huts—for these are not detached or distributed among the trees—built up of brown mud, plastered roughly on, handful by handful, to the height of six or eight feet, are each roofed over with a layer of palm branches; a heavy sprinkling of dirt being carelessly thrown thereon, toaffle any chance gust of wind. Here, on this uncertain roof, cats reside and hens roost, who, by their scrabbling, rain down dust on the human wellers below. A little loophole, high up, and a door, complete the arrangement.

In this village, as before said, all the inhabitants appear to be assembled in the Public Place—to eat, drink, and live there, *en famille*, it would seem. Wizenod old grandmothers, toothless and weary, are crooning in the low doorways, under a broad palmleaf stuck in the mud lintel or shadow. Evening with them must be far on, the grim bridegroom very near; yet they are daily decked out as for another bridal. Rows of audy bracelets are jingling loose on their skinny arms, nose-rings swinging upon faces scarcely human, and thick anklets of brass or bone encircling their shrunken limbs—a ghastly exhibition of woman's deathless passion for finery! Then there are turbaned grandfathers and fathers gravely squatting under the walls, puffing lazily at the chibouke, and solemnly discussing some high matter.

A few matrons setting in conclave nursing; troops of younger women, tatooed and swarthy,olling and basking in the glaring sunshine; fifties of little unclad dusky urchins, rollicking and umbling in the deep dust, ducking into it, and filling it one on another like children at play in the loose sea sand; a gathering of enterprising wens, very conceited, and perfectly at home; pigeons, too, on easy terms of intimacy; and always and everywhere lank hungry dogs prowling warily in search of loose offal—such, under scorching sun, is the picture of village-life before us. Not a soul seems to have any work to do, or desires to gratify beyond the passing hour. It is the life, so you might think, of a higher class of animals. You can detect no care: mere existence is a pleasure; and as there is no strict schoolmaster in shape of *mind* to inflict discipline or rebuke, the body has an easy time of it.

But we are again on our way. Long strings of laden camels, carrying cotton or corn to Alexandria, pass us silently and disappear: the broad spongy foot of the camel makes no sound. A sasan rides gaily on the foremost beast, ducking to each step, and trolling his matin song. The rest, docile and sedate, tied in rank head to tail, follow in turn. A bey in gaudy flowing garments and clanging scimitar, lacketed by servants on horseback, flashes past in a cloud of dust. Swarthy peasants are sauntering through the corn-fields, or resting from the noontide heat under a grove. There is a group of merry girls cooeping around a wayside well, sporting and splashing in playful humor, and others, carrying pitchers of classic shape, trudge barefoot homeward.

It is the mid-day hour of prayer. Wayfarers here and there are halting in the silent noon to go through their devotions. A rigid Moslem—

be he in his shop, or under sail, or on a journey—is ever scrupulous as to his prayers. This is no closet worship. He makes no secret of it. You would not be uncharitable, perhaps, in considering it rather an ostentatious proceeding. This is why, on my journey, I took note of many so occupied. Some had spread their carpets by the wayside, others in the flickering shadow of a palm. There were also such as, having no carpet to spread, being poor, knelt down on their garment laid in the dust. One good man had cast his donkey adrift. The ass, cunning fellow, quickly found pleasant pasture amid the tender corn in an adjacent field; and there he stood, with one eye on his prostrate master, nibbling in hot haste, and doubtless approving most highly of the Prophet's institution.

It is not pleasant to be interrupted in any occupation, but to disturb a Mussulman at his prayers is a very serious thing. For if he speaks in answer to you, or his attention is withdrawn, either by turning the head or otherwise moving his position, the prayer goes for naught; he must begin again. An illustration of this occurred while we were stayed at Damanhour. The swarthy, bare-legged official before mentioned, waking into life after some twenty minutes' repose, rung his bell to start the train, at a moment when two pious men were on their knees in the dust, but half way through their prayers. Placed in imminent peril of being forsaken, these good Moslems cast a wistful glance at the passengers hurriedly crowding in, and gabbled faster than ever, in hopes of getting to the end ere the fatal moment should come. Their virtuous efforts, however, availed them not. They were forced to give in. The train would not stay. I saw them reluctantly snatch up their carpets, and scamper to their places in a most undignified manner.

I do not like comparisons: they are odious, as the copy-books say; but I recollect once to have seen a Roman priest in a similar predicament. His way of getting out of the difficulty was more easy, though. We were traveling together by rail in sunny Provence, he and I in the same compartment. Conversation was started, and soon flowed freely; I found him an agreeable companion; but when the talk flagged, he brought out his *missal*, and, after crossing his breast, and reciting the preliminary *In nomine Patris*, etc., he settled himself in a snug corner, and went through his appointed portion in a kind of half-audible whisper.

Long before you reach Cairo the Desert creeps into view. From the left window of the carriage you see it looming on the eastern horizon, like a coast of cloudland veiled in an amethyst light. First a drift of delicate rose-colored haze, then a luminous bank of purple, and then the faint lines and undulations of that sandy sea become manifest. Yee; that is *THE DESERT*—the wild, dreamy, desolate Desert, over which the sons of Jacob went and came on their weary quest for corn; over which Moses led Israel from his bitter bondage; over which Pharaoh's proud hosts, hotly pursuing, rushed blindfold to their doom.

The first sight of the Desert strikes you with

feelings akin to those called up by the first sight of the sea. There is the same indefinable sense of melancholy, the same wild majesty, the same mystery. Both speak to you with one voice; but the speech of the Desert is deeper than that of the ocean. There is a profounder calm in the Desert than in the sea! Both, indeed, are subject to paroxysms of unrest—are torn and wracked by tempests—are lashed suddenly into storm, changing color and aspect in moments of dull ungovernable fury. But the passion-fit soon passes; the abiding sentiment is calm.

Plainer and plainer, as you travel on, grows the Desert upon you. The green land ceases suddenly, like a shore. Beyond that fertile frontier, curveting in bays and headlands, all is waste—arid rock and barren plain. You watch, until the broad sandhills fill up the horizon; and then, looking where the ceaseless sunshine plays on a seeming belt of mist, mantling it in tints of exquisite loveliness, and flushed with all delicate hues, inconceivable as the sea, to him who has not beheld them, you know that stretching far away lie boundless deserts—unknown tracts, where even the wild Arab has scarcely penetrated. Nearer to you, however, though not within ken, is the Wilderness of the Wanderings, and the awful mountain group of Sinai—Gebel Mousa. Petra, also, the Rock City of Edom, now the wild Bedouin's lair, as the crow flies is not very far distant. But nearest of all—and you can even now almost follow the track of a caravan creeping slowly over those shifting sands—lies the old route "up" to Canaan; the old route which has never changed; the route by which Abraham "went down into Egypt."

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY is the art of printing pictures from stone, in colors. The most difficult branch of it—which is now generally implied when chromos are spoken of—is the art of reproducing oil paintings. When a chromo is made by a competent hand, it presents an exact counterpart of the original painting, with the delicate gradations of tints and shades, and with much of the spirit and tone of a production of the brush and pallet.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithographing is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete, the slab is put on the press, and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contain no drawing, being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself, being oily, repels the water, but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, wood-cuts,

and steel engravings—lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo, the first proof is a light ground tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the complete picture. It is in fact rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. The process is repeated again and again and again occasionally, as often as thirty times. We saw one proof, in a visit to Mr. Prang's establishment,—a group of cattle,—that had passed through the press twelve times; and it still bore a greater resemblance to a spoiled colored photograph than to the charming picture which subsequently became. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraving on stone, which produces that resemblance to canvas noticeable in all of Mr. Prang's finer specimens. English and German chromos, as a rule, do not attempt to give this delicate final touch.

The paper used is white, heavy "plate paper" of the best quality, which has to pass through heavy press, sheet by sheet, before its surface is fit to receive an impression.

The process thus briefly explained, we need hardly add, requires equally great skill and judgment at every stage. A single error is instantly detected by the practised eye in the finished specimen. The production of a chromo, if it is at all complicated, requires several months—sometimes several years—of careful preparation. The mere drawing of the different and entire detached parts on so many different stones is itself a work that requires an amount of labor and a degree of skill, which, to a person unfamiliar with the process, would appear incredible. Still more difficult, and needing still greater skill, is the process of coloring. This demands knowledge which artists have hitherto almost exclusively monopolized, and, in addition to the practical familiarity of a printer with mechanical details. "Drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making chromos as drawing and coloring. On proper registering, for example, the entire possibility of producing a picture at every stage of its progress depends. "Registering" is that part of the pressman's work which consists in so arranging the paper in the press, that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet. In book work, each page must be exactly opposite the page printed on the other side of the sheet, in order that the impression, if on the paper, may not "show through." In newspaper work this is of less importance, and often is not attended to with any special care. But in chromo-lithography the difference of a hair's-breadth would spoil a picture; for it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

After the chromo has passed through the press

is embossed and varnished, and then put up for the market. These final processes are for the purpose of breaking the glossy light, and of softening the hard outlines which the picture receives from the stone, which imparts to it the semblance of a painting on canvas.

Like every modern discovery, chromo-lithography has its partisans and detractors,—those who praise it for its perhaps impossible capabilities, and those who regard it as a mere handicraft, which no skill can ever elevate into the dignity of an art. We do not care to enter into these disputes. Whether an art or a handicraft, chromo-lithography certainly re-produces charming little pictures vastly superior to any colored plates that we have had before; and it is, at least, clearly entitled to be regarded as a means of educating the popular taste, and thereby raising the national ideal of art.

A correspondent, looking at chromos from this point of view, thus indicates (it may be somewhat enthusiastically) their possible influence on the culture of the people:—

“What the discovery of the art of printing did for the mental growth of the people, the art of chromo-lithography seems destined to accomplish for their æsthetic culture. Before types were first made, scholars and the wealthier classes had ample opportunities for study; for even the Bibles were chained in churches, and the copies of the Scriptures (then aptly so styled) were worth a herd of cattle, there were large libraries accessible to the aristocracy of rank and mind. But when they were guarded against the masses by the closed doors of privilege and ignorance. A book possessed no attractions for the man who could not read the alphabet; and, *because* they were rare and hard to get at, he had no incentive to master their mysteries. Made cheap and common, the meanest peasant, in the course of a few generations, found solace for his griefs in the pages of the greatest authors of his times and of all time. Mental culture became possible for whole nations; and democracy, with its inimitable blessings, gradually grew up under the gentle shadow of the first ‘printer’s proof.’

“Until within a quite recent period, art has been feudal in its associations. Galleries of priceless paintings, indeed, there have always been in certain favored cities and countries; but the people, as a whole, they have been equally inaccessible and unappreciated, because no previous training had taught the community *how* to prize them. It was like Harvard College without the district school,—a planet without satellites, and too far removed from the world of the people for its light to shine in the cottage and in the homes of the masses.

“Now, chromo-lithography, although still in its infancy, promises to diffuse not a love of art merely among the people at large, but to disseminate the choicest masterpieces of art itself. It is art republicanized and naturalized in America.”—*Prang's Chromo.*

THERE are more established errors current than we would believe, and it is astonishing how headfast men are in their adherence to nonsense.

WILLIAM HOOPER.

A LEFT-LUGGAGE STORY.

Six months ago, I was unexpectedly summoned to town by a letter from my lawyers, Messrs. Smith and Son, on urgent business, the precise nature of which it is unnecessary to specify here. Living as I do some miles from a post-town, I do not get my letters until far into the morning, and it was only by dint of a hard gallop, that I succeeded in reaching the station at Buntford just as the mid-day up-express came steaming in. As I passed the bookstall, I called out for a copy of the day's paper, but was answered by a gaping boy that he had none—not in yet, or all out—I forget which. Being pressed for time, and moreover haunted by a vague dread of the five dreary unoccupied hours before me, I, with less than my usual discretion, flung down a quarter on the counter, and having caught up at random the first of the row of monthly magazines that came to hand, hastened to secure my seat in the train. The car in which I found myself was empty, but it seemed that I was not long to have it to myself; for the opposite seat—I had taken one next to the window, with my back to the engine—was occupied by a gentleman's hat-box and railway-rug, and a portmanteau was stowed away underneath. The rug—I think I see it before my eyes now—was of a shaggy brown outside, lined with a running pattern of black and blue. The hat-box bore the label, ‘*Wm. Hooper.*’

The comfort of a journey, of a long one especially, depends in so great measure on the nature of one's fellow-travelers, that it is not to be wondered at that my eye dwelt rather long on the name, while I fell into speculations as to its possessor, and whether he would turn out a good, bad, or indifferent companion. Having scanned his luggage well, I proceeded to look out of the window for the man himself, for we were on the point of starting, and it was time he made his appearance. At this moment, there came hurrying up a tall young man with sandy moustache and blue spectacles, carrying a carpet-bag, and an old lady with a dog in her arms. Both looked in my window, and both passed on, the one up, the other down the platform, entering respectively the cars to the right and left of mine. The only persons now remaining on the platform were the station-master, who was already giving the signal for our departure, two porters, and a bearded man who paced up and down with folded arms. Him I was disposed to set down as Mr. Hooper; but if it was he, he showed a singular indifference to the fate of his property, for the whistle sounded, and we were off, and he simply stood still and stared carelessly after us.

Plainly, it was not Mr. Hooper. But where, then, was the man? It was a question more easily asked than answered. I grew weary at last of watching his luggage, and turned my attention to the magazine I had bought at the station. But I could not get on with it at all. Story after story I began, and story after story

I abandoned in disgust. I use the word advisedly, for it is with no slighter feeling that common-sense, perhaps common-place, men like myself can regard the tone that at present pervades this class of literature. At last, I hit upon one tale that promised to be sensible enough, setting out as it did with an account of the journey on foot of a father and son from Land's End to John o' Groat's House. But it was a mere deception after all. No further on than the third page, they lost their way in a wood, and took shelter in a small wayside inn, the Boots whereof was an individual so ominously described that it needed no large amount of discrimination to perceive that this story was going the way of all the others. Thoroughly out of patience, and apostrophizing myself as a double fool for having thrown away my money on such rubbish, I tossed the offending book under the seat. "How on earth," I said to myself, "can trash like this go down in this work-a-day world? and where do they find writers weak-minded enough to minister to so silly a taste?" Then, my eye falling on the luggage opposite, I continued, "They represent every trivial incident as tending to something of great moment. Something comes out of everything. If one of these wise-acres were here at the present time, he would make something out of that railway-rug, I don't doubt."

We had whizzed by four or five out-of-the-way stations at express-rate; now we were slackening speed considerably, and presently, bump, bump, we drew up alongside the platform at Tamwell.

Here we had a stoppage of ten minutes, to enable through passengers to lunch; a tedious delay to those who like myself had no better occupation than walking up and down the platform. Among some half-dozen others employed in the same manner, one man in particular attracted my notice. He was below the middle height, broad-shouldered, thick-set, and red-haired. His eyes were small and bright; his face not a pleasant one to look at, conveying as it did a most unmistakable impression of craftiness.

"If I were a policeman," said I to myself, "I should keep a sharp look-out on that fellow."

His movements struck me as peculiar. He walked right down the platform, peering into one carriage after the other, as though undecided which to enter. Having arrived at the end of the train, he turned, and came leisurely back towards where I was standing. This time he stopped for a moment at my carriage, and an undefined instinct made me watch him yet more narrowly. He glanced back at me, and for an instant his eyes encountered mine, then he turned his head, and walked on. A sudden idea struck me: Could this by any chance be William Hooper, who, having inadvertently got into a wrong carriage at Buntford, was now come to look after his luggage? The ringing of the first bell took off my attention, and I hastened to resume my seat.

"By your leave, sir," said a voice at my elbow, and there, to my no small astonishment, was the same objectionable individual, actually preparing to enter the carriage.

"It is William Hooper," was my mental conclusion, but this was negatived next moment.

"I'll thank you to allow me to move your rug and hat-box to the next seat, sir; I wish to see the last of a friend."

And, suiting the action to the words, he only displaced the articles in question, but his bulky figure out of the window in such manner as almost to fill up the aperture. This was very annoying; but by remonstrating with him, I should, I knew, but expose myself to disadvantage, so I let him take his way, hoping that I would have to bear his company but a little while. But in this hope I was disappointed; the ticket he produced had the same destination marked on it as my own.

"Odious!" I ejaculated to myself as the train was off again. "However, if he makes him disagreeable, I can but change carriages at the next station."

I had procured a newspaper at Tamwell, and was busied in its perusal, when looking up suddenly, I caught my companion's eye fixed on me with an expression absolutely startling in its keen scrutiny.

Yet more startling was the immediate and remarkable change that came over his countenance when he saw that he was observed—his face dropped; a dull, stupid expression overspread it, and he turned his head away. However, I had seen enough to set me on my guard. At this, I resolved to watch him steadily, though without appearing to do so.

Acting on this resolution, I soon became aware, that for some reason or other, he took considerable interest in the luggage he believed to be mine; in reality the property of the invisible William Hooper. At least, so I judged from the circumstance, that although, so long as he looked his way, he apparently took no notice of either hat-box or rug, no sooner did I turn my head towards the window at which we were seated, than I was conscious—I may almost say instinctively—that both were subjected to the sharpest investigation from his foxy eyes.

I had really forgotten the existence of my portmanteau, when a peculiar *thud*, repeated at intervals, roused me to the perception that my companion's heavy heel was from time to time striking with force against the leather case. This might have passed for mere clumsiness, had not my suspicions already been excited. As it was, I could not divest myself of the notion, that he had some ulterior object in view, though what it could be was difficult to divine. I could scarcely believe that of sheer malice prepense he could wish to damage the portmanteau. Could he possibly be trying to get access to its contents; and if so, what sinister intentions did he entertain with regard to them?

Believing that danger of some description threatened William Hooper's luggage, I resolved—since he was not here in person to protect it—to take it under my own immediate surveillance, and, the more effectually to do so, not to disclose that ownership of it, with which my companion evidently accredited me. I therefore said as civilly as possible: "You find that portman-

in your way, I am afraid; pray, let me out, and take it under my own seat."

"at all, not at all," returned my companion. "It's quite comfortable here, sir: double yourself to move."

as evidently as loth to part with the port, as I was anxious to get possession of I was the more determined to carry my which I succeeded in doing at last.

ly after this, we passed through a tunnel, and across for the purpose. I had just the encircling strap when my fingers crossed those of another hand; there was all start, and both hands were simultaneously withdrawn. This was a disagreeable sensation of my suspicion, and at the same time I felt considerably out of countenance my object in feeling must have been so, whereas, after all, the position of his was as not very unnatural, sitting as he was at, with his arm, it might be, on the red partition. Neither of us said a word, and we emerged from the tunnel close worth.

ete-a-ete ended here; and though I am hard, I must own that I was not sorry for the two passengers that joined our party. A white-haired lady, in Quaker costume, took the vacant seat next me, opposite Mr. Quaker's possessions, and an elderly gentleman wearing a cape, and wearing a respirator, seated himself beside them by the other

appeared to be in delicate health, I even suggest that the seat opposite would be able to draught, but he replied that it did him to sit with his back to the engine. I proposed to move the hat-box and rug, so as to locate a seat further from the window; but he also declined, saying he preferred his seat. So I left him to himself, and he dozed off. His sleepiness seemed to my opposite neighbor, who, leaning his head on his arm, closed his eyes, and soon began to snore audibly.

My lady-companion alone continued wide awake, and was very chatty and communicative. She appeared to be of a philanthropic turn of mind, and entertained me with accounts of institutions she had lately been visiting; others, that of the Whitworth jail. It was at this point in the conversation that a flash, as of a wakeful eye appearing just for a moment in the mass of red hair and beard resting on the seat opposite, both warned me to be on my guard, and suggested the thought: "My friend over there is not well acquainted with the inside of that jail, I am very much mis-

think he must have caught my eye fixed on him, from that moment, the snoring gradually ceased; and by and by he began to wake up, in a natural manner, I must allow. He took no part in our conversation apparently, for he turned his face toward the window, and oc-

cupied himself with dotting down with a pencil, in a large pocket-book, sundry marks and lines. One would have almost thought he was sketching, or trying to do so; rather a novel experiment in a railway carriage, even in this age of utilization of time.

The Quaker lady evidently adopted this view of the case. "Thee must excuse me, friend," she said; "but the motion of the carriage is surely not favorable to drawing. If thee does not take care, thee will injure thine eyesight permanently."

"Never fear for my eyesight, ma'am," was the gruff reply; "it has held out well enough so far, and is like to do for a good time yet."

"If a lady takes the trouble to concern herself in your behalf, you might at least be at the pains to give her a civil answer," I exclaimed, indignant at his rudeness.

But he gave me no answer but a grim smile, and I felt vexed that I had been betrayed into addressing him. The lady's equanimity was, however, not in the least disturbed, and she quietly resumed the conversation as though nothing had occurred; our companion, meantime—the one who was awake—continuing to divide his attention between the window and his pocket-book.

"I have a little book here concerning the Blind Asylum I was telling thee about, that it may interest thee to see," said the Quakeress, taking a pamphlet from her bag.

I put out my hand to receive it, but at that moment my opposite neighbor, by some awkward movement in turning sharply round, jerked my elbow, and it fell to the ground. I will do him the justice to say that he had the civility to stoop to pick it up; but he bungled stupidly about it, dropping it again two or three times, and when at last he really had it in his hand, retaining it to scan the title-page with evident curiosity, instead of at once restoring it to its owner.

I felt inclined to resent this as impertinence, but the lady took out another pamphlet, saying good-naturedly: "If thee is interested in the subject, here is another little book for thee."

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied, a little more graciously than before. "Hand it over to the gentleman, if you please, and I will keep this here one."

He was very much interested in the subject, if one might judge from the earnest attention with which he perused each single page; but it would seem that it was a little beyond his depth—he had not the appearance of being a well-educated man—for he looked up at the end with a peculiarly baffled and puzzled expression. With an odd sort of grunt, he folded the pamphlet into his pocket-book—I thought he might at least have offered to return it—and then set to work with his pencil again.

"It is a good work they are doing there," remarked the Quakeress; "one would be glad to forward it all one could."

A nod was the only reply he vouchsafed. It was a drowsy day, dull and close. After a while, we relapsed into silence. We stopped at but few stations, and no fresh passengers came

in to rouse us. Before long, my three companions all seemed to be dozing, and had it not been for a vague sense of insecurity, I should have followed their example.

Time went on. We were within half an hour of the city, and nothing had occurred to ratify my suspicions. The first movement was on the part of the invalid, who, as we neared Chelston, our last stopping-place, roused himself from his slumber, and took down his umbrella from its resting-place above the seat. At the same instant he of the red hair sat up wide-awake, though but a moment before he had been, to all appearance, buried in sleep.

The tickets are always given up here, and we were called upon to have them ready. The conductor came around in a hurry as usual, took the four tickets, and was about to move on, when the gentlemen in the respirator placed his hand on the door, saying: "I'm for Chelston—let me out, please."

The man glanced back at the tickets in his hand, and said: "These tickets are all for the city."

"I know," said the invalid feebly. "There was some difficulty about booking me through to Chelston, and they told me this would do. The advantage, if there is any, is on the Company's side."

"All right, sir," and he unlocked the door.

The elderly gentleman had effected his exit, and was on the point of going off down the platform, when my *vis-a-vis* unceremoniously clutched hold of him by the cape. "I beg pardon, sir; but if you would do me a trifling favor, I should be greatly obliged."

"If I can serve you in any way, I shall be happy to do so," returned the other; "but there is no time to lose—you will be off in another minute."

I judged from his tone that he was not over-well pleased with the style of address, and no wonder; but the unmannerly fellow did not seem to see it. With a careless: "That's just why I ask you," he scribbled a few words on a page of his pocket-book, tore it out, and twisting it up into a sort of note, handed it to the gentleman, saying: "Will you be so good as to take this to the telegraph office?—See, the door is over there. Thank you, sir. There's the money. Ask 'em to send it off at once, please." Then, by way of explanation, he added: "I'm bound to let my mother know I'm coming, you see. It might make her ill if I was to look in on her all of a sudden."

"I don't see that a telegram will mend matters," I muttered; but I don't think he heard me, and I did not care that he should.

The old gentleman made his way to the door indicated. We were off before he re-appeared.

I began now seriously to consider what steps it would be well to take with regard to William Hooper's luggage on reaching the city, to which we were drawing very near. If, as seemed the most natural and straightforward course, I went off to the superintendent at once to acquaint him with the circumstances, I should have, meantime, to leave it to the mercy of my red-haired friend,

who had already interested himself so much in concerning it. And yet, what other course was open to me?

I was still quite at sea as to what plan to adopt when we rushed shrieking into the depot. It was more than a year since I was there last, and seemed to me more bustling than ever. Not that I could see much, however, for my friend opposite quite monopolized the window. I regretted the less, that I now hastily made up my mind to no better course suggesting itself to me—to keep my seat until a favorable opportunity offered of securing the services of a porter, to convey my luggage in my charge to safe quarters. Having watched over it so far, I was not going to abandon it now.

The object of my suspicions seemed in no hurry to go; he retained his seat, his head still out of the window, till the lady rose, saying: "We are at our journey's end, if I mistake not. May I trouble thee to let me pass out, friend?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he exclaimed; and opening the door, he sprang down himself first, and then, with more politeness than I should have expected of him, helped her to alight. Then, done, he seemed to be in some perplexity as to what to do next. With his hand on the door-handle, he looked after her as she walked away towards the barriers raised round the luggage, then back to me; and finally, round and behold him. Suddenly, he darted off, and the next thing I saw him talking to a man in a snuff-colored coat at some distance.

I had pulled the portmanteau from under the seat, in readiness to have it taken out, but I did not succeed in getting hold of a porter, when my friend returned, alone, and offered his hand, observing that the train would be shunted almost immediately to make room for another, and that I had best look sharp. There was reason in what he said; and considering that the luggage would be at least as safe on the platform as in the carriage, I thought it well to avail myself of his assistance.

The portmanteau was heavy—singularly so for its size. We lifted it out. I placed the trunk and hat-box on the top of it, and then I took my stand by its side. My companion showed no disposition to run away with anything, but neither did he take himself off, and there was that in his manner I did not like. It was in vain that I gave him sundry hints to be gone about his business; he met them all with the most impenetrable obtuseness, real or feigned, and kept hanging about me, never going more than a dozen yards or so from the place where I was standing. I was in an awkward predicament. I did not dare to leave my charge to call a porter, and I did not dare to pay no heed to my shouts and gesticulations. Other trains were coming in, moreover, and they were drawing off their attention. At this moment I observed a man coming towards us, who, at first sight, I should have said was the very same man whom my companion had been talking but a few minutes back; I had not seen his face very well, but the hue of his coat, and a somewhat peculiar slouch in his shoulders, were identical. When he passed close to us, going on towards

gage-car, and there were, so far as I could see, no signs of recognition between the two, I thought I must have been mistaken.

Presently, my quondam traveling-companion, a Quaker lady, came up the platform, followed by a porter, who was wheeling her luggage in a hack; and he again was followed, rather to my surprise, by the same man who had passed us on the way down just before. This time, I particularly noticed both him and my red-haired friend. Their eyes met. Was I mistaken in fancying that they exchanged a glance of intelligence? The Quakeress nodded pleasantly; I raised my hat, and then called out to the porter to return my luggage when he had disposed of that of the lady. The row of cabs was visible from the platform where I was standing, and I watched the Quaker lady enter one. Judge of my astonishment when at the last moment, after the luggage was unloaded, and they were on the point of starting, I saw the wearer of the snuff-colored coat, the same who had been following in her wake as she passed me, jump up, and take his seat on the hack beside the driver! The porter did not return when he had promised; I suppose some one else had picked him up, and I was beginning to grow weary of my position. For the last quarter of an hour, a policeman had been pacing up and down the platform where we were standing. He had struck me that he was keeping an eye on my companion—who was very possibly known to the police as a dangerous character—but it only now occurred to me that I could not do better than make over to him the guardianship of William Hooper's property. Accordingly, I beckoned him to my side. I half expected that my companion would have bolted on this, but he kept his ground.

"You wanted me, sir?" asked the policeman, looking rather odd, I fancied.

"Yes; I wish to give over this luggage into your charge. It is labelled *Wm. Hooper*, you will observe. It does not belong to me, but was the carriage when I entered it. I cannot guess what has become of the owner; but it will doubt be inquired after before long, so you will best give it up in the care of the Company. I recommend you not to let it out of your sight until it is safe in their keeping. I wash my hands of it."

As I said these words, I looked sternly at the man whose evil designs, whatever they might have been, I hoped thus effectually to foil. So from looking abashed, however, he returned with a smile that was the very embodiment of impudence.

"Have you no tongue in your head?" he said lightly to the policeman. "Can't you tell the gentleman that you'll do his bidding?"

It was, to my mind, like a rat challenging a ferrier; and I should have liked dearly to see him get a good set-down; but the policeman was forbearing by far. Taking no notice of his insolence, he simply turned to me with a, "Very good, sir!" and then beckoned to a porter in the distance, who obeyed his signal fast enough. With a parting admonition to him to look well to his charge, I took up my bag, and walked off.

I called a hack, and drove at once to my lawyer's office. I had got out, and dismissed my vehicle, when, whom should my amazed eyes light on standing a few paces from the door I was about to enter, but my late traveling-companion, whom I had left, twenty minutes before, by the policeman's side on the platform! There was no mistaking the man, though he affected not to see me. Beyond doubt, he had either followed, or not impossibly accompanied me.

Indignant at this espionage, yet uncertain how to act, I determined to consult my legal adviser; who, without more ado, sent for a policeman. To him I pointed out my obnoxious fellow-traveler, who was still lounging about the nearest lamp-post, and then, leaving him to take what steps he thought proper, Mr. Smith and I proceeded to business.

Scarcely had we entered upon it, however, when the policeman returned, and with elongated face and flurried manner requested to speak to Mr. Smith alone. To me he would not vouchsafe a word of explanation, and I had to wait in a small ante-room, in no very amiable frame of mind, while the two were closeted together.

The interview did not last long. There was an explosion of laughter in the next room, and then out came Mr. Smith, looking excessively amused.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "whom do you think we have been setting this good fellow to watch?"

"How should I know?" I replied with some acrimony. "Some one who's no better than he should be, I'm quite sure!"

"As to that," said the lawyer, "I've never yet come across the man who was. But setting jesting aside—it's too ridiculous. Why, it's one of his own feather—a detective, with whom he has often done business: and the best of it is, he—the detective, that is—has bid him, keep a sharp look-out on you, and not let you get out some back-way unobserved. He says you are a scoundrel, and a very deep one; and that the account you have been giving of yourself is all humbug."

"Preposterous!" I cried indignantly. "You are making game of me, Mr. Smith."

"No such thing, my dear sir. Calm yourself, and I will explain. In the first place, I must tell you that he takes you for one William Hooper."

"Well, and if he does? What, in the name of goodness, has that got to do with it?"

"Just this: that William Hooper, or rather a fellow assuming that name, is suspected, on good grounds, of having been concerned in a robbery of jewelry at North sea last night; and of carrying off his spoils with him to-day. This detective was put on the scent, and flattered himself that he had secured both his person and his ill-gotten goods. It is not to be wondered at, when you took such good care of his luggage, that he should take you for the man himself."

The policeman at this moment entered the room, followed by my late traveling-companion, who now, to my enlightened eyes, looked no longer disagreeably crafty, but simply clever and

shrewd. It is not necessary to recapitulate all that passed, nor how Mr. Smith at last succeeded in convincing the detective that I, his client of twenty years standing, was a man of the most respectable antecedents, and in no possible way connected with the so-called William Hooper. Suffice it to say that he was persuaded of the mistake in time, and that then we all had a hearty laugh over what had occurred. The detective even went so far as to read out to us the instructions received that morning, on which he had been acting. These were a few hurried lines, directing him to be on the look-out for a man traveling up to town, under the name of *William Hooper*; to get a seat in the same carriage, and keep a strict watch on all his movements; also particularly to notice any communication that might pass between him and any fellow-traveler, as there was reason to believe he was accompanied by an accomplice in the shape of an elderly woman. Hence the interest he had taken in my conversation with the Quaker lady, of which he had in reality been taking notes in a peculiar shorthand of his own, fancying that more was meant than appeared on the surface; and the eagerness with which he intercepted the pamphlet, which must have edified him extremely. It was left to his own discretion either to arrest the parties on reaching town, or to let them go their own ways, following them up closely; by which means it was hoped he might be able to find the clue to some other robberies that had lately taken place in the same neighborhood. This latter plan he had resolved to adopt with regard to me, and had also sent a colleague to accompany the poor Quaker lady on her route, ascertain where she went, and whether she were truly that which she gave herself out to be. The detective had been staggered for a moment by my voluntarily resigning the luggage to the charge of the policeman, but had thought it explained by the fact that I saw myself suspected, and hoped in that manner to get off myself, even at the sacrifice of the stolen goods. But if I were not William Hooper, where, then, was the real man? That was the question now uppermost in all our minds. "There was one Northsea ticket," remarked the officer. "I thought I was sure of you then."

"That was yours, surely!" I exclaimed.

"No, indeed, sir; I got in at Buntford. Was in a hurry, and had not time to look about me till we got to Tamwell. It must have been one of the two others."

"Not the lady," I said. "I happened to notice her ticket as I handed it—it was taken at Whitworth, where she got in."

"Then there is only that fellow in the respirator.—Ha!" he exclaimed suddenly, "if I haven't been and let the right man slip through my fingers after all! What a fool I was not to suspect it!" And he quite ground his teeth with vexation.

"It can't have been he," I said. "He took no notice of the luggage whatever; and he cannot have failed to recognise it, sitting close beside it as he did."

"I doubt he knew me better than I knew him,"

replied the detective, "and thought it best to keep quiet. I might have guessed it, when I was so bent on getting out at Chelston; but, then, I was so certain it was you. And then to give him that telegraphic message to go off! He took precious care it should not go off! No wonder they weren't quite on the look-out for me when we got to town. However, I'll have him yet.—Good-morning to you, gentlemen; there's no time to lose."

At the next court, the great jewel-robber, Northsea came on. I do not, in general, take much interest in such matters; but hearing my friend Smith was to be present, and feeling some curiosity as to the end of this affair, in the phase of which I had been so strangely mixed up, I made my way to the town.

When this particular case was called, the prisoners, a man and a woman, were led to the dock. I looked at them eagerly, fully expecting to recognise in the former the elderly gentleman who had been one of my companions in the railway carriage on that memorable journey to London. But no; he was tall, and young, and sandy-haired. Surely I had seen him somewhere before, though! And his companion? Yes, now I recollected. They were the same two, with the blue spectacles and lap-dog respectively, whom I had observed getting into the train at Buntford, just before it started.

The red-haired detective was present, and gave important evidence. The case did not last long; it was so clear against the prisoners, and they were convicted.

"You succeeded in getting hold of the real man, at last," I remarked to the detective, when the business of the day ended, he, Smith, and I met to dine, and talk matters over together at the hotel. But you made a mistake a second time, I see. That old man in the respirator was not the fellow Hooper, after all."

"Don't be too sure of that, sir," returned the detective. And then he proceeded to tell me the whole story, so far as he had been able to make it out. How the sandy-haired young man, having got into an empty carriage at Buntford, contrived, by means of the appliances contained in his carpet-bag, to transform himself into an old man, so effectually disguised, as to be, he thought, quite safe from detection. On returning to his own carriage at Whitworth, he had, however, recognised the detective, and seeing that I had appropriated his luggage, judged it wisest to make no fuss, but quietly decamp at Chelston.

THERE has of late been plenty of talk as to the sagacity of some animals, and the sensibility to music of others; but I am not aware that much evidence has as yet been adduced to the musical tastes of reptiles. A thorough trust-worthy friend, however, assures me that his brother, a man of curious tastes, used to keep a large number of toads in a great vat of water, and that when he piped to them with a whistle, they were wont to rise to the surface and join in chorus.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

A CHAPTER ON THUNDER-STORMS.

LARGE proportion of mankind, and I may say the whole of womankind, regard thunder with strong feelings of trepidation and manifestly betrayed while the tempest in its most furious aspect, but not always led to after it has passed away. There is a spread opinion existing—and one which is doubtless the cause of half the fears that thunder-storms engender—that lightning strokes are always fatal to life; but this is very seldom the case.

The injuries which lightning causes to the human body are sometimes very curious, quite different, so, I have thought, to render a few words worth recounting. The whole subject has recently received great attention from scientific men, and a few months ago an exhaustive work on the effects of lightning upon all animate and inanimate objects issued from the French Academy. It represented the life's labor of a physician, Mr. Sestier, who died before it was fit for publication; to it we are indebted for some of the details of this article.

The most palpable injuries are those which are superficial, and leave their marks upon the skin of the victim. It sometimes happens that the surface of the body is marked by a sort of film or crust, something like the oxide that covers iron, and metals that have been affected by the electric discharge, and which arises from the deposit of ponderable matter collected by the lightning in its course through the air, and left upon the surface of the body penetrated by it. This film is so superficial that it has been removed by slight friction, and it has been proved in many cases to arise from matter gathered from the air borne by the person injured. For instance, a lady wearing a gold chain was struck; the chain was melted, and her neck and breast were stained with a purple oxide of gold, while a stream of the same dye ran down her arm.

It has frequently happened, too, that the faces and figures of natural objects have been preserved, were photographed, or more properly etched, upon the surface of the skin. A man was asleep at the prow of a vessel was attacked by the electric fluid, and it was afterwards discovered that the number "44" had been imprinted upon his breast, these figures having been transferred upon a sail that the fluid had penetrated and reached the man. A minister's house was struck, and several persons were injured; one of the persons received a slight infliction, and strange to say, though her right arm was impressed with the image of a red flower that formed the pattern of her dress. Three men were gathered near the tree when the lightning fell upon them; one was killed, the others stunned; when one of the latter turned to himself, he found the branches and the trunk of the tree distinctly imprinted upon his

the hair of the head and body seems to be especially subject to destruction. This would be very remarkable, if it was in all cases entirely

singed off, for we know that in gas and other explosions, where a man is surrounded by flames, the hair and eyebrows are frequently destroyed; but the lightning is more capricious in its effects. Arago tells of a captain of a frigate who related to him that his vessel was struck by lightning, and he received several wounds in the head. "Next day," said the captain, "when I wanted to shave myself, I found that the effect of the razor on the beard was to pull it out by roots, instead of cutting it. . . . The hair on my head, my eyebrows and eyelashes, successively came out in the same way by the roots, and did not grow again." The year after this happened, the captain's finger-nails scaled away. A German physician has recorded a case where a young man had the hair from a space on his head, the size of a five-franc piece, as completely and cleanly shorn as if it had been done with a pair of scissors; and another authority quotes that of a laborer, who had three or four tumors made by lightning, where the hair was as neatly removed as though it had been shaven by a razor, the skin showing no sign of injury.

Next to the fear of death from lightning, without doubt that of perpetual blindness has the firmest hold upon the popular mind; but here again an examination of actual numbers proves this fear to be exaggerated. Without doubt the sudden flood of intense light into the eye, which only the lightning flash can give rise to, and the strain upon the nerves and muscles of that organ thereby produced, so far paralyses the vision that amaurosis, or temporary blindness, or hemiplegia—partial blindness—is the consequence. There is abundant evidence of this; I myself witnessed a case during the past year. One or two cases in which cataract has resulted from fulguration are likewise on record. But of lasting blindness it is doubtful whether any authenticated instance exists. M. Sestier, in summing up his experiences upon this branch of his researches, and leaving out those cases where the loss of sight has been but momentary, finds only fourteen cases where the blindness has had anything like a notable duration, and of this there are only four instances of its enduring for many days, the longest period in any one case being seven months. He says that he knows of no instance of blindness which has lasted during many years.

Shocks of nervous system, as may be supposed, are very frequent and of varying violence; they last sometimes but a few minutes, most frequently about a day, and, on very rare occasions, for a longer period, insensibility having lasted even for a week after the shocks occurred. Frights and extravagant actions consequent upon them are too numerous to be dwelt upon; losses of memory are common, and complete changes of disposition and temperament occasional. Paralysis is one of the most frequent consequences. The part of the body affected is generally that which has received the lightning spark, and through which the electric fluid has traversed on its way to the earth, and, as a consequence, the lower members of the body are more frequently afflicted than the upper parts; strangely enough

there seems to be a tendency on the part of the left half of the body to become paralysed more often than the right. Is it because there is more life and vigor to resist injury in the right than in the left side? It would appear so. The paralysis, like the nervous affections, is generally of short duration. A telegraph clerk, who was struck in Scotland on the 20th of August last, had both arms paralysed for three hours. In about forty in a hundred of the cases enumerated by Mr. Sestier, the duration was within twenty-four hours; though it has been known to last for several months. A remarkable case of temporary prostration of a large number of people is offered by a storm which passed over some grounds where a fair was being held, at Springville, on the 27th of June, 1867. One of the exhibition sheds was struck by lightning, and about one hundred persons were stunned and prostrated, in almost every case falling on their faces; some fifty remained insensible for five or ten minutes, a dozen were seriously burned, three or four injured so as to be considered past recovery; but two horses, and these only, were killed outright. It was conjectured at the time that the roof of the building acted as a sort of "distributor" of the electricity, and that each person's head drew off a portion of the charge; but it seems as probable that the poor horses received the full charge, and that the people were influenced by their proximity to the course of the current; for it is proved that it is not necessary to be actually struck to be affected by lightning; many accidents have happened to individuals merely in the neighborhood of stricken objects. At Burlington, a few years back, two persons were paralysed in the same house in which another two were killed.

Considering what I have said, and what I have still to say, of the evil effects of lightning, it is a pleasant change to have to adduce some instance of its opposite or beneficent influence. The doctrine that "like cures like" holds good in the case of maladies to which the destructive element gives birth; whether the fright, or some proper action of the electric fluid works the cure, it is hard to say; but the fact is incontestable. Several cases are reported where individuals, paralysed from their youth, have recovered complete use of their limbs by lightning strokes in after years. A country clergyman, in Kent, was paralysed by apoplexy in 1761, and struck by lightning about a year after, when all traces of the paralysis left him. A man who had lost the use of both arms was guarding some animals in a field; lightning fell upon him, and when he came to his senses, he found that he could use both arms and hands. These are but a few out of many recorded instances. A variety of ailments besides paralysis have been cured or ameliorated by the same agency, even blindness; for one Gardly, some time an actor at the Surrey Theatre, who had been for many years blind of one eye, had his sight quite restored by a lightning-flash.

The question has often arisen whether a lightning-stricken man sees the flash that smites him, or hears the thunder that follows. It may be answered in the negative: so instantaneous is

the effect of the sudden shock that the mind must be deprived of the power of receiving any impression concerning the cause of it. Those who have been so far injured as to lose consciousness, and have afterwards recovered, have generally, I may say always, asserted that they saw nothing, heard nothing, and even thought nothing of the fact, that they knew absolutely nothing of what had happened, and have wondered how it came to pass that they found themselves prostrated. This phenomenon accords with the testimony of those experimentalists in electricity who have been occasionally overthrown by powerful shocks. Franklin, for instance, received in his head the discharge of two large Leyden jars. He fell down senseless in an instant; when he became conscious, he wondered how he came to be on the floor, and so innocent was he of what had happened that he actually thought the jars still contained the fluid, and he set about experimenting with them, when his assistants told him that he had himself been the recipient of their contents. In the majority of cases a body lightning-struck falls gently to the ground; the limbs appear to lose their rigidity, and give way beneath the superincumbent weight; there is no violent overthrow. On this account it seldom happens that the victim exhibits any fractures or wounds, such as it might be thought would be produced. But this rule has had some marvellous exceptions. On some occasions the body struck has been considerably displaced, and even transported to a distance from the spot where the flash fell upon it. In 1839 two carriers in the neighborhood of Triel took refuge during a thunder storm beneath the branches of an oak tree: the tree was struck, and the lightning attacked them; one dropped down on the spot, but the other was lifted and carried to a distance of twenty-five yards, and fell in a thicket of chestnut trees. An analogous case occurred near Chantilly:—a surgeon on horseback, overtaken by a storm, dismounted and took shelter beneath a tree, where a laborer had already located himself. The wind being very high, they huddled together, and held on to the tree. The lightning descended upon them; the laborer was thrown to a distance of six feet, the horse was moved about the same distance; but the doctor was carried up and hurled over a space equal to twenty-five paces. He was seen as a black mark in the air by some boatmen on a canal hard by.

In the comparatively rare cases in which lightning-strokes prove fatal to life, the death is so rapid as to be almost instantaneous: at times it is absolutely so. And if, as in the case of persons recovering from a stroke, there is sensation or knowledge of the cause of prostration, death, though awfully sudden, must singularly painless. It has rarely happened that death has followed at any considerable interval from the time of the accident, and hence it is extremely probable that a man struck by lightning, and not killed on the spot, will recover from the effects, serious and fatal as they may appear to be. The cause of this sudden death has been much discussed. The famous Jock Hunter propounded the very safe, but certain

philosophical doctrine, that the lightning traversing the body produces an entire and instantaneous destruction of the vital principle. These obscure theories have been proposed by other physicians: some have thought of an electric flame surrounding the victim as a vacuum, and that death follows from the want of air, or suffocation; others have held the lightning directly opposite, that instead of a vacuum being produced, the ambient air is violently compressed, and that a heavy pressure of the gaseous columns in the respiratory system destroys the victim's life. But in either of these cases the action is probably of too short a duration to cause death. The instantaneous position of the blood, or of the integral parts of the body, has likewise been suggested. It has been urged that a sudden abolition of the dynamical forces at the moment of the system may be the fatal cause. It is a notable fact that persons killed by lightning generally receive very slight wounds, sometimes only a small laceration; the injury causing death is, therefore, internal. It will be seen that this question is surrounded by several doubts even now, and it is necessary to have one upon which further examination and research is necessary.

Among the marvels that are set down to the action of lightning upon human beings, burning of the body is worth a passing notice. Luke tells of a young girl at Waterford, upon whom the lightning descended through a chimney, and whose clothes and hair were burnt, while one arm was actually reduced to a stump. Another scientific historian says that at Feltri, in which six hundred spectators assembled, was struck, and that out of a number more or less injured six persons perished. It has further been asserted that some bodies have been reduced to dust, scattered to the winds. The disappearance of Columbus during a thunderstorm has thus been accounted for, and an analogous case is offered of a minister who was struck on the route from Leipzig to Torgau, and of whose remains no trace was ever discovered. But perhaps such wonderful stories as these had better be regarded with suspicion.

It might multiply the curiosities and vagaries of the subtle element above recorded a hundredfold, but the repeated recitation of individual cases may become tedious, so I will pass on to the consideration of the means and precautions to be taken to promote safety and immunity from the dreadful powers of the lightning-bolt and the thunderbolt. And, first, as to the arming of houses and other buildings with lightning-rods or conductors. There is a strong suspicion in the popular mind that these devices are more efficacious in theory than in practice. One class of persons disinclines to believe that they are of any use in averting lightning at all, and another holds that if they do attract the lightning-flash, they are only to be agents of destruction, instead of instruments of safety. "Is it not against common sense," says one skeptic, "to suppose that a metal spike can shelter a great building

from a stupendous thunder-stroke?" "Why," says another, "should I invite the deadly fluid to descend upon my dwelling, when it would probably pass me by as beneath its notice?" Re-assurance is necessary on both sides. It is sometimes said, and there is at least some truth in the assertion, that the lightning-rod acts not by receiving the gathered force of a powerful flash, but by drawing off, gradually and imperceptibly, the electricity lurking in the neighborhood, and conducting it to earth before it has time to accumulate to a dangerous quantity. Be this as it may, it has been established beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the presence of a lightning-conductor has, over and over again, saved a building from injury or destruction. We could cite many instances, but two or three will suffice. A church pertaining to a castle in Carinthia, belonging to the Orsini family, was so repeatedly struck, and so many deplorable accidents occurred, that it was at last determined not to use the place for service during the stormy months. In 1730 one stroke of lightning entirely demolished the steeple. It was rebuilt, and continued to be struck, on the average, four or five times a year. After one tremendous storm, during which it was struck several times in the course of a day, it was so shattered, that it was taken down and rebuilt. Then it was provided with a lightning-rod, and during the five following years it was only struck once, and on that occasion the rod received the flash, and no harm followed. The damage done to Strasburg Cathedral was formerly so extensive, as to occasion considerable expense for repairs. Since the somewhat recent provision of a proper conductor, no such damage has been sustained, and this item of expenditure has disappeared from the municipal budget. A church at Charlestown was formerly visited and injured by lightning every second or third year. At last a conductor was mounted upon it, and fourteen years elapsed without the edifice being once struck. These instances ought to be sufficient to convince the first class of unbelievers. The second may be summarily dismissed with the assurance that if, from its elevated or isolated position, a building offers a ready means for the lightning to escape to the earth, struck that building will be, whether it is provided with a rod or not. If it is so furnished, no harm will befall house or inmates: if not, who shall foretell the consequences? In dwelling-houses the common points of attack for the lightning are the metal stoves in the topmost chambers. Attracted by these, the fluid finds a ready ingress through the chimney, and passes down from one grate to another, often hurling them out into the room, and flying in its desperate course to any other metallic objects in their vicinity, till, by some means, it finds its way to its home in the earth. If a slender rod only reared its point above the domicile, and buried its other end in the earth, all chance of this wholesale destruction of property, with its possibly attendant injury to life or limb, would be set aside, and the most timid sleeper might rest unalarmed beneath its sheltering influence.

The cogent question now arises, to what distance around its position does a lightning-conductor extend its preserving action? In the present state of science it is somewhat difficult to resolve this problem, so much depends upon the form and size of the conductor, the nature of the surrounding elevations, the proximity to masses of metal, and the character of the lightning itself. Nevertheless, an approximate estimate may be arrived at from the various experiments and examinations that have from time to time been made. Le Roy, a French academicien, concluded that a conductor would protect a horizontal space equal in all directions to three times the height of the point of the rod above its point of fixation; so that if a rod projected twenty feet above the part of a building to which it was fixed, everything within sixty feet of that point would be under its protection; but it is generally admitted that this estimate is too large, and that twice the height is the limit of surrounding space that any conductor can be safely trusted to cover. This shows how small the trust we should place in a neighboring conductor, and how important it is that large buildings should be armed with a sufficient number of these protectors. But lightning-rods are worse than useless, if proper precautions are not taken in mounting them; there must be no break whatever in the continuity of the metal from its point to its base, and, what is of the highest importance, the lower extremities must have thorough communication with the earth; it is best made fast to or connected with a water-pipe, or some other mass of metal buried if possible in damp ground. Conductors have frequently failed from neglect of this provision. A few months ago a lighthouse in France was severely damaged in spite of its conductor, and it was afterwards found that the metal rod was led into a water tank lined with Portland cement. The cement, being a non-conductor, had prevented the passage of the current to the earth, and it had to escape as best it could; in its efforts to do so breaking and smashing everything in its course.

I close my gossip with a few remarks upon the precautions best to be observed with the view of personal preservation. I must premise that the human body is an excellent conductor of electricity, and that if it stands in the path of a lightning-flash, there is a strong probability that some portion at all events of the charge will pass to the earth through it: hence it is obviously advisable, as a general precaution, not to expose one's self more than is necessary to the chances of such an encounter. This consideration will lead us to keep within doors, if possible, during a thunder-storm; and if out of doors, to find shelter where we can. But discrimination is necessary in the search; walls and trees are to be generally avoided, but we may consider ourselves pretty safe if we place ourselves at a short distance from either, or, in the case of trees, between two a few yards apart, or beneath an avenue. If the direction whence the storm is coming can be made out, and we can so place ourselves that some lofty object intervenes between us and it, we may consider ourselves safe.

It is unwise to cross open spaces, squares, commons, or fields, in the height of a storm, because the body, being then the most prominent object for some distance around, is very likely to attract a passing flash. An excellent precaution, one which can be strongly recommended, is to crouch down on the ground in a dry ditch or furrow during the most violent part of the tempest.

This advice may entail some inconvenience but it promises perfect security. It is sometimes urged that metallic objects carried in the pocket invite danger, but this is doubtful; certain it is that when a person struck has metal about him the electricity finds it out, and flies to it, sometimes melting, or otherwise affecting it, as in the case of a lady who had a bracelet melted off her wrist; but it is by no means certain that lightning will select an individual simply because that individual carries some metallic article or trinket about his or her clothing. It has been said that a man clad in armor is perfectly protected, for if the lightning does touch him, it finds its way to earth without affecting his body.

Within doors the safest rooms are those nearest the ground, or even below it. Open windows should be avoided, and casements and doors should be closed. The proximity to chimneys, and all positions directly between windows and fire-places, are dangerous, and so is the neighborhood of metallic objects of all kinds. It is perfectly useless to cover up fenders and fire-irons as some old ladies do; better to keep clear of them. In bed is a tolerably safe place, but timid people who lie in iron bedsteads had perhaps, better not stop there.

COVENANT.

For forty days a Giant had defied
Armed Israel; and all the men of war
Had stood aloof, the while the pagan's pride
Had poured contempt upon them, and afar
They heard the Philistine of Gath defame
The host of God's elect, and mock His sacred name

For forty days Goliath braved them there,
And still a terror brooded o'er the host
That not a man of Israel would care
To meet the giant, or defy his boast!
The armies of the living God grew pale
To hear the Pagan warrior shouting in the vale!

Then Jesse's son, a shepherd boy, as slight
And beautiful as maidens are, drew nigh
And saw the boasting Philistine: the sight
Filled his young heart with courage stern and high
What is this dog uncircumcised, he cried,
That God's own chosen host should be by him defied

For David's bright young spirit was imbued
With untamed Nature's forces, and his foot
Had scaled the crags wherein the thunders brood
His eye had seen the lightnings swarm and shoot
And in the wilds thro' which his flocks had trod
He learned to fear naught else than only Israel
God!

So Jesse's son, young David, though a boy,
Took smooth stones from the brook, and with his
sling—

Smit with an inspiration, that was joy,
And power, and courage—knelt before the king,
And said : Thy servant David, even I,
In God's great name will smite this Giant that he die.

Then David went forth to the plain to fight
The Philistine of Gath : his shepherd's sling
Whirled 'round in circles swifter than the light,
And as the mocking Giant rose to fling
His mighty spear, the shepherd cast a stone
And smote him that he fell as falls a tower o'er-
thrown.

Thro' all the camps of Israel rang out
The Giant's armor clanging on the ground !
The people rose then ; with a mighty shout
They rushed to battle at the welcome sound,
And smote the Philistine with spear and sword,
On Gath and Ascalon, that day, before the Lord !

Then all the maidens of the land arose,
Dark-eyed and beautiful, and sang the song
Of triumph over their relentless foes,
Whose power had vexed all Israel so long !
They praised the men of war, and kingly Saul,
But sang fair David's praises far beyond them all !

The maidens of the land !—Ah ! such was she
That in her wondrous youth and beauty sang
The song of triumph by the sounding sea,
'Till all the wilderness with music rang,
Where Moses smote the waters with his rod,
And Israel saw revealed the mighty arm of God !

And such was she whose calm and radiant eyes
Laughed back the light of Heaven, that grew
more light

For shining in them—the chaste sacrifice,
So young and pure and beautiful and bright—
The radiant pearl that Jephtha offered up
When God had mingled grief with triumph in his cup !

Such was heroic Esther when she rose,
Her life within her hand, and sought the king
To save her people from their crafty foes,
A fearless, delicate, resplendent thing !—
And Ruth whose life is like a poem sung
In golden music with more than mortal tongue.

The maidens of the land !—They came with all
The fire and beauty of their splendid clime
To sing the triumph of returning Saul,
As was the custom of the ancient time !
And as the jubilant, wild chorus rose
Joined the name of Saul with David's at the close.

And thus they sang : Anointed Saul hath slain
His thousands ; but the son of Jesse slew
His tens of thousands ; and the glad refrain
Scarce died away upon the air like dew,
Ere the wild burst of triumph loudly rose :
O, Jesse's son hath slain ten thousand of our foes !

Saul hated David then, because he knew
The maidens of the land had honored him
More than anointed kings ! And then there grew
Over his heart a twilight chill and dim,
Wherein an unblest spirit dwelt that cried :
Would that this shepherd boy might perish in his
pride !

But the great soul of Jonathan was knit
With David's soul ; he loved him as his soul :
And so, when David might no longer sit
At the king's table, and no more control
Saul's dark, wild spirit with his voice and lyre,
He fled from Naioth to escape the monarch's ire !

But Jonathan, the king's son, loved the son
Of Jesse, and they wept exceedingly !—
And David said : What hath thy servant done
That Saul, thy father, seeketh to slay me !
As the Lord liveth, said Jonathan, as I
Now truly live, I swear, thou surely shalt not die !

And David said : But I shall surely die !
Then Jonathan : Behold, Saul cannot do
Things great or small, but that the king's son, I,
Shall surely know it, and shall show it you !
And may the Lord do so to me and mine,
As I shall deal in truth, David, with thee and thine !

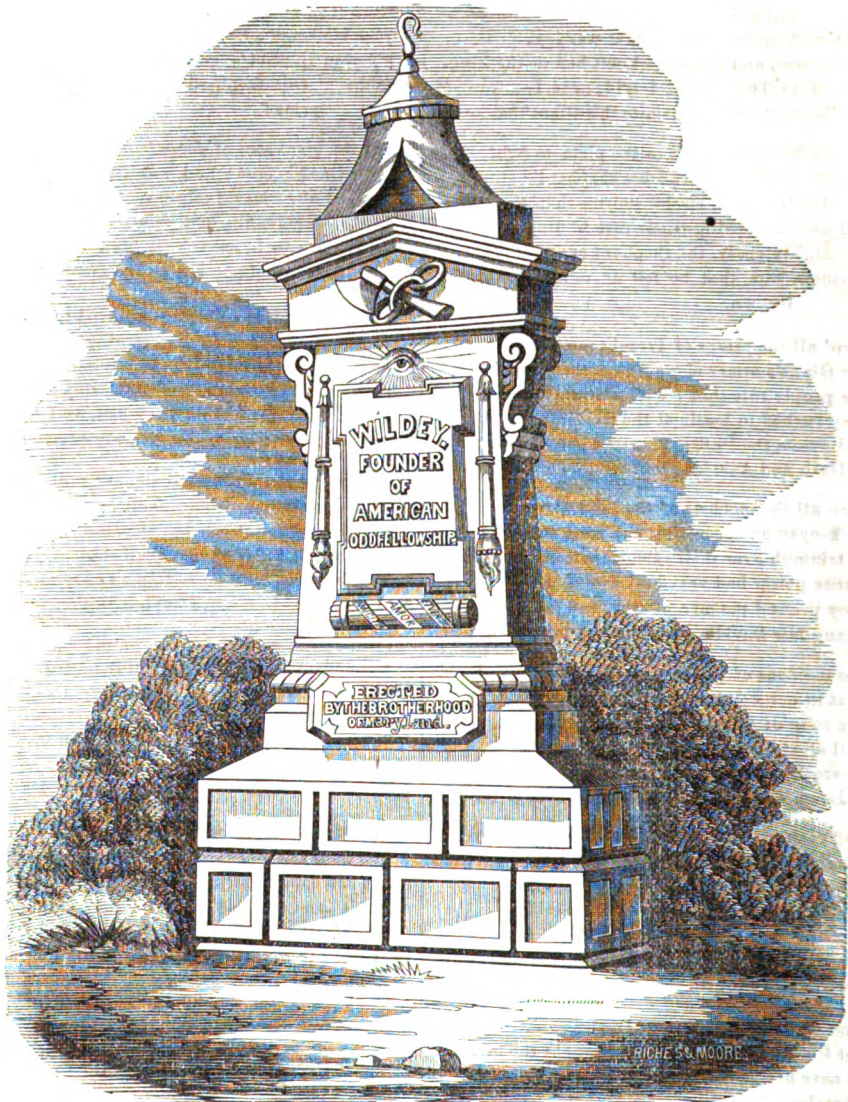
Then Jonathan and Jesse's son did make
A covenant between them and the Lord,
That neither of them, while they lived, might
break
The sacred links of their most solemn word !
And that true men this covenant might know
They sealed it with a sign of arrows and a bow !

And at the new moon, when the feast was made,
And Saul saw not fair David, whom he sought,
The same dark spirit, that dwelt in the shade
Of his most evil hours of twilight thought,
Whispered a jealous hatred to his heart,
So that, as if to slay the boy, he cast a dart !

Then Jonathan, because he did not doubt
That wrath in aged men is like a fire
That kindles slowly, but that goes not out
'Till it consumes the last log on the pyre,
Knew well that Saul would always nurse his wrath,
'Till he had struck the son of Jesse from his path !

So Jonathan went forth into the field,
And a small lad with him ; and then he sent
An arrow towards the Esel that concealed
The youthful David in his banishment !
And as the lad went for it, he did say :
Is not the shaft beyond thee ? Stay not ! Hasten !
Away !

Then to the city Jonathan returned,
But David quickly rose and went away !—
So two great souls, within whose spirits burned
Friendship, and Love, and Truth, upon that day
Did keep the covenant, and won a name
As bright as ever burned upon the heavens of fame !



WILDEY TABLET.

We herewith present to our readers a very good representation of the monument which the Brotherhood of Maryland has recently erected over the grave of Past Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, in Greenmount Cemetery. The tasteful design for the tablet was drafted by P.G.M. Alex. K. Mantz, the chairman of the committee having the matter in charge. The monument itself has been admirably executed in the best Italian marble by the Messrs. Gaddess Brothers, of Baltimore, "and is a monument entirely unique, ten feet in height, with a base breadth of four and a half feet, from which rises a proportional superstructure, bearing upon the front various emblems,

as well as the Latin motto of the Order, '*Amicitia Amor et Veritas.*' The chief tablet is inscribed 'Wildey, Founder of American Odd Fellowship' the minor, or sub-tablet, bears the inscription 'Erected by the Brotherhood of Maryland;' and the whole is surmounted with the *tent and cross* and it now marks the last resting-place of the deceased Grand Sire, in the center of the lot of the W. Grand Lodge in Greenmount Cemetery," near Baltimore.

The cost of executing and erecting the tablet was \$800.00, this amount having been contributed by the voluntary subscription of the Lodges in Maryland.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

NOTICES.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers for the "Companion" for one year, beginning with the number for August, 1868, or later, are entitled to a copy of the picture, "Rebekah at the Well;" no other subscribers are entitled to it. Subscribers are entitled to one picture with each one year's subscription.

CROWDED OUT.—Want of space has compelled us to lay aside a number of communications, for which we will endeavor to find room in our next issue.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We had prepared a notice of the "Mystic Tie," the "Lodge-Room," and other Odd Fellows' periodicals now published; but are compelled, through want of space, to omit it from this number. It will appear next month.

GROSH'S IMPROVED MANUAL.—Grosh's Manual, which for many years has been the acknowledged standard Guide of the Order, has been revised and improved by its author, and will be published next month. In addition to many improvements in the text, there will be added to the illustrations a very good steel plate portrait of the venerable Grand Secretary of the G.L.U.S., Bro. James L. Gely. Theodore Bliss & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers.

THE RIGHTS OF HOLDERS OF WITHDRAWAL-CARDS.

In our last issue we called attention to a defect in our organization, through which it is made possible for a worthy Brother, or his family after his death, may through the dissolution of his Lodge be deprived of that aid, which was promised him at his initiation. Bro. Willard in the Illinois Department in the current number points out another class of cases where our laws permit injustice to be done, and holders of withdrawal-cards are refused admittance to membership in a Lodge by reason of their failing health or advanced age; and a case is cited in which a Brother was for fourteen years an earnest and devoted member of a Lodge in Illinois, removed to another jurisdiction, and concluded to withdraw from the Illinois Lodge, for the purpose of joining a Lodge at his new home. The withdrawal-card was readily granted to the Brother in question, but when he asked the Lodge at his then residence to accept him as a member, they refused to do so, because his health was not good.

We are of opinion that the Brother in question is as much to blame for the position in which he finds himself, as the Lodge which refused to ac-

cept him as a member. An earnest and devoted Odd Fellow of fourteen years' standing should have been sufficiently familiar with our laws, to know that the admission of an applicant for membership on card depends upon the result of a secret ballot, taken after a committee has reported upon the character and general fitness of the candidate; and that consequently all questions of eligibility were not forever settled by his initiation, except so far as the Lodge is concerned that initiated him. And knowing that he was sick, delicacy should have prevented him from asking a Lodge to make him its member and assume the almost certain responsibility of paying to him four or five dollars a week, perhaps for years, when without great hardship he could have retained membership in another Lodge, which had received his contributions for a period of fourteen years.

That our system of weekly benefits partakes of the nature of a mutual health insurance, we presume is generally admitted. Nor can we see why this should degrade our society. On the contrary, we consider it the highest type of benevolence to provide a means by which the poor man, the man who depends for his daily bread upon the proceeds of his daily toil, can secure himself against the pecuniary embarrassment which would be the certain consequence of disease, without asking or accepting alms from any one. And we would be very slow to give up this grand system of benevolence, which makes charity, in the sense of alms-giving, unnecessary wherever it extends, even if it did entail some cases of hardship.

But we do not conceive that the benefit system is responsible for the occurrence of such cases as the one cited by Bro. Willard. It would, on the contrary, seem easy to us to remedy the evil complained of, without disturbing the general principles of our Order, by simply requiring each Lodge to receive back to membership those Brothers to whom it has granted withdrawal-cards, without reference to their residence, if application for such restoration be made within a specified time after the granting of the card. This would certainly do no injustice to the Lodge, for it would be placed under no greater pecuniary obligations than it had before granting the card; and even if the holder of the card had so conducted himself since it had been granted to him, as to render him unfit for membership in the Order, he should pass back under the jurisdiction of his original Lodge, to be there dealt with according to law.

INTELLECTUAL ELEVATION OF THE ORDER.

BY JOS. B. ESCAVAILLE, GR. SEC'Y OF MARYLAND.

The importance and influence of all Orders, associations, or bodies of men, is increased or diminished in proportion to the amount of intelligence or ignorance of their individual members. I know of no department of life in which the ignorant man does not fall short of fulfilling efficiently his duties. I know of no blessing of an earthly nature, that the man of intellectual refinement may not procure and enjoy; and I know of no sphere of life in which he may not be useful. If, therefore, his influence is so much augmented; his success in the various duties of life rendered more certain; all the blessings of earth secured, and his sphere of usefulness made large and general by the attainment of knowledge, is it not his duty to use every effort

"To make bright the dull and stupid mind,
And round his brow the wreaths of learning bind?"

The history of all past time, whether in reference to nations, institutions, or individuals, proves the truth of the axiom that "Knowledge is power," and that ignorance is imbecility. I might, did I deem it expedient and necessary, bring before the eye of the reader evidences gleaned from ancient and modern history corroborative of our position, and hold up to his view on the one hand glorious consummations of grand designs, the product of wisdom; and on the other, ignoble failures, the result of ignorance; but I deem such exposition unnecessary, for the history of our own glorious country, (which should be known and read by every American,) from her early struggles, to her present exalted position, furnishes abundant evidence of the fact, that enlightened, educated, high toned mind *alone*, can lead to truly great and important results. It was enlightened mind, that aroused in the breasts of our oppressed ancestors a spirit of contemptuous indignation, and brought them flocking to the standard of freedom, to the rescue of their honor, their homes, and their fortunes. It was the Genius of Wisdom that hovered over the scene of contest, and gave successful direction to the head and arm of him, who was "foremost in the battle," who repelled the insolent foe and led the armies of the young republic to conquest; which kindled the fires of liberty on the green hills of the western world, and sent forth the "bird of the heavens" with the "flag of the free" in her beak, waving it gloriously over the mountains of "liberty's last asylum." Wisdom hath done all this—and more. It is through her that our present glorious condition as a nation was attained; and it is wisdom that still guides the helm of the ship of state; and wisdom alone can conduct her in safety over the tempestuous billows of political strife. If wisdom is of such priceless value, how unceasing should we be in our efforts to gain it. If the members of our beloved Order generally could be awakened to the importance of mental self-improvement; if the establishment of libraries of well-selected books

among the Lodges were to become general, and the books could have a careful and constant perusal, how soon would our Order assume a literary, as well as a benevolent character, for which it is already so justly distinguished. Why might not the pursuit of literature occupy a portion of our attention? Surely there is nothing in the spirit and operations of the Order incompatible with the pursuit of letters. It has been urged by the enemies of Odd Fellowship as an argument against the institution, that but few men of cultivated mind and refined intellect and literary acquirements have identified themselves with its interests. I unhesitatingly deny the truth of this accusation, either in reference to the past or present history of the Order. What but mind, vigorous, strong, and masterly, could have designed and put into successful operation a scheme of social benevolence, so grand in its contemplations, and so blessed in its results? What but an intellect gigantic in its powers, almost illimitable in its purposes, could have laid the foundations and upreared the superstructure of this system so well adapted to the feelings and wants of mankind universally? What but a hand of mighty power could have laid hold of the strong walls of sectarian and political prejudice, which for ages had upreared their invulnerable fronts between man and his fellow-man, causing them to totter and fall, that those long estranged by discordant views might shake hands over their ruins? What, but an energy inspired by wisdom, could have nerved the arm of a man to reach up and pull down the dark flag which ere while waved above the lines of "demarcation," on which were inscribed in frowning characters: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," which blotted out even those lines themselves, and tore away the veil which prevented men from "seeing eye to eye," causing man to regard his fellow-man as a *Brother*, with diverse feelings and sentiments did

"Like prismatic beauties blend,
A sweet harmonious whole!"

It was wisdom that originated the glorious system, brought it to its present condition of usefulness; and the genius that yet controls and directs its destiny is intelligence, sanctified by virtue, and stimulated by pure benevolence.

We combine within us, as an association, in an eminent degree the elements of mental elevation, material for building up a literary character. We have many among us whose minds are just unfolding their powers; and those who have attained to the zenith of intellectual strength, and whose mature judgment and able opinions are moving and swaying the mind of the masses upon whom they are brought to bear. Let the facilities for improvement be multiplied. Let the publications of the Order, containing expositions of its principles, be properly supported and circulated. Let the library and reading room be thronged with the thirsty votaries of knowledge, and the best results will follow; and thus the resources of usefulness will be multiplied, and prejudice, which never can withstand the power of intelligence, will yield submission!

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, July 16, 1868.

Editor Companion: On the 25th of June, in company with Bro. E. D. Farnsworth and some two hundred members of the Lodges in this city, together with their wives and lady friends, I visited again at the invitation of Howard Lodge, No. 18, the purpose of participating in a celebration of the Order and witnessing the closing ceremonies of Howard Female College, an institution owned exclusively by the Order, a full account of which, with copy of the beautiful welcome-address made on the occasion by one of the pupils, also an abstract of a noble speech delivered by Bro. Maxwell P. Gadsden of Cincinnati, I sent you some days ago. Since I have been traveling as the special agent of "Widow and Orphan Fund Life Insurance Company," through many of the towns south of this, in most of which, viz.: in Murfreesboro, Bell Buckle, Wartrace, Shelbyville, Tullahoma, Winchester and Fayetteville, I found Lodges of Odd Fellows, who are striving hard to re-instate the Order in this once beautiful and flourishing part of Tennessee. All of these Lodges before the war had good property, but now have nothing, scarcely, but bare rooms to meet in, without regalia or furniture. The Grand Lodge of the State has provided them with new charters and books, and with stout hearts the Brethren are working, determined to rebuild their Lodges, and refit and furnish their Lodge-rooms, a task that will require a great deal of patience and courage, from the fact that most are without means, and those friends who feel disposed to enroll themselves under the banner of F. L. and T., find it very difficult to obtain the necessary funds to enable them to pay their admission fee; and then, again, the Lodges are so poor and destitute, that nothing but pure love for the principles of our beloved Order can induce men to unite with them, it being the only encouragement the members can hold out in this part of the country at the present time. It is true that the Order has brought to our fold under these circumstances more members than the very best of members; but we all know that men, the world over, are loth to unite with any institution, no matter how sacred its objects, when they see nothing but poverty and bare walls to greet them. Nevertheless, I am happy to find that the warm hearts and open hands of the Brethren of these Lodges are naturally drawing good men to their support, and the time is not far distant, when the Order in this part of our Eden will again blossom like the rose.

Fraternally, yours, W. CHIDSEY.

OUR REBEKAH LITHOGRAPH.

We were promised by the lithographer that the beautiful im. chromo-lithograph of "Rebekah at the Well," which forms the premium plate to the fourth volume of the "Companion," would be ready in the middle of July. They say now that the excessive hot weather has kept some of their hands from working, and the pictures will not be ready until the 7th or 8th of August.

Pennsylvania Department.

THE GRAND LODGE IN PITTSBURGH.

Circumstances of no interest to your readers have prevented me from corresponding with the "Companion" for some months past, but what is of far more consequence, I have missed several numbers of that truly Odd Fellows' friend. Your number for July has just reached me, and I am really happy that you have resolved to begin another volume, larger than any of its predecessors, and to which, with your permission, I intend being a regular contributor, doing through your co-operation what I can in the great work of extending and strengthening the noble institution with which you have for some years past been so closely identified. I may not be altogether unselfish in this intention, as every year shows that your noble jurisdiction is pressing hard on the heels of our State in numerical strength, as it has been our companion in devotion to the cause in the past; and as many of each of your monthly issues regularly find their way into Pennsylvania, it may help us here, if your readers find monthly a few sentences devoted to home matters.

Our Grand Lodge, as you are aware, held its last session in May for the first time out of the city of Philadelphia, and in Pittsburgh. It is unnecessary to mention to those in the least acquainted with the Pittsburgh Brethren, that they spared neither time, labor or expense, to give the Representatives no cause to regret the change for the time being. They resolved that their visitors should be pleased, and they succeeded in entertaining them far beyond any expectations. The only regret that I have heard expressed was, that they did too much, and laid themselves open to expenses of unnecessary magnitude, and this feeling, to some extent, marred the enjoyment with some; but among the older members of the Fraternity, who know the spirit of their western Brethren, they simply replied to remarks on this point, that they were in Pittsburgh, and among Odd Fellows with whose kindness they had long been familiar.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

The business of the sessions of the Grand Lodge is generally pretty much alike; now and then some question arises that concentrates unusual attention. On this occasion one arose of more than ordinary interest, and brought out a display of talent seldom witnessed in such assemblies. About twelve months since, an old and influential Lodge in Philadelphia revised its by-laws. After approval by the Lodge, the Grand Master on review objected to nine items, as conflicting either with the constitution, or with decisions of superior bodies. At the semi-annual session in 1867 he submitted the whole matter to the Grand Lodge, with his reasons for disapproval. The subject was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order, who made a report at this session, fully sustaining the Grand Master's views. On the adop-

tion of the report the interest of the session centered. As some, if not all of the points decided are of interest to the Order generally, I will here give a synopsis of them—at least of the more prominent among them, so that those Lodges in this State may be governed by them, should they require a revision of their by-laws.

The first clause objected to was: "This Lodge shall not dissolve, while a quorum is willing to continue it." The law in the jurisdiction is, that a Lodge cannot dissolve while *five* members are willing to continue it—a quorum by the by-laws of the Lodge consisting of *seven*.

Second: "No Brother shall be allowed to speak or vote on the night of his admission." Objection: Immediately on admission, every candidate is a *member*, and the privilege of membership is to speak and vote. Any law *restricting* this right is illegal.

Third: "Dues, \$1.50 per quarter, must be paid on or before the last Wednesday of March, June, September and December." Objection: Dues accrue weekly; but if a quarterly sum is named, it must be such as may be divided by the number of weeks in a quarter, without any fraction remaining, so that a member may pay his *weekly* dues weekly, if he so desires.

Fourth: "No person over fifty years of age shall be admitted by initiation or on card." Objection: The constitution defines the qualification for membership, and no other disqualification can be allowed.

Fifth: "No member who has been suspended for non-payment of dues, shall be restored after he is fifty years of age." Objection: Misfortune or absence may lead to suspension, and it would be a hard rule to exclude such, as they can only regain membership by re-instatement in the Lodge in which they stand suspended.

Sixth: "Funeral Benefits at the death of a member shall be paid to his wife or legal representatives." Objection: Under the latter term are embraced executors and administrators—thus the funeral benefit might go into the estate of a deceased Brother, and be made liable to the payment of his debts. The benefit is not designed for this purpose, but to aid in giving a proper burial. It should be, *wife or family*.

Eighth: "Claims of an absent member for benefits must be made and sustained within two weeks after his recovery or return home." Objection: A Lodge may require the claim to be sustained in a particular manner, or amount of evidence, but the claim cannot be forfeited, if not sustained within so short a time.

Ninth: Makes provision for stated weekly benefits to widows of deceased Brothers when sick, and for funeral benefits on their decease, to be paid from the widows' and orphans' fund. In objecting to approve this law, the Grand Master said: "The claim of a member to benefits is of right, and not of favor. When entitled, he gets his own, and does not ask charity. The Lodge pays him a legal demand. But the duty of relieving the widow and orphan is of another character. Here the higher, nobler principles of the Order are invoked, and we are called on

to relieve them according to their necessities. this purpose widows' and orphans' funds are established, but not for the purpose of giving to *all*, and poor, worthy and unworthy, alike, certain allowances. In short, the fund is designed for *charitable*, and not for *beneficial* purposes." The position of this last named article caused a lenient and very able debate, and, I think, was properly rejected. Should the principle ever be engrafted on the Order, it would to a fearful extent be destructive of a grand feature in Odd Fellowship, and injurious beyond calculation to the hold it has on public probatation.

To the article making the dues an even sum weekly, I have been opposed from its first promulgation in this jurisdiction, as an unnecessary and unnecessary change, and one that should not have been imperative; but it should have rested entirely on the individual Lodges, who are the best able to judge from the manner in which the members were in the habit of paying; 25, 50, or 100 cents cannot be divided in equal parts without a fraction for *weekly* dues; yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these are the sums received by the Secretaries. Those are few in the Order, or yet to be in it, whose circumstances compel them to pay weekly. When there are to be found, their habits are such as to preclude all chances of being admitted to the Order, or remaining long in membership after they have acquired it. While the law keeps men beneficial until over twelve months in arrears, the plea for such an enactment is frivolously absurd. My experience as a Representative in the Grand Lodge has painfully convinced me, that when a Grand Master is in the least popular, there is a disposition to sustain him in his decisions during a recess, not on account of a conviction of their correctness, but as a compliment to his position he holds. No matter *who* makes the decision, if there is not positive law requiring it, or good of the Order clearly to be benefited by it, should be rejected, as every change only disturbs uniformity and harmony that should everywhere prevail.

An authoritative removing of the restriction of admission to a Lodge of all over a certain age, is of no very grave objections. It is a privilege, consistent with the Order, accorded to Lodges, to determine who shall and who shall not be admitted, and there are many authorized restrictions not sanctioned by the constitution. Any man who has not considered the Order worthy of his attention until he has seen fifty years roll by, may well be suspected of some sinister purpose in his declining years. I would almost be inclined to say of such, what Lorenzo Dow said of death-bed conversion. Its qualified restriction will increase the use of the ball, a weapon of the Order always most distasteful to me.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

At the session of 1867, in consequence of a surplus plus having accumulated in the treasury from

tion tax of ten cents per member per term, it concluded to continue the tax at the same rate, and set aside two cents per member per term for establishment of an orphan asylum. To manage and thus created, it was necessary to add some sections to the by-laws, which were offered at semi-annual session of that year, to be acted on at last annual session. When the subject was brought up, there was a partially organized opposition principally from Representatives from the in-who seemed apprehensive that a city job was contemplated. To save this desirable and praiseworthy measure from annihilation, the Grand Lodge Grand Encampment (where similar laws were being) each referred the subject to special committee, to report the necessary laws to the next annual sessions in November. It is to be regretted that any seeming jealousy should interfere with the success of a measure like this, which with foresight can be established without any personal cost to the Order, beyond what they have paying without oppression for the last twelve years. I speak advisedly, when I say that not the design or the wish of the Order in this to either control or manage an institution of character. What is desired, is its establishment as a pure foundation, and this can only be done by spending well the funds, until there is sufficient to free it of debt, and then place it under such management as the Order in the entire jurisdiction in its wisdom direct. But above all, let there be no jealousy of either men or sections, or haste may lead to doubtful results: first get the funds to spare the place, finish it, and pay as we go, and when this is done, no claims will come to embarrass management in its operations, and success will be certain. In this, let us make haste slowly. A number of charters for Lodges and Encampments were granted in May; all, or nearly all, have been organized with flattering prospects of success, and have not space to enumerate or locate them. Grand Officers of both branches have made several visits to distant Lodges, and everywhere they find the most substantial prosperity, and uninterfered harmony. Long may it be so!

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1868.

TON LODGE, No. 594.—This Lodge, which was organized Feb. 7, 1867, has made excellent progress in its institution, as P.G. F. O. Alleman informs me. He says: "We now number 54 members—all men, and withal hale and hearty, so that but few benefits are required, for which blessing we are very thankful to our Heavenly Father. The presiding officers are: J. M. Berkstresser, N.G.; Faxon, V.G.; F. M. Amos, Sec'y; J. L. Prince, Sec'y; P. Ross, Treas.; D. M. Jones, Junior Grand. The Rev. R. J. Gaves is our Chaplain, the session of our Lodge being opened and closed with prayer. Our finances are in fair condition. We are now talking of opening an Encampment

Missouri Department.

PROCLAMATION.

St. Louis, July 4th, 1868.

To the Lodges in Missouri and elsewhere:

The undersigned deems it his duty to warn the Order against the effort on the part of the "Odd-Fellow's Hall Association" of Warrensburg, Missouri, to get up a lottery, raffle or drawing, ostensibly to build a Hall for Eureka Lodge, No. 88, of that town. Such an enterprise is clearly in violation of the law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, passed at the session of 1866, and I hereby caution the Order in this and other Jurisdictions in which circulars, etc., for this Lottery have been distributed, not to give encouragement, aid or countenance to such a scheme.

All Lodges and members in this Jurisdiction are prohibited from aiding the said "Odd-Fellow's Hall Association" in this violation of law, and under no circumstances will any "schemes of raffles, lotteries or gift enterprises, or schemes of hazard or chance of any kind in the name of the Order," by Lodges or individuals, be permitted in the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, and I call upon every member to uphold and vindicate the law of the Supreme Grand Lodge on this subject, and to discountenance any abuse, evasion or violation of the same.

H. H. BODEMAN,

Grand Master.

ADDITIONAL FROM THE GRAND LODGE.

Editor Companion: In the sketch of the proceedings of our Grand Lodge published in the "Companion" for July, several acts of that body, which I conceive to be of general interest, fail to be noticed. The most important, perhaps, was the appointment, on motion of Reps. Wilkerson and Ellis, of a Committee on Education, consisting of P.G.'s Quarles, of No. 45; Kouns, of No. 105; Ellis, of No. 157; Ewald, of No. 5; and Hoffman, of No. 14. It is made the duty of this committee, to report to the next session of the Grand Lodge as to the practicability or feasibility of establishing a school for orphan children of Odd Fellows, with plans, etc., for the same.

The Committee on the State of the Order were instructed to prepare a petition for an act of incorporation for the use of Subordinate Lodges, and the latter were required to use the form thus prescribed, if any. They can be procured from the Grand Secretary.

The Grand Lodge requested P.G. Sire Veitch to prepare and deliver at its next session an address upon Odd Fellowship, its objects and its work.

The Grand Representatives were instructed to oppose any proposition to introduce classes of membership, or any change of the now existing laws on that subject.

Yours truly,

H.

St. Louis, July 10, 1868.

Ohio Department.

GRAND SECRETARY W. C. EARL, EDITOR.

HOW GOES THE WORK.

The earnest Odd Fellow is ever questioning as to how his favorite movement is progressing, and feels inspired with a new hope, and invigorated by a new strength when told that in every department of the field the labor is being done with zeal and marked success. Laboring in a common cause, and with a unanimity of purpose, we can materially aid each other by keeping up signals that tell of results. When, in times of war, a garrison is putting forth its best efforts for defense, or a besieging force is striving with wondrous bravery for success, though in either case the odds may be against them, how greatly are they cheered—what new powers are given them, when from a neighboring, or even from a distant height, floats a signal telling that aid is near. So with Odd Fellows. It may be that they are struggling amidst severe opposition—that they are beset by enemies on every side, and so hardly pressed, that even in so good a cause they hardly dare hope for success. But when hope seems almost darkening into despair, then come the joyful tidings that in other quarters the same battle has been fought and victory won. They learn that the little band with which they have been *directly* operating, is not the all of our noble Order, but only one of its constituent parts—that all over the land the other Lodges, and thousands of good men and true, are fighting the same battle—upholding the same faith, and proclaiming the same principles. This gives them renewed strength—builds up a new hope, strengthens the old faith, and gives them a power which will surely lead to victory.

In order that we may convey to our Brethren of all sections such strengthening influences, we propose from time to time, and as far as time and space will permit, to give brief items as to the success of various Lodges. Perhaps at some other time, and under some other heading, we may tell of the trials and struggles of some from whom success for the time seems to be withheld. But our present purpose is to speak of the *successful* ones, and thereby give forth signals that shall be to the desponding signs of encouragement.

In carrying out this plan, we shall gather our items from the semi-annual reports of Lodges in this jurisdiction which have just been received. We may say in a prefatory way that not in the actual increase of members do we find the most encouraging signs. Numbers constitute strength when made up of the proper elements—otherwise they may be the symbol of weakness.

Ohio Lodge, No. 1, and Washington, No. 2, both of Cincinnati, and the oldest Lodges in the State, have not during the past term materially changed their numerical force, but are both prosperous—each

has a good membership, and each has so husbanded its finances as to be well provided for any emergency. The same may be said of Cincinnati, No. 3, and Franklin, No. 4, of the same city. And in the same class may also be ranked Montgomery, No. 5, of Dayton.

Jefferson, No. 6, of Steubenville, is one of our "old guard," and stands well to its colors. It has recovered from a partial lethargy that for a time held it in restraint, it is constantly widening its outposts and strengthening its lines.

Charity, No. 7, at Lancaster, marches on with a steady step, and is constantly manifesting the spirit of Odd Fellowship by its ministrations. Piqua, No. 8, at Piqua, pursues the even tenor of its way and manfully upholds the banner of our Order. Wayne, No. 10, of Dayton, is another of the staunch defenders and exemplars of our Order. Warren, No. 11, calls, its members are sure to be. Warren, No. 11, goes to its work with a will, and a fine new hall is to be completed will be a perpetual testimonial to the energy of its members. Union, No. 12, though a small Lodge, retains its position with a determined will and manfully defies all opposition. Lebanon, No. 15, composed of a band of noble men, fights a good fight with a sternness of resolve that secures success. This Lodge at one time fell partly out of the control of the "whiskey ring," and as a consequence deteriorated sadly in morals and in strength. But it has cast off this influence and is now marching proudly onward.

Hope, No. 16, at Middletown, is strong in its material, and commands the respect and favor of the portion of the community. Marion, No. 17, at Miamisburgh, is in no wise behind its sister Lodges of the great valley, in strength or worth. Its membership is selected from those who worship faith at the shrine of Friendship, Love and Truth. They have experienced their hospitality and know that their tents are always spread wide and opened for all. Mansfield, No. 19, has ever firmly upheld the cause. Recently it passed through a "consuming fire" which destroyed its hall, furniture, and every thing except its accumulated funds. Nothing discouraged by this disaster, it is now occupying a better hall by far than the old one, and is going on prosperously. Vernon, No. 20, shows a strength of numbers and of character that makes it a valuable member of our great family.

Cuyahoga Lodge, No. 22, at Cleveland, was a few years ago in the list of laggards in the cause. It stands forth inferior to but few in the evidence of its prosperity. During the last term it gained many members. Central, No. 23, at Columbus, maintains a steady course, and is felt as a power in that city. It affords us pleasure to say, that its reports all come up in good shape and correct. Chillicothe, No. 24, located in the "ancient" capital of Ohio, is under the guidance of good men, and prospering. Erie, No. 27, at Cleveland, is constantly ascending in the numerical scale and, we believe, so performing

ties as to be a faithful representative of. Muskingum, No. 28, at Zanesville, is going firmly and steadily onward, and with its lodges of that city, doing a good work. No. 30, at Eaton, but a few years since was sleepy, though in the hands of good men. Of has become thoroughly aroused and is pressing with a splendid progress. Last term it in- its membership 14. Scioto, No. 31, at Ports- steps to the music of success, and gives dig- the column. Columbia, No. 32, at Circleville, at present making rapid advances, is sound able. It has one of the best halls in the and owns it. Financially its success is placed a doubt. Springfield, No. 33, at Springfield, ght the most successful. Last term it gained bers. Olive Branch, No. 34, at Newark, is a , sound Lodge, and gives abundant evidence ess. Seneca, No. 35, at Tiffin, has taken on life, and is enrolling amongst its membership f the best citizens. Valley Lodge, No. 36, onnellsville, is all right and doing good er- Huron, No. 37, at Norwalk, has been aroused long slumber—has largely increased its num- and gives brighter promises for the future. ange is due, we understand, largely to the ual efforts of a few members, who resolved must go on.

aukonica, No. 38, at Toledo, after a long and contest with adversity, has shaken off the of opposition, and is steadily marching for- achieving a new victory at every step. All it eds is that its members shall be true to them- to the Lodge, and the principles they profess, is Lodge will make a good record in the Nimisilla, No. 39, at Canton, is now one best Lodges in the State, and is moving y onward. Republic, No. 40, at Republic, in y last reported a total of 18 members; in its port it gives a total of 56, having thus added o hundred per cent. to its numbers. If they the right material, this is a most splendid , and unequalled by any Lodge in the State. r, No. 42, is another of the staunch Lodges ve been true to duty at all times, and is suc-

Coshocton, No. 44, surrendered its charter ears ago, but has been re-instated, and is now irst rate. Urbana, No. 46, at Urbana, is one best in the State. We know of no Lodge ere composed of better material, nor one that fully commands the respect of all classes of Prompt and faithful to all its obligations, worthy exemplar of the true purposes of our Buckeye, No. 47, at Dayton, takes rank at the best of our great family, and its pros- is a proof of its worth. Sippos, No. 48, at on, has never faltered or wearied in well doing- experience of nearly a quarter of a century, had no reverses. Though its progress may aried, yet it has been steadily onward, and of ars it has advanced with an accelerated speed. orm it increased its membership 13.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

Packages of proceedings have now been sent to each and every Lodge in the State. We are not disposed to boast, but think the Order will have no reason to be ashamed of the appearance of the work. To prepare for the press, and pack, and send out three thousand copies is no small labor.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.

A good Brother—one whose soul is devoted to Odd Fellowship, has had his love strengthened by the practical evidence of its worth in times of distress. He writes us as follows:

"The first of May, in company with my family, I took a trip to Missouri and Illinois on a visit. While at Urbana, Ills., on our return, my little daughter, nearly seven years old, sickened and died, almost among strangers. The noble Brothers came forward and did all in their power to aid us in our bereavement, 'by kindly offices in the day of trial.' God bless them; may they never know the desolation of the heart, when we closed in death the bright eyes of our darling child. Her lifeless form was brought home and deposited in our cemetery, where the winds will whisper their sad requiem unheard o'er the little casket that contains all that is mortal of our darling Orsina.—And the bright eyes that gazed so fondly upon us, and the pattering footsteps at our approach are hushed, until that bright morn, when we shall again clasp glad hands on the other side."

FROM THE LODGES IN OHIO.

The subjoined items are culled mainly from our business letters; want of space has to our regret compelled us to curtail the letters of some of our kind correspondents materially.

GALENA LODGE, No. 404—was instituted on the 22d of July at Galena, Delaware Co., Ohio, by Grand Master Semple, assisted by P.G.'s Dowdall and Zigler, of Columbus, P.G.'s Platt and Evans, of Delaware, and P.G.'s T. Jones, Spooner, Spring, Park, Robinson and Wm. Sharp, of Westerville, in the presence of a large number of visiting Brothers. Thirteen of the petitioners were present and received the charter. This Lodge begins its work with excellent officers, and initiated five good candidates. The entire ceremonies were conducted by the Grand Master to the satisfaction of all who were present, and we predict that this Lodge will make one of the best in this jurisdiction. When the Lodge had closed its work, all the charter members were in possession of the Scarlet Degree. J. D.

YOUNGSTOWN LODGE, No. 403, at Youngstown, was to have been instituted by P.G.R. Horace Y. Beebe during the latter part of July, and the Grand Master himself was to open the new Lodge at Kansas on the 29th of July.

EXCELSIOR ENCAMPMENT, No. 106, was instituted in the hall of Fithian Lodge, No. 373, in this place (Blanchester) on the 16th day of June by Grand High Priest James Maguire, acting Grand Patriarch, assisted by Past Patriarchs R. B. Innis, N. F. Lucky, Jas. A. Armstrong, S. D. Smith, Jas. Hayworth, Thos. Hier, and others, from Cincinnati, with strong delegations from Lebanon, Morrow, New Vienna, Wilmington, etc., filling our hall with Brethren well known as workers in the Order. After the instituting ceremonies were over, the following officers were elected and installed: Chief Patriarch,

Horton Ensiga; High Priest, A. W. Baldwin; Senior Warden, F. M. Johnson; Junior Warden, C. W. Thomas; Scribe, M. S. Pickelheimer; Treasurer, Wm. Peacock. After which P.G.M. Fithian gave the necessary instructions in the work in his usual able manner. Under a dispensation, twenty applications were received for membership, the applicants elected and instructed in the mysteries of the Patriarchal Order; eleven of them were advanced to the Golden Rule, and nine exalted to the Royal Purple Degree. This Encampment has commenced its work of Faith, Hope and Charity under very flattering auspices, and with prospects ahead sufficient to insure success. "E."

WM. TELL ENCAMPMENT, No. 109, was duly instituted at Wm. Penn Hall, Cincinnati, on the 25th of June, Grand High Priest Jas. Maguire officiating, supported by a large number of Past Patriarchs from the city. Patriarch W. Koch was installed as C.P., and Patriarch F. Schlitzberger as Scribe. Fourteen candidates were elected and exalted to the Royal Purple Degree, the Encampment closing its first session at 5 A. M. Wm. Tell Encampment works in the German language.

NEW ENCAMPMENT IN WAVERLY.—The writer became a resident of this place late last fall, and was then the only member here who had received the Encampment Degrees. A number of the Brothers, however, were desirous to have that high branch of Odd Fellowship established within reach of the three Lodges in this neighborhood, viz.: Lansing, Joy and Piketon; so, at the last session of the Grand Encampment, we obtained a charter, and on the 23d of June an Encampment with a membership of sixteen was instituted in our midst by P.P. Ira H. Bird, assisted by P.G.R. Coats. The officers elected and installed were: J. W. Reed, C.P.; Eli Potts, H.P.; Edward Hadra, S.W.; J. Swable, J.W.; C. F. Smith, Scribe; V. Lorbach, Treasurer. Odd Fellowship is truly alive here. The writer, although a member of Tecumseh Lodge, No. 80, Chillicothe, is a regular visitor of Lansing Lodge here, and has, in the term just passed, witnessed seventeen initiations, two elections on card, and one re-installation, making an accession of twenty members in twenty-six weeks, and still they come! J. W. R.

PUBLIC INSTALLATIONS.—The public installation of the officers of Bremen Lodge, No. 101, in New Bremen, on the 11th of July, was made the occasion of a gala day for the Order in that section, Wapakoneta, Celina and Sidney being largely represented by visiting Brothers. The installation services were conducted by D.D.G.M. Lecky, P.G. Bush, of Sidney Lodge, and P.G. Marshall, of Anglaise Lodge, assisted by the officers of both these Lodges. We also hear of public installations of the officers of Columbus Lodge, No. 9, at Columbus, and Star Lodge, No. 398, at Middleport, both of which are said to have passed off creditably and pleasantly.

HALL DEDICATION.—On the evening of the 13th of July the hall of Center Lodge, No. 272, in Troy—one of the most commodious and handsome halls in Ohio—was dedicated to the uses of Odd Fellowship by P.G.M. Fithian, in the graceful manner for which he is noted. OBSERVER.

LODGE VISIT.—A few weeks since we (Woodbine Lodge, No. 126, at Mt. Healthy) were honored with a visit from Washington Lodge, No. 2, of Cincinnati, and if I may judge from the tenor of their remarks, and the manner in which they enjoyed themselves, the Brothers went away well pleased with their visit; it was exceedingly pleasant and instructive, to meet with the old wheel-horses of the Order of Southern Ohio. W. S. CAPPELLER.

Michigan Department.

DETROIT, July 15, 1887

Editor Companion:

'Tis raging noon; and the vertical sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging
Can sweep, a dazling deluge reigns; and
From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze

—With the thermometer at 100° in the shade,
very felicitous description of Thompson's i
"The glory of the summer months, with light
heat refulgent."

As these glories are now in plentiful supply,
pecially the heat—you will not expect anything
markable in the line of new Lodges, because
oppressive in this state of the atmosphere to do
Lodge-room work. Nevertheless, our city
are doing a good work with frequent initiation
semi-annual reports to the Grand Secretary ex
good deal of work in the past term throughout
jurisdiction. The work goes steadily on at a
sons and in all climes.

It is one of the bright features of Odd Fellowship
that whether in the frigid gloom of winter,
balmy sunshine of summer, with her birds, pe
violets and roses, the divine principles taught b
Fellowship are ever the same—unchanging
vegetation would become extinct, and the earth
olate without the fructifying influence and li
the sun of heaven, so would man be a mere be
deprived of the genial influence of the heaven
spirit of "Friendship, Love and Truth"—the
of fraternity, taught upon every altar of Odd F
ship.

"THE RELIGION OF ODD FELLOWSHIP."

And right here, I am almost inclined to take
with some of the assertions and conclusions of
J. C. Welch in the July number of the "Compan
—especially that Odd Fellowship "possesses a
the divine attributes of the Christian religion"
this might hinge on "theology," I will not cr
the Brother's excellent article; but I cannot
asking what kind of a religion or Christianity
without any Odd Fellowship in it? "Love thy
with all thy heart," etc.; "Love thy neighbor
thyself;" "Whatsoever ye would that others s
do unto you, do you even so unto them;" and
like rules of action, I believe, have divine sanc
as the fulfillment of the divine law: all of
are the injunctions and teachings of Odd Fellows
which is very excellent, granting it is not Christian
But divine authority more explicitly defines
"pure religion" or Christianity is. "Pure religio
and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflic
and to keep himself unspotted from the world
strong resemblance to the command of our O
"To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury
dead, and educate the orphan!"

ly think that if Bro. Welch has a system of or Christianity that does not embrace the and tenets of Odd Fellowship, I shall not join ch; and if the teachings and principles of llowship are not tinted at heart with true nity, then I have been wandering (theologic- among the publicans, and so forth.

ldly aver," says Bro. Welch, "that no intel- dd Fellow has ever believed that it possesses e divine attributes of the Christian religion." t I will not take issue on *this* assertion, or d readily confuse me to his advantage by "not intelligent" under or over my name, I have a right to be foggy and obtuse, and question again: What kind of a Christianity he world, that has no Odd Fellowship in its iendship, Love and Truth — Faith, Hope rity? Yours, † † †

NIGHT WITH A LODGE IN 1748.

ry's History of Odd Fellowship, Manchester ve find a copy of the record of a Lodge meet- ncient Odd Fellows in 1748—the oldest relic Fellowship now known to exist. Heretofore ngenerally supposed that the oldest trace of the as the song of the poet James Montgomery, in 1788, and beginning: "When Friendship, d Truth abound." We copy the record above to, as a matter of historical interest:

"ARISTARCUS LODGE, NO. 9.

Meeting, *Globe Tavern, March 12, 1748.* }
Gordon Styles, N.M.

ge opened in usual form.

Chaplain and Almoner, Br. the Rev. Dr. uttered the prayer for peace and harmony. Toast of Loyalty, given by the Master, was with honors.

Murchinson proposed, and Warden Dow, that Gilbert Worth, Mercer, be entrusted, ext regular meeting, with the secrets of the sters.

a call from the Master, Br. Hodges pro- the Oration in praise of the Order. (Second idelity, given from the chair.)

thanks of the Brothers given according to nd responded to.

Clemmow sang a Scotch melody. Hailed nes.

Almoner read the Report of the Stewards of David's Festival, and reported his balance in be £4 14s. 8d.

Visitors reported that they had visited Br. in his confinement in the King's Bench who was in great want.

osed by Bro. Hodges, and seconded by Br. at One Guinea be given from the common Br. Hughes to relieve his pressing want, and same Brothers visit and report on his case at meeting.

Master ordered the loving cup to pass round, Almoner would receive their alms, which d to 11s. 6d.

Master announced his intention of attending, Wardens, at St. Savior's Church, Southwark, r Sunday next, on which occasion the Rev. Howard would preach.

last Toast given in peace with profound si- 9 o'clock P. M., and proceedings closed with an benediction of the Chaplain."

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

AN ADDITIONAL GRAND REPRESENTATIVE.

BURLINGTON, July 18, 1868.

Editor Companion: The reports for the last term from Subordinate Lodges and Encampments are coming in slowly. I have reports from forty-six Lodges, and they show a gain of 679 members; also reports from eleven Camps, with a gain of 77 members. This insures us another Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States, unless there should be a loss in the remaining 19 Camps yet to report, which I do not anticipate; but believe the increase will be at least 100 more.

The Grand Encampment, at its last session, requested the Grand Patriarch to appoint Past Grand Patriarch Thomas D. Evans, and I have no doubt that he will do so. Our Grand Representatives will be Erie J. Leech and J. Norwood Clark from the Grand Lodge, and John B. Glenn and Thomas D. Evans from the Grand Encampment.

NEW LODGES.

On the 7th, D.D.G.M. S. Wells instituted National Lodge, No. 165, at Charles City, Floyd County, and installed the officers as follows: B. F. Cheney, N.G.; E. A. Teeling, V.G.; Charles S. Otis, Secretary; and H. H. Parmelee, Treasurer. Bro. Wells writes: "We initiated six and admitted four by card. So the Lodge starts off with a membership of 18. Some of the most influential men of the place are among the members. Charles City is a beautiful and thriving little town, ornamented, as it is, with both natural and cultivated shade trees. It is building up rapidly with good, substantial stone buildings, and they expect the railroad to be finished to the town by the first of September."

On the 24th of June, we issued a dispensation to institute Star Lodge, No. 166, at Mechanicsville, Cedar County, and the Lodge was instituted on the second day of July by D.D.G.M. J. H. Ripley, the following being elected and installed as officers: Watson Bell, N.G.; William Inks, V.G.; Wm. V. Haines, Rec. Sec'y; George Derr, Per. Sec'y; and John Uhler, Treasurer. They initiated six, and start off with thirteen members. Bro. Ripley writes that the Lodge is located in a good community, and that they will soon have a prosperous Lodge.

On the 17th of July (yesterday), we issued a dispensation to establish Viola Lodge, No. 167, at Viola, Linn County, and D.D.G.M. McDaniel writes that he is satisfied they can build up and sustain a prosperous Lodge.

The Brothers of Leon Lodge, No. 84, Leon, Decatur County, expect to re-organize in a few weeks. They have not been able to get a desirable hall, but have now leased the third story of a new brick building in course of erection, and expect to get into the new hall this fall, when they will have a good Lodge-

room, and will soon have a very flourishing and prosperous Lodge.

Bro. Shaw, D.D.G.M., at Sidney, writes that the Brothers at Hamburg, Fremont County, in the extreme south-west corner of the State, will petition for the establishment of a Lodge in their town just as soon as they can secure a hall.

On the 1st inst., we had 123 Lodges and 30 Camps at work in our jurisdiction, a gain, in one year, of 14 Lodges and 3 Camps.

VOTES FOR GRAND OFFICERS.

I have election returns from 82 Lodges, and notice that six failed to vote, which leaves 30 Lodges to receive returns from, and some five or six of these are new Lodges without Past Grand. The vote of the eighty-two Lodges is as follows:

For Grand Master:	
Will P. Sharp.....	509
For Deputy Grand Master:	
W. M. Moore.....	508
For Grand Warden:	
John Gundaker.....	263
Orlando McCraney.....	84
J. M. Rice.....	91
Robt. McCormick.....	76
For Grand Secretary:	
S. S. Winall.....	116
William Garrett.....	398
For Grand Treasurer:	
John B. Glenn.....	886
B. S. Merriam.....	128
For Grand Representative:	
Erie J. Leech.....	502

ASPIRE.

ASPIRE to greater things,
With heaven exalted eye,
With steadfast tread and bearing high,
And hope on joyful wings!
There's not a victory won below
But points to other work undone,
And ever, as Time's currents flow,
We find new shores still to be won.

Press on with purpose pure,
Nor cast one look behind,
Ambitious still to store thy mind
With wealth of lore which shall endure!
There's not a hight by man yet gained,
But shows another hight to win;
There's not a truth by man maintained,
But holds some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great!
Man's mission on the earth
Is progress, ever from his birth:
Nor should he e'er in zeal abate.
Oh, who would tamely lingering see
Such boundless prospect for the mind,
And, clinging to mortality,
In guilty sloth be left behind!

Indiana Department.

EARLY RECORDS IN INDIANA.—NO. ONE.

NEW ALBANY, July, 1835.

Editor Companion: Among the many items of interest connected with Odd Fellowship in this State there is none, perhaps, that more excites the attention of its membership, while at the same time it is an earnest of its substantial worth, than its rapid and permanent growth since it was first planted by a few pioneers among our people. In order that the Brethren, and your readers, may know something of our early history, I have, according to promise, taken some pains to examine the earliest records of the Hoosier Odd Fellowship. These records now the property of one of the Lodges in New Albany.

I find that a meeting was first called August 1835, and there were present the following Brethren: Henry H. West, Joseph Barkley, Stephen Barker, Geo. Baalam, F. M. Myers, Richard D. Evans, S. Nadal, and Bowen F. Brewster. Bro. Jos. Barker was called to the chair, and a resolution was passed appointing a committee of three to draft an application for a charter for a Lodge to be located at New Albany, and Brothers West, J. Barkley, R. D. Evans were appointed as the committee. By the action of this committee, Evans and J. Barkley, afterwards Grand Masters of the Grand Lodge of Indiana.

At the next meeting, August 29, held by the Odd Fellows' we find another name added, that of Matthias Dowerman. The committee upon petition to the G.L.U.S. presented a report in the form of a petition, which was signed by the names above. At this meeting was collected the money to defray expenses, when the sum of \$2.68 was realized, and the expenses to this time amounted to \$2.68½.

There was not wanting a unanimity of feeling and purpose among this small band, that a Lodge judiciously managed, could be maintained in this city (then an unpretending village) and, accordingly, arrangements were at once commenced for a thorough organization. The Brethren who attended the preliminary meetings were men of slender means and but poorly able to undertake the task of properly fitting up a hall commensurate with what was deemed necessary to give character to the Order, but with a determined zeal they resolved that no effort must be made, if it became necessary to involve themselves pecuniarily; they had faith in the ultimate success of the Order. Accordingly they sought the sources from which they might derive the necessary means without endangering the prospects of the Order. Fortunately Boone Lodge, No. 1, Kentucky, had succeeded so admirably that they had a sufficient surplus at their command to lend to a new enterprise without embarrassment, and it was at once proffered by the Kentucky Brethren, and on the 4th of September, 1835, a committee, previous

pointed on this subject, reported that they had secured a loan of two hundred dollars from Boone Lodge. At the same time a committee reported that they had secured a room for holding meetings. Through the act of kindness on the part of Boone Lodge, New Albany Lodge, No. 1, of Indiana, was enabled to open a hall that was not only attractive to its founders, but to those who had never passed the portals of the Lodge-room.

The first officers elected for this Lodge were chosen the 12th day of November, 1835, as follows: Jos. McKley, N. G.; Richard D. Evans, V. G.; H. H. St. Secretary; M. Dowerman, Treasurer. The charter of this Lodge was delayed in consequence of misunderstanding with reference to the payment of the charter fee. This was rectified when it came to the knowledge of the petitioners. The charter, however, was not received, nor was the Lodge instituted until February 3, 1836, when P. G's. Henry Clifford and John Hawkins, of Louisville, were especially deputed to institute the Lodge, which they did in the usual form.

At a preliminary meeting, held two days prior to the institution of the Lodge, the first applications for membership were received as follows: John Evans, Wm. Clark, Thos. Farrell, Thos. McNally, J. A. Moffatt, Amos Bradbury, Sol. Mallory, N. J. Webb, and Hiram Lanham, also, the application of G. Benjamin Burton, who held a card from the Manchester Unity, and on the night of institution, Nov. 3, the novitiates were duly inducted in the rites and mysteries of the Order, and all were assigned to the one of the subordinate offices. The Lodge was started with a membership of nineteen, although all were not present at the first regular meeting.

There are many interesting incidents connected with the history of these patriarchs and pioneers, which we propose to give to the Order, but will have to defer them to another number. Fraternally,

J. W. McQ.

THE "COMPANION."

SHELBYVILLE, July, 1868.

We have looked with interest over the prospectus of the fourth volume of the "Companion," and feel that as an Order we have cause to rejoice that we are favored in our literature with such an exponent of our principles as the "Companion" has proved itself to be, and with such an amount of healthy reading matter as the last volume contains.

But our expectations are raised by the promise made us in the prospectus, that the fourth volume will be enlarged one-third, or will contain fully one-third more reading matter, than the last volume. If so, at the subscription price of \$2.50 per year, it will be the cheapest Odd Fellows' literature, in proportion to the amount of matter, published on the continent. And each subscriber receiving in addition to the volume the im. Chromo-Lithograph "Rebekah at the Well," which, by the way, we

are looking forward to with a good degree of interest; or a portrait of Past Grand Sire Thos. Wildey, or of Past Grand Sire J. B. Nicholson, or of the Grand C. and R. Secretary of the G.L.U.S., either of which would be a real adornment, properly framed, to any Odd Fellow's parlor. The array of distinguished Odd Fellows who have promised contributions to the forthcoming volume ought to, and we trust will, secure an enlarged list of subscribers. What the "Companion" needs, is wide-awake and earnest agents in every Lodge of every jurisdiction on which it depends for patronage.

WARM WEATHER.

The weather is extremely warm for preparing a correspondence for the August number of the "Companion;" but by the time this letter is put in type, and the first number of the fourth volume reaches us and its readers, the mercury will indicate cooler weather, or we shall become inured to the warmth, so as to read it with less difficulty and with more enjoyment than is experienced in writing it.

I have watched the working of Lodges of Odd Fellows for many years, and have usually observed that there is considerable falling off in the attendance on the Lodge in the months of summer. Our Lodge-rooms are usually in the second or third story of buildings, and become heated up so as to make them quite uncomfortable compared with other seasons of the year. Would it not be well for the membership to endure the inconvenience of the heat, and meet regularly, be prompt and earnest in the transaction of the business, and put off for a few weeks such of the work, in conferring degrees, etc., as can be put off; but neglect nothing that the interest of the Lodge or of individual members demands should be attended to? A faithful attendance on the Lodge and to the work will secure health, peace and prosperity.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

In my last communication I made considerable reference to the Grand Lodge session, and said but little about the Grand Encampment, which held its half-yearly session at the same time. There were some things worthy of note connected with this branch of our Order occurring at the last communication.

The attendance of Past High Priests and Past Chief Patriarchs was unusually large, and indicated as great a degree of prosperity as in the case of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Patriarch was absent during the entire communication. The necessity for his absence was deeply regretted by himself, and not less by the members of the Grand Encampment.

All present felt satisfied that it was not want of interest on the part of Grand Patriarch French, but sheer necessity. Bro. French communicated the reasons of his absence to the Grand Encampment in a letter, which was kindly received. The position

of Grand Patriarch was filled by G.H.P. Geo. L. Curtis with honor and profit.

There was an attendance of 90 members at the opening of the Grand Encampment and 55 P.C.P.'s and P.H.P.'s were introduced and instructed in the Degree of the Grand Encampment. This made a very respectable convocation for a semi-annual session.

During the session a report was presented by the Committee on Grievances and Appeals, and concurred in, to the effect that a Patriarch in arrears for dues cannot demand benefits on a mere statement of the Scribe of the Encampment, casually or informally made, that his dues are paid up. The statement of the Scribe must be made on an actual examination of the books of the Encampment, to make it available in procuring benefits. This is as it ought to be. The Scribe of an Encampment should have his books all the time in such order, that he can refer to the account between the Encampment and each member readily, and give the facts confidently and accurately. Much of the interest in this branch of the Order, as in the Lodge, depends on the faithfulness of the Scribe, and he ought to be as particular as the R.S. and P.S. of a Lodge; and each Patriarch should guard his own interests by carefully noting time as it passes, and seeing to it that his dues are promptly paid, so that in case of sickness or inability to labor he may readily secure the benefits; or that in case of his death, his relatives may be entitled to and receive the amount specified as funeral expenses.

A report was made by the Committee on the "State of the Order," touching applications for permission to solicit aid from other Encampments, to relieve such as have sustained loss by fire; and the report was concurred in. It sets forth the duty of all Encampments to insure their property with some good reliable insurance company; and before they can hereafter secure the privilege of applying to other Encampments for aid, they must set forth and show that a failure to insure was unavoidable, and not the result of indifference or neglect. An Encampment or a Lodge can generally well afford to make a draft on their treasury sufficiently large to pay the annual premium on two-thirds of their property.

The same committee presented a report, which was concurred in, re-iterating the action of the G.L.U.S., regarding re-instatements, viz.: that when a Patriarch has lost his membership in his Encampment by suspension or expulsion from his Lodge, and he is re-admitted to membership in his Lodge, a notification of that fact by the Lodge to the Scribe of the Encampment will re-instate the Patriarch in his Encampment, and place him where he was before the action of the Lodge.

My letter being long enough, I close it here, by subscribing myself,

Yours, in F., L. and T.,

T. G. B.

—Siloam Lodge, No 311, at Bainbridge, Putnam County, has been instituted.

Maryland Department.

P. G. THOS. LUCY, A. M., EDITOR.

BRO. JAMES L. RIDGELY,

Grand O. and R. Secretary of the Grand L. the United States.

We devote a portion of our space this month to a sketch of the life of one of our most active and devoted Brethren in the practical work of fraternal benevolence, now generally known as the Odd Fellows' Fellowship. The biography of any man cannot properly be written until after his death, and it should never be attempted; but so interested and every zealous Odd Fellow has the life of Bro. Ridgely become, that we but yield to a general desire in preparing a sketch of the incidents which led to his present usefulness in our Order, and in making known to the readers of the "Companion" how much we are all indebted to him for our growth and prosperity as an institution. To enable us to accomplish this in a manner that may be relied upon, we have sought and obtained the aid of a long and faithful Brother in the "work" whose position for the past twelve years has given him great store of knowledge that is invaluable, and whose devotion to the Order has made him a willing laborer in our task. We allude to Joseph B. B. vaille, Esq., the present very able Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, whose untiring devotion to the duties of his office for many years has made him not only well known in this jurisdiction, but beloved by every active Odd Fellow in it. We also had free access to the records of the Grand Lodge of the United States, so that what we have to say, if but indifferently expressed, will nevertheless be considered correct.

Bro. Ridgely is a native of Maryland; born on the 27th of January, 1807, in the Baltimore, and is therefore now in his 62nd year. His boyhood was spent in such elementary as the city then afforded, and at the age of four years was placed at St. Mary's College, but one year was transferred to Mount St. Mary's at Emmitsburg, Frederick County, where he completed his Collegiate education with much honor to himself and to the institution. He then commenced the study of law, in the law schools of the University of Maryland, and in his twenty-first year, that is, in 1828, was admitted to the bar and practiced law until 1840, when, in consequence of impaired health, he removed to Baltimore county and entered into agricultural pursuits, in which he is still engaged.

In 1828 he began his career as an Odd Fellow, having been initiated in Columbia Lodge, No. 3, of Baltimore county, was the third regularly organized Lodge in the county, thus making him an Odd Fellow of 25 years' experience, a period of much eventful and surprising advancement. Bro. Ridgely's life has been fully impressed, from the first, with the true value of the Order to the world in its benevolent

ral teaching, for we find him in the same year of Jerusalem Encampment, the first ever held. Nor was he merely a member of the Order from principle, he was also a working member, and consequently, in three years after his first initiation to a Lodge, he was unanimously chosen Master to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and during this period, the journal of proceedings of that Lodge were kept in an historical form, fuller and better than they had been before. Order and method were introduced and we can more distinctly understand the course of events that led to our prosperity and extension.

Ridgely soon became well known by his zeal and industry in the cause of "Friendship, Love and Unity" and consequently he was elected not only Grand Master of his own Grand Lodge in the Grand Jurisdiction of the United States, but also proxy representative of the Grand Lodge of Ohio; and in 1834 he was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland. In these honored positions several things were introduced to have been his special work, at which he labored long and faithfully. One was to reform the Order from its convivial practices, which seemed likely to lead into an evil that would ultimately destroy the Order and detract all its usefulness. Next, to place the Order on its modern origin of Odd Fellowship before the world, and to show the utter fallacy of the claims of antiquity that had become favorite themes of the Order over-poetical and fanciful would-be orators, and another, to keep the Order here and in all parts intact, to procure a uniformity in the Order "everywhere, upon which so much of its strength as a unit depends. On the first two points he was successful, but the third could only be achieved by a separation from the Order in England, which was effected in 1842.

Through Bro. Ridgely's life has been so much devoted to Odd Fellowship, yet he found time for other pursuits: his whole life for the past twenty years has been an active one in various public trusts. He was a member of the Council comprising the Government of the City several terms, and a representative of Baltimore City in the State Legislature, and when he removed to the county, he was a representative from there also.

In 1834 the crusade against Free Masonry exploded in Odd Fellowship. Massachusetts passed a law which very much affected our Order, as it worked at once, and established an opposition from which we have not yet entirely recovered, as may be seen by the small number of its Lodges, now, in proportion to territory. In this controversy Bro. Ridgely took a firm stand for individual rights and those of the Order, and in the G.L.U.S. made a very able and eloquent appeal upon the subject, and the "work" was so arranged as to avoid any conflict with the laws of the non-sensitive State.

In 1836 Bro. Ridgely was elected Grand Sire, but declining from most men, preferred labor to honor, he declined the position; he assiduously worked to the benefit of the Order at large, he re-modeled

laws, re-fashioned ceremonies, and re-arranged many portions of the new Degrees that had been added to the work, and, in short, gave it that progressive movement that has eventuated in making Odd Fellowship the greatest Institution in the United States. His services, too, were especially valuable in arranging the serious difficulties between the rival jurisdictions of Albany and New York, which at one time threatened a disruption.

But it was in 1840 that Bro. Ridgely came more prominently forward. In that year he succeeded Bro. Robert Neilson, who had filled the office of Corresponding Secretary to the G.L.U.S. for twenty-one years. The next year he was again elected Grand Sire, and again declined; he was then re-elected Grand Cor. and Rec. Secretary and has continued to be so, biennially, unto the present time. Of his many and valuable services in this important position, this is not the time or occasion to speak, lest it might seem fulsome praise; we desire to make now only a simple narration, leaving it to the writers who may come after him to add the honors and renown due to the place, the services, and the man.

In 1836, in conjunction with Bro. Neilson, he commenced the first publication of an Odd Fellows' periodical, called the "Covenant." In this he first advocated a LIBRARY as a valuable adjunct to the Institution of Odd Fellowship, which in a few years after was consummated, and the Order is thus indebted to him for the idea which has proved so useful to the membership. In 1842, Bro. Neilson having disposed of the Magazine to the G.L.U.S., he became the official editor of it, a post he filled for three years. But it does not seem to have been anything but an unfortunate *protege* of that Grand Body, who had provided it with a Board of ten Supervisors, a general agent, a printer, and twenty-four sub-agents, in addition to the official editor. It had been thought that the Magazine would produce profits sufficient to pay all the current expenses of its adopted parent, but it proved too expensive a pet. 3000 copies were printed, and in nine months about \$590 were received while the amount paid out was some \$2,275. In twenty months the Grand Lodge was in debt for the concern \$4,149. Then they revoked the Board of the ten elders and the inferior officers and gave it over to the Editor; but it wouldn't do. Bro. Ridgely could not keep it up, and at the close of 1844 it ceased to be. The cause of the failure was entirely from the neglect of the subscribers to pay or the sub-agents to collect. It was ably edited, and did a great amount of good in laying before the membership right views of Odd Fellowship, and as some acknowledgement of this, the G.L.U.S. gave him a vote of thanks and a gold medal. It was during the period of the publication of this "Official Magazine," that Bros. Ridgely and I. D. Williamson were appointed Special Commissioners to England to treat with the "Directors" of the Manchester Unity respecting the various questions at issue; but the whole thing proved to be futile, the English Grand Body would not compromise anything, and

nothing was left to be done, but for the G.L.U.S. in 1842 to adopt a resolution separating themselves entirely from all connection with the "Annual Moveable Committee of the I.O.O.F." as it was then designated. The "Independent Order" being now formed, it went vigorously onward, so vigorously, indeed, that it was in danger of disruption from the careless admission of improper persons everywhere made, and it is due to Bro. Ridgely's care and constant admonitions that it was saved from itself. He cautiously, in his reports, year after year examined every weakness in its organization, and earnestly labored to provide efficiently for its proper support, recommending frugality and watchfulness in every department.

The records of the Grand Lodge of Maryland abound in official acts of Bro. Ridgely beneficial to the Order, yet perhaps none were more lastingly so in this particular jurisdiction, than his plan in relation to the addition to the Hall. In 1842 the idea began to be agitated of purchasing the adjoining lot, and enlarging the Hall. Many members were quite enthusiastic on the subject, and like too many other projects, it would have been undertaken without fully providing for the cost. He, with a forethought that has saved the Grand Lodge many perplexities, originated the plan of a tax of one dollar on initiations, to form a 3 per-cent. stock to each Lodge for the amount so paid. This was found to be the very best means that could have been devised for fully securing the payment of the interest on the 6 per cent. stock debt of \$24,000, and was effectual in keeping the Grand Lodge solvent under all the financial reverses that prevailed in the country from that time to this. But in 1855 this initiation tax was repealed—a measure of doubtful expediency, for had it been permitted to remain a few years longer, the whole stock debt would have, ere this, been canceled, instead of being at this time some \$37,000.

To Bro. Ridgely we are indebted for the present system of representation in the G.L.U.S. Previously to 1844 this body was very irregularly constituted, with both a proxy and a direct representation; a plan under no circumstances very satisfactory to any. He persevered in his efforts until the present arrangement of paid representatives was adopted. It met strong opposition at first from some of the State Grand Lodges, but this soon died away, the system proving itself to be an admirable one, and absolutely essential for a true representation; and now no one would be willing to abrogate it; the only change sought by our economists being that of biennial sessions.

In 1850 Bro. Ridgely was chosen a member of the State Convention to form a new Constitution for Maryland; and again in 1864 we find him a member of another Convention for a similar purpose. In 1852 he was elected Register of Wills for Baltimore County and re-elected for six years in 1857. In 1862 he was appointed "Collector of Internal Revenue for the 2nd District of Maryland," of which office he is still the incumbent.

Bro. Ridgely has been also identified actively with many of the most important public measures for the benefit of the city and county, particularly that of education. He endeavored, but factually, to enlist the G.L.U.S. in a plan for founding an Odd Fellow's University (see Companion, Page 560, Vol. III) and in the Grand Lodge of Maryland, when the subject of enlarging the school was under consideration, he proposed that the subject should be fitted up for a "High School" from some cause this was never carried in. He was an able advocate in establishing, in the Order, the system of education for the orphan children of Maryland, which has been so useful; besides, he was for many years President of the Board of Commissioners of Public Schools in his county. In fact, there are few things in which he has done more good than in that of public education; it is a subject that lies deep in his heart, and ever affords him pleasure to promote, both in the Order and outside. Another object that has enlisted his earnest efforts for the good of the public, was the establishment of the Baltimore County of a mutual insurance company against loss by fire. Over this society he has presided since its organization in 1848. This institution has been productive of the most signal benefit in the rural districts, by supplying to the farmers security at cheap rates against losses, which can only be obtained previously from city offices at exorbitant rates.

We have thus given a brief and, necessarily, imperfect sketch of the life of this philanthropist who has spent forty-odd years in doing good. Believing, as he does, in mutual efforts for the promotion of happiness and morality, no one needs wonder that he is so eminently an Odd Fellow, or that an Order that has been able to keep him so long at the helm, must be worthy of our commendation. May he live many years to promote the good and great cause in which he has enlisted.

RIGHT CAN NEVER DIE.

Right cannot die, so give the lie
To each who dares to doubt it;
The right shall live, and triumph too,
No matter who may scout it;
For the right can never die, thank God,
The right can never die.

Frail heart may quail, weak hand may fail,
When both are sorest needed;
But other hearts shall aid the cause,
And other hands shall speed it;
For the right must live for aye, my friends,
The right must live for aye!

False lips may sneer, false tongues may jeer
And coward hearts may taunt us,
But though a legion foes assail,
Not one of all shall daunt us;
For the right shall win the day, my friends,
The right shall win the day!

Illinois Department.

R. SEC. SAMUEL WILLARD, M. D., EDITOR.

A HARD CASE.

There is a defect in the working of our institution, which the letter below furnishes an instance. It should be mended I do not undertake to say. The present system has as one of its results that some are disposed, and, in their own view, come to look at the health of all applicants for membership, and to refuse those who may be burdens to their treasuries. It will not do to enact any law compelling Lodges to receive all holders of cards who may apply, for persons often have evil former standing who are more or less objectionable on account of character and conduct, and they yet may do nothing worthy of regular membership. A defect of temper or some minor bad habit is such, that members of the Lodge to which the holder of a card applies are not willing to admit him, and we cannot break down the rule that allows members to say who may be members. Nor is it without a revolution to require reasons to be given for a refusal of membership. The ballot is free, and so far irresponsible as this, that it can be questioned as to motives and reasons. It is a hardship that a Brother may spend the most precious years of his life in working for the Order in this way, contributing to its funds and helping its cause, while yet he may be obliged in his age to leave membership in a Lodge remote from his residence, and stay out of the Order altogether. The card, which has put an end to his earlier membership, is found, despite its recommendation, insufficient to get him a right elsewhere. If he is in poor health, the fear that he may be a burden peculiarly to some cautious souls to interpose objections, and exclude him. This is not in accordance with the principles and purposes of the Order: and while regard must be had to the possible pecuniary consequences of a Lodge, it is better that the benefit system, a pervading and universal rule of the Order, give way, than that impulses derived from it should lead to nominal habits engendered by it should cause members to be excluded. The Grand Lodge of the United States has declared that Brothers who are withdrawn cards for the purpose of transfer of membership "are as justly entitled to relief and fraternal regard as though they were in actual membership." (*Jour. U. S.*, 678.) A Lodge is in duty bound by its adhesion to the principles of the Order to help a Brother holding a card, as truly as if it owned him as a member. It may shirk its duty toward him: and owing to the difficulty of enforcing regard to the spirit of a law or to a principle, there may be no legal penalty upon such a recusant, and it will find itself running to the natural result, its narrowness and churlishness. The letter given below is a severe rebuke to the

parsimonious spirit which we refer to. We have hesitated about offering it for publication; but finally think it best to set it up as a warning. The Lodge that so treated an earnest Odd Fellow has done more to harm the Order than many Blanchards and Pittsburgh conventions can do. However unable we may be to treat such a case by law, we can protest against the shame and the wrong of it. The writer says that the law justified the wrong: rather, in fact, it is one of those evils of organization which in actual administration it is as yet too hard to reach by any rule or remedy. Let those who are skillful in devices of legislation bear it in mind: for somehow it ought to be mended. Meanwhile, let us hear the complaint and accept the rebuke, if it belongs to us. Let us all love Brotherhood better than money, and mercy and friendship better than a full treasury. Let not the benefits provided in our by-laws cut us off from the benefits of a liberal heart.

"C——, —, Dec. 9, 1867.

"*Officers and members of — Lodge, No. —, I. O. O. F., —, Illinois:*

"Herewith I return card issued to me by your honorable body, and tender my resignation as a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. I also enclose letter authorizing me to receive the A.T.P.W.

"My reasons for taking this step are briefly these: For about fourteen years I have been an earnest and devoted Odd Fellow, cherishing above all else what I supposed to be the principles of universal Brotherhood, of fraternal regard, and of benevolence and charity. During that time I took all the Degrees of the Lodge and Encampment, paid all demands upon me, and tried to observe the laws of the Order. Having finally located in this place, I concluded to withdraw from your Lodge and unite with the Lodge here. In response to my request, the enclosed card was issued by your Lodge, and in due time I presented it, accompanied by the proper petition, to the Lodge here, asking admission as a member. Unfortunately, during the years that have passed since I became a member of the Order, I have been afflicted with a severe pulmonary disease, threatening serious consequences in the future. This was made a reason for my rejection. Thus, after fourteen years of membership, taking all the Degrees known to the Order, and observing all its laws, I am left outside, because I am sick. Not believing this to be in accordance with the principles upon which Odd Fellowship is based, I had steps taken to consult eminent authorities upon the laws and rulings of the Grand Lodges of — and of the United States. The case was decided against me. The law justified what I regarded as the direct opposite of what I had always cherished as the beneficent principles of Odd Fellowship. Under these circumstances, no honorable course remained to me other than the one I have chosen. Under such circumstances, I cannot be expected to retain the loyal feeling I have heretofore entertained for the Order. Believing that it was founded upon the principles of Brotherhood and Fraternity, I regret that it has been degraded to a mere

insurance society, wherein the policy is to be cancelled if opportunity offer, when the risk becomes hazardous. Supposing that, as an Odd Fellow, I had the right to admission to any Lodge in the place of my residence, so long as my conduct was unexceptionable, and that all questions of eligibility were forever settled when I was initiated, I took my card without a doubt. Finding that the Brotherhood of the Order extends not beyond the walls of the individual Lodge to which one happens to be attached, and that the bearer of a final card ranks as an alien, and having had the door closed in my face because of my infirmity, I ask to resign my connection with the Order. Respectfully, L— S. D—Y."

USE OF THE VISITING CARD.

Bro. Raum in the July "Companion" discusses very clearly the proper use of the visiting card: I cannot but think he proves his point, though one of his strongest citations does not, in my view, apply to the case; namely, the language of Grand Sirs Moore in 1852, which seems to me to have been used for a different purpose originally, and therefore not to relate to this case. But waving this objection, (and Bro. Raum may be right in citing the passage as applicable), there is enough else to justify his conclusions. There is one thing wanting in our legislation on the matter: let the G.L.U.S. enact that any Noble Grand may give the term password to any holder of a current visiting card, issued by a Lodge in his jurisdiction, and all will go smoothly. Bro. Raum says the N.G. will be justified in giving the term password: but we see that the justification is from the necessity of the case and the inferences we may draw, and not from any distinct enactment. Indeed it seems rather against the letter of the law, as we recall the language of the N.G. to the candidate during an initiation, when speaking of the term password. Uniformity of practice can be easily reached.

ITEMS.

—Athensville Lodge, No. 368, was opened at Athensville, Greene Co., by Sp. Dep'y W. A. Westrope, of No. 226. Meets on Wednesday. C. A. Worley, N.G. The Lodge was instituted March 16, but has not been reported sooner, as the Deputy's report failed to reach the Grand Secretary. The report from the Lodge at close of term shows that from the original five they have increased to twenty-six members. Bro. Worley is their delegate to the Grand Lodge.

—Bardolph, No. 371, was instituted June 29th at Bardolph, on the C., B. & Q. R. R., in McDonough Co., by Sp. Deputy W. L. Innes, of No. 145. Warrants were issued for this Lodge April 1st: but they could not get their hall for an earlier start. John L. Gettys, N.G.; John S. Martin, Sec'y; meets on Saturday.

—J. R. Scroggs Lodge, No. 372, Orangeville, Stephenson Co., was instituted July 11th, by Special Deputy C. S. Buckman, of No. 30. A. A. Krape, N.G.; Wm. Sandor, Sec'y; meets on Saturday. This

Lodge is near the Wisconsin line, and not far from Monroe, Wis.

—Ezel Lodge, No. 373, at Fowler Station, Quincy, Adams Co., was opened July 9th, by Sp. Deputy Thomas Bailey, of No. 215. Chas. Thompson, a P.G. of Bloomfield Lodge, No. 151, which is now defunct, but which was once located near this place, is the first N.G.; Joel G. Williams, Sec'y; meets on Thursday.

—Shabbena Lodge, No. 294, Earleville, after a serious fire in that town and the severe losses of the Lodge and its members, became almost defunct, but it is now up again with a membership of fifty-two, twenty-one ladies of the Rebekah Degree. D. W. Wattles will not let go.

—Atlanta Lodge, No. 116, was defunct through the war; it now is a better Lodge than ever before. The Deputy, Bro. Boals, reports it in good condition, officers punctual and knowing their work well, and books; he says: "We still think we are second in the State as far as initiation and conferring Degrees are concerned."

—Maquon, No. 256, with Memento, No. 44, Yates City, No. 371, held an Odd Fellows' picnic at Maquon July 4th; finding their hall close and crowded, Maquon adjourned to the grove and held a picnic installation there. No. 256 is another example of a now-flourishing Lodge that long seemed hopelessly defunct.

—Woodford, No. 363, at Metamora, a new Lodge held a public installation in a church in the presence of an interested assembly. Grand Scribe Nasor presided on hand, and gave a short address. A festival followed the celebration of the day.

—An Odd Fellows' picnic was held at Carlinville, June 18th, shared in by members from nearly or all the Lodges of the County, Nos. 107 and 351, at home, and Nos. 192, 220, 226, 258 and 260, sending visitors. Capt. Haley, of 107, was the marshal of the day, and is commended in the local papers for his marshaling; much of the comfort of such an occasion depends upon the tact and judgment of the marshal. A procession was organized and led to the Fair Grounds near the town, where Bro. W. H. Russell, of St. Louis, delivered an interesting address. After two or three hours devoted to dinner and social enjoyment, the audience again gathered to hear brief addresses from Bros. Rev. Mr. V. W. Col. J. I. Rinaker, and Dr. J. W. Hankins. On returning in procession to the town, they dispersed carrying remembrance of a pleasant day.

—The corner-stone of a new hall for the use of the Odd Fellows and Masons of Fairbury, Livingston County, was laid on July 8th, with the ceremonies of both Orders, Grand Secretary Willard presiding, assisted by the I.O.O.F., and Past Master Dr. J. Elder, of El Paso, for the F. & A. M. A shower of morning had made long faces: but a timely clearing up let all go on pleasantly; and a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen was present. The procession

Orders went from the foundation to an excellent at the New York Hotel, spread under a tem- shade. After the feast, Dr. Willard spoke the forty minutes to the sharers in the feast and a goodly number of outsiders who had come up. As the Masonic Fraternity were disap- of their expected speaker, Grand Secretary, in courtesy to them, spoke not specially for O.F., but, putting aside the address he had, spoke on the origin and history of fraternal, their moral and social influence and labors. and sentiments with responses followed; and started, well pleased with the entertainment.

erty Lodge, No. 287, Adams Co., has just in- as Vice Grand an old Odd Fellow, Bro. L. R. who is 73 years old, and joined the Order seven years ago, in 1831, in Lodge No. 2, at mati, Ohio. He is therefore one of the oldest of the Order now living. The Deputy that Bro. Carter is one of the most regular at- s in the Lodge.

OUR TEACHINGS.

more we see of Odd Fellowship, the more are pressed with the great good to be accomplished in its teachings and workings. There is a limit to the good that may be done, indi- and collectively, if pursued and carried out spirit of its true intents and purposes. Odd ship is eminently Christian in its first princi- ve to our neighbor, the second great law as us by our merciful Redeemer, and co-equal e first, love to God.

where we left in ignorance as to who our neigh- For, lest we should mistake on this impor- tant, the Savior himself describes him and clear instruction, by that one parable de- the oppressed and down-trodden, the sick eted, who especially need our assistance and y care. We are admonished that by truly ly love and kindly offices we should seek to his hands, strengthen him in his hour of encouraging him in the path of moral rectitude -respect, breaking down the strong barrier e, and standing on one common platform dship and Love, as illustrated in the char- Jonathan and David, based on Truth, the ion-stone of our beloved Order.

who seeks entrance to the mysteries of Odd ship with sordid or mercenary views, will meet disappointment. A higher and more exalted ut must animate him; a charity which the eous proclaimed greater than faith; a love eaks down the barriers of sectarianism; a ropy broad enough to accept the teachings eat Master, who made of one flesh all the of the earth, whose book of instruction lies ore his servants, and from which his child- taught the great lessons of Friendship, Love

R. S. S.

th.
PA.

OBJECTIONS ON BOTH SIDES.

BY REV. A. B. GROSH.

Odd Fellowship has nothing to fear from its en-emies—much from its friends. Though among our opposers are some really honest men, whose good opinion is worth seeking, and whose influence is far-reaching and weighty, yet they are misled, and oppose rather the abuses of our Fellowship, than our principles and measures themselves. And these abuses are furnished by our erring and injudicious Brethren, and hence our remark—our cause has nothing to fear from our enemies—much from our friends.

We propose to pass in review a few charges against our Order, and contrast them with similar charges that *might* be made against institutions dear to our opposers; so that the objections on both sides may be clearly seen, and, perhaps, be rebuked and removed.

First, we will name the neglect of domestic duties, to attend Lodge meetings. We all know the changes that are wrung upon this charge against our most zealous members—the late hours—absence from home many evenings each week—the solitude of the wife and neglect of the children—squandering money as well as time, needed in household affairs, etc.

We reply that our lectures are frequent in inculcations directly opposed to such conduct. Every Odd Fellow knows that the neglect of family duties and obligations is a violation of his duties as an Odd Fellow, as well as those of the father and the husband—of a good citizen and a man.

But it is urged, that our members do thus neglect their domestic duties, and do thus squander their time and their money to the injury of their families. If we admit that *some* do, but assert that the number is greatly magnified, as well as the general extent of the violations, we are informed that if *any* do, and they are not admonished, reproved and punished, the Order becomes responsible, as endorsing their conduct.

Let us candidly examine the principle here laid down, and see how far it may be applied on both sides. Here is a zealous Odd Fellow. Enamored of its principles and its works, he verily believes he can not do better than to give three or four nights every week to encourage and aid those engaged in visiting the sick, the widow and the fatherless, and relieving their distresses. His family suffers for lack of his society, and his lavish expenditures for Odd Fellowship tell in their meager living, shabby clothing, and scanty comforts.

This overzealous Odd Fellow has a counterpart in an equally zealous church member. Have you not known such?—men and women who believe that their duties to their church are greater, higher, and more imperative than all other duties—who will go far and near to attend to its meetings—who rise before dawn and tarry long after bed time to join in its prayers and exhortations—who leave the sick wife or husband on the bed of languishing, and the

pining children in dreary solitude without sufficient comforts—who rob their families of needed clothing, or delicacies, or mental aliment, to contribute to their church-fairs, festivals, donations or furnishing—who even weary the long suffering patience of waiting creditors and expend the money to travel off a distance to attend some great gathering of the saints.

You know such; but have you ever heard that the church disciplined sinners of this sort—"turned members out of meeting," who failed to let their moderation be known to all men—failed to provide for their own, and especially those of their own households—failed to owe no man anything but love—failed in studying to be quiet, and to do their own business, and to work with their own hands—failed to provide things honest in the sight of all men—have you, I say, ever known a church discipline such transgressors? Yet how unfair to charge these violations of domestic duty and common honesty on religion—on Christianity, which so repeatedly condemns it in the quotations above referred to—or even on the churches so derelict in duty to these erring ones!

But it may be urged that the motives are widely different. *Motives!* Surely our opposers will not plead that "the end justifies the means." To my mind the motives seem very much alike in both cases. Both are very impressible and excitable subjects—both find the desired excitement of their meetings more agreeable than the sober and equable joys of home—both plead a love of well-doing for neglecting the better-doing nearer home—both, probably, mean well in one particular direction, but perform miserably in all other directions of duty and obligation. The zeal of their house has eaten them up—households and all; and whatever Church or Lodge may refrain from, I doubt whether our Heavenly Father will withhold chastisement because of their motives. It is an excess of zeal—a zeal not according to knowledge—and the neglect of home and its inmates, to which it leads, is equally condemned by Odd Fellowship and Christianity.

And equally unjust must it be, to charge any religious denomination, or our beloved Order, with the faults and errors of their members, when those very faults and errors are expressly forbidden and condemned by the creed of the one and the principles and teachings of the other.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9th, 1868.

ERRORS IN SUNDRY DIGESTS.

It is very unpleasant to find mistakes in Digests of laws; for the mass of inquirers, having neither the original books to examine, nor skill to search them, nor time for such work, must be dependent upon the accuracy of the authors of the Digests of their jurisdictions, and upon the correctness of the action of their own Grand Bodies. Even Grand Lodges sometimes overlook laws of the G.L.U.S., so that accurate Digests of what they have enacted

or approved may mislead the readers of them. I have lately noticed several errors, as we read the law, and will display our budget.

The G.L.U.S. in 1844 enacted the mode of examining visiting Brothers who present cards, which we find in the Journal of that body, p. 690. It remains essentially unchanged, except that now the committee must introduce the visitor after examination. This law provides that all of the examining committee must be of the Scarlet Degree, and further says, "One member of this committee must be the Noble Grand himself, or his Vice, or sitting Grand, or some other Brother known to be in possession of the T.P.W." The first U.S. Digest, of 1847, gave a correct statement of this law, pages 37-8. The second U.S. Digest, that of 1864, states it thus: "One member of this committee must be the Noble Grand himself, the Vice Grand, or a Past Grand known to be in possession of the traveling password." (Page 431, § 6.) Here is a blunder by the omission of the words 'or other Brother' after 'Past Grand'. It should read, "a Past Grand or some other Brother." The error is continued into the third U.S. Digest, that of 1864, in this shape: "a committee of to examine the visitor, one of whom must be an officer known to be in possession of the A.T.P.W." (U.S. Digest, p. 139, § 2.) This is the error existing in the now-current U.S. Digest, to mislead who may trust it.

Now I knew that I could not trust the accuracy of the second U.S. Digest, P.G. Sire Moore's, who was making up the Illinois Digest; and Bro. G. Rep. Ellis, the author of the third or now-current U.S. Digest, has fallen into repeated errors by copying from it; hence in my work I looked up every error in the Journals of the G.L.U.S. before using any use of Moore's Digest: yet I carried over the Illinois Digest, § 260, the very words of the second U.S. Digest as given above, error and all. I didn't mean to do it. P.G. Sire Moore, P.G. Rep. Ellis, and the author of the Illinois Digest, all stand with their feet in the mud, samples of original error and misplaced confidence.

Brothers will please notice that the examining committee in case of a visitor must consist of who have the Scarlet Degree, including one who has the A.T.P.W.; and that no other qualifications are required.

In the Ohio Digest for 1867, which I think their latest one, I find an error which is fortunately not a very important one. On pages 38 and 39 is this statement: "By a resolution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, addresses or lectures upon the subject of Odd Fellowship can not be delivered in private without permission of the Grand Lodge." I think it will puzzle Bro. Overdier to find any such resolution of the G.L.U.S., or any of that body prohibiting even public lectures or addresses except upon permission of a Grand Lodge. On the contrary, the first enactment on the matter in 1844 especially and carefully puts it in the p

ordinate Lodges and Encampments to authorize public and private lectures or addresses. (Jour. U.S. 660-1.) It is rather doubtful to me whether the Grand Lodges can interfere with this kind of power. Even the hint at calling into action the legislation of State Grand Bodies, in the adopted resolution of 1845 (Jour. U.S. p. 804), coupled with the fact that the supreme authority then refused to place the matter under control of Grand Masters, does not authorize any such usurpation on the part of State Grand Bodies. Again, in 1847, the G.L.U.S. expressly refused to put this matter under the control of State Grand Bodies, when Grand Representative Spooner, of Ohio, tried to secure such enactment. (Jour. U.S. 1083-4, 1102.) This subject is fully considered in a decision of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, which will appear in another number of this paper, with which I entirely agree. It may be noticed here that on this matter the Index to the Journals of the Grand Lodge of the United States, as printed in the fourth volume of the present edition, though generally more accurate than the Digests issued under the authority of the U.S., is at fault. See the Index, title 'Lectures,' No. 118, which erroneously forbids lectures on Odd Fellowship, without special enactment of Grand Lodges. Both the first and second paragraphs under this title are wrong either directly or in their implication.—*The Memento.* S. W.

INTEREST IN LODGES.

The question is often asked by members who say they have done all that lies in their power to support a fallen Lodge: "How can Lodges keep up their interest?" We propose to answer it, as it lies within our power. Previous to which we will ask the question: Do they wish to keep up the interest? Assuming an affirmative answer, the inference naturally follows that there are five Scarlet Degree members who are willing to work. How many Scarlet members are there in every five who know the subject sufficiently well to go through the whole of it without prompting? Let the Brothers answer this question for themselves. Here, then, is our proposal. Have each go through with the regular routine of the Lodge—the call of the roll; the reading of the reports; the reports of the committees; the inquiry into the sick and needy Brothers—you will have, unless you have been an initiation, at least an hour, which you can devote to the study and rehearsal of Degrees. When commencing upon these, begin and rehearse the initiatory ceremony; not confining the work of the chair to those who occupy the respective chairs, but let each go through with a part of it; not calling upon every Brother, for some prefer to be silent; while in every Lodge there are some who are able to be perfect in the whole. By the time you have mastered this, (and Brothers will be astonished to find how readily one part leads to another) you will be upon the White Degree, and follow out the course with that. After a few have acquired

a knowledge of the White, let the Lodge take up the other Degrees in turn.

The unwritten work of the Order should be rehearsed at every meeting of the Lodge. It is easily learned, and easily retained. Of what use is it to possess it at all, if not to have it perfect? In the Lodge that best performs its work, there will be the most applications for membership. Where applications are most numerous, there will be the largest fund. Where the fund is largest, it will be best taken care of, and that Lodge will be the best able to follow the injunction of our highest authority—"We command you to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to bury the dead and educate the orphan."—*The Odd Fellow's Talisman.*

REBEKAH AT THE WELL.*

BY REV. A. C. THOMAS.

The sick and low, the sore distressed,
The dying, clad in gloom—
The weary, whose appointed rest
Seems only in the tomb—
Have heard a voice of thrilling tone
With feelings none may tell,
And hope and help have sweetly shown
Rebekah at the Well.

Not in a cistern, in whose hush
No type of health we know,
But in a fount whose waters gush
From living depths below,
She fills her pitchers, made of clay,
Transformed to crystal bowls,
And brings refreshing draughts away
For sinking, fainting souls.

With spirit born of Heaven above,
And open face unveiled,
Her ministry of patient love
Shall every where be hailed;
And battle-chiefs the knee shall bow,
Nor longer scoff nor frown,
When viewing on her pitying brow
The radiant cross and crown.

In nightly-watch and orphan-ward
She writes her blessed creed;
The shroud and coffin oft record
Her sympathetic deed:—
And victor-palm and snow-white robe
Her triumph yet shall swell,
And celebrate in all the globe
Rebekah at the Well.

*As suitable to your premium lithograph, I send you this—one of several new odes prepared especially for the "Odd Fellow's Improved Manual," now in the printer's hands—hoping it may be acceptable to your readers generally. It is a beautiful ode for conferring the Degree, or for social occasions; and if sung slowly and impressively to the sweet Scotch air, "Of a' the airts the wind can blow," (Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey,) it will be found to add greatly to the pleasure and interest of the Lodge or company. Fraternally yours, A. B. GROSH.

ALABAMA.

MOBILE, July 9, 1868.

Editor Companion: The meetings of the Grand Lodge in this State, like Christmas, "come but once a year;" and that time, as fixed by law, is the first Monday of each February, and the place this city. Consequently, though the Subordinates send in the usual reports of the term just closed, and the usual installations take place, still the season does not possess the mind of the Fraternity like the times in winter. We, that is the Odd Fellows of Mobile and suburbs, have, however, had a "good time generally," aiding and assisting the installation of Lodge officers of the District, and by way of a "wind-up," a party of us accompanied our clever and attentive Deputy Grand Master Mathews, under whose paternal charge we all are—out to Whistler, for the purpose of witnessing the installing of the officers of No. 69 for the current term. The trip turned out very pleasant, everything going on and off quite successfully. The worthy Deputy closed the exercises with a neat little speech, quite an impromptu affair, but containing many good points, the most noticeable of which were as follows: "Cultivate," said the Deputy Grand Master, "harmony among yourselves; avoid all those heart-burnings and bickerings, mostly arising from the veriest trifles, and which so often sow the seeds of decay in our Lodges." One source of these troubles, the Right Worthy thought, was "the great stress laid upon immaterial points of order, so-called, by many well-disposed Brethren, the same parliamentary spirit, so to speak, frequently cropping out of the N.G.'s chair;" the speaker adding, "it is impossible to make orators and debaters out of all Brothers, and this great stickling for rule and square action on everything that comes before the Lodge has also a tendency to keep many a good common-sense word from being spoken." After calling their attention to the duty of "visiting the sick and distressed," he said: "I know that our laws provide nurses, and contain all the guards possible for their care and attention, but what I mean is a Brotherly interest, a practical demonstration to the sick one, that the thoughts and cares of his Brothers are both around and about him, and this can only be made apparent by visiting him in person—it upholds, too, as it were, the arms of those near and dear to him, giving them in their direst extremity the assurance of friends 'tried and true.' Remember then, Brothers," continued the Deputy, "this great duty, followed as it is and has been, alas! how often, within the past few years, by that last sad duty, 'all that the living can pay to the dead,' which I shall not enlarge upon, deeming any Odd Fellow unworthy of the name needing a reminder upon the point." He then concluded by an appeal in behalf of their deceased Brothers and the widows and orphans left by them, in the course of which he said: "We have lately had, and some of us took part, in a touching scene at the graves of our 'gallant dead,' intended to keep the memories of our fallen braves green and

fresh in our hearts; and in the same spirit we should not only remember the dead of our Brotherhood, but those they have left behind them, not only in seeing that they have their regular stipend, (which is the right, and no charity,) but in watching over, protecting and visiting them, thus showing to the world that our professions about the widow and the orphan are neither 'sounding brass,' nor 'tinkling cymbal.'" Being at the bottom of the page, allow me, with the best wishes for the "Companion," to be
Yours, fraternally,
ALABAMA.

OUR PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Editor Companion: I send you herewith a few more subscribers to your valuable magazine. It fills a most important mission in this locality. All who take it are highly delighted with its varied contents of useful and entertaining matter. It is high time that the Order everywhere were fully apprised of the great importance of encouraging its own literature. Every good Odd Fellow should take an Odd Fellow's magazine. The editors of our noble Order deserve, and should receive, not only the profoundest thanks, but the most liberal support from the Brotherhood at large. They supply a want which cannot be successfully met by any other medium. In their weekly and monthly visits to the fireside, they impart information, counsel, encouragement and sound advice, such as cannot fail to be productive of much good to the uninitiated, as well as to those who are moderately well acquainted with the inner workings of Odd Fellowship. I am greatly surprised to find so many Odd Fellows neglecting to provide themselves with the "Odd Fellow's Companion" or some other suitable periodical of the Order. I am also equally surprised to find so few journals devoted to the interests of Odd Fellowship in a country like this. The whole number, including weeklies and monthlies, is eight. Every other association in the world gives more attention to the dissemination of correct ideas and principles through the press, than ours. This ought not so to be. There are thousands and tens of thousands of Odd Fellows who fail to take our periodical literature. This speaks but little for the great intelligence of the Order. It is a radical defect, and must be eradicated. The prosperity and usefulness of our unexampled institution will be increased in proportion to the increase of patronage given to our best periodicals. If every intelligent Odd Fellow would give this subject his serious and candid attention, I am satisfied that none would fail to become thoroughly impressed with its actual importance. Truth, eternal truth, would thus gain dominion over many noble hearts, from which it is now shut out forever. Let us follow the example of wise men in all ages of the world, by spreading, far and wide, documentary evidence of the aims, objects, principles, and purposes of our glorious mission. Let all learn that we are not a secret association. That outsiders may become familiar with our laws, customs and public usages. That we are not a secret organization in any sense of the word. Our name

public; our legislation is public; our principles public; our periodicals may be read by all classes of society—whether friendly or unfriendly to the Order. Would to God that the world at large knew of the pure philanthropy, genuine benevolence, interested friendship, Brotherly love and truth, which are the crowning virtues of Odd Fellowship. Every Odd Fellow should feel it to be his imperative duty to disseminate light and knowledge, and there is a channel through which this can be accomplished, actually, as by giving an extensive patronage to periodical literature. If we are not informed of our own duties, how can we hope to instruct others? Our periodical literature should be fostered and encouraged to the utmost extent. It is a lever of immense power. All professions and pursuits in life presuppose their own votaries to be more fully acquainted with the minute ramifications of their special business than any one else. This is especially true with those who cater to the public from the tripod. Therefore, all who need information concerning the laws and messages of the Order, should seek it in the public proceedings of our Grand Bodies, and in our periodical literature.

Let none fail to subscribe to the "Odd Fellow's Companion" or some other similar magazine, who wish to keep well posted in the periodical teachings of the Order. Every intelligent Odd Fellow seeks instructions at headquarters, and consequently is always prepared for every good word and work. Among the few periodicals of the Order, I may be permitted to express my decided preference for the "Companion." It is conducted with signal ability, its columns bear the impress of true merit on every page. It is the cheapest and best magazine of the kind published in this country. It richly deserves and ought to receive a liberal share of public patronage. No live Odd Fellow should be without it, at a cost four times as much as it does now. The growth of the Order demands that our periodical literature should be encouraged in proportion to numerical strength. The press is the light-house of knowledge, from which bright beams of hope, comfort and aid are dispensed to the unfortunate who wander across the desert of life. Let none fail to cherish its genial rays of peace and joy, while sojourning in the tabernacle of flesh, but rather let all vie with each other in their attempts to receive and scatter the wholesome truths which are always found in the pages of our periodicals. Let due deference and respect be given to the published views of those who have the special duty it is to teach the practical bearing of the many lessons we learn from time to time in the sacred precincts of Odd Fellowship. Hoping that these reflections may suggest better ones in the minds of many readers, I will forego any further remarks on this subject at present.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

I recently heard an incident which beautifully illustrates the power of the golden chain which unites the large Brotherhood into one family.

It is one of those remarkable cases which occurred during the late war, and was related to me by a Brother, who was personally cognizant of the fact. A doctor in the State of Arkansas made speeches in favor of the rebellion at the commencement of our difficulties with the government, and, consequently, was reported as a proper subject for arrest when the Federal forces occupied that portion of the State. He was accordingly arrested and imprisoned. While he was thus incarcerated, his store-room was broken open and his goods were being removed, when a *Royal Purple Collar* with stars, lace and bullion fringe was found in one of the drawers. This immediately attracted the attention of the Federal officer in command, who carried the collar to the wife of the prisoner and inquired whose it was. She replied that it was her husband's. Thereupon the officer assured her that she was his Sister, and that he claimed the right to protect her, and gave orders forthwith to have a guard stationed at the house, and the goods were returned to the store-room without delay. Two days afterwards, the prisoner was admitted to bail upon the recommendation of this Federal officer, and joined his wife and children at the old homestead. This is one instance of thousands which occurred during the continuance of the late bloody strife, in which our land and nation suffered so severely. That power, which transforms the deadly enemy of one hour, into the kind-hearted benefactor and loving Brother of the next, is a peculiar characteristic of Odd Fellowship. Would that all men possessed more of this Brotherly kindness at all times.

THE ORDER IN NICHOLASVILLE.

The Order in this jurisdiction continues to flourish in all that constitutes good Odd Fellowship. At the first meeting in this month the following officers were installed into their respective positions in the Lodge and Camp located in this place:

UNION LODGE, No. 10.—E. R. Sparks, N. G.; H. M. King, V. G.; D. C. Cooley, Secretary; T. B. Crutcher, Treasurer; J. C. Welch, Per. Secretary.

STATION ENCAMPMENT, No. 21.—Samuel Patterson, C. P.; M. B. Frazer, H. P.; H. M. King, S. W.; D. C. Moonan, J. W.; T. Nave, Scribe; E. R. Sparks, Treasurer.

Both branches of the Order at Nicholasville enjoy the highest degree of prosperity. Each has 65 active, zealous, faithful members, who are proud of the honor of being Odd Fellows. Having filled my accustomed space, I am now admonished to close. Wishing you thousands of new subscribers to your new volume, I am, as ever,

Yours, J. C. WELCH.

NICHOLASVILLE, Ky., July 15, 1868.

—Bro. W. H. Jackson writes from Hillsboro, Illinois: "We have our hall completed, and both branches of the Order are wide awake, and receiving new members every meeting, although we use the utmost caution to receive none but those that we think are of the right sort."

ON THE ROAD.

In the course of my peregrinations, I find myself in the enterprising city of Ottumwa, Iowa, a town of some four thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the high ground at the junction of the B. & M. R. R. with the Des Moines R. R. The Des Moines River, considerable of a stream, meanders its way through the city. Its streets are crowded daily with the farmers of the County, the soil of which is unsurpassed for riches, amply repaying the husbandman for his hours of toil. This town, from its central location and natural advantages, is destined to become one of the best inland towns of the State. On the first evening of my stay I had by invitation the pleasure of meeting in Rebekah meeting, and found a goodly number of Brothers and Sisters present, and a very pleasant social evening was spent. I had the pleasure of meeting that true-hearted Sister, Mrs. C. B. Hendershott, a lady of whom it can be truly said: "To know her, is to love her." May she long live to enjoy the pleasures of home and the comforts of life, and may her latter end be one of perfect bliss. By the way, I would say, I like the manner in which the Rebekahs treat the visiting Brother. At a late hour I bid them a reluctant adieu, feeling that I could heartily indorse those sweet lines of a poet Brother:

May Love abide forever,
Rebekah the password be,
To guide us safely through the world
To bless'd eternity.

At Keokuk the Order is in a prosperous condition, three Lodges being located here. From this place I took passage in the Davenport and Northern Line boat for Dubuque. This steamer is considered the best boat running on the upper river. The best of fare, gentlemanly officers, and everything conducive to make traveling pleasant. The journey from Keokuk by river to Dubuque is a pleasant one. The river-scenery is grand and magnificent, and the month of June the best season of the year to enjoy a trip on the Mississippi, for at this time the bluffs and banks of the river are decked in rich foliage, and a mantle of green covers the entire country, far as the eye can reach, presenting a pleasing appearance to the lover of the beautiful. The farther north we go, the more beautiful the scenery becomes. The country on both sides of the river is mostly high and rolling. Comfortable-looking farm-houses dot the country far as the eye can behold. We passed some fine towns on our route, and one place of interest to every American. It is the town of Nauvoo, founded many years ago by the Mormons. Few traces are left of these peculiar people, who had hoped to build a great city. Their temple, which when finished was to be one of the most beautiful structures of art in the known world, is but a mass of crumbling ruins. The river here is wide, and the site for the location of a city the finest of any on the river. Many were the exclamations of praise heard on all sides by admiring bystanders. Very little

business is done here. All that the place requires to make it a place of importance, is the locating of enterprising, go-ahead business-men. A colony of Germans is here located, engaged in the culture of the grape and manufacture of wine. With any unpleasant occurrence we reached the city of Dubuque, one of the finest cities of Iowa. Our order here ranks foremost among the societies of the city, having a membership of over six hundred, composed of the best citizens of the city. The Brethren are in possession of a splendid hall, beautifully furnished, and are fully alive to the work of the order. I have been much pleased with an order exercises witnessed in some of the Iowa Lodges, one that I think very beneficial. It is that of voting some time after getting through with the regular business of the evening to the reading of essays, either original or selected from one of the periodicals of the Order, or devoting some time to vocal or instrumental music. In meeting with the Lodges, I notice that it has a tendency to bring Brothers more closely together in the bonds of brotherly love. In my wanderings among the Lodges, I have met with many dear Brothers, with whom I would give me much pleasure to again grasp a fraternal hand, on this side of the river; and for the great kindness and many favors extended to me, I shall always be grateful. The fond recollections of those days shall never be forgotten, and when Lodges meet on earth are ended, and the roll called at the Grand Lodge above, may each Brother that has met answer: "We are all, all here."

Fraternally,

JESSE W. CORNELIUS

AUSTRALIA.

Special Deputy Grand Sire A. D. Meacham sends the following interesting letter to the San Francisco "New Age."

MELBOURNE, March 25th, 1868.

EDITOR NEW AGE:—In previous communication I gave you a full account of my arrival, the condition of the Order here, and the position of matters relating to it as they appeared at that time. I then anticipated a favorable result in the matter of the proposed affiliation of the Order in this country with that of ours in America, which was then being discussed by the various Subordinate Lodges in this jurisdiction, and the affiliation was accomplished on the 22d of February.

Previous to the special meeting of the Grand Lodge, I was called to visit Ballarat, the largest inland city of the colony, distant one hundred miles from this city, and connected with it by railroad. Enclosed I send you some printed slips from the *Ballarat Star*, the leading paper of that city, relating to a banquet given by the Order to me, or rather, my honor as the representative of the Order in America, on the evening of February 14th. The banquet itself was very fine, and your humble servant was, of course, treated with distinguished consideration. I had the pleasure of making a few remarks in reply to the toast given in my honor, which the papers thought of sufficient importance to report and publish in full.

Personally, I have cause to feel very grateful to the Brotherhood here for the manner in which I am everywhere received. It shall be my earnest endeavor

to merit, so far as I can, a continuation of their will while it is my fortune to be with them. The membership generally is now entering upon work of re-organization in accordance with the Ritual (our work) with so much earnestness and will as to warrant the assurance that the whole or will eventuate in a splendid success. I have engaged by their Grand Lodge to visit and inspect the various sub-Lodges in the New Work, and to them all in working order—their old style of being almost wholly unlike ours—and I am busily engaged in the performance of that duty. Present I am at work in this, the Melbourne District, and am meeting with as much success as I could reasonably hope for, and the work apparently gives satisfaction. I shall probably go next to the Land District, situated up in the mountains of the eastern portion of Victoria, as it is desirable that that portion of the colony before the winter in, and traveling in consequence gets too

The seasons here, you must know, are directly reverse of those north of the Equator. Winter is summer with you, and the other seasons are used in the same manner.

In this mail I shall send forward an application to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, for charter for an Encampment in this city, as the brethren say that what they have already seen of work is so very good that they must have it all. The first Encampment will start with a membership of fifty, to be rapidly increased to about one hundred within a year. As soon as possible afterwards, others will be established at Geelong and Ararat.

My doings here in connection with the Order created quite a stir in the colony, and generally change is looked upon with much favor, especially among the female portion of the community, as it actually does away with the practice of drinking and smoking in the Lodge room, during the meetings of the Lodge—that, heretofore, as I informed you in my previous letter, being a portion of their regular business. The abrogation of that custom is one of the recognized conditions of the proposed Encampment in the work, and to their credit be it said, no position whatever was offered to the affiliation on the score of abolishing that feature. The most of us said that they had long known that it was a bad and a serious obstacle to their complete success as an Order, but it had been a custom with us, both here and in the old country, for so many years, and they were so wedded to the custom that were fearful of an attempt to abolish it without an ostensible compelling cause, but now that the change in the work made it necessary, they could not but see the situation with pleasure; and already are beginning to feel the beneficial effects arising from in the increased respect of the better portion of the community. In all my intercourse with the Order here, I have been, and shall continue to endeavor to do nothing which might in any manner compromise the dignity of the Order in our own country—and especially the jurisdiction of California—both branches of which I have ever represented them as being in every way worthy of their emulation and imitation. They now look upon California as being in a manner their “Foster-mother” of the Order and feel grateful to her for the evident reason that she has heretofore taken to send the work of her beloved Order to this far off portion of the globe. I sincerely hope that both the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment will take sufficient interest in their “Foster-child” as to send it some words of encouragement and congratulation, in an official manner, that may serve to give it renewed energy in the ever increasing in the good work till the chain that binds humanity together in one common brotherhood shall be riveted with a strength that time cannot sever. [Resolutions were adopted at the late

session of the Grand Lodge, and forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Australia.—Ed. New Age.] A word or two now as to the metropolitan city of Australia, which may possibly be of some interest to your readers. Melbourne is a beautiful city, far handsomer than San Francisco, both in itself and its surroundings; nature has done much for it, and the Government has assisted nature by laying out very wide streets, and reserving many large, beautiful parks, all of which are kept in the best of conditions—the streets being kept clean, and the parks decorated with trees and flowers of almost all kinds, all beautifully laid out and attended to with the utmost care. The Royal Park, the largest within the confines of the city proper, contains 500 acres, and nearly all of them are much larger than any of which San Francisco can boast. In one respect, however, you of San Francisco excel this city by long odds—at least in my estimation, and that is in the taste displayed in your buildings—the more especially in the residences of the wealthier portion of the people. The Post Office of this city is a splendid building, surpassing anything of the kind you have, but with that exception the buildings generally of San Francisco, of all kinds, are much finer and handsomer than those of this city—theirs, though not particularly handsome, are nevertheless thoroughly substantial, being built almost entirely of stone, designed evidently more for service than for ornament. San Francisco also excels this in the quality and quantity of her fruits and flowers, and although fruit of most kinds is very good and tolerably abundant here, yet it cannot equal the excellence and extent, nor variety of the fruit one sees in the markets of your city—the same remark applies, though in a larger sense, to the vegetable, game and fish markets. The city consists of itself and some six or eight suburban towns, situated in the immediate vicinity within a radius of from one to five miles—each being small cities in themselves, closely connected by railway, the cars running to all the places at short intervals from early in the morning till late in the night. Melbourne proper contains a population of only about 75,000, but with all its suburbs the population is nearly one hundred and fifty thousand.

The climate generally is very fine, being about the same as is usually experienced at San Jose. Occasionally, however, during the summer season from December to March, they are visited with north winds, which are here called, and appropriately so, too, the Hot Wind, which are hot indeed, and very debilitating; sometimes too, these winds are accompanied with clouds of dust, called Dust Storms, which together render out-door experience unpleasant in the extreme. Business here of all kinds is not merely dull, but exceedingly so. Having heretofore partaken of the excitement and prosperity attending a rich gold country, it is now, and probably for some time to come will be experiencing the constant relapse which always attends any undue excitement attending the finding of gold in a distant country. Upon the whole, although this country has many features to commend, and of which it may justly feel proud, I like our own by far the best, and would advise those who might by chance be thinking of trying their fortunes here, to remain where they are—the chances for a poor man especially being much better there than here.

I see my letter has, like the former one, attained too great a length, so I will now close with the simple hope that I may have, in some measure, interested you, and will be pardoned for occupying so much of your time—and with my kindest wishes for the welfare of yourself and my many friends in the Golden State, and for the continued increase and prosperity of our glorious Order, I subscribe myself as ever,
Yours, fraternally.

A. D. MEACHAM.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

OHIO.				No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.
No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.
1	Ohio.....	Cincinnati.....	Mo	71	Fidelity.....	Cincinnati.....	M	150	Mohawk.....	Cincinnati.....
2	Washington.....	Cincinnati.....	Tue	72	Logan.....	Bellefontaine.....	Fri	151	Lynchburgh.....	Lynchburgh.....
3	Cincinnati.....	Cincinnati.....	W	73	Hancock.....	Findlay.....	Tue	152	Flag Spring.....	Newtown.....
4	Franklin.....	Cincinnati.....	Th	74	Rose of } Sharon }	Sharonville.....	Wed	154	Hamer.....	Fayetteville.....
5	Montgomery.....	Dayton.....	M	77	Croghan.....	Fremont.....	Sat	155	Canfield.....	Canfield.....
6	Jefferson.....	Steubenville.....	Tue	78	Bellbrook.....	Bellbrook.....	Sat	156	Ariel.....	Gallipolis.....
7	Charity.....	Lancaster.....	M	79	Amicitia.....	Kenton.....	M	157	Rural.....	Rural Dale.....
8	Piqua.....	Piqua.....	Th	80	Tecumseh.....	Chillicothe.....	Tue	158	Rome.....	Rives.....
9	Columbus.....	Columbus.....	M	81	Killbuck.....	Millersburgh.....	Tue	159	Sharon.....	Shelby.....
10	Wayne.....	Dayton.....	Tue	82	Goshen.....	Canal Dover.....	Sat	160	Mystic.....	St. Clairsville.....
11	Warren.....	Franklin.....	M	83	Magnolia.....	Cincinnati.....	M	161	Richland.....	Mansfield.....
12	Union.....	Warrenton.....	Sat	84	Beverly.....	Beverly.....	Th	163	Fairfield.....	Pleasantville.....
13	Cleveland.....	Cleveland.....	M	85	Mohican.....	Ashland.....	Tue	165	Stillwater.....	West Milton.....
14	Harmony.....	Hamilton.....	Tue	87	Marysville.....	Marysville.....	Sat	166	Clark.....	South Charleston }
15	Lebanon.....	Lebanon.....	W	88	Concordia.....	New Lisbon.....	Sat	167	Woodstock.....	Woodstock.....
16	Hope.....	Middletown.....	Th	89	Miami.....	Monroe.....	Tue	168	Auglaize.....	Wapakonetta.....
17	Hamilton.....	Hamilton.....	Th	90	Ringgold.....	Greenfield.....	Th	169	Mt. Gilead.....	Mt. Gilead.....
18	Marion.....	Miamisburgh.....	Tu	91	Heber.....	Navarre.....	Wed	170	American.....	Cincinnati.....
19	Mansfield.....	Mansfield.....	F	92	Clinton.....	New Vienna.....	Wed	171	Geauga.....	E'st Claridon.....
20	Mt. Vernon.....	Mt. Vernon.....	W	94	Nachee.....	Monroeville.....	Fri	174	Melmore.....	Melmore.....
21	Friendship.....	Germantown.....	Sat	95	Sewanee.....	Felicity.....	Sat	175	Palmetto.....	Cincinnati.....
22	Cuyahoga.....	Cleveland.....	W	96	Liberty.....	West Liberty.....	Tue	176	Chrysalis.....	Cincinnati.....
23	Central.....	Columbus.....	Th	97	Mistletoe.....	N. Richmond.....	Tue	177	Tenonia.....	Cincinnati.....
24	Chillicothe.....	Chillicothe.....	Th	98	Randolph.....	Clayton.....	Sat	178	Vulcan.....	Cincinnati.....
25	Lafayette.....	Hillsborough.....	M	99	Milton.....	Amelia.....	Sat	179	Lilly of the Valley.....	Lockland } Station }
26	Morning Star.....	Medina.....	M	100	Eagle.....	Cincinnati.....	M	180	Commercial.....	Piqua.....
27	Erie.....	Cleveland.....	F	101	Bremen.....	New Bremen.....	Sat	181	Jamestown.....	Jamestown.....
28	Muskingum.....	Zanesville.....	Tue	102	Wyoming.....	Waynesville.....	Th	182	Orphan's.....	Martinsville.....
29	Mahoning.....	Warren.....	M	103	Elyria.....	Elyria.....	Tue	183	Hope.....	Hope.....
30	Eaton.....	Eaton.....	W	104	Evening Star.....	Dublin.....	Wed	184	Brady.....	Kent.....
31	Scioto.....	Portsmouth.....	Tue	107	New Phil.....	New Phil.....	Tue	185	Thornville.....	Thornville.....
32	Columbia.....	Circleville.....	F	108	Invincible.....	Oxford.....	Sat	186	Barnesville.....	Barnesville.....
33	Springfield.....	Springfield.....	Th	109	Western Star.....	Camden.....	Tue	189	Owensville.....	Boston.....
34	Olive Branch.....	Newark.....	Tue	110	Wyandot.....	Up. Sand'ky.....	Wed	190	Mt. Carmel.....	Mt. Carmel.....
35	Seneca.....	Tiffin.....	M	111	Good Intent.....	Liverpool.....	Tue	191	Laurel.....	Madisonville.....
36	Valley.....	M'Connellsv.....	M	112	Fulton.....	Cincinnati.....	Th	192	Horicon.....	Gratiot.....
37	Huron.....	Norwalk.....	W	113	Germania.....	Cincinnati.....	Th	193	Pleasant.....	Darby Creek.....
38	Wapakoneta.....	Toledo.....	M	114	Adelphi.....	Adelphi.....	Th	194	Cardington.....	Cardington.....
39	Nimishilla.....	Canton.....	Tu	115	Harmar.....	Harmar.....	Wed	195	Greenville.....	Greenville.....
40	Republic.....	Republic.....	Sat	116	Morrow.....	Morrow.....	Th	196	Eulalia.....	Morristown.....
41	New Haven.....	New Haven.....	Tue	117	Naomi.....	Pomeroy.....	Fri	197	Venice.....	Attica.....
42	Wooster.....	Wooster.....	F	118	Lamartine.....	Ripley.....	Tue	198	Ironton.....	Ironton.....
43	Troy.....	Troy.....	Th	119	Wadsworth.....	Wadsworth.....	Fri	200	Cumberland.....	Cumberland.....
44	Coshocton.....	Coshocton.....	M	123	Bellevue.....	Bellevue.....	M	202	Baltimore.....	Baltimore.....
45	Chosen } Friends }	Highland.....	Tue	124	Amity.....	Salem.....	Th	203	Plato.....	Plato.....
46	Urbana.....	Urbana.....	F	125	Iris.....	Wellsville.....	Th	204	Chester.....	Chesterville.....
47	Buckeye.....	Dayton.....	F	127	Star of Hope.....	Wilmington.....	Th	206	Schiller.....	Dayton.....
48	Sippo.....	Massillon.....	M	129	Clement.....	Bridgeport.....	Sat	207	Frederick.....	Hamilton.....
49	Clermont.....	Milford.....	F	130	Cadiz.....	Cadiz.....	Sat	208	Hermann.....	Cincinnati.....
50	Summit.....	Akron.....	M	131	Vesper.....	Neville.....	Wed	209	Mason.....	Mason.....
51	La Salle.....	Bucyrus.....	Tue	132	Wyandotska.....	Lexington.....	Sat	211	Emerald.....	N. Petersboro.....
52	Xenia.....	Xenia.....	Tue	134	Ft. Defiance.....	Defiance.....	Sat	212	Cornucopia.....	Painesville.....
53	Olentangy.....	Delaware.....	Tue	135	Springdale.....	Springdale.....	Tue	213	Chardon.....	Chardon.....
54	Covenant.....	Somerville.....	Sat	136	Batavia.....	Batavia.....	Sat	214	Home.....	Brunswick.....
55	Hebron.....	Youngstown.....	Tue	137	Charter Oak.....	Aberdeen.....	Sat	215	Galion.....	Galion.....
56	Wm. Penn.....	Cincinnati.....	Tue	138	De Kalb.....	Manchester.....	Sat	218	Tarleton.....	Tarleton.....
57	Grand River.....	Madison.....	Sat	139	Social.....	Christ'nburg.....	Sat	219	Protection.....	Jerome.....
58	Kosciusko.....	Marion.....	M	140	Harrison.....	Harrison.....	M	220	Bethel.....	Bethel.....
59	Western } Reserve }	Ashtabula.....	F	142	Metropolitan.....	Cincinnati.....	Fri	221	Belm't City.....	M'rtins Ferry.....
60	Sidney.....	Sidney.....	Tue	143	Good Will.....	Steubenville.....	Th	222	Minerva.....	Minerva.....
63	Mt. Pleasant.....	Mt. Pleasant.....	Sat	144	Moxahala.....	Zanesville.....	M	223	Allen.....	Lima.....
65	Ravenna.....	Ravenna.....	W	145	Excelsior.....	Columbus.....	Wed	224	Monroe.....	Lucas.....
66	Ogontz.....	Sandusky.....	Tue	146	Ephraim.....	Springfield.....	Fri	226	Auburn.....	Auburn.....
67	Marietta.....	Marietta.....	M	147	Eden.....	Gratis.....	Sat	227	Temple.....	Wash'g'n CH.....
70	Madison.....	London.....	M	148	Relief.....	Springboro.....	Sat	228	Wood Lawn.....	Putnam.....
				149	Woodward.....	Cincinnati.....	Tue	229	Queen City.....	Cincinnati.....

One page of this Directory of all the Lodges of the I. O. O. F. will appear each month.

THE COMPANION

A Monthly Magazine

FOR ODD FELLOWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

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SEPTEMBER, 1868.

No. 2.

MOTHER'S WORK.

PART I.—SELFISHNESS, PITY, AND GRATITUDE.

WHO are the real educators of the young? If by education we mean only teaching, the question would not be difficult to answer. If by educating we mean that preparing of the entire human being for what it has to be, and what it has to do, throughout the whole of its probable life from childhood to old age, then the question assumes a different aspect, and we find, almost in vain, for an answer when we ask, "How can we really educate the young?"

In the hope of getting rid of some portion of the responsibility which arises out of this question when fairly and conscientiously put, we sometimes say, "There is the education of circumstance, which goes a long way towards the formation of character." But who selects or controls the circumstances by which the young are influenced in very early life?

Of course we should be told by ninety-nine persons out of one hundred, who might hear the question—"Who does educate the young?" that our public schools and colleges do this; and these institutions being for the most part in the hands of men who have themselves been educated in the same manner, we come to a certain end of question and answer, cause and effect, which has neither beginning nor end, and which consequently admits of no further inquiry as to whether education itself can be altered or improved.

This, however, is not the most enlightened way of looking at the subject, and certainly it is not the most encouraging, because it admits no hope of change. And yet education, above all other things, ought to admit of change—of constant and great improvement. Of all our social institutions education ought to be least governed by routine; because, unless adapted to the rapidly-changing character of society, it can be no preparation for what the individual who is educated has to be and to do in the progress of life. Of all our provisions for the future, education has most need of adaptation not only to things as they are, but as we would have them be, and hope they will be.

The application of the question already asked shows us at once the fallacy of making education a mere system of routine. But even if we could hold by this system so far as to choose for the teachers of a school only such masters as

had themselves been taught in the same, it is impossible but that the young under their care should receive some bias of character incidental to the changes continually taking place in society, and which would render the routine-system of the school inapplicable to their requirements as active and progressive members of such society.

It is impossible for this reason—because the mother is at work long before the school-master takes possession of the child. The nurse, too, is at work; home influences are at work; the education of circumstance has been busy with the child, and hence impressions have been made, and a bias of character has been imparted, such as no other education will in all probability be able entirely to obliterate or set aside. This may be for good or for evil, but it will certainly be there; and it will remain with the child all the more tenaciously, because it will have reached and affected those portions of his character which are not reached or affected by the teachings of schools.

To use a familiar figure by which this subject seems to be best understood—the school will deal with the child's *head*—the mother will have dealt with its *heart*. Neither head nor heart, however, can be dealt with quite separately. Both will mature as the child grows up to man or womanhood. As the nurse, while endeavoring to perfect her infant charge in the art of walking, does not forbid but encourages, though it may be indirectly, the use of its hands, so the school teacher, while bent upon exciting the intellect of his pupil, loading his memory, and quickening his powers of calculation, has beside him all the while a little beating heart which is learning to beat time to influences which he may unconsciously have set in motion. Or in the case of a mother bent only upon cultivating the affections of her child, so she also, by a system unknown to herself, may be leading on its opening mind to embrace either truth or falsehood in the region of intellect.

The question next arises, which is most important in the after development of the human being—the head, or the heart? Out of the head comes capability—out of the heart, motive. Human life is so constituted, human duty so appointed; that we need both; but a very slight acquaintance with education as generally conducted is sufficient to show us that the heart bears no comparison with the head in the amount of regard bestowed upon its cultivation. In other words, the moral bears no comparison with the intellectual. Capability is the one great object

of attainment. Motive is, for the most part, left to take care of itself.

Such being the case with school education—the responsibility of parental or home education becomes all the more serious as regards the heart of the child; especially when we bear in mind that out of the heart come motive, desire, love, hate—all that makes us morally, what we are as agents of good or evil, and religiously, what we are as believers in the word of God, and doers of his will.

Parental education in our present social condition must almost necessarily be of a very one-sided description. What can the father, who is a man of business in many cases, know of his children, or what can he do for them? He may see them now and then, but his intercourse with them must be extremely limited, and his acquaintance with their hearts and their motives must be partial in the extreme. Besides the shortness of the periods during which the father is associated with his children, there is this great disadvantage operating against his influence over them—that children do not develop at any given moment, or on compulsion. They open their little hearts, and disclose the treasures of their understandings just when the fit is upon them, and often at the most unsuitable times for receiving the benefit of a father's instruction. Not unfrequently, when the child is lying down to sleep, it will perplex its attendant with a question so decisive in its moral tendency, that the father who does not hear it—perhaps the mother too—can scarcely measure the amount of loss which that child sustains by not having them to answer it.

Such moments of curious and intelligent inquiry often occur to the child when walking out; and these are the times when the providential care of a Heavenly Father, and the wonders of his creation, may be begun to be unfolded to the inquirer in a simple, familiar, but always a true way with surprising benefit; when a kindly interest may be excited in the animal world, and a love awakened for the beauty which may be seen in flowers, or leaves, or any of those near objects which fall under the observation of a child.

After all, and in whatever light we regard this subject, we are compelled to go back to the mother for a large amount of that education which really forms the character of the man or the woman. It is not, and it cannot be, entirely the work of schools, although many parents think it can; and some are not very tolerant towards those schools which fail to effect at sixteen what should have been done at six. To the mother we must go back, not as really the more responsible agent, but as the only one whom the usages of society appear to have left at liberty for the discharge of the full amount of parental duty; and perhaps the mother also might say, were the question put to her, that the usages of society had not left even to her the time or the means for discharging these duties aright.

With the question of duty, or the choice of duties, where the number is so great that one must be done, and another left undone, I presume not to meddle. This is a point on which individ-

als must exercise their own judgment. I only supposing there may be mothers who take this duty up themselves, and laying it coolly and thoughtfully to heart, do desire to know whatever can be learned in relation to the performance of this particular duty. Even there can be no specific rule laid down by the wisest amongst us. With all our boasted attainments in knowledge and capability, so little really known as regards the education of a child, that help can only be looked for from those who have carefully thought the matter out, and feelingly laid up in store for practical use, who ever has been discovered in the way of sensible truth. Such help may sometimes come from unexpected sources, and it may present itself in a very humble form. The more simple the matter for the experimental purposes of ordinary life.

Under the conviction that help of this kind, especially help in the cultivation of the heart, with all its motives, desires and moral tendencies—is more needed in the present day than of any other kind of help, I have ventured to put together a few thoughts, the result of much thinking on this important subject, hoping that they may possibly be useful to some who are just entering that way which mothers have to treat, bearing at first their precious charge along with them, and then consigning it to an unknown future, through which all must in one sense walk a

Perplexed as all the writers appear to be, as to the profound and complicated nature of the subject, I have determined to treat it almost as a child would; and with this view before me, I shall continually speak as in common parlance of the head, and the heart, although the latter will be almost entirely the subject of my remarks, not only as being most within the range of our own observation and means of understanding, but not only as being most interesting in itself, at least to me, but as being most neglected in the systems of education. Of the heart, therefore, being the center from whence spring motive, desire, I propose to speak as the source of all which is most needed for the correcting of the evils which press heavily against our social prosperity, and for the establishment of a purer morality, and a higher moral tone throughout our social relations.

There are few mothers—so few that we scarcely call the exceptions *human*—who do not carry the little helpless infant body. God has given them this natural spring of maternal tenderness and solicitude, in common with the lower animals; but though so common as to be called instinct, we can never regard this unselfish, sparing devotedness of the mother in any other light than as one of the purest and most beautiful of all the provisions of a kind Providence ordained for purposes of preservation and improvement.

All that has to be done with the infant before the care of its body has been left by the wisdom of the great Creator to be cared for and provided by the higher faculties of the human parent, which faculties are possessed by man as as an intelligent, responsible, and immo-

Herein consists the great difference between man and the lower animals, as well as between human beings in a cultivated and uncultivated condition, and those who have never learned the great fact of their own responsibility to intelligent and immortal beings.

The little helpless body in the first stages of existence, there is no need to write. But the germs of thought begin to manifest themselves, and then, just as the mother would teach the child in its first attempts to walk, how to step truly, fairly, uprightly, so an equal amount of pains should be taken to teach the child how to think truly, fairly, and with uprightness of heart.

Those who regard education as beginning only with the learning of the alphabet, and think it is accomplished only by the teaching of direct lessons from books, or masters, will be astonished to find, by the way, that by actual experiment, how much of the work of true education may be done before the child is able to read a single word. It is, indeed, a melancholy mistake to teach reading before the child is able to think. Words, mere words, without a sense or meaning in them, are worse than nothing. They are wearisome in the extreme; when the child has a little thought to put to every word which it is learning to spell, or to the act of thinking it is able to find its proper place for any more insignificant words as a help in the expression of thought, the child is materially altered, and the child may be seen dressing thoughts in the words with something like the pleasure which is felt in dressing

the question of paramount importance to human parents is, what they desire that their children should be prepared to be and to do in after years; in other words, what are the principal lessons which the child must learn in order rightly to fill a place of social and religious relationship to God and man.

One of the great social lessons necessary for the right filling of this place as embodied in the Golden Rule is this, to do to others as we would have them do to us, and to love our neighbors as ourselves. How is this, perhaps the most important of Christian lessons, to be taught in childhood? Why, the little child itself is a bundle of selfishness—eating and drinking, sleeping and getting, always ready to scratch its nose, or tear the hair, or either mother or nurse, if they are not quick enough in supplying its wants, or if they refuse to supply them.

As soon as this picture may appear, and unless as selfishness always looks, we must immediately find fault with it. Self-love is imbedded in the nature of the child, as in that of the whole animal creation, for purposes of self-preservation. It is the gift of God, and is perfectly right at first that the little child should love and grasp and get what it can; but it is necessary, because of this, that the time when the child will be no longer right should be watched when it will be no longer right should be governed by self-love, when a new law of existence must be established, and the old law modified, brought under, and made subservient to the new.

Many people in other respects wise, and many who are both wise and good, talk of the necessity for this selfishness being entirely rooted out, as if such a thing were possible. No; it is a portion of the elementary nature of the human being, originally, perhaps a little stronger in some than in others. The way to manage this, as well as many other tendencies inherent in the nature of the child, is to call up and bring against it a counteracting power, to bring into operation the law of kindness, to establish habits of consideration, love, and even pity for others; above all, to excite in the yet tender and susceptible feelings of the child a sense of satisfaction and delight in making others happy, in alleviating their pain when they suffer, and in sharing with them whatever brings enjoyment, so that no pleasure shall to them be perfect if experienced alone.

To make the child avowedly the dispenser of actual good to others, while yet in its infancy, may prove to be only transferring its original selfishness from the thing enjoyed to the open, and often ostentatious act of giving. This is scarcely a likely method for bringing about the desired result. It would, I think, tend more to promote this end to be a little chary as regards the reality of infant property.

Love of property is one part, and a very useful one, of that original selfishness which it is so necessary that education should teach how to regulate and hold in subjection. A love of property, in other words, a desire to obtain and possess, is one of the most active tendencies of our nature. It is the stimulus of industry, and the lawful object of honest work, while it gives stability to national and individual prosperity. And yet this natural tendency may be so ill-regulated as to be greediness in childhood, and covetousness in old age.

A love of property is generally considered so harmless in a child that it is encouraged rather than controlled. But surely it would be wiser, as well as more in accordance with truth, to bring up a child with the idea that almost all which it enjoys is lent or given to it by others, and that very little is really its own. Out of that little, not out of other people's property, should come the gifts of the child; the constant sharing with others of all which it most enjoys, not being enforced as a painful duty, but permitted as a privilege, without which no good thing would be either truly good or sweet.

There are parents who conscientiously make their children always pick off a little crumb from their cake for the mother, the nurse, or perhaps the elder sister, who as conscientiously receive the crumb into their mouths with many grimaces, indicating the immense value and magnitude of the gift, while the little hero, who has conferred this vast benefit, sits down with satisfaction, and gobbles up his huge slice of cake. This is considered to be making the child generous; but alas! how little is this generosity like that which will be required of him afterwards, perhaps at some heart-rending sacrifice, before he can be a truly generous man.

I know of nothing more likely to produce the effect desired with regard to property than the making of an equal distribution, wherever this

can be done. The child, I think, should give as much as it takes himself, just as we are required to do in after life by good manners and good feeling. And here would be another useful lesson, that of teaching the child to share the common lot without complaining, than which there are few lessons more desirable to be learned in early life, few more difficult to learn for the first time in mature age.

The sentiments which most effectually oppose, control, and overweigh our natural selfishness, are chiefly pity and gratitude; I would say love, and that pre-eminently, only that love assumes so many characters, and some of them very selfish ones. It is quite possible to love one or more individuals, perhaps one's whole family, in a greedy, absorbing, and exclusive manner. But if we can bring ourselves to understand love as charity, then we accept that noble definition given us by the Apostle Paul, and we see how beautifully this sentiment embraces all that is generous, compassionate, forbearing, and kind.

Love is also a feeling somewhat difficult to expand in the infant heart. A little child is always a partizan, its love intensely personal. The more it loves one individual, or even two, or three, the more it seems disposed to resist or repel all others who might by implication stand in the ranks of opposition. The love of a little child is naturally like the small rill gushing out from the mountain's side, clear and pure, but necessarily single and narrow in its course. It requires the swell of the broad river to embrace the plain from hill to hill, and so to fertilize vast tracts of cornfield and meadow.

But pity is a different matter to deal with. It may be awakened at any time, and applied to all cases of suffering. It cannot, like love, be classed amongst our spontaneous emotions. Indeed, it seems rather a melancholy fact to acknowledge, but experience amply confirms the remark of Dr. Johnson, that pity has to be taught, and that children are not naturally compassionate. Here, then, is a beautiful piece of work for the mother. Her child may not be compassionate, judging strictly by outside manifestation; but yet in that little heart, which it is her peculiar province to understand, and educate, she will find, far down perhaps in its delicate recesses, the tender threads of pity which it will be her happy and holy task to draw out, and attach to every form of suffering which life presents.

So beautiful is the development of pity on the part of a child, that there is danger from an opposite direction, lest it should be made a luxury, and so degenerate into morbid sensibility to pain. But of the two extremes, that of not caring at all for the sufferings of others is so much more objectionable, that there can be but little hesitation as to which of the two it would upon the whole be safest to risk; and in this, as well as in all other cases of stimulated faculty, either in feeling or understanding, such extremes will have to be guarded against by the judicious care of those who engage in the great work of education.

Seldom is the sentiment of pity awakened without the accompaniment of a desire to relieve, to help, or to defend. It is delightful to think what

the Author of our being has done for us in this way, if we would but accept his gifts, and then aright for the good of our fellow-creatures and for his glory. Here we see that no sooner is the emotion of pity deeply stirred, than there follows an impulse to help. It is true, the little child, always a partizan, will often manifest a desire to defend, nay, even to avenge by duelling the battle against some supposed enemy, to whom the pain or the sorrow which awakens the pity is attributed; and there is no limit to the wrath or indignation which, on such occasions, the child will sometimes manifest. All this emotion the mother has to lay hold of, and turn into channels of help.

Thus we see that, by the instrumentality of mother's hand, guided by that nice discrimination and tact which God has given her for purpose of understanding and educating the heart of her child, those emotions, even the wildest, which would naturally burst forth in an explosive passion, and perhaps destructive action, may be turned by her gentle care into peaceful and health-giving channels, bearing ever as they flow balm to the wounded, helping the feeble, and comfort to the sorrowing.

If pity may thus be used as the great corrective of natural selfishness, gratitude is scarcely less effective in producing the same happy results. And yet it is wonderful how little pains are taken to inspire in children the feeling of gratitude. True, there is this difficulty in the way of inspiring gratitude—a little child does not know, and really cannot understand, how much is done for it in its service. It can make no calculation of the nights rendered sleepless by its wakings—of the care, the anxiety, the self-denial, the labor by which its thousand wants are supplied. It is impossible that it should form any estimate of these; but so far as it can understand, it is most important that the sentiment of gratitude should be awakened and maintained with most assiduous care.

This is the more necessary, because, as regards its natural selfishness, the poor little child stands at a great disadvantage. It has everything against it in being constantly ministered to by others. Gifts are poured into its lap by those who love it, delighted to give. It sits like a king, receiving all. How should it be otherwise than selfish? How indeed, unless the mother will help to influence the heart of her child—that center out of which will spring all motive for the actions of its future life.

Let gratitude, then, be the great work of the mother to foster and deepen. A sense of indebtedness on the part of the child will help in this work; and as children are always persons in the exercise of their sentiments, it is good to keep them in mind of the individual benefactor to whom they owe this or that indulgence, or to whom they are indebted for the possession of their toys, books, or any article of infant property. In this way the memory of the child may be exercised with benefit, both to that and the heart, even at a very early age.

It would not be easy to estimate the vast, almost incalculable difference morally, and un-

ous teaching, of a child in whom the sentiment of gratitude is genuine and deep, and one who has never been taught to pour out its best sweetest feelings through this channel. It is useful to think of the loss which a human being sustains by not being heartily and habitually grateful. Those who are so know that no feeling in the whole range of human experience, such as with it more genuine pleasure than that of heart-felt gratitude. Where this feeling has been fostered in early youth, or where it exists in a meagre, half-starved form, the mere acknowledgment of kindness received becomes sometimes a hard and painful duty. How difficult that generous outburst from a grateful heart which diffuses even more happiness than it receives.

THE LOST BANK-NOTE.

CHAPTER I. SUMMONED TO A DEATH-BED.

THE minister of a quiet country congregation is neither to work so hard as his brethren in the cities, nor, as a rule, does he meet with so strange and startling experiences which it is their lot to witness. Still, at times, sudden events cross the path of the rural clergyman, and they are afterwards all the more vividly remembered by him, because of the calm and the monotony of his ordinary life. Such an occurrence once befell myself; and as, though it happened several years ago, I retain a remarkable distinct recollection of it, I think the reader will be glad to see it in print.

I was seated in my study one sultry Saturday afternoon in July, putting the finishing touches to a sermon which I had been requested to preach the next day at Foxford Church, in behalf of the Foxford Dispensary, when my landlady's daughter tapped gently on the door, saying,

"If you please, sir, David Dymond has come to say that his father is a deal worse, and would be kind enough to step down and see him?" I have always made it a rule never to allow any other clerical work to interfere with such an emergency as these, I replied that I would come immediately, and at once took up my hat. On going out, I found David standing on the porch, conversing in low, earnest tones with Maria Worth, the daughter of my landlady. I could not help remarking to myself what a fine picture the youthful pair would have afforded to an artist's pencil. David was a tall, well-chested, handsome young fellow, whose naturally fair complexion was bronzed by perpetual exposure to the weather. His hair was light and curling, his eyes deep blue, and as in their expression, while the wide-brimmed straw hat and open shirt-collar added to the unstudied picturesqueness of his appearance.

He was an excellent type of that noble English breed which is apt to degenerate in great cities, and is only to be seen to perfection in rural districts. Maria was in her way equally attractive, being of a slender, graceful figure, with dark hair, which made the delicate color-

ing of her face seem all the fairer by the force of contrast. As soon as I drew near, the young man hastily dropped a hand which he had been holding in his own, and a conscious blush overspread both lovers' faces. I say "lovers," for it was currently reported in Headingly that a mutual affection existed between these two young people, and it was affirmed with equal confidence that old Worth, the wheelwright, would never permit them to marry, if he could prevent the match. Mr. Worth was a master-mechanic; owner of several cottages in the village, and with a vast sum of money—nearly a thousand dollars, it was asserted,—invested in the bank at Foxford; while David Dymond was the son of a humble day-laborer, who had never in the course of a long and industrious life earned more than a bare sufficiency. It is true that David had been emancipated from the serf-like thralldom which had bound his father, for he had served his time to the wheelwright's business, and was now in receipt of good weekly wages. Still, this did not remove the inequality which in Mr. Worth's eyes existed between the two families. In addition to this obstacle, David had a half-brother named Reuben, and Mr. Worth was loth that his daughter should ever call such a man as Reuben Dymond her brother-in-law. So the young people sighed for each other in secret, and exchanged mutual vows of affection whenever they happened, as in the present instance, to be for a few moments alone together.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said David, touching his hat respectfully, "but I think you had better take your umbrella. There's a storm coming up over yonder."

David was quite right. I had been so engrossed by my sermon, that I had taken no note of the threatening aspect of the weather. I now perceived that a huge bank of copper-colored clouds had arisen in the north-east, and was slowly drifting in our direction against the lower current of wind. So I accepted the young wheelwright's advice, and took my umbrella. We then walked briskly away together, followed by a tender glance from Maria's eyes, which was far more eloquent than a score of spoken farewells.

On the road I questioned David concerning his father's condition, and learned that he was rapidly sinking. Some months before, while engaged in his regular field-labor, he had been smitten with paralysis. The stroke was very slight, and after an intermission of a week or two, he had been able to resume work; but since then, one shock had succeeded another with increasing violence, until it became evident that his earthly career was drawing to a speedy close.

"Father's very anxious to see you, sir," said David, "because he's afraid that before many days he may lose the use of his tongue, as he has already lost the use of his limbs. He's got little enough to leave, poor soul, Heaven knows; but he wants that little fairly divided betwixt Reuben and me. You know that Reuben's temper, sir, isn't always of the best?"

"Indeed I do, David," I answered. "It would be well that your father should put his wishes in writing, if possible."

"That's what I was thinking, sir; and now's the best time to do it. I left Doctor Webb in the cottage, and Reuben and his wife will be there by the time we get back. I should like the will to be made in the presence of everybody who has anything to gain by it, with you, sir, and Doctor Webb for witnesses, and then there can't be any dispute afterwards."

"Perhaps, David," I said, "it will save time—and time in the present case may be especially precious—if I ask you what sort of property your father has to leave."

"Oh, nothing, sir, that rich people would think it worth while to make any stir about. The furniture's the principal thing, and some of that, such as the chest of drawers and the clock, I value chiefly because they've been in the Dymond family time out of mind. Reuben and his wife will only think of the price they'll fetch. And there's a shelf of books, though mostly all religious books——"

"I am afraid," said I, smiling, "that poor Reuben won't dispute with you about the books."

"No, sir, I don't think he will. He's a better scholar than I am, but father's books arn't much to his fancy."

By the time we had reached the door of John Dymond's cottage, the sky had grown very dark, and large heavy drops, the forerunners of the deluge about to follow, had begun to patter down. I was not sorry, therefore, that I had listened to David's advice, and brought my umbrella.

CHAPTER II. THE THUNDER-CLAP.

It was a touching sight to see this worthy old day-laborer, worn out with the weight of years and excess of toil, as he lay on his humble bed, tranquilly awaiting the summons which would call him to another and a happier world. The snows of many a bitter winter had lent their hue to his scanty white locks, while remorseless time had ploughed nearly as many furrows in his wrinkled, weather-beaten features, as he himself had marked out in youthful days on his master's fields. There was nothing tragical or terrible about such a death-bed, for the old man was ready and willing to depart; but there was something pathetic in the thought that after half a century of patient, untiring toil, after a life of perpetual endurance and self-denial, such a man should have so little to leave behind him. His worldly goods consisted in the most part of the humble, yet highly-cherished heirlooms which had been handed down to him by his forefathers, and it was to make an equitable division of these between his two sons that he had especially desired my presence at this solemn time.

John Dymond had lost his second wife some years before, nor had any of his daughters survived to the period of which I am writing, so that there was no female hand of his own kith or kin to smooth his pillow. Reuben's wife might certainly have offered to undertake the task, but she excused herself on the ground that she had a young family of her own to look after; her place was efficiently supplied, however, by a motherly widow-woman who lived in the adjoining cottage.

When David and I entered the sick-chamber which was, indeed, the principal room of the house, the nurse was sitting at the head of the bed on one side, and Dr. Webb on the other, the foot of the bed, close by the table, on which were placed various articles of food and medicine, sat Reuben Dymond and his wife. I noticed the exact position severally occupied by the various persons present, for a reason which will appear hereafter. As for myself, I sat near David at the opposite end of the table, but near the bed—for the apartment was of small dimensions—that I could conveniently shake the sick man's hand, and catch the feeble accents of his voice.

I need not describe the doctor and the nurse, but I must say a few words concerning the personal appearance of Reuben Dymond and his wife. Reuben was fully twenty years older than his half-brother, a man of a powerful muscular frame, with a set of features originally good, now rendered coarse and heavy by habits of dissipation. His wife, who was much younger than herself, was rather a well-looking young woman, but with an appearance of tawdry finery, and a hair which did not attract me. The cherry-colored ribbons in her bonnet were new, and she had a pair of massive rings dangling from her ears, and her gown was dingy and ragged.

After a brief interval of religious conversation, the sick man feebly took my hand, and said thus—

"And now, sir, about parting my bits of tin between the two boys——"

At these words, Reuben and his wife, who hitherto appeared totally uninterested, looked up with some little animation.

"Reuben and David," continued the old man, as he endeavored to raise his head from the pillow, "you're the only children I have left to me, and I want you to share and share alike."

"That's scarcely fair, father, is it?" observed Reuben, with a sort of laugh. "You've known me a score of years longer than you've known David. Besides, he's a single man, earning wages, while I've got Martha and five young ones to keep."

"He speaks truth," murmured John Dymond. "Say, Reuben, what will content ye?"

"I shan't be hard to please," answered the elder son. "Give me the pick of the furniture—the pots and pans, and the——"

"Why, you want everything," exclaimed Reuben angrily.

"And I've a right to everything, young persnapper. Ain't I the first-born by two years?"

"Hush, my friends," said I, interfering; "do not grieve your father's last moments by quarrelling."

"I have good cause to be angry," cried David. "He says I am a single man, and so I am, who has kept John Dymond from the work since the palsy struck him? Not his eldest son, but his youngest. Who has fed and clothed five children while their parents were idling at fairs and horse-races? Not their father, but their father's half-brother."

"Boys, boys," said the old man imploringly, "don't ye get to words together. I want ye to be with friends before I take the last long journey."

David, what will content thee?"

David was about to reply warmly, but I took alarm and whispered in his ear that he would please his father best by yielding to his brother. But before six months are gone they will have sold everything, sir," remonstrated the young man in return. "All the old furniture will be in the hands of strangers."

I will provide against that," I said. "I will give Reuben an offer for it."

"Come, David," said his half-brother, with a sneer, "can't ye make up your mind without consulting the parson?"

Father," replied David, "if you were not so sick, I should ask for a fair division; as it is my wish that you should give Reuben everything, except the clock and the shelf of books. What suit you, Reuben?"

"Ay, that it will bravely," cried Reuben eagerly. "Give us your hand, Davy. You're a better brother than I took you for."

I should like Reuben to have one book," murmured the old man, "just by way of remembrance. Would ye kindly look through them, Mr. Woodward?"

At these words I took the books from the shelf where they were only a dozen in number—and laid them on the table.

"The 'Whole Duty of Man'?" I said interrogatively.

"No," answered Reuben, with a shake of his head. "Not in my line, sir."

"A Prayer Book?" I continued.

"No, let Davy keep it," answered Reuben. "This seems a precious old family relic," I observed. The title-page bore the date of 1729.

"No, sir," replied David; "father bought it a few days before he took ill. He bought it of a traveling hawker for the sake of the big t."

As he spoke I was slowly turning over the leaves of the volume, searching from idle curiosity to see if the form of service appointed for visiting persons afflicted with the king's evil was contained in it. Suddenly I uttered an exclamation of surprise. "My friends," I said, "this Prayer Book is more valuable than any of the others probably suspected."

As I spoke these words, I held up a flimsy leaf of paper, yellow with age. It was an old bank-note for five hundred dollars.

The storm which had so long lain brooding on the horizon, had by this time burst over the village. The thunder growled, the rain poured down in torrents, while, although the sun was still visible in the heavens, the room in which we sat was nearly darkened by the dense gloom without, and was chiefly illuminated by the incessant flashes of lightning which darted across the sky.

Everybody, with the exception of the sick man, was eagerly on hearing my words, and pressed round me to gaze upon the treasure which I had recently discovered. Doctor Webb pronounced it a genuine note, and held it before John Dymond's eyes, briefly telling him how and where

it had been found. The thin, discolored slip of paper represented a sum of money which three years of hard toil under frost and heat would not have gained for the humble laborer, yet he regarded it with unmoved eyes. His thoughts were elsewhere. "If it be lawful to keep it," he said quietly, "part it fairly between Reuben and David."

No one had handled the note excepting Doctor Webb and myself, for as I entertained a strong distrust of Reuben and his wife, I did not care to excite their jealousy by affording David a privilege which I would not grant to them. I took the note from the doctor's hands, and, having resumed my seat at the table, was about to place it in my pocket-book, when a blinding flash of lightning of an appalling blue tint illuminated the room, followed in an instant by a roar of thunder as if a thousand cannons had been discharged simultaneously. We one and all uttered an instinctive cry of dread, and I fancied that a convulsive shudder shook the limbs of the invalid. A few moments later I perceived that Doctor Webb was pointing with unusual solemnity of manner towards the bed. I started from my chair, and bending forward, peered eagerly through the obscurity at John Dymond's face. He had ceased to breathe, the jaw had fallen, and in the midst of Nature's mighty conflict, his spirit had passed peacefully and painlessly away.

CHAPTER III. LOST!

By degrees we began to recover from the twofold shock which had momentarily confused our senses, and my first thought was that I had left the bank-note lying on the table. I say my first thought, for afterwards my ideas on the subject became confused by incessant attempts at recollection, and I began to doubt whether I had not put it into my pocket-book, or replaced it between the leaves of the Prayer Book. The inmates of the chamber of death soon perceived that something was amiss. The thunderstorm was rapidly passing away, and as the air grew brighter, they noticed the intensely anxious expression of my face, and the nervous manner in which I turned out the contents of my pockets, and hunted between the leaves of the Prayer Book.

"What is the matter, Mr. Woodward?" demanded Doctor Webb gravely.

"The note!" I replied, with stammering accents, for I was in an agony of nervous excitement. "The note! I can find it nowhere!"

The doctor cast a sharp glance—a glance of suspicion in the direction of Reuben and his wife. I noticed it, and I think they noticed it also. He then said—

"It can't be lost, it must be in this room."

"I have searched my pockets, and I have turned over every leaf of these books," I answered. "My impression is that I left it on the corner of the table just at the time of that dreadful flash. I could almost swear that I did so."

"Maybe the thunderbolt burned it up," observed Reuben, with a sardonic grin on his face.

"If it has, it would be only like our usual bad luck, Ruby," chimed in his wife.

As she spoke, I saw that David was steadily regarding his relatives with a darkening frown on his forehead. A moment later he arose from his seat.

"I must speak," he said excitedly, "although the breath is just out of poor father's body. I swear that I saw the note on this very corder which I now cover with my hand the instant before that flash of lightning. A minute later it had disappeared. It can't be lost."

"Don't you think it's burnt?" said Reuben.

"I think it's stolen," answered David calmly.

"So do I," returned Reuben coolly.

"By whom?" I demanded, for I felt that I was most seriously implicated in the matter.

"By him!"—"By him!" exclaimed the half-brothers, almost at the same instant. Each brother stood erect, fierce, and defiant, and each was pointing a finger at the other. The mysterious disappearance of the bank-note had aroused all their mutual mistrust and dislike. Each man had at once made up his mind that the other was a thief.

As for myself, as soon as I became convinced by repeated examination that the note was neither in my pockets nor hidden among the books, I began to suspect that a robbery had been committed, and as I could not believe that the steady, well-conducted David would be guilty of so base an action, I was forced to suppose that his half-brother was the culprit. Doctor Webb said very little; but I perceived that he shared my opinion.

"My lads," he said, "you have each charged the other with a serious crime. We had better send the women out of the cottage and search you both."

"I'm ready," cried David.

"And so am I," cried Reuben.

"I won't leave without Mrs. Matthews searching of me, I can tell ye," exclaimed Martha Dymond bitterly; "else folks will go and say that my Ruby passed the note on to his wife. To think that I should live to hear my husband suspected of thieving!" said the woman, bursting into a passionate flood of tears.

Men and women were accordingly separated, and the search took place with all possible care and diligence. Each brother vied with the other in affording every facility for the investigation of his garments, and each brother watched with painful keenness for some evidence of his kinsman's guilt. Both were disappointed; no note was forthcoming, and Reuben and his wife sauntered towards their own abode with sullen, discontented faces.

The storm had by this time passed completely away, the sky was sustained by a single cloud, and the birds, cooled and refreshed by the moisture of the air, were merrily singing their evening-song. Doctor Webb and I walked away slowly side by side.

"This is a most sad affair," I observed. "What do you think of it?"

"I scarcely know what to think," he replied.

"At first I felt convinced that Reuben was the thief. I don't think so now: the undaunted way in which he submitted to be searched looks like innocence."

"Do you suppose that Martha took it without Reuben's knowledge?"

"No, I don't."

"You surely don't suspect David?"

"I don't suspect any of them. I don't know what to think, I'm fairly puzzled."

CHAPTER IV. THE FUNERAL.

THE news of the singular discovery of the bank-note, and of its still more singular disappearance, spread like wildfire through the village. Moreover, the tale was told with many exaggerations. It was reported that while I was in the act of repeating the Lord's Prayer, the miracle miraculously became visible between the leaves of the Prayer Book, which I held in my hand. The old gossips shook their heads; the note was no real piece of earthly paper, it owed its origin to demoniacal agency, and was permitted to appear for the sake of stirring up bitterness and enmity between Reuben and David. It asserted that they had not only branded each other with the disgraceful name of thief, but that they had exchanged blows across their father's corpse. This latter charge was entirely without foundation.

Mr. Worth, the wheelwright, took a more prosaic view of the affair. He believed that the note was a genuine note, and he strove to console his pretty daughter—who was shedding bitter tears because her beloved David was accused of felony—by telling her that if the note had not been lost, he should not have mistaken taking David as a son-in-law. For why? The hundred and fifty dollars was a nice comfortable sum for a young couple to begin housekeeping with, while as for Reuben, the objectionable brother, he had many a time vowed that it was only want of money that prevented him from trying his fortune in the West.

Poor Maria vainly strove to take comfort from these tantalizing remarks. Her father was unwilling to let David marry her if—and that obstinate "if" spoilt the West.

Nearly a week elapsed between John Dymond's death and the funeral, during which time communication took place between the half-brothers, for each obstinately persisted in believing the other guilty. At first Reuben flatly refused to attend the funeral, simply because he knew his brother would be there; but on being pointed out to him that he would never cease to reproach himself afterwards for having neglected such a plain act of duty, he unwillingly agreed to go. I felt unable to address him with any cordiality, because I strongly suspected that he and his wife were in possession of the bank-note. It is true that Reuben had never hitherto been charged with felony, but he was a free-living, lax-principled man, who would be quite incapable of withstanding a sudden and powerful temptation.

"Very well, Mr. Woodward," were his concluding words, "I'll come to the funeral, though I don't much fancy standing near a thief, and that thief my own half-brother."

We had had a period of beautiful cloudless

her since the great thunderstorm, but on the morning of the day appointed for the funeral, a large assemblage appeared likely to take place.

Although it was a busy season of the year, a week-day, for John Dymond had expressed wish that his funeral might not take place on Sunday—there was a very full assemblage of persons in the churchyard. The worthy old farmer had been much respected, and many persons attended his funeral to do honor to his memory. A large portion, however, of the spectators had been drawn together by lower and sadder motives. It was rumored that some act of violence would take place between the brothers as soon as their father's coffin had been committed to the grave; while others darkened that some preternatural appearance, the palpable evidence of the enchantment which hovered over the Dymond family, would become visible at the conclusion of the burial service. There was a great deal of staring and whispering among the crowd when the two half-brothers, who seemed to keep as far apart from each other as possible, made their appearance. At the time that that part of the service which had in the church was concluded, the sky had become completely overcast with a mantle of grey-looking clouds, and rain was evidently imminent. I was in the act of delivering the beautiful exhortation which tells us that "man is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery," when the first drops began to fall, and instinctively I expanded my umbrella. As I did so, a piece of paper, of a yellow hue, fluttered slowly from it, and fell on the newly-dug earth at my feet. It was the lost bank-note!

David and Reuben both saw the paper fall, and each rushed forward at the same moment. They met on opposite sides of the grave, while at the same instant a murmur of astonishment ran from the assembled crowd. For fully a minute the brothers looked each steadily in the face; a softening shade of emotion then passed over each of their countenances.

Reuben was the first to speak. "Davy," he said hoarsely, "I called you a thief without cause."

"It was as bad," answered David, changing color in his head.

"Let's shake hands," muttered Reuben, drawing his coat-sleeve over his eyes. "We couldn't find a better place than father's grave." Reuben held out his hand willingly. "God bless me," he said, "for all the hard thoughts I thought of you, Reuben."

"My friends," I exclaimed, looking round at the spectators, who stood regarding this touching scene with faces of the most intense interest—"My friends, it is well worth while that this funeral service should be interrupted, since the disruption has been the means of reconciling the brothers who have been at variance. Let us now proceed." I proceeded accordingly with the exhortation, Reuben and David clasping each other by the hand till the service was concluded.

A very brief explanation will suffice to show the probable manner in which the bank-note got into such an unlikely hiding-place. On entering John Dymond's cottage that eventful afternoon, I had placed my umbrella, which was slightly wetted by the commencing rain, upright against the table, and no doubt when I turned sharply round on witnessing that blinding flash of lightning, my coat-tail whisked the note into the folds of the silk. There it lay snugly enough, plastered as it were between the ribs, while with equal naturalness it fell out on the first expansion of the umbrella after a period of dry weather. But I may as well confess at once that this prosaic explanation was entirely rejected by the more marvel-loving portion of my flock. They maintained that the note was of preternatural origin. It is only right to mention that in accordance with John Dymond's last words, we advertised the discovery of the note, but no claimant appeared who was able to prove his ownership.

The newly-born friendship between the half-brothers was not tested by any lengthened intercourse, for shortly after he received his share of the money, Reuben started with his family for the west, where, I afterwards understood, he got on better than anybody in Headingly had ever anticipated. As for David, Mr. Worth was so melted by the two hundred and fifty dazzling arguments in favor of marriage which the young man produced, that within a few months I joined his hand and Maria's in holy matrimony.

Some years afterwards, on passing through Headingly, I found that many changes had taken place. The front garden in which I used to meditate had been converted into a busy yard, where the firm of Worth and Dymond carried on their wheel manufacture on a greatly extended scale. My pretty hand-maiden Maria had become a buxom matron with half-a-dozen children about her knees, but she gave me a hearty welcome, and making me sit down in her trimly furnished parlor to drink a glass of milk, showed me in a frame over the mantelpiece a photographic facsimile of the famous Note.

HOPE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal,
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "*The Better*" 's forever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it deserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why the grave has scope,
And over the coffin man planteth—Hope!

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begotter;
There's a voice at the heart which proclaims aloud,
"*We are born for a something better!*"
And that voice of the heart, oh, ye may believe,
Will never the hope of the soul deceive.

INSULT AND INJURY.

THAT men resent an insult more than an injury is a very old observation, and one of universal acceptance. It is proposed in the following sentences to string together some illustrations showing the indubitable character of the maxim.

The observation is as old, at least, as Thucydides. And Gibbon is but following Tacitus, in matter as well as style, when he writes of the barbarians before whom the empire declined and fell, that they were easily provoked, and "knew not how to forgive an injury, much less an insult." So again, in his description of the Arabs, Gibbon speaks of the nice sensibility of honor which "weighs the insult rather than the injury," as shedding its deadly venom on the quarrels of that people; the honor of whose beards is so easily wounded, and in whose code of penalties a contemptuous word can be expiated only by the blood of the offender.

Plutarch makes out that the Athenians were more angered by Demetrius Poliorcetes flinging the sum total of a heavy tax to his favorites, to buy soap, than by the wringing hardship of the taxation itself. Two hundred and fifty talents hurriedly exacted, and that to the uttermost farthing,—Athens might kick against the pricks, but the money was paid. But then to see the amount tossed aside as mere pin-money, was tolerable only in Dogberry's sense of the word. "The disgrace hurt them more than the loss, and the application more than the imposition."

In another of his Biographies, Plutarch observes, when describing the vindictive punishment inflicted by the Corinthians on a Leontine general, for a sarcastic speech he had once uttered against the dames of Corinth, that men are commonly "more apt to resent a contemptuous word than an unjust action," and can better put up with injury than disdain. Every hostile deed, he explains, is imputed to the necessity of war, but satirical and censorious expressions are held to be the effect of malignant intent. As a political journalist remarked, on a recent crisis, it is what is said, not what is done by foreign powers, that generally leads to quarrels.

The Earl of Chesterfield, in admonishing his dear boy that there are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may some time or other, and in some way or other, have it in their power to be of use to him, warns Young Hopeful that this they certainly will not do if he has once shown them contempt. "Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it for ever. It implies a discovery of weakness, which we are much more careful to conceal than crimes." His lordship harps upon this string in many a subsequent letter. Again and again he urges the reminder that men will much sooner forgive an injustice than an insult. Every man is not ambitious, or covetous, or passionate, he remarks; but every man has pride enough in his composition to feel and resent the least slight. Much more, on his lordship's showing, every woman. At intervals of a few months, we find him iterating and re-iterating his well-aided pro-

position. "I repeat it again and again (for highly necessary for you to remember it.) I your footman will sooner forget and forgive a beating, than any manifest marks of slight or contempt."

One of Edgar Allan Poe's wild tales begins, "The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could, but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge." Upon which vow, its accomplishment, hangs the tale: the tale of a cask of Amontillado.

The first act of one of Tobin's plays—though Tobin is now-a-days known as the author of one play only, *The Honeymoon*, he was others—winds up with this sententious utterance on the part of the bold bad man of the piece:

Most injuries a noble mind may pardon,
But there are insults cannot be forgiven.

If extremities of injury often excite to extremities of revenge, it is especially, says Othello, when we meet with contempt from others. "A lash given to the soul will prove more than the body's cruel torture. Derision makes the peasant brave the prince."

It is Addison's remark that silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition; because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shows you to have some respect for him in short, that you think him worthy of opposition. But silence in such a case indicates your estimate of him as one too contemptible for the pains of contest.

According to Adam Smith, what chiefly rages us against the man who insults us, is the little account he seems to make of us. The silence "often shocks and exasperates us more than all the mischief which we have suffered." As Miss Lee asserts in one of her *Canterbury Tales*, anything may be forgiven rather than scorn: other tokens of resentment are but common arrows; that is a poisoned shaft, and has ever ceases to rankle where once it has penetrated.

The late "Original" Mr. Walker devoted a paragraph in his volume of essays to the subject of Insult and Injury; and, drawing upon his experience as a police-magistrate, he there remarked that people are generally very ready to put up with even intentional injury, when neither preceded nor followed by insult. "I recollect a strong instance of this: A man applied to me for a warrant against another for knocking one of his front teeth, which he held up before me. On my remarking upon his loss, 'Oh, should not have come for that,' he replied, 'he called me a thief.'" Mr. Walker moralizes accordingly on the advantage, in one's past life, of bearing in mind that courtesy and sympathy with those we have accidentally injured, go far to diminish very considerably the amount of reparation required, and sometimes even inspire as much good will as a benefit conferred.

The disinheriting of relations is declared by Hazlitt to be due for the most part to ven-

ses, not to base actions. What calls for
ign punishment, he goes on to say, is the
nd inflicted on our self-love, not the stain
the character of the thoughtless offender:
es, vices, may go unchecked or unnoticed;
t is the laughing at our weaknesses, or the
rting our humors, that is never to be forgot-

LETTER WRITING.

PERHAPS one of the latest discoveries which a
makes in life is that verbal communications
after all, to fewer misunderstandings than
en ones. It seems so natural that where we
a complicated statement to present, a griev-
to complain of or an explanation to render,
ould be able to do it better when we have
y of time to arrange our thoughts, to choose
ords, and to point our epigrams, than when
conditions are absent, that it takes a long
erience to liberate our minds from the pre-

the first place, we should consider, with re-
to that class of communications in which
ness and moderation of tone are especially
able, that it by no means follows that we
more likely to be cool and temperate in a
than in a speech. That it does follow, is
y common, vulgar error. But, when we re-
ber that there is nothing to restrain a man
e use of pen and ink, that the moment he
of any real or fancied injury, he has it in
ower to rush to the writing-desk, and pour
all his rage on paper before it has had time
ol, we shall see at once that here is one
g ground for preferring the spoken to the
en word. It is true a man may equally rush
search of his enemy, and come upon him,
his wrath is still fresh. But, generally
king, he could not find him so soon but that
short time for reflection *must* have inter-
d; while the very task of looking for him
to some extent, have diverted his thoughts.
however, is but a minor advantage. The
one is, that very few men, except in those
cases which we are not now considering,
ay to your face all that they would say to
n a letter. Direct abuse probably the oc-
n does not warrant; and, in a personal in-
ew, no man can frame those circuitous in-
titions, disguised taunts, and ironical compli-
s, with which he delights himself on paper.
again, when you find yourself face to face
the offender, you are often made to feel con-
s how trivial the offence has been, and to
most ashamed of ever having noticed it at
The chances are, that your contemplated
rebuke shrinks into a joking remonstrance,
hat, having come to quarrel, you remain to
hands.

the above remarks will indicate one kind of
antage that is gained by judicious avoidance
e pen. Let us glance at one or two others.
persons are, though so many believe them-
to be, such consummate masters of lan-
age, that what they have to say shall be just

as intelligible without the aid of eye, voice, and
gesture, as with it. There is hardly a man living,
we should think, who, if he could speak as clearly,
concisely, and elegantly as he could write, would
not prefer to make his explanation, or deliver
his protest in person. By merely looking at the
written characters on a piece of paper, we are
often at a loss to say in what temper they were
framed. Sometimes we take for a joke what was
meant for grave earnest, and then we bring down
upon our heads a rebuke for heartless levity.
Sometimes we do the converse, and then we are
calmly informed that our irritability is so great
as to make correspondence with us impossible;
and so on through every possible shade of mis-
understanding. Now it is evident that mistakes
of this kind cannot occur where two persons are
talking to each other. It is easy to know whether
a man is angry or not when you are listening to
his voice; and easy to tell exactly where the shoe
pinches, when you have the opportunity of ques-
tioning him. By one well-timed word you may
then, perhaps, dissipate the wrath which a ream
of paper would have failed to make you compre-
hend. And there is this second and more ob-
vious advantage in a personal interview, that of
every word or allusion which you do not at once
understand you can ask an explanation on the
spot; and thus you can frequently escape the
pain of brooding over a fancied sneer, which
though it may seem too trifling to be the subject
of comment in a letter, nevertheless poisons you
against your correspondent, and indisposes you
to all his subsequent overtures.

There are doubtless some subjects upon which
written communications are preferable. Subjects
on which men feel very great delicacy about
speaking, and would be sure not to say all they
ought to say, if they had to say it face to face;
certain kinds of pecuniary subjects where very
great precision is required, are among the num-
ber. But, upon the whole, we consider the ad-
vantages of letter writing to have been very
much exaggerated. Words, we repeat, without
the aid of those interpreters which nature has
given us in the voice, and in the eye, are among
the most deceptive of deceptive things. This is
one of the lessons we all learn as we grow older;
yet not all who learn it have the wisdom to act
upon it. If they did, the revenue from the Post
Office would be somewhat diminished, but the
peace and comfort of mankind would be materi-
ally increased, and the postman would be a much
more beneficent individual than he is at present.

NATURE KNOWS NO LOSS.

The flying leaf with golden colors stained,
The solitary robin on the lawn,
The clovered stubble wet with dews at dawn,
Remind the world what victories Time hath gained.

But this will mend; the invading tread of Spring
On silver-sparkling frosts will make them yield,
Till legion'd flowers cover Earth's green field,
And up from waving corn the larks and linnets wing.

Only to us the same great Seasons come,
And wear, a sweet, but still another smile;
A thing is lost they carried from our isle;
And many eyes are dim, and many voices dumb.

HUGH CARMICHAEL'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADRIANA."

CHAPTER VIII.

A WONDERFUL change had come over Mr. Carmichael. At breakfast he laid down his paper and made three several remarks to his wife.

It was an event not to be passed over lightly. Aunt Lotty evidently considered it as the beginning of a new era, or perhaps the return to a golden age, after a long interregnum of iron and granite. This is not spoken geologically, but metaphorically. Certainly Aunt Lotty's youth seemed to be "renewed like the eagle's." There was an elasticity in her step and a buoyancy in her tone that told how very small a spark was necessary to kindle a huge bonfire of happiness in her patient heart.

Her knitting was comparatively disregarded, and she went busily about the house, animated by a spirit of amateur dusting.

Yet there had been nothing particularly inspiring in these three remarks of Mr. Carmichael's, they simply had reference to dinner and to the respective merits of roast or boiled. Still Aunt Lotty had been consulted, and it made her seem of more importance to herself than usual. Her opinion on household matters was held in some estimation, although, as a general thing, she was supposed to have no opinions at all.

In the midst of her little flush of triumph Mr. Chester arrived.

Aunt Lotty had already begun to look upon him as the good angel who had come as the bearer of a new dispensation to her monotonous life, and received him with unaffected pleasure. Joyce and Doris were in the garden, gathering flowers for the drawing-room vases, and Mrs. Carmichael sent him out to them.

He would help them, and then they would the sooner be ready for the sketching expedition that Mr. Chester had proposed the day before. But he had not been thus occupied very long when Mr. Carmichael carried him off.

Joyce watched them conversing earnestly, and once, as they passed near her she heard Mr. Carmichael say in a sentimental tone:

"My sister's darling shall ever find an uncle's home open to her, and an uncle's love."

"She looks as though she had both," responded Mr. Chester.

And certainly Doris was looking remarkably well; she had improved perceptibly even in the short time she had been at Green Oake.

Then they went on, and Joyce heard no more, but quietly continued her flower-gathering and flower-arranging, which, having at last come to an end, she and Doris equipped themselves for their walk. Mr. Carmichael insisted upon accompanying them. He appeared to be quite fascinated with Doris's friend.

The rest of his party would have preferred his remaining at home.

However, they were not destined to experience

much annoyance in the matter, for Mr. Michael, much to his discomfiture, was called off soon after the party had taken up their position, in order to inspect some disaster that happened at his new dairy.

He groaned inwardly over the contretemps and mentally anathematized the unlucky and all those connected with them.

But this did not appear upon the surface. He was led away with a smile upon his countenance, and his apparent amiability unimpaired.

Joyce wandered from one sketcher to the other, looking over their shoulders, and wishing she, too, had a talent for drawing.

"Do you object to being looked over?" Joyce asked, as Mr. Chester turned hastily round, she had been for some minutes watching the landscape grow beneath his pencil.

"No," answered Mr. Chester, absently, looking at her as though he did not see her, but one else standing there, "You remind me of your aunt, Miss Dormer," said he, at length, "has it never struck Doris?"

Doris was at a little distance, so could not hear what they were saying.

"No, Doris has never mentioned it. Besides, Mrs. Carmichael was not my aunt, Mr. Michael is not my uncle."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chester.

"Did Mrs. Carmichael ever speak of her brother?" asked Joyce, rather earnestly.

Mr. Chester looked at her, half-surprised at the tone in which she spoke; still he answered

"Not often." He waited; then continued

"I imagine that Mr. Carmichael is much changed in the last few years. Probably softened. His heart seems overflowing with tenderness."

There was a pause, for Joyce was considering in what light to take Mr. Chester's speech. Did he really believe what he was saying? She had no means of judging, for Mr. Chester's eyes were returned to the drawing before him, and he was industriously bent on the branches of a crooked tree.

But Joyce was not long silent. The degree of curiosity had fastened upon her, and inspired her with a strange desire to know something of this Mrs. Carmichael, of whom, until within a few weeks, her brother had never spoken, even to his wife. "Not even to his wife," she thought. Mere sentimental phraseology, for Aunt Lotty was the last person likely to hear anything of special importance from her husband. Poor Aunt Lotty! Yet, doubtless, there are a good many Aunt Lotties in the world. And Joyce congratulated herself that she had too much sense ever to be deceived by one. Vanity, vanity, Joyce Dormer!

And then she spoke.

"Mrs. Carmichael did not consider her brother to be possessed of much tenderness?" said she interrogatively.

"You distrust your uncle, Miss Dormer?"

"My aunt's husband," returned Joyce, without correction.

"Your aunt's husband, then," he repeated, he waited in expectation of an answer.

But no answer came, for Joyce felt that she was involved herself in a dilemma. What right

imburse a stranger with suspicions of a plot about whom, after all, she might be mistaken. Yet she was convinced that she was not. The packet was fresh in her memory. The suspicion too. An unproved theory, yet needless a theory, that she felt time would be a correct one.

"You distrust your aunt's husband?" repeated Chester, quietly, still gazing steadily at who stood, with drooped eyelids and her nervously twitching her parasol. There was no reply, but Joyce raised her eyes for a moment and glanced at his face, hoping she might therein find an index of the inner man. The glance was not without its result, for no longer, she replied,

"Equally unhesitating was Mr. Chester's answer."

"Do I?" she stared at Mr. Chester with an expression of unfeigned astonishment, that he fairly burst out laughing.

"You are physiognomists, Miss Dormer, and have been reading each other's character. For my part, the result has been satisfactory. You have decided that faith in me will not be misplaced, and I feel that Miss Dormer can help me in all my dealings as a trust if she is so inclined."

"Of course it was something that had to do with Doris, Joyce knew that well enough. What interest he took in her, and what could be more natural than that he should do so. Had she not known her for years? And how pretty she was! She had never been so much struck by him as within the last few days. Possibly she had never before observed her so attentively. What an artist might admire. Alas! alas! out of her heart, little imp of jealousy; try to make for yourself a habitation there. Miss Dormer would scorn herself if she made one for you. How strange that so pleasant a man as Mr. Chester should have called up in her so ugly apparition.

"Will you help me, Miss Dormer?"

"What else could she say?"

"I think," said Mr. Chester, "that Mrs. Carter had some doubt or fear respecting her brother. The last time I saw her, now about five years ago, she was very ill, so ill that her strength was all but despaired of. It appeared to be the result of some shock she had received, but what that shock was no one, of course, knew but she. I found out from Doris that she had heard from her brother, to whom she had written, and I presumed it was in some way connected with her answer. This was the more confirmed by her giving me a small sealed packet, which she requested me not to open unless after her death. Doris should need assistance. She hoped that it might never be necessary to open the packet, but she wished Doris to remain in ignorance of its contents therein contained; but circumstances might arise in which those facts might be of the greatest importance. She told me that she was waiting for a longer document to the same effect, and she should give with similar injunction to me."

"But Doris was very young then to be intrusted with papers of importance."

"Not too young, I think, even had the packet been given at that precise time; besides, she had grown old with being her mother's friend so long, the two were quite dependent on each other. Let me see, Doris will be nineteen next January."

How accurately he remembered everything connected with her.

"Yes."

"The snow-child I used to call her, she was so white. She has no more color now than she had then, and her eyes look even darker. It is a strange style of beauty, and yet very beautiful," said he, musingly.

"Very," said Joyce, with a vigorous effort, for she felt the jealous demon trying to muffle her voice.

But Mr. Chester was aware of no struggle and no victory, he looked at her with a pleased smile.

"Ah, I was sure that you would appreciate it."

Would it have been honest in Joyce to disclaim the implied praise? She almost felt it would have been, and yet supererogatory, added to which she could not have entered into particulars, so she let the remark pass by, and he returned to the previous subject.

"Nineteen next January. So she would have been almost thirteen at the time of which I am speaking. And now about this package, Miss Dormer. I lead a rambling life just at the present time: will you take charge of it for me?"

Joyce hesitated: she felt that in one way the package was safer with him than with herself.

"Have you no one else to whom you can intrust it?"

"No one in whom I can repose the same confidence."

Foolish Joyce, she felt herself growing quite scarlet with the little compliment; but Mr. Chester said it gravely, and evidently had no intention of her taking it as such, for he added,

"I am sure for Doris's sake it would be safer in your hands than in any one's else."

"Doris's sake!" she might have spared herself the blush, what must he have thought of her?

"You forget that I told you I was a physiognomist," he continued. "I know that you will not refuse without good reason."

"No," said Joyce, "I will not, but I must think this over."

Then up came Doris.

"What have you two been talking about?" she asked. "I don't think there has been much sketching for the last ten minutes, at any rate. I shall have my wish, I see. I thought you would become friendly, if I left you a little while to your own resources."

Joyce wished that Doris would not say such odd things; yet somehow they fell so naturally from her lips that they scarcely sounded strange.

Nevertheless, Joyce did not feel altogether at her ease, but Mr. Chester laughingly said:

"Let me see if you have been any more diligent," and he took her drawing; but there were scarcely any more strokes than when he had last looked at it.

"I don't pretend to having been industrious,"

said Doris. "I was watching you. Joyce was shy at first, but you were very eloquent; I quite longed to hear the speech you were making. But I don't think you were quite satisfied with the answer she gave you."

"Had you been a little more attentive you would have discovered that Miss Dormer gave me no answer at all."

"Then I am just in time to hear it?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Chester.

Doris looked grave.

"I'm not sure that I intend you to have secrets that I am to have no part in," she said.

And then Mr. Carmichael returned from his dairy inspection, and he took possession of Mr. Chester, so that no further conversation could take place; and as the two girls loitered behind the gentlemen on their homeward way, Doris said, somewhat pensively:

"I don't like dear old Gabriel to have any secrets."

Was she, too, vexed? Was Mr. Chester going to bring discordant feelings into quiet Green Oake?

And so they went home; and in the evening Doris made Mr. Chester sing, and Joyce played the accompaniments, and scarcely knew that she was playing, for it seemed to her that she heard no sound save Mr. Chester's voice.

And when they went upstairs, Doris said:

"You were softened to-night. You think now that Gabriel can bring sunshine. You will get to like him as well as I do, Joyce."

And Joyce made no answer; but in her heart she prayed:

"Heaven grant that I may not!"

In the course of the evening she had found opportunity to whisper to Mr. Chester:

"Keep the packet, and I shall send for it when needed."

And Mr. Chester had answered:

"It shall be as you say."

And she knew he was not dissatisfied, but that he had judged her aright, and knew that she had been conscientious in her decision.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. CHESTER'S few days lengthened to a fortnight. The August days had passed away, and the crisp September ones were beginning to have an October feeling about them. Why did not Mr. Chester depart? Ah! he could not leave his pupil—he was far too much interested in her progress, for, in spite of all her protestations, he had prevailed upon her once more to take the pencil in her hand.

So mused Joyce, as she watched the two sketching together, and talking together, whilst she stood by and admired first the one drawing and then the other, and sighed to think she was no artist.

Occasionally she tried to excuse herself from forming one of the party, but her objections, if not overruled by Doris, were swept away by Mr. Carmichael; and she found herself constantly in the uncomfortable position of a third, when there ought only to have been two persons.

Half in earnest and half in jest, Doris gestured her making an attempt.

"Who knows what an amount of talent may have, until you try," said she.

And Joyce, half condemning herself for weakness in allowing herself to be persuaded, was overcome by Doris's arguments. Yet she knew, till the necessity comes to draw it out of what amount of latent talent they may possess? And yet common sense whispers to her: "It would have manifested itself before."

But people, even if they possess it, do not always avail themselves of common sense. It has a damping effect which the inclination to sketch has a propensity to override, and therefore its suggestions fall idly on the mind, or are set aside in a most headstrong manner.

And so with poor Joyce, the temptation to have some kind of right to accompany sketches prevailed over her better judgment. She provided herself with paper and pencil, under Mr. Chester's auspices, set to work at a first sketch from nature.

But her success was less than dubious. Mr. Chester was obliged to admit that the attempt was a complete failure.

"You must keep to music, Miss Dormer," said Doris. "Doris and I must be the sketchers."

And an inward pang shot through Joyce's heart, and in her annoyance she could not refrain from saying:

"Then I had better stay at home and practise whilst you are drawing."

Mr. Chester looked up at her:

"Talents are divided, Miss Dormer, it is fair that one person should be gifted in one way."

Had he discovered her thoughts? She vexed with herself. But it was just the way which, if she wished to stand well with any one, she was sure to be inefficient in the guard kept over herself. And having spoken petulantly, she tried to speak calmly and indifferently as she asked:

"Do you think me unreasonable for wishing to be able to sketch?"

But in spite of her assumed indifference there was a certain amount of pique in the tone.

"No," said he, quietly.

"What for, then?"

It was now Mr. Chester's turn to hesitate. Doris said:

"Gabriel will be delighted to have another pupil to lecture. That is just the way he usually finds out what I was thinking of, whether my words fitted my thoughts or not."

"I should not presume to lecture Miss Dormer," he said.

"Though you would much like to do so," said Doris.

"No," he answered.

"I should not be worth it," replied Joyce, it must be confessed that she laid rather a strong emphasis on the "I."

What unreasonable creatures women are. wonder they are accused of a want of logical power. Here was she angry one moment because Mr. Chester seemed to be finding

her, and angry the very next because he not wish to do so. Do people ever know they want? And then Joyce felt angry herself for having betrayed any temper upon subject, and so, after pretending to be ended in watching the progress of Doris's drawing during which time she felt exceedingly cross uncomfortable, she made some excuse about nothing she must do for Aunt Lotty, and left Chester and Doris talking and laughing, and contently caring very little whether she went or not.

Mr. Chester never once looked up from his work as she made her excuses. Perhaps he thought that they were but excuses; if so, she had been still lower in his estimation. So she felt more and more annoyed, and as she could now no longer with any dignity, she was obliged to retreat.

As she crossed the garden Mr. Carmichael met her; he had been unable to accompany the sketching party that morning.

"Where is Doris?" he asked.

"Sketching with Mr. Chester."

"Why have you left them together?" said he. "I gave you credit for more sense. Don't you think that this man is an adventurer, and hearing Doris's expectations, has turned up at the last moment for his own views, but not for mine, if he thinks ever to marry Doris, he'll find himself mistaken. Are you too blind to see how matters stand? Just answer me honestly."

"Honestly! As if I were likely to do anything" she thought she.

"Oh, Joyce!"

Then she answered:

"I do see that Mr. Chester likes Doris, but to his knowing that she was likely to be an actress, he knew nothing about that until he came to know."

"So he says," returned Mr. Carmichael, with a sigh; "but I know human nature a little better than you do, and I've tried to keep them apart. I'll be working on her feelings by talking to her of her mother and old times, as he is the only one who knows much of their affairs."

And Mr. Carmichael looked curiously at her. He was sounding her: she was perfectly aware of it: but she thought, "the truth never does any harm, so you shall have the benefit of my knowledge I may have upon the subject, Mr. Carmichael, and then perhaps your tactics may come clearer to me," so she replied:

"I don't think Mr. Chester knows a great deal about Mrs. Carmichael's affairs; it is a long time since he saw her—seven years ago, and she was very ill at the time, though he did not know that had caused her illness."

"Ha!" said Mr. Carmichael, suddenly becoming much interested, "When? How long ago, did you say?"

"About seven years ago."

"Seven years ago, and you say she was ill, but he did not know the cause of her illness. How did he not find out the cause? Are you quite sure? You have heard him and Doris talking. Has there been nothing said between them as to the reason of this illness?"

"Nothing," returned Joyce. But though she had spoken the actual truth, she almost felt it to be an evasion.

Mr. Carmichael took a few strides forward, then he turned once more to his companion.

"Joyce," said he, "I don't like this Mr. Chester. I shall be glad when he goes away. He interferes with the business I have in hand. I feel obliged to be civil to him for my poor sister's sake, for he and his mother were kind to her at a time," here Mr. Carmichael stopped, and covered his eyes for a moment with the flabby white hand, "when—when—I was not quite so kind a brother to her as I might have been." Here Mr. Carmichael was again overcome, and Joyce wondered that he had forgotten all that he had told her relative to his ignorance of his sister's existence. But that nothing of the sort occurred to Mr. Carmichael was evident from his continuance of his speech as soon as his emotion permitted him.

"That has all been repented of, Joyce—repented of, and made straight with my sister before her death. And now my views are centered in her child; and to Doris shall ample reparation be made for all the injuries and neglect that her mother suffered. No matter at what cost, no matter to whosoever concerned. But this artist,—I don't like him; he must be got rid of. Doris is far too much absorbed in him. He is not good enough for her."

Inwardly his companion pronounced Mr. Chester good enough for anyone, and so she knew did Doris; and if Mr. Chester had any idea of marrying her, which of course he had, all the Mr. Carmichaels in the world would not prevent it.

"Have you any idea when Mr. Chester thinks of going away?" asked Mr. Carmichael.

"Next week."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Carmichael, with a sigh of relief; "and to-day is Saturday. Early in the week do you think?"

"On Tuesday."

"The sooner the better," said he; "and I must find means to prevent his coming here again."

"I believe he is going abroad for the winter," remarked Joyce.

Mr. Carmichael rubbed his hands.

"You are a good sensible girl, Joyce, in spite of your name. I dare say I shall not repent your coming to Green Oake. I would rather that you did not mention this conversation to Doris. I give this caution because it is my opinion that girls tell one another everything when they get together. And Doris might repeat it to Mr. Chester; and though I don't want Mr. Chester for a friend, I don't care to have him for an enemy. You will remember."

Yes, she would remember, and say nothing. And then all her old annoyance, which she had lost sight of during her conversation with Mr. Carmichael, returned with freshened vigor. She seemed to be made a cat's paw of in every way, and to be placed in the most disagreeable position imaginable—in the pay, as it were, of adverse parties, and that involuntarily, through no effort of her own; yet she knew which she

sided with, and which, when the time came, would have her support as it had now her sympathies.

She believed all Mr. Carmichael had been telling her to be utterly false, simply because through it she discovered that what he had told her before was not altogether true. It added fresh mystification to the story she was unraveling, and though it bewildered her, it at the same time made her more determined to penetrate it.

She stood silent before him, waiting any further instructions, but he had nothing else to say: "He would go and look after Mr. Chester and Doris." But, as he spoke, they came in sight.

Joyce was astonished to see them so soon, and blushed when Mr. Chester inquired if she had transacted the business for Aunt Lotty.

To which she made no reply, but made her escape into the house.

By evening she had partially recovered her equanimity. Doris made her play all her best pieces; and, strange to say, Mr. Carmichael, who ordinarily objected to music, seconded the performance of them, and applauded at the end of each, though he could not have told whether the notes she had played had been false or correct.

As for Doris, she sat in profound admiration; her tiny fingers, though quick as lightning amongst her hobbins, would not have been skilled to run a race with Joyce's on the piano.

And then Mr. Carmichael insisted upon Mr. Chester's singing again to them, and Mr. Chester begged Joyce to try some duets.

Which duets were much more of a success than the sketch from nature.

And Doris listened breathless, and as each song was ended, asked "but one more."

"How different from me," mused conscience-stricken Joyce; "but I suppose I am less amiable than Doris, and have more need to keep guarded the avenues to my heart."

And, as she closed the piano, Mr. Chester asked, "Is not one talent enough, Miss Dormer?"

And Joyce could answer gaily:

"People, you know, are never content."

And when she and Doris were having their nightly chat, she said:

"Doris, I wish I were half as good as you."

And Doris, in some surprise, replied, "You are much better, Joyce."

But Joyce knew her own heart, and how hard it was to keep it; for, how many little doors there were that were constantly opening to let in the evil thoughts that, when they entered, locked themselves up so securely that it was almost impossible to drive them out again. A citadel that was in a state of constant siege, and wanted all her forces to take and to retake.

And long into the night she sat looking out of the porch window, watching the stars shining through the frosty night-air, and wishing that she, Joyce Dormer, were far above them all, and had nothing to do with the earth any longer.

"Perhaps," she pondered, "I am becoming more spiritual, and rising above a temporal frame of mind."

"No, no," said an answering voice within her;

"it is still self, self. There is a gnawing pain in your heart that you must bear for many a year, Joyce Dormer, till in long years, so far off now, that they scarcely seem to have a beginning, will have worn itself out, and there will be peace once more."

"Peace, peace," sighed Joyce; "oh, they were far away from Green Oake, and had not seen either Doris or Mr. Chester."

CHAPTER X.

MR. CHESTER went at last.

Mr. Carmichael was glad, but he professed to be sorry, and actually drove Mr. Chester to the nearest station himself.

The rest of the party were really sorry at the departure, and Aunt Lotty mourned over it as if it had been a near and dear relative. She was sure that Mr. Carmichael had quite enjoyed his visit, and that he was all the better for a little society.

"You know, dear," said she, with a half-sigh, "I am but a poor companion for a superior man like Mr. Carmichael, and I fear he sometimes finds it a little dull with me. You see what can be when he has his equals to deal with."

It was evident that Aunt Lotty, inspired by the halcyon days which had lately breathed around her, had invested in a new frame for Mr. Carmichael, and that he had stepped into it freshly varnished, or rather a coating of rust and dust that had been covering him for years had been wiped away during the last few days. Mr. Carmichael now appeared in the guise in which he had shone forth to her admiring gaze when she was Miss Charlotte Dormer, and her accepted lover.

Well, if these hallucinations are possible, let them be so. It is well in this world that a small touch of happiness can cast so bright a ray on a very wide space of dreariness and monotony; that one little spark of hope or joy shall kindle into such a flame that it will blaze like a beacon fire, and lure the traveler on past weary milestones. True, the watchfire may burn out, it has done its work; the traveler looks back over the wild weird waste, and knows that without that light he had never had strength to pass through the darksome region.

Aunt Lotty's touch of happiness had been like an enchanted lamp that bathed in golden glory everything that came beneath its rays. Aladdin's lamp was not to be compared with it. What were turbaned slaves and costly garments and jeweled salvers heaped with precious stones? Mere dazzling trifles, bewildering childish eyes and making childish hearts wish that the day-magic were not quite beyond the pale of possibility. But older eyes and older hearts are not so dazed with splendid gauds; they have outlived their youthful credulity in the glitter of the world's gold, and want something more satisfying. And lo! there still was to be found upon earth a wondrous lamp whose rays could penetrate to hidden regions and send dancing, life-giving beams into a quiet breast that had known nothing but darkness.

wonder Aunt Lotty set a high value on mp. It was worth more to her than all the ends in Sinbad's valley.

She treasured up her lamp and kept it bright, when she rubbed it brighter than usual, a gnomish genie appeared; and Aunt Lotty, full of admiration, and the apparition, must needs be a sharer in her admiration, and so it fell to her and Joyce had many a long chat over the departed guest.

And Joyce, like a silly fly, drew near to the lamp and whilst she admired burned her wings.

As would the conversation run:—

Mr. Chester is the pleasantest—that is to say, almost the pleasantest man I ever met with,”

Aunt Lotty; “he reminds me a little of Carmichael when first I met him—”

“Oh, dear!” mentally ejaculates Joyce, but answers no word, and Aunt Lotty pro-

ceeds in quite a different style, for Mr. Carmichael is dark, or perhaps I should say, not very dark, but dark and light, whilst Mr. Chester is decidedly fair, only he is so sun-

ny,” replies Joyce, meekly; and her inward sentiment runs, “A different style; I should think so. And then she becomes theoretic, and sees a great difference in the two men, is into heterodoxy, and doubts whether both by any possibility be descended from the same Adam, and whether there may not be some source from whence Mr. Carmichael has derived his origin. And she further indulges in speculation as to what type of strange monster would have been modified from, or rather in the sort of monster a chain of retrogressive Carmichaels, carried back to a much more remote period than any authentic pedigree dates would end.

Aunt Lotty does not pause in her eulogies, she perceives not that Joyce's thoughts are wandering. And then Joyce returns to consciousness with a great start, for Aunt Lotty's next remark recalls her to the realities of life.

“I suppose he will marry Doris. She can't think him.”

“Oh, yes,” answers Joyce; but she feels that her cheeks are scorched terribly. And thus the conversation ends. And by degrees Joyce comes to upon Doris's marriage as a settled thing, which perhaps may be as well, as it prevents thinking too much of Mr. Chester.” So she sizes up; but it is doubtful whether her moral has much efficacy in producing the intended effect.

Friday and Monday had been very happy days for parties, for Mr. Carmichael had relaxed his vigilance. Probably he had been relieved in covering how very little Mr. Chester knew of his sister's private affairs. But this ease of mind only made Joyce the more convinced that there was something that Mr. Carmichael wished to be concealed.

Nothing had been seen of the Gresford Lynns during Mr. Chester's visit. The events of the last fortnight had almost blotted out the pale suffering face from Joyce's memory.

Not so Doris. She had found means to inquire, and had heard that Mrs. Gresford Lynn was not likely ever to leave the house again.

“Mr. Lynn carries her up and down stairs, and never leaves her. He is devoted to her, Joyce. He looks almost as ill as she does. I think he must have had some great sorrow in his life. He seems often as if he were thinking not exactly of the present, but as if there were another trouble that in some way mixed itself up with this.”

“You seem to have studied Mr. Lynn attentively, Doris.”

“Yes,” said she. “I studied him artistically at first, for though I never intend to do much drawing, or sketching, or anything of that sort, I know that I have artistic perceptions, and I never saw a face I so much admired as Mr. Lynn's.”

“Do you think him handsomer than Mr. Chester?”

“Oh, I could not compare the two. Mr. Lynn is so calm, so majestic, so far off. I do not think I should care to talk much to him, for I have such a strange feeling of reverence for him. Now, dear old Gabriel is so sunny and full of life, and I know him so well, and am not the least afraid of talking nonsense before him. I love him as if he were my own brother.”

“And better,” thought Joyce, “as every one but yourself can see.”

“Those dear little boys!” continued Doris. “How grieved their mother must be to leave them!”

“And yet, perhaps, death takes away grief of that kind,” interposed Joyce.

“What do you mean?”

“Everything must seem so different when one is dying,” went on Joyce. “One then sees how unimportant everything is; how little it matters whom we leave, for they must soon come after us. There is no dreary feeling of losing, nothing made dark; but we go a little while before, to be ready to welcome those we love. I sometimes envy the dying.”

“But life is very beautiful,” pleaded Doris.

“To some.”

“But for the sake of others one might wish to live. Now Mrs. Lynn, for the sake of her husband and children—”

“Perhaps so.”

“Joyce, what is the matter with you to-day? You are not like yourself.”

“Nothing. I have been sitting too long over my work, and I want a good walk to freshen up my ideas. Will you go with me?”

“Yes. How I wish we could meet with Mrs. Gresford Lynn once more. But that is impossible.”

“Quite impossible. The days are growing colder and colder. There is no possibility of ever seeing her again.”

As if people knew anything about possibility or impossibility!

CHAPTER XI.

As if people knew anything of possibilities or impossibilities!

Joyce and Doris were sitting over the fire in the little porch-room, when there came a knock at the door. It was Sarah, the housemaid, and she brought a note for Doris. A note is a great event where there are, so to speak, no neighbors, and Doris received it in some surprise.

But her astonishment was greater when on opening it she found it to be from Mr. Gresford Lynn. Mrs. Gresford Lynn was much worse—almost dying, he feared. She had wished several times to see Doris, and now Mr. Lynn had, at her urgent request, written to ask if this wish could be gratified. Circumstances prevented his making the appeal to Mr. Carmichael. Would Miss Carmichael and Miss Dormer unite in bringing the matter about? He knew there would be obstacles, he almost feared insuperable ones; but he entreated that they would make every effort to gratify the earnest wish of his dying wife.

Joyce looked at Doris when the note was finished.

"What shall you do?"

"Go," returned Doris, quietly.

"Go," repeated Joyce; "and what will Mr. Carmichael say?"

"I do not care."

"But, Doris," began Joyce, putting her hand upon her arm, for she had sprung from her seat, and was going for her cloak.

"Don't stop me," said she, shaking off Joyce's hand impatiently; "the woman is dying, and if there were twenty Mr. Carmichael's they should not prevent my going."

"Are you going alone?"

At that moment another knock was heard; this time it was Aunt Lotty, as pale as a ghost; she could scarcely speak, her teeth chattered so.

"Girls," said she, speaking with great difficulty, "what is the matter? Your uncle says that one of you has had a note from Lynncourt, and he desires to know what it is about?"

"Mrs. Gresford Lynn is dying, Aunt Lotty, and she wishes to see me," answered Doris.

"How does she know you?" gasped Aunt Lotty, who was now absolutely shaking with fear. "I don't think I dare tell your uncle, girls; he will be so angry, and you don't know what it is to make him angry. Oh, how could you, after all that has been said? Joyce, should you mind just explaining a little to him? I'm so nervous, I should not know what to say."

"I'll go," said Doris, who was now arrayed in her hat and cloak; and springing past her aunt, she hurried down to the drawing-room.

Urged on by an irresistible impulse, Joyce darted after her, whilst Aunt Lotty slowly followed in the wake. But she came no further than the last step of the wide staircase, where she sat down, quivering and shaking, and supporting herself by the bannister.

Joyce was in the room almost as soon as Doris.

Doris was holding, out the note to Mr. Car-

michael. He took it, read it, and then, in a stern tone demanded,

"And how long have you known Mrs. Gresford Lynn?"

"We have only spoken to her three or four times," replied Doris; "her little boy fell into the water, and we helped him out."

"Very romantic," sneered Mr. Carmichael; "and so you won the everlasting gratitude of a mother? Really, if you had acquainted me with the facts, I would have applied to the Humane Society for a medal for you. I was quite aware that I had a couple of such very kind young ladies beneath my roof."

"That is nothing to the purpose now," returned Doris, unflinchingly; "Mrs. Gresford Lynn is dying."

Joyce was surprised at Doris's boldness, though she knew that she had plenty of spirit to choose to exert it.

"Dying, is she? Dying to-night! Ha, ha, sorry to hear that. I hoped she would have lasted a little longer."

Why should Mr. Carmichael wish so? He looked at him in wonder, and Doris repeated, "Mrs. Lynn is dying."

"Well, so you said before."

"And I am going to see her."

"Hum!" said Mr. Carmichael. "Not without my permission, I suppose?"

"With or without," returned Doris, defiantly as she stood before him.

"You have decided that I shall not give my permission?"

"I have."

"Upon what grounds?"

"I supposed you would not."

"Very womanlike—coming to a conclusion without a reason."

"I knew you disliked Mr. Gresford Lynn."

"Is Mr. Lynn Mrs. Lynn?"

"No."

"Your reasoning, then, was unreasonable. In any rate, you might have given me the chance of refusing to let you go, since it appeared that you would have made no difference one way or the other."

"I forgot," returned Doris; "I might have asked, but I was so afraid of your refusing to let me go, I was slipping away, lest—lest——"

"You were cowardly, then."

"I am no coward, Uncle Carmichael," returned Doris, proudly, "and I am going to see Mrs. Gresford Lynn."

Mr. Carmichael stepped nearer to her, and with both hands in one of his, and with the other pushed back her hat, that he might look more keenly into her eyes.

"You have taken a strange fancy to go and see Mrs. Gresford Lynns, Doris."

Was he not going to be angry, after all that he had said? "Which child," he continued, "was it that saved?"

"The elder."

"The elder one—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Carmichael, and his laughter fell discordantly on the listeners' ears. Joyce half shuddered, it sounded so unnatural, so out of place.

ould do a great deal for those Gresford Lynns, seems, since you would brave my displeasure their behalf. Supposing——" But here Mr. Carmichael broke off, as though he were going so far in what he was about to say.

Joyce stood wondering how all this was going on, end, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Carmichael, to see if by any change of countenance she might be able to obtain a clue to what was passing in his mind. But she was baffled. She could not discover the under-current that was turning the wheel in the Gresford Lynns favor, for it was plain to see that he intended to let Doris go.

There was a certain power in the man that interested her, despite her disbelief in his truth and honesty. That he had some scheme in hand was certain. That there had been some anxiety in his mind connected with Mr. Chester which had been relieved was also evident. But further Joyce was unable to penetrate.

By this time Aunt Lotty had crept nearer the door, which was partly ajar. She peeped cautiously through the chink, and, somewhat reassured by the aspect of affairs, she entered.

Mr. Carmichael took no notice of her, but turning to Joyce, he said, "Put on your cloak. Wish you to go with Doris."

Wonder upon wonders! But she obeyed, and in less than two minutes they were on their way through the garden.

It was a moonlight night, and Doris proposed strolling down the river.

But Mr. Carmichael stopped them.

"Such a thing was not to be thought of."

Then how were they to go?

Sarah came running after them.

"Mr. Gresford Lynn had sent his carriage. It is waiting at the turn of the lane."

So Joyce and Doris retraced their steps, and Mr. Carmichael accompanied them to the gate, where he watched until they had reached Mr. Lynn's carriage.

They sprang in, the door was shut, and they were driving in the moonlight to Lynncourt. Not a word was spoken.

They were going to see Mrs. Gresford Lynn once more. And she was dying.

CHAPTER XII.

THE moon was shining clear, the stars looked down with gleaming, joy-bright eyes upon the earth. The frosty air had no chill feeling about it, but an invigorating crispness. It was a splendid night. Nature was in one of her best moods, and seemed to be making the dying days of autumn forestall the glories of the winter-king. There was no sorrow typified in the outer world, no gloom, no weeping clouds, no sighing, moaning wind, but all was calm, and bright, and beautiful.

The fires were blazing brightly at Lynncourt, the lights were burning, the well-appointed servants moved quietly about the house, the two boys, rosy and happy, were sleeping in their little beds; there was no shade of sorrow on their

flushed faces, for how did they know what the morrow should bring forth?

Yet to one being in that house, the splendor of the night without, the light and comfort of the house within, only made darker and more desolate the hours that were closing in around him.

A sleeper, white and almost motionless as marble, slept calmly, peacefully; so peacefully that, at times, her husband bent down to hear if she still breathed.

A sound of carriage-wheels drew near, and at the sound the sleeper's eyes unclosed, and she looked up into the face that was watching her, and her lips moved.

Mr. Lynn stooped down to hear the words, "Has she come?"

He left the room to see what success his note might have had. And he met Joyce and Doris in the hall.

Doris was a little in advance, and he thanked her warmly for coming.

Then his eye fell upon Joyce, who was a few steps behind. He started visibly, and looked as if he scarcely knew her; and for the first time it occurred to her that she was an intruder, and had not been included in the invitation.

"Pardon me, Miss Dormer, but my wife's room is darkened, and my eyes were dazzled by the light, so that I did not see you at first."

And he shook her cordially by the hand, still curiously scanning her.

She had taken off her hat in the carriage, and her hair, which had been hastily twisted up, had fallen down and now hung over one shoulder. Excitement had taken away all color from her cheek, but had given additional lustre to her eyes.

"My wife has been asking for you," said Mr. Lynn to Doris.

But Doris could not answer.

"She suffers no pain, for which I am very thankful," continued Mr. Lynn, in a subdued voice; "but there is no hope. She has no friends here, no relative to tend her, with womanly care. Will you stay with her, till—till—" he could proceed no further.

But Doris understood, although she could not trust herself to speak, and nervously grasped his hand.

He led the way upstairs and Doris followed, but Joyce drew back; she felt that she was not wanted; and, seeing an open door that led into the dining-room, she entered and seated herself by the fire.

She half reproached herself for having come, and yet what else could she have done? It was plain that Mr. Carmichael would not allow Doris to leave the house without her.

The time wore on, and still she sat by the fire. A servant came in to replenish it, and then she was left alone again, and not a soul came near her.

Eleven! Twelve! One!

She had been sitting there more than three hours. All was still. Not a sound was heard throughout the house. The silence became oppressive. She seemed so far away and so for-

gotten. No one cared for her as they did for Doris. It was terribly lonely; the servants had evidently gone to bed, and there was no one downstairs but herself.

Again she listened; she could hear the quick throb of her heart, but nothing else. Beat, beat, as if it would wear itself out. It was too monotonous; she must hear some other sound.

She rose, opened the door, and listened. There was a timepiece ticking on a side-table, telling the moments, meting out the seconds that the dying woman had to live. When would the night be over!

Besides the clicking of the clock, all was still, and the great hall lamp burned brightly in the silence like a glaring sun shining upon a dead world.

She closed the door again, made up the fire, and drew her chair nearer to it, for the night was growing cold.

Two! Three!

She started up. Had she been asleep? She was conscious of some one being in the room now, and opening her eyes, she saw Mr. Lynn standing by the mantelpiece, contemplating her curiously, as though his thoughts were wandering far away from the present.

"I have awaked you by coming into the room," said he.

"I hope——" began Joyce, and then she paused, not knowing how to inquire after the dying wife.

"My poor wife is sleeping. It was a comfort to her to see your cousin."

"She seemed to take a fancy to Doris the first time she saw her," said Joyce.

"Yes," returned Mr. Lynn, dreamily gazing at Joyce; "everybody must."

"Can I do anything?"

"No, Miss Dormer. Yes," he added, as if a sudden idea had struck him. "I should like you to take your cousin's place if only for awhile."

"Doris is not my cousin."

"But her name is Carmichael."

"Yes, but I am Mrs. Carmichael's niece. I am not related to Mr. Carmichael."

"Strange," he muttered, "strange."

Joyce looked at him in surprise.

"I beg your pardon; I was dreaming," said he.

Mrs. Lynn's bedroom was but dimly lighted, and Joyce could scarcely for a few moments see anything distinctly.

Then a cloud seemed to roll away, and she distinguished Mrs. Lynn's colorless face on the pillow, one wasted hand was lying listlessly on the coverlid, and the other was clasped in Doris's, who was half lying in an enormous chair at the side of the bed.

Mrs. Lynn was evidently sleeping, and Doris had her eyes half-closed.

Joyce moved softly to her side.

"Let me take your place for a short time, Doris, and go and take a little rest."

"I am not tired," answered Doris.

"You must be," said Mr. Lynn; "Miss Dormer will watch, and when Mrs. Lynn awakes, you shall be sent for."

But Mrs. Lynn's fingers clung so tightly to Doris's that they feared to awake her by unclinging them, and Doris nestled down again into the corner of her chair.

"Sleep there, then," said Mr. Lynn, "Miss Dormer and I will watch."

And Doris closed her eyes, and, tired with long night watch, was soon at rest.

Mr. Lynn paced the room softly; he was much agitated to remain perfectly quiet, though he kept his emotion under tolerable control. Sometimes he paused and gazed from his window at the sun rose, and then back again, as though some connection between them in his mind—and yet the two were quite unlike.

The night wore on, and morning drew near, yet was there no perceptible difference in the light; it was six o'clock, but there was still that thick grey veil over the face of the earth. Yet the sun rose he would have to struggle through a dense mass of clouds. But at length a streak of sunlight stole through a crevice in the window.

Morning had come!

And Mr. Lynn and Joyce still watched, fearing to stir lest they should wake the sleepers.

Joyce sat facing Doris, whilst Mr. Lynn sat at last thrown himself upon a couch on the opposite side of the room.

Morning had come!

But not to both the sleepers. For one there should never rise again, there would be no more dawn and no more night. She had slept her last sleep from which there is no awaking upon earth.

Joyce could see more plainly now, for the sun's rays were beginning to exercise an influence even through the closed blinds; a stream of light would pierce here and there, and fell upon Mrs. Lynn's face.

Why did Joyce start so?

The face was scarce whiter than it always

But there was a look upon it that Joyce had never seen before.

She softly stepped to Doris.

"Doris, wake up!"

"Hush!" she whispered, as Doris was about to give a cry, "hush!"

Gently she unclasped the cold dead fingers from the warm living ones, and tenderly laid the poor dead hand upon the bed.

Gently she placed her hand upon the husband's shoulder as she whispered,—

"She has slept her last sleep."

And he, roused from his fitful slumber, woke and gazed at her.

"Oh God! both dead!"

Then she drew the weeping Doris from the room, and left the husband alone with his wife.

So the night was over, and morning had come.

CHAPTER XIII. FROM JOYCE'S DIARY.

November 27th.—A week since Mrs. Grey's funeral. We have seen nothing of Mr. Lynn since.

Aunt Lotty has been weeping surreptitiously.

week, when Mr. Carmichael's eye was not on her. She has made me tell over and over all that occurred at Lynncourt. I have ribbed the dining-room until she knows it as well as I do. She avoids saying much before me, for the poor child is overwhelmed with grief, and cannot get over the sad event.

"Why do I call it sad? Would I not like to be going as quietly now as Mrs. Lynn is sleeping? I think I would give a great deal to change places with her, and yet perhaps this is wrong. I am not our lots appointed in life; and is it not as to endure? After all, may there not be a faith in endurance, than in the most zealous labors? May not the brightest crown be won, not to the energetic laborers, who have labored boldly and labored well, but to those poor souls who have meekly suffered, and yet have patiently and faithfully endured to the very end?"

Mr. Carmichael, strange to say, is also interdicted in Mrs. Lynn's death, and seems to regret it through what combination of ideas I cannot understand, since he is more openly bitter against Mr. Lynn than he has ever been before; yet I heard him mutter one day:

"I wish she had not died."

And yet Mr. Carmichael is incomprehensible, I cannot yet fathom what was his object in wishing Doris to attend the death-bed of Mrs. Lynn.

"The poor little children!" said Aunt Lotty, and Doris burst out crying.

"What ails the girl?" asks Mr. Carmichael; "it 'coming events,' Doris? Troubles never come singly, eh? There may be more yet in store for Lynncourt."

"Oh, uncle, what makes you hate them so?" Doris's head goes down again.

"You would go to Lynncourt. Nothing would have stopped you," pursued Mr. Carmichael; "and you see the end of it. You won't get over for three months or more."

"I'm glad I went."

"Then what are you mourning over? You know what you were going to see; and if you are glad that you went, you ought to be satisfied."

"That is not what Doris means," I begin. But Mr. Carmichael stops me.

"I have nothing to do with what Doris means, only with what Doris says; I can't help it, she does not express herself properly."

"Now can Mr. Carmichael quibble over such a painful subject? But he seems possessed by the malicious demon at the present time. I never saw any one behave in such an extraordinary manner. He seems as if he could not let a matter drop."

Again he begins:

"Mr. Lynn is much cut up, you say?" he is turning to Aunt Lotty.

"Yes, I heard so," replies Aunt Lotty, timidly.

"Who told you?" demands Mr. Carmichael, only, whereat Aunt Lotty becomes nervous, incoherently mutters something about a man who sews sometimes for the Lynns.

"Does she do sewing for you?" "Yes."

"Let her never do any for the future—I'll not go halves with Lynncourt for anything."

Aunt Lotty twitched her knitting-pins, and I could see her hands shaking; but the woman in question, depending chiefly on the sewing of Green Oake for a living, Aunt Lotty is emboldened to beg for her.

"It is Letty Jones," she urges.

"Letty Jones must find another employer then," answers Mr. Carmichael, as he walks away.

Then poor Aunt Lotty reproaches herself for having mentioned Letty Jones's name.

"But I am always sure to do wrong—no wonder Mr. Carmichael gets angry," she says. "You see, dearest, I am so inferior to him, I never know just the right thing to do or say."

Just then Doris roused herself up.

"Inferior, Aunt Lotty! You are as superior to Uncle Carmichael as light to darkness. I love you, and I hate Uncle Carmichael. There, I have said it at last—I knew I should some time."

"Oh, Doris! Doris!"

"I don't care," returned Doris, impetuously.

"Why does he come in that calm cool way of his, saying all kinds of cruel disagreeable things that one has to listen to? It would rouse the spirit of a lamb, and I'm not a lamb, and I don't want to be one. And what is he always hinting at? as if I should wish harm to happen to the Gresford Lynns, if I have the misfortune to bear the name of Carmichael. I would sooner lie down and die this minute, than that any trouble should come to those children."

And then another marvel happened. Mr. Carmichael put his head into the room again; and now the shadow of anger had passed away, and a sort of smile was on his lips.

"You can have Letty Jones again, if you please. It is perhaps as well to get accustomed to communication with Lynncourt."

And then his head disappeared, and Aunt Lotty's spirits revived, and she made some speech about Mr. Carmichael's Christian and forgiving spirit. But as I saw nothing for him to forgive, I could not respond to it. And as it was somewhat long and decidedly prosy, I found myself looking out of the window, and falling into quite a different train of thought, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a stranger approaching the house.

"Who can it be?" said I, overpowering a sentence of Aunt Lotty's that ended with "meekness," or "loving kindness," I forget which.

"Who—what?" asked Aunt Lotty, scattering her little eulogy to the winds.

"A gentleman," said I.

"Perhaps Gabriel," said Doris, starting up and coming nearer the window. "No," she added, in a disappointed tone, "it is only a sort of gentleman."

When the stranger was ushered in he certainly answered to Doris's description. He was half gentlemanly in his dress, and half like a groom. It would have been difficult to define where the gentleman ended and the groom began, or *vice versa*. He spoke with a free-and-easy swagger,

which might either be affected, or the result of natural vulgarity.

This personage announced himself as Mr. James Withers, an old friend of Mr. Carmichael's.

"Is Hugh at home?" he asked of Aunt Lotty, who sat aghast at the presumption of the man before her, for I question whether she had ever heard Mr. Carmichael spoken of by his Christian name before. Indeed, I doubt if she had ever used it herself, excepting on the occasion of her marriage.

"I think Mr. Carmichael is at home," she replied.

"Ah! The servant wasn't sure; so I said I would come in and wait, for Hugh would be very sorry not to see me. Dare say you have often heard him speak of James Withers."

But Aunt Lotty was unable to reply in the affirmative.

"Ah! indeed!" continued Mr. Withers. "I'm surprised at that. But Hugh was always a close fellow, and never let out more than he had any occasion to. Not that, sometimes. Ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. Withers laughed.

Aunt Lotty looked uncomfortable. Just then Mr. Carmichael's step sounded along the passage.

"He always wore creaking boots," remarked Mr. Withers. But as he looked at no one especially, no one felt called upon to reply.

Indeed, we were all in a manner petrified, and were looking at the door, for there was a feeling in all our minds that somehow or other Mr. Carmichael would not be pleased to find Mr. Withers established in the drawing-room.

The door opened; and Mr. Carmichael entered. Mr. Withers jumped up.

"How do you do, old fellow? How are you after all the years since I last saw you? Didn't expect to find you in these parts. All the greater treat, since it wasn't looked for."

"Glad to see you, Withers," returned Mr. Carmichael, and he extended his mouth, in imitation of a smile of greeting. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Buried up in the north," replied Mr. Withers. "But I've been taking a run south, and have been in Devonshire the last six months. I'm on my way home now."

Mr. Carmichael half suppressed an exclamation.

"The last time we parted was in a land far enough away," said Mr. Withers. "Do you hear much news from Australia now? Is Bargrave still alive? I suppose not."

"I don't know," returned Mr. Carmichael. "I'm trying to find out."

"Ha!" said Mr. Withers. "He'd be an old man now. Let me see; fifty, thirty—eighty-four at the very least, and he was not a strong man."

"No," replied Mr. Carmichael in a musing tone. "And you think he must be dead?"

"I should say so."

"I think so myself, but I want to be sure. I wrote some weeks ago to see if anybody could find out anything about him."

"Have you any particular reason for wanting to know?"

It was a simple question enough, and yet Carmichael seemed annoyed by it, for he took the subject.

"Where are you going from here," he said. "I'm going to stay here a day or two. I put up at the Lynn Arms. By-the-by, I met children on my way here, and one of them minded me so of Jack Gresford, as I remember him before—"

I was all attention now. Surely the bitterness was going to be revealed. Perhaps Mr. Carmichael had the same idea, for he hastened.

"Send some luncheon into my study," said he to Aunt Lotty. "You will take a glass of wine," he continued, turning to Mr. Withers, who rose, and they left the room together.

* * * * *
Surely we shall learn something. Mr. Carmichael has insisted upon Mr. Withers staying at Green Oake for the day or two that he is in the neighborhood. And he pays as much attention to him as he did to Mr. Chester, Aunt Lotty wonders at.

"I'm sure he is not half so nice a man as I," says. "I can't see why Mr. Carmichael should be so nice to him. But it's another evidence of his goodness. He is no respecter of persons."

Poor Aunt Lotty! Will she ever remember Carmichael aright?

Better that she should not, or a sun will fall out of her firmament. And then it will be quite night to her, and it's twilight more than half the time now.

We are not favored with much of Mr. Withers' company, and with none of his direct contribution, for Mr. Carmichael engrosses his guest entirely, and keeps up a monotonous flow upon most wearisome topics. I am sure Mr. Withers is bored, though he jokes Mr. Carmichael on his acquisition of loquacity.

"You used to be such a silent fellow, and never had more words than enough, and now you take such a short measure for any one. It must be owing to you, ma'am," said Mr. Withers, suddenly turning to Aunt Lotty, who was almost deprived of speech by the unexpected address.

However she contrived to stammer: "Oh, no; I do not talk much."

Whereat Mr. Withers laughed louder, and remarked, "Then he's been obliged to do so, and it's necessity that is the mother of invention."

Which speech he seemed to think very good, and I was amazed that so punctilious a man as Mr. Carmichael could tolerate such an address.

But Mr. Carmichael scrupulously avoids being annoyed. But there has been no mention of Jack Gresford since, though Doris and I have been looking-out constantly.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. CARMICHAEL'S study was a small room on the side of the house, looking into the garden. The walls, as a matter of course, were lined with books, but the books were seldom moved from their shelves excepting by Joy.

is, for Mr. Carmichael was no reader. Heavy curtains shaded the window; the furniture was handsome, and there was a luxuriously padded easy-chair on either side of the fireplace. In this room Mr. Carmichael transacted his business, here he read his newspapers, and here he spent most of his time. And here the men stood by the fireplace now, the one the model of a neat and well-dressed gentleman, the other a man of nondescript type. The one a quite respectable-looking person; the other, unattractive and disreputable in his appearance. And there was an expression decidedly similar on the face of each, as they stood gazing rapidly at one another. Thus they stood for several seconds, and then Mr. Withers, throwing himself into one of the luxuriously stuffed chairs, said,

"Times are changed since we last met, Hugh." He gazed round the comfortable apartment. Mr. Carmichael, who had seated himself in the opposite chair, nodded.

"You made money after *that*," said Mr. Withers with emphasis.

Mr. Carmichael winced.

"What's the use of referring to an unpleasant subject, Withers?"

"None at all, except by way of contrast," retorted Mr. Withers; "and between old friends is safe enough; there's no one knows anything about it but me and Jack Gresford, if he's still alive."

Mr. Carmichael fidgeted, rose, poked the fire, and then sat down again, and finally, in a constrained voice, said,

"John Gresford is still alive, and living in this place. Those were his boys you met to-day."

Mr. Withers started to his feet.

"Good heavens! Then what has induced you to pitch your tent in these parts?"

"I had been settled here ten years or more when he came, and I couldn't well leave."

"Hum! Well, you're safe as far as he's concerned."

"Yes, I'm not afraid of that; but it's not reasonable to meet with a living witness of what I would rather forget," said Mr. Carmichael, earnestly.

"Pooh! As long as no one knows, what does it matter? He'll never peach, now. He didn't dare, for poor Nelly's sake, and he wouldn't, because he in a manner compounded a felony; besides, there's no legal evidence. Tut, tut, you've no need to mind; lift up your head and growl back at him if he gives himself any chance."

To do Mr. Carmichael justice, he growled a deal more than his neighbor, as people who are under deep obligations that they cannot throw off are apt to do. The benefited person never feels as though his benefactor had injured him. And so it was with Mr. Carmichael: he hated John Gresford all his life; he had been doing him injury, which John Gresford looked over; he had continued to persecute him, and John Gresford had helped him out of a difficulty, — nay, more than a difficulty, a penal sentence, that would have ruined him for life.

Certainly he assisted him for the sake of another; but that, under the circumstances, rendered it none the less galling. He was, and would be, John Gresford's debtor to the end of his life, in a matter in which he never could be quits with him.

"And where does Jack Gresford take up his quarters?" asked Mr. Withers.

"At a place close by, left to him by an uncle whose name he has taken. He's John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt, now."

"And the 'Lynn Arms' belongs to him, I suppose?"

"Yes, part of the property."

"He's well off too, then," mused Mr. Withers; "something of a great man in these parts; would scarcely care to see a friend of early days. Why, I remember him a lad, with hardly a penny wherewith to bless himself, and yet he managed to scrape enough together to get you out of that mess, Hugh."

"I wish you'd talk about something else," interrupted Mr. Carmichael, sharply.

"Well, now, I don't see why one shouldn't go back to early days. If one's early faults are repented of, and have been lessons through life, one ought to be obliged to them. You didn't carry on business over and above scrupulously in those times, but you've had to be more particular since, so the warning was beneficial. If I were you, I should make quite a moral sentiment out of it, something quite edifying. You were always something of a sticker-up for morals and piety even in your worst days, and now you're surrounded with so many blessings," continued Mr. Withers, assuming a sanctimonious expression, that oddly contrasted with a twinkle in his eye, "I should think you might practice piety with all the pomp and vanity that this wicked world dresses it up in."

"What are you driving at, Withers?"

"At a stone wall, it seems, since you can't understand. I was never much of a church or chapel-going fellow myself, and didn't pretend to be, and I'm not more so now; but I'd lay an even bet that your piety and mine wouldn't make a bad couple in a race. I think they'd come in pretty equal in the long run."

Mr. Carmichael did not answer. Mr. Withers' lucubrations decidedly fretted him, but he had his own reasons for wishing to keep on friendly terms with him. Had it suited him at that especial moment to quarrel, he would most assuredly have lost no time in turning him out of the house. But it did not suit him, so he remained silent, and awaited Mr. Withers' next speech.

"Jack Gresford was a good-looking fellow, and a sensible one, too. Though he was years younger than we were, Hugh, I don't know anyone whose opinion I'd sooner have taken in any matter of business."

"No."

"How cleverly he managed that business for you! How he got the note into his own hands, and paid the money down for it, and then destroyed it before our eyes. You'd have been a ruined man if it hadn't been for that. You'd

never have been settled down here. Why, you ought to——"

"Be quiet, Withers," said Mr. Carmichael, in a voice of suppressed rage; "you're enough to drive one mad. Why do you come down to a man's house and bring up old scores in that way?"

"One can't help moralizing when one looks back and sees how different things might have been. Here are you, surrounded by every comfort and with lots of money and with lots of credit; and here am I, a poor fellow who never made a slip of your sort, as poor as a church mouse."

Mr. Carmichael sprang up.

"Withers," said he, "I'll have no more of this."

"I don't mean any offence, Hugh; but when I see you up so high and I'm down so low in the world, I can't help having a fling at Fortune and her tricks."

"I saved and you spent," suggested Mr. Carmichael.

"Not exactly, I hadn't it to save as you had. Yours came in the lump, mine in waifs and strays."

"Are you married, Withers?"

"My wife is dead."

"Have you any children?"

"None."

"Would fifty pounds be of any use to you?"

"It would."

"Well, I'm willing to give that to an old friend if he's willing to remain one."

"All right."

"Then you'll stay at Green Oake whilst you're in this neighborhood."

"Thank you, Hugh; my purse isn't so heavy, but that I shall be glad to save it. I'll come, and you may depend upon me. And how about Jack Gresford; am I to see him or not? Won't it be awkward?"

"You're not likely to see him unless you go to church, which, judging from bygones, you're not likely to do."

Mr. Withers laughed.

"Besides," continued Mr. Carmichael, "he's going up to London to-morrow or the next day. His wife died about a fortnight since, and——"

"Then he did marry?" interrupted Withers.

"Yes. He went to the Brazils after he turned up in that wonderful manner, when every one thought that he had been dead for more than a year; there he married a Spanish lady, a poor delicate creature, and they came over to England about eight years ago, when old Mr. Lynn died and left John Gresford the property."

"I never heard that he did turn up; I thought he was in his grave long ago. It's years since I left the colonies, and I never hear anything about the folks there now. If Nelly had lived he'd have married her, I suppose," said Mr. Withers.

"Very likely," returned Mr. Carmichael.

And a softer gleam passed over his countenance, the first that had lighted it up since the arrival of Mr. Withers. Had he then any lingering spark of feeling? Could the memory of a dead one have an influence on his cold nature? Perhaps it might, perhaps he felt some degree of

gratitude to her for whose sake his guilty business transaction had been covered.

CHAPTER XV.

MISFORTUNES never come singly—so thought Mr. Carmichael.

Mr. Chester had not started so early for the Continent as he had intended, and having a day to spare, had turned his steps towards Green Oake.

Mr. Carmichael devoutly wished he had taken them any where else, but he did not say so. To the contrary, he invited Mr. Chester to stay at Green Oake, and Mr. Chester accepted the invitation.

"What will he think of Mr. Withers, I wonder?" was Aunt Lotty's inward meditation.

Perhaps Mr. Carmichael's meditations coincided with those of his wife. If so, they shared themselves from thought into action, for Mr. Carmichael suddenly announced that he was coming over to Winstowe, and wished to take Withers with him.

Mr. Withers, not caring for ladies' society, having likewise had his meditations, and having arrived at the conclusion that the new-comer was by no means "a man of his sort," was unwilling to accept the impromptu offer. And the two departed.

Doris gave a sigh of relief. "How delightful (Aunt Lotty of course not being in the room)!"

Mr. Chester turned to Joyce.

"Have you been dreaming much lately, Dormer?"

Joyce looked up in wonder. Doris laughed.

"That is just like Gabriel."

"What do you mean, Doris?"

"Why, your thoughts have gone wandering; they often do, and Gabriel has found it out."

I wish you'd find out more, Gabriel, for Joyce is dreaming a story, and I can't make out what it is about. I believe it's all in her diary, but I don't read that till I'm quite an old woman, that's a long time to wait. Can't you find the plot for me?"

"Perhaps I might if I were Odin, and had a couple of wonderful ravens to collect information."

"Who were the ravens?"

"Hugo and Mumin, Thought and Memory. Hugo would perch on Miss Dormer's shoulder and penetrate the secrets of her brain, while Mumin would remember everything that Hugo revealed, and bring it home to me at night. I could tell you in the morning. But you see, unassisted powers wouldn't enable me to do that, and these wonderful birds died out with Odin."

"What strange fancies these old-world people had: and yet the birds have a curious power meaning about them," said Doris.

"Yes, it was the way with the old-world people to materialize attributes, and some of their conceits are very beautiful. But what has all this to do with the point we started from—Miss Dormer's day-dream, or story that she is dreaming?"

Joyce looked deprecatingly at Doris, but Doris took no heed of her.

As far as I can make out, it is this:—Once at a time two princesses came to an enchanted castle: a giant was the owner of it, but I can't tell you his name. He was an exceedingly dreadful giant, and if it had not been for his wife, would have been unbearable. He did not drink barrels of mead and eat whole oxen, but made every one around afraid of him. I'm not of the story so far, but the part I can't make is what is going to happen to the two princesses, for Joyce won't let out the plot."

"And I'm not to be the hero?"

"No, she does not appreciate you sufficiently, Ariel."

Mr. Chester looked at Joyce, but he could not see her face, for it was half-turned away; she felt much vexed with Doris.

"May I ask wherein I have offended?" asked Mr. Chester.

Joyce turned round.

"You must not believe what Doris says. I don't do every one justice."

"There," said Doris, "that's just what I object to. People are forever talking of justice, and there is such a poor beggarly element in this old man's creed. It means allowing just as much to the wicked as to the good, and not an atom over. I hope no one will do me justice; I'd much rather they wouldn't."

"What would you have more than justice, Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I'm not talking about justice as it ought to be, perhaps; but justice as it is. In fact, I don't believe there is any at all, and I quite believe in the old story, that Justice left the earth in the golden ages, and that now she only looks upon the world from afar, or pays it a hasty visit now and then. She never stays very long, not feeling at home."

"Then you would appeal to Miss Dormer's aid in my behalf, and pray her to make me a hero in the story?"

"I believe," said Doris, suddenly, "that Mr. Dormer is part of the story: he is an ogre who would tell about the giant something that he does not want known." Joyce started.

"And here to her relief Aunt Lotty came into the room, and so the conversation turned upon other subjects."

"And at night Joyce took out her diary and wrote a long entry."

"I can't help thinking that there is something in what Doris says, else why should Mr. Carmichael be so attentive to such a man? Besides, he is so anxious to prevent his conversing with one. There is another thing I can't make out—he does not seem to mind Mr. Chester being with Doris now. It can't be—no—Mr. Carmichael cares as much for Doris as ever, and Doris is even fonder of him. I can't make it out. I'm sure I heard Mr. Carmichael tell Mr. Dormer that Doris was his brother's daughter. I might have been a slip for sister, but I think for I looked at him at the moment, and I'm sure he went just the least bit in the world red; that's a very unusual thing for Mr. Carmichael."

Perhaps, after all, he may have a little conscience. But certainly his statements do not agree with one another.

I have been lecturing Doris for all that she said this afternoon to Mr. Chester; but I make no impression upon her. She says she shall not rest until I thoroughly appreciate him. I'm sure I do now; more's the pity, for the next thing will be his coming as a shadow between us.

Oh, Doris, Doris! if you could only see what you are doing, you would be sorry for your work. It's easier to do than to undo; and I don't want to get envious and jealous. Oh, whatever happens, I trust that no jealousy will enter my heart. It's the one thing above all others I scorn. I can suffer anything; but let me keep myself from this meanness of soul.

Ah! how foolish I am. There is Doris looking more lovely than ever; like a fragile spirit moving about. What a loving creature she is—so impulsive, so thoughtless! I could see Mr. Chester watching her all the time. He spoke to me about the packet again, and made me promise to write, if any need should arise.

"I can't understand about this fortune that is to come to Doris," said he. "Mr. Carmichael tells me he must get some information from Australia before he can proceed further in the matter. He says he has all his evidence ready, and that it is clear and decisive; that he thinks there will be no difficulty."

"I don't understand him," I said.

"Neither do I," returned Mr. Chester. "He's some interest himself in the matter; for though he would naturally be anxious to secure a fortune for his niece, yet there's an eagerness and an air of triumph about him that I cannot comprehend."

"He cannot want the money for himself," I answered: "he seems to have no lack, and there is only my aunt and himself."

"No, I don't think it is money," replied Mr. Chester, thoughtfully.

"Have you any idea from whom this money is to come?"

"No, I never heard Mrs. Carmichael speak of her husband. I believe my mother knew the whole story, but she never said anything about it. All I know is, that she was in Australia at the time of her husband's death; he died or was killed in an expedition up the country. Mrs. Carmichael remained there three months afterwards, and then set sail for England; but the vessel met with a storm two or three days out and went down. Only a few managed to get into the boats, and of those in the boat with Mrs. Carmichael only Doris and herself were saved. They were picked up by a Spanish vessel and taken to Lisbon, whence after great hardships she succeeded in making her way to England with her daughter. She seemed to have no relatives but this one brother; therefore I cannot imagine where this property is to come from."

Perhaps, I thought, Mr. Withers may know something about it, and that is why Mr. Carmichael and he have been over to Winstowe; but I did not mention it to Mr. Chester. I don't know why, but I had a dislike to his thinking

that Mr. Withers could in any way be mixed up in our family affairs.

I know Mr. Chester must think him a very odd person. Aunt Lotty thinks so too.

"My dear," she said to me, "I wish some one could tell Mr. Chester that Mr. Withers has never been at Green Oake before, and that I had never heard of him until the other day. I would do it myself, but I know I should make some blunder over it."

So I was glad to see that Aunt Lotty had my views; for if one doubts one's own wisdom, it is a comfort to think that others can be equally foolish.

(To be continued)

REASON IN ANIMALS.

Who has not admired the wonderful precocity of chickens and partridges, and other little creatures whose wisdom on the very first day of existence appears equal, if it does not surpass, many of the finest efforts of elaborate reason? The knowledge which they seem to possess of the world into which they have just been introduced, of the food which is agreeable to their palates, and suitable for their digestive organs, their fear of danger, and their confidence of security in circumstances of which they can have no experience, the facility with which they use their legs and their beaks, walk and run, eat and drink—a facility which reason itself could not equal—are quite unintelligible to man, who gains all his knowledge by labor and experience, and is but little indebted to instinct for anything. Indeed, the difficulty which reason experiences in understanding the movement of instinct, would be quite sufficient for sceptical philosophers to deny its existence, were the evidences not as palpable and undeniable as the thing itself is incomprehensible. There is a little spider called the water-spider, which actually constructs a diving-bell, not only upon the most scientific principles, but in so mysterious and recondite a manner, that natural philosophers have not even yet discovered the secret of its patent. This diving-bell is a little cylinder lined with silk, and fastened with threads on every side to the water-plants. It is open only below, so that the spider has to dive under the water before it can get into it. But when it is in, how can it live unless there be air? It solves this difficulty in a manner that puzzles the philosophers. It carries down, round its body, a bubble of air, and lets it escape at the mouth of the bell; the air ascends to the top of the bell, and displaces a quantity of water equal to its own bulk. The spider goes on diving with these air bubbles, until it has filled the diving-bell with air; and, being now furnished with an atmosphere, and secure from all molestation from without, it rejoices in the seclusion of its own domestic retirement. But the question is, how does the little animal discover this ingenious and intricate process of house-building, so far beyond the inventive powers of man himself? No doubt it is furnished with an apparatus for carrying the air-bubble, and power to force itself under the water with air-bladders around it.

But how it comprehends the manner of using apparatus, shaping the bell, fastening it, making its opening in the water, instead of in the air, and then filling it with an invisible gas, is a problem difficult of solution.

The industry and ingenuity of mason-mining-bees, carpenter-bees, and wasp-holsterer, carder, lapidary, and humble-bee—social wasps—the carpentry of treehoppers—saw-flies—the ingenuity of leaf-rolling, nest-building, carpenter and tent-making, and stone-m caterpillars—the extraordinary architectural ants of every description, the galleries which they excavate in trees, the towers which they build, the government which they organise, military establishments, their nurseries, and "maiden ants," or females exclusively set apart like the nuns of the Roman Catholic Church, superintending the nurture and admonition of the young—the almost infinite variety of means of industry exhibited by worms, moths, and spiders, and many other classes of articulate animals, are all so many illustrations of the wonders of instinct in contradistinction to reason or intelligence derived from experience.

Instances, however, might be brought forward which inevitably imply that animals possess reasoning faculties precisely of the same kind as those of man, differing from him in degree only. From the simple fact that a dog will recognise his master, we may argue that the dog possesses the power of recognition, which to a certain extent involves memory also. The dog can recollect, too, any person who has inflicted upon him an injury, and this implies not only recognition, but the association with the person of the ill-treatment suffered at his hand. The following instance of an elephant is to the point:—An officer in the Indian army, who was quartermaster of a brigade, found it needful to perform a heavier load than usual on a very large elephant, called the *Paugul*, or fool; but he was so intimidated that he was only disposed to take a usual load. The officer, seeing the animal repeatedly shake off the superabundant portion, lost his temper, and threw a tent-pin at the animal's head. Some days after, as the elephant was going with others to water, he happened to pass the officer, whom he very deliberately lifted up into a large tamarind tree, leaving him clinging to the boughs, and to get down as well as he could.

It is instinct which impels the swallow to migrate—instinct which, with mysterious firmness, points the eye of the helpless flutterer to the luxuriant swamps of Africa, where its insect food may be found in plenty, when winter has locked up the forests of its home, and cast to earth the winged dust of their summer atmosphere. It is instinct too which brings it unerringly to its native clime; but it is something higher which leads it to the selfsame place in which it reared its former brood, and which teaches it to adjust that nest to new circumstances of exposure or shelter. It is certainly something higher than mere instinct which prompts the bury alive in a mausoleum of clay, the tenant, or sparrow, which has usurped the

tion of its nest. The following is given on authority of Cuvier, and derives additional strength from the fact that it first served to draw attention to natural history as a pursuit. When he was a young man, a pair of swallows made their nest on one of the angles of the case of his apartment. During their temporary absence, it was taken possession of by a pair of crows, who persisted in remaining in it, and defied every effort of its rightful owners to remove it. After a time, crowds of swallows gathered upon the roof, among whom were included the exiled pair, who seemed to be inviting their friends of the outrage they had suffered. The whole assembly was in a state of commotion, and appeared highly incensed, as manifested by their movements and cries, long, suddenly, and swift as thought, a flock of them flew against the nest. Each bore in its bill a small quantity of mud, which he deposited at its entrance, and then gave way for another, who repeated the operation. This was continued till the opening was completely closed and the marauders were buried in a living mass. The labors of this friendly company, however, did not cease here; they immediately collected materials for another nest, which they placed just over the entrance to the first. In less than two hours after the act of vengeance had been consummated, the new structure was completed and inhabited.

These deviations from instinctive action, observed so frequently in the history of the lower animals, are at the same time the most interesting, and the most conclusive on the point of possession of intellect. A shepherd intrusted a flock of eighty sheep to his dog alone, to be taken home, a distance of seventeen miles. On the road she was delivered of a couple of pups. Withstanding this encumbrance, and though faithful to her maternal instinct, she was neglectful of her task. By carrying her young a few miles in advance of her flock whilst she was feeding, and then driving it on beyond her, she at length reached the end of her journey, as it turned out, however, at the sacrifice of the lives of her offspring. A wren in the chalk slate quarries used to fly from her nest when the ringing of the bell which gave notice to the workmen that an explosion was to take place. In order to exhibit this phenomenon to strangers who visited the place, the bell was rung at other times. At first the bird left her nest as before, but after a time paid no attention to the signal, except when she observed the workmen also went away as they had usually done. A horse came home without his driver, but instead of going directly to the stable, he stood at the house, neighed, and exhibited other indications of great disquietude. This, at first, attracted no attention; but as these manifestations continued, and his master did not appear, apprehension was excited, and a person despatched in search of him. He was found two miles off, insensible in consequence of a severe blow on the head which he had received by falling from his cart. By no animal has this sentiment so remarkably evinced as by the dog. A

poor boy was fatally injured and carried to a hospital. His little dog followed him thither, and being prevented from entering it, lay down at the gate, watching with wishful eyes everyone that went in, as if imploring admittance. Though constantly repulsed by the attendants, he never left the spot by night or day, and died at his post even before his master, "Faithful unto death!"

Several instances are on record where animals have "played the dead man;" an act inevitably implying the possession of something higher than instinctive impulse as its cause. Mr. Blythe relates the story of a fox who personated a defunct carcass when surprised one day in a hen-house, and played the part so well as to suffer himself to be taken by the brush and thrown on a dung-hill, when, carefully opening one eye, and seeing the coast clear, he took to his heels and escaped, leaving his human dupe to speculate on the artistic perfection of the performance. Indeed, this cunning animal has been known to submit to be carried as dead for more than a mile, till at length, getting weary of his uncomfortable position, or *reasoning* that escape was both possible and advisable, he suddenly effected it by a vigorous snap at the hand which held him. Cats have been known to feign death on a grass-plot while swallows were skimming across it, and by this trick succeed in capturing some unfortunate bird which chanced to come too near. Even insects will put on the semblance of death when their lives are in danger. The hedgehog rolls himself up, and remains perfectly still when molested. When he thinks the danger is over, he unrolls himself by degrees, and looks about, and if all appears safe, he runs to a secure retreat. The common woodlouse will do the same. I have read somewhere of a cat who captured fish by lowering her tail into a pond until she felt the fish nibbling at it, when she immediately drew it forth, and made a prize of the unlucky adventurer; but considering the number of well-attested instances which do not tax the powers of belief immoderately, we think we may afford to treat that as a mere joke.

Dr. Darwin tells us that there was, not many years ago, an old monkey at Exeter 'Change that had lost all his teeth. Visitors were in the habit of giving him nuts; but the old fellow was unable to crack them. He was furnished with a stone, and would thus break them on the floor of his prison. Crows and rooks have been known to rise in the air with a mussel in their mouth, and to drop it on a rock in order to break it, so as to enable the bird to feed on its contents. "I have heard of a jackdaw," says Jesse, "who was seen to drop stones in a hole in which there was some water, which it could not reach till the water was raised sufficiently high to enable it to quench its thirst." "I have also known," says the same entertaining naturalist, "a cat, when she was shut up in a room, and wanted to get out, ring the bell and make her escape when the servant answered it." Another cat, in a house where it was the custom to ring a bell before the meals, one day chanced to be shut up at dinner time. Some hours after, when she was let out,

she ran to the room where they used to put up her food, but it was not there. Soon after, the people heard a bell ringing, and came to see what was the matter. When the door was opened, what was their surprise to see the cat clinging to the bell-rope. The fact was, that puss wanted her dinner, and having always seen that it came after the ringing of the bell, she *thought* she would ring it herself. Monkeys are very fond of birds' eggs. In some countries where these animals abound, birds, in order to preserve their eggs, will make their nests at the end of the slender branches of trees, so that the monkeys cannot reach them. Woodpeckers will carefully remove the bits of wood which they break off a tree in making a hole in it for their nest—evidently to prevent persons discovering their abode. For the same reason many birds carefully remove the excrement of their young from the neighborhood of the nest. Man himself could not be more calculating and far-reaching. There is a notorious instance on record of a dog, which, slipping its collar at night, roamed around the adjoining fields and worried the sheep, and afterwards, washing its jaws in a stream, returned home, re-adjusted its collar, and keeping within its kennel, threw off suspicion. Here we have, not only an impulse, but also a multiplication of actions arising from inward power and intelligence, unaccompanied by perceptions, or the operation of any outward agency. An orang-outang in Paris, when left alone, always tried to escape, and as he could not reach the lock of the door, he carried a stool to the spot; this being removed, he took another, and another, and mounting on it, renewed his efforts. Reason alone could have prompted this act; and besides, there must have been a combination of ideas, to have enabled it to get the stool to assist itself in opening the lock—to copy what it had seen its keeper do, namely, to unlock the door, and to move a stool about as he wanted it.

Sense is the doorway of the mind, the vestibule through which pass the pictures of the world. So far as sense opens up, by virtue of its own completeness and activity, a channel for the flux of thought, so far are animals superior to man; but as the mind is the primary, and sense the secondary instrument, so with acuteness of sense in the lower animals, we do not find an equivalent acuteness of reason, and by so much as the senses of man are cultivated, by so much is the mental reasoning faculty robbed of its intrinsic power. It is not the keenness of the sight which gives character and tone to the idea, but rather the power of mind which gives a positive character to the picture. Hence, although sense is the medium of the mind's communications, it is not the instrument of its processes of reason, not the instrument of its intrinsic force. The Calmucks can tell, by their sense of smell, whether a fox is in his earth or not. But even this acuteness of sense in man, great as it certainly is, is as nothing compared with that of animals. Camels passing through a desert can scent water at the distance of two or three miles; the mules in South America scent it at a distance of two or three leagues. The carrier-horses of Switzer-

land hear the fall of an avalanche, and warn their masters, by their terror, of the impending danger. Without eyes or apertures of any kind for the admission of light, the polypus will always distinguish the animalcula on which it feeds. Bats will thread their way accurately through innumerable meshes and complicated threads even after their eyes have been put out. So far, the animal takes precedent of the man, sense beginning and ending with its exercise. But the animal, the mental exercise, where it is vigorous and striking, is still confined, limited, and subservient to but one end. The dog remembers his master and the members of the family after the lapse of many years, and "it is perhaps owing to the absence of mental sequence, the comparative negation of any connected process of thought, which gives him that tenacity of memory, and extraordinary perfection of senses, according to the old law, that power being checked in one direction, will develop itself in another." It is related of a dog which his master took with him on a journey of upwards of three hundred miles through a country almost destitute of roads, which occupied three weeks to traverse, the dog lost his master; yet in spite of the vast distance, he found his way back to his home. The dog of little Savoyard being sold and carried to Rome, was shut up for safety, but it soon succeeded in making its escape, and reached its former home after a few days, in a most emaciated state. How far we see a beautifully marked resemblance between man and the brute, and it must be hollow vanity which shuts the ear against the acceptance of these truths, and seeks to exclude the lower animals from the participation of reason.

The following observations, which we copy *verbatim* from an "Old Curiosity Shop," have reference to animals, and exhibit their at least apparent knowledge of the sciences; also, their professions, occupations and employments. Bees are geometricians—their cells are so constructed, as, with the least quantity of material to have the largest sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. So also is the Ant-Lion—its funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its construction, as if it had been made by the most skilful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments. The Mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the Nine-Killer is an arithmetician; so also are the Crow, the Wild Turkey, and some other birds. The Torpedo, the Ray, and the Electric Eel are electricians. The Nautic is a navigator—he raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The Beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter—he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The Marmot is a civil engineer—he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The White Ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India Ants are horticulturists—they make mushroomrooms, upon which they feed their young. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The bird Ploceus Tor is a weaver—he weaves a web to make

The Primia is a tailor—he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The squirrel is a man—with a chip or piece of bark for a hat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Wolves, Jackals, and many others are hunted. The Black Bear and Heron are fishermen. Ants have regular day laborers. The monkey is a rope dancer. The association of Beavers presents us with a model of republicanism. The monkeys live under a monarchy. The Indian Ants furnish an example of patriarchal government. Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders. Horses are said to select their leaders. In their wild state, they are under the control of a military chief ram.

ON THE NILE.

II.—FIRST SIGHT OF CAIRO.

As the afternoon advances, you are on the point of the earliest view of this ancient capital. The country around, hitherto scant of incultivation, now begins to be richly cultivated. Orange and olive plantations multiply, and the sweet scent of flowering acanthus is borne to you on the summer air. So also is the sleepy hum of countless rustic water-wheels, oxen-turned, which turn their little rivers wandering hither and thither among the trees of the garden, now in full sunlight, now in deep leafy gloom, and the murmur of sweet freshness and fertility wherever they go. Various sights indicate your approach to some great center of human resort; you are nearing the skirt of a city. But no outlines of houses or villas appear, as would be the case in western lands. Cairo, like most eastern cities, is self-contained, a city within walls—cast outside but its refuse, throwing off its dead, the serpent her skin, and thus encompassed by lofty mounds of debris and a waste of deserted cemeteries.

At the turn of the road, and it opens into view from a distance—a fairy city, lapped in a warm rosy light, reaching at the rocky foot of one of the desert mountains! Although this point is by no means an advantageous one for a first introduction, few are disappointed. The utter change from everything European itself keeps up a kindly illusion. As you reach of green you behold a fair clustering group of many minarets and domes, slender and graceful, uprising from the mass, and filtering through the faint haze in which the ancient city seems enveloped. And towering above, on a kind of craggy promontory or spur of the rock—the frontier rock of the Mokattum range—the vice-regal citadel hangs precipitous; a complex work of bastions and ramparts, so finely cut and wrought into the living cliff as to appear an excrescence from the mountain. It is a grim-looking fortress truly, frowning and stern; but—and in this fantastic land all such contrasts come as of course—you see planted in its *enceinte*, as a wild flower on a ruin, a mosque and a comely mosque of costly alabaster, with a dazzling coronet of cupolas and pinnacles. Such is Grand Cairo to you from the rail, as

seen through the palm vistas and above the sea of gardens that intervene. You scan it wistfully, and muse of half-forgotten days. Never quite again shall come to you the freshness of that first look.

I was beset—all travelers are—by a legion of donkey-boys on my arrival. A certain detachment are admitted within the station boundary-limits, where confusion is even worse confounded than at Alexandria. The rest, with a medley of donkeys, dragomans, camels, hotel touts, lumbering bullock-cars, cochers, and mangy curs, cluster outside, and lurk in wait, or make faces at you through the open palings—a wooden grille, supporting a trellis where tropic creepers grow and intertwist, wantoning in a luxuriance of crimson and green, which astonishes you, fresh from the more sedate flora of the north.

My effects, being thrown out of the wagon, were immediately pounced upon by as many urchins as there were items of property—more, in fact, for two at once laid claim to my portmanteau, quarreling and fighting over it, until a third, taking a mean advantage of a fall, snatched it up and bore it away in triumph. I followed at the heels of this gentleman—followed briskly; but, once fairly launched in the Babel outside, all further power of tracking my friend was lost. "Try good donkey, sare! him got plenty go in him!" "Vare fine Jackass for you, milord!" "Dis splendid beast, captain!" such, together with a volley of guttural epithets in sound like a mingled sneeze and choke, and blows urging the beast to butt at me, were discharged point-blank at my devoted person the instant I issued from the gate. I was enveloped in donkeys, taken off my legs by them; while a troop of swarthy-skinned, bright-featured youngsters, bare-breasted and bare-legged, fought for me and over me as their comrades within had done by my portmanteau before. Oh, for a helping hand! It came. One fellow more powerful than the rest gave me a leg over his beast's back—it was cleverly done—wrenched himself from his fellows, and, like a shaft from a bow, we shot out of the scramble and were free—dilapidated, rather, about the necktie and hat, and panting, but still free. Yes; but the baggage! Whither had it sped?

"Baggage all right, sare, yonder."

And Mohammed—he told me his name in confidence while settling my disordered dress—pointed to where, under the trees, four of his picturesque brethren were coolly sitting on my effects, nursing their knees and smoking little rolls of tobacco.

A fresh donkey was hired, endless coils of cord came up to hand from somewhere, and I looked on while four pairs of fists busied themselves in slinging portmanteaus, bag, and boxes across some meek Neddy's back. Very insecurely they did it, too, but made up in noise and fuss for want of skill. I did not interfere. It was enough to feel free; besides, the proceeding altogether was so ludicrous one could not find heart to be angry.

And so, all being ready—for none of my dusky friends would leave me—we departed in the deepening glow of afternoon for the city, bending

our course among the turbaned loungers in the shady lebbeck avenue which outlies the Frank quarter, and through the brilliant bustle of the dusty way leading to the Uzbekeeyah. Baggage to the front—cavalry following—infantry in the rear; quick march! Such was my entrance into Grand Cairo.

III.—THE NILE BOAT.

THREE people were lying at ease one bright, sunny morning under the checkered shadow of a lotus-tree, in the pleasant gardens of the Uzbekeeyah. They had strolled out after breakfast to hold council as to the future. A boat was to be hired, sailors and servants taken into pay, and other preparations made for a twelve week's river journey. The members of this council of three so convened had each a different end in view when, in a northern city, they agreed to travel in company to the cataracts of the Nile. But slightly acquainted, they nevertheless hoped, by mutual forbearance and courtesy, not only to avoid quarrels, but to arrive at an opulence of friendship ere their little commonwealth should terminate. It must be observed that a Nile voyage is no ordinary journey. There is no facility, should your companion turn fractious or sulky, or prove otherwise disagreeable, of removing to a separate hotel, or shutting yourself from his company. Neither, in the event of your taking to sulks yourself, have you a convenient chamber wherein to retire, in that amiable intent. During three months, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness or in health, you are bound—the length of your chain being the circuit of your boat.

But to our council under the lotus-tree. It was made up first of a middle-aged Englishman, spare of build, and tall—a deliberate, mild-spoken man, wearing spectacles, and looking at you from over them: a professor. He was bent in his journey on catching rare birds, and stuffing them, on collecting insects, reptiles, and eggs, on the study of hieroglyphics in general, and particularly in cramming-up in the Theban dynasties. Then there was a stout and enterprising Philadelphian, bent on getting thin by exercise, and on otherwise accomplishing his own pleasure; and, lastly, the reader's humble servant, in search of health and relaxation of mind.

"Choose a dragoman at once, and let him hire a boat for us. That is my advice," said the professor, a little testily. We had inclined to the opposite order of proceeding; namely, the boat first, and the dragoman after. We reasoned that, as the latter notoriously form profitable alliances with boat-owners, it would be prudent to strike a bargain with each separately. The professor, however, demurred to this, and carried the day.

"You could not," he argued, "outmanœuvre a dragoman; he would inevitably circumvent you in the attempt, and make it worse for you in the end. Better at once make a semblance of giving in."

Our choice of these gentlemen thus fell between three, equally recommended, who were

hereupon summoned to appear—a Maltese, Greek, and an Egyptian. We chose the last. Why, I can hardly tell; perhaps it was from the gorgeousness of his attire. He stood before us sounding his own trumpet so dexterously, looking withal so truthful and honest, that we was no resisting him. We were quite bashful to being seated in so imposing a presence.

"My name, sare?—Haroun. Here you see, *sartifikes* gentlemen write me. Read, read, read." And with a magnificent sweep of the hand he passed over to us a collection of greasy card-cases, and relapsed into an attitude of meekness and repose to that of the sculptured eases at Thebes whose descendant you might most figure him to have been. A broad forehead, slightly curved nose, full pulpy lips, large, dark, lustrous eyes, of whose depths and wayside wells, you can never make quite bottom. He wears a gorgeous turban, perfect in its texture with multitudinous silk tassels dangling from the neck. Trousers of purple, that fall half down the legs, exceedingly ample, and girt at the waist by a sumptuous Damascus sash of many colors, a gold embroidered vest, a braided jacket of green, complete his attire.

Such in outward appearance was Haroun whom we engaged. We took him in spite of the uncertainty in his eyes, and found him—a good servant; or, perhaps it is better to say a considerate master. Haroun is a man who knew full well that we infidels delivered into his hands as a prey, to be squeezed as a sponge, only not too dry. He did not least shrink from this arrangement, but chose to do it in a gentlemanly way, by which means squeezing was not over-keenly felt. In times he argued on it very touchingly.

"You know, sare," he was wont to say, "scoundrel Maltese, he take your money, you bad dinner, bad donkey, bad everything. Once pay him, he kick you loose, he go get—ya—he laugh, that Maltese! Me, Haroun putting his hand solemnly upon his vest, "like that! Never!"

And you could almost see the tears start from the good fellow's eyes as he said this. But your candles went all the same, your maccaroni your powder and shot also, and all that was left.

But to return. Immediately we had settled our point, our Philadelphian was anxious, albeit sun now rode high, forthwith to choose the boat. "The more exercise on such hot days the better," said he. So, very loth, we turned out to a leafy lotus bower, and sent Haroun for donkeys. At Cairo, whenever you take walks abroad, there are sure to be donkeys waiting at hand, ready to do the walking for you. So now, by right of being challenged, he chose this manner of proceeding (which, I

there—brawny-limbed Nubians—started impetuously forward at the captain's voice, and came up grinning and nodding, to kiss our hands in token of devotion. When an Eastern takes your hand, it is to offer his service, and claim your protection; he carries it to his lips and forehead, and you are thenceforth his master—so, at least, he professes. Thus we entered into our new relationship with such as were present. They gave us a hearty cheer on leaving, and held the awning aside for us to step back on the bank. Nor was this quite enough, but as we rode off they ran after us—eager of face and light in fluttering attire—to renew their hand kissings and protestations.

IV.—DONKEYS AND DONKEY-BOYS.

DONKEYS and donkey-boys are not a recent institution in the East. You may see any day, in the fields, that which shall recall the Shunamite's words,* "Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive: slack not except I bid thee." Every little proprietor who can, keeps a donkey. He would be looked down upon in society if he did not. Men would point at him as a questionable believer—a fellow of low tastes. Such a one could never touch breast and forehead with the respectable and turbaned at the gate. To profess a preference to walking rather than to ride would here simply excite derision. No such proposition could be for a moment credited.

The donkey in Cairo is not the dismal, inglorious-seeming beast he looks in northern climes. He has a smattering of pride about him, pricks up his ears with intelligence, is impetuous or wayward rather than stubborn; not lacking in dry humor either; is given to occasional fits of contemplation, but will—if he takes a fancy to you—carry you comfortably twenty miles in a day. In mere personal appearance he is more of a "swell" than his northern brother. His friends shave him about the back like a poodle dog. His saddle is high and humpy, covered deftly, too, with scarlet leather, and trappings of tinsel, so that on the whole he makes up respectably, and can sniff up the wind proudly beside the statelier camel, or run unabashed in presence of his high-born kinsman, the horse. One weakness, it is but fair to note, needs frequent correction. He will lie down at inconvenient times, kick up his heels, and grovel in the dust. And this is the more strange, as he appears thoroughly aware of the folly of the proceeding. He invariably gets up with a guilty look, perfectly conscious that he is about to receive a beating; and yet the temptation to do evil is always too strong for him.

They train donkeys in Cairo to run with a short step—a kind of shuffle, shuffle—so that your seat is easy as an arm-chair. The training is gone through when young, by forcing them into a quick trot with their feet linked together.

The donkey-boy always runs behind you; in fact, the beast cares much more for this urchin than for yourself. All your persuasion, rough or gentle, will not induce him to follow your desire

half so much as a little chirrup from his friend behind. Usually you keep your own donkey in Cairo, hiring him at so much a day, boy included. Ere you are up of a morning he is at your side. He dines while you lunch, feeding under a kindly shelter of trees in front of your khan, leaving you at sundown—all for about thirty cents a day. If you want to visit the bazaars, you mount for the purpose; if for a gallop in the Desert, or through the corn-fields in the Delta of Goshen, he is equally ready.

There is a clustering fraternity ever in evidence under the tree-shadow near the khan. You watch them from your window. The donkeys are quiet enough, dreaming of pleasant meadows and munching peacefully at rest. But as for the boys, their antics are a study. They are full of pranks, children twice told; now tucking down each other's necks; now joking practically with such as are caught napping. Sometimes mere excess of blood, they will get up a quarrel and even fight—if they be first sure some one is near at hand to interfere. This friendship, every passing Moslem would feel it his duty to perform, and give each a sound cuff into the bargain, if they were not too sharp for the dress is no impediment to their gymnastics—scarlet tarboosh, or white turban of few folds on the head, a blue cotton tunic reaching bare to the knees, and a long scarf for the waist; is their scant apparel.

It is astonishing how far these swarthy-skinned urchins will run and not tire. At first in your journeys you pity them; you have a dubious feeling whether it is not unkind to continue the course. But just as your dog will scamper behind and thither in the fields from sheer weakness, so after long wanderings will your donkey boy. And thus you get hardened. Lithe as a eel, and mischievous as a monkey, he is the terror of the feeble-minded citizens. Being under your wing—for Europeans are a privileged class—he gives himself airs, is impudent and brags to respectable merchants, will even beard a stranger in the gate, and bluster with true believers in the bazaars. Nevertheless, he would yell out in terror, and run if, you being hidden, one should turn and lift up his hand to strike. Ali, the Professor's donkey-boy, always reminded me of one of those little curs which give themselves airs, and strut up vaingloriously to the dogs in their path, well knowing that to bark and growl at them is safe; but crestfallen in a moment at the advent of smaller fry. This was here in more ways than one, for the Philadelphian employed a boy between whom and Ali there existed a feud—each was in fear of the other. In our often excursions by desert or shady grove the intercourse of these two gentlemen, of necessity brought near together, was funny to observe. It resembled somewhat the circumspection of errant cats meeting as strangers on a wall.

Still, with all this mischief, the donkey-boy has many good traits in his character. He is not vicious—on the contrary, good-natured, and industrious, too. The master-passion is to come dragoman. All subserves to that—or taken as servant up the river. The gorg

ent and swagger of a dragoman impose on youthful Egyptian mind. A pasha is hardly eat. To this end English is studied generally, and many a lesson got out of you by wayside.

id was my donkey-boy. I engaged him in wise. One hot afternoon I was lounging r a tree in the garden, looking up at the sky through a canopy of quivering leaves, he came up—an urchin of thirteen, tall for age, shapely of limb and well favored; a lad a soft girlish face, thoroughly Egyptian in with eyes lustrous enough for a gipsy, but unsettled in their bent, and an expression untenance, common, indeed, here, but difficult to define—a look, not exactly of suffering, as of having suffered from cruelty. He sed in his song—

Want donkey? Want donkey?"

No." Whereupon, instead of pestering me donkey-boys are usually as persistent as the e flies—the song was continued, and he off. I looked in amaze after this bare-d phenomenon. "Come back," I cried.

Want donkey? dis donkey better than Ali—go, more go."

What do you know of Ali?" I said.

Ali, Said brother. Me, Said. Me know thing. Me know you. You go to cataract, a dahabeeyah—two gentlemen. One long e man, so." And the rogue made a pretence k through a pair of spectacles. "One so." reupon followed an excellent pantomime for out Philadelphian. The boy spanned an inary waist and blew himself up like a frog. a live hotel in Uzbekeeyah."

Well, you are right. Now, will you go to hotel with a message for me?" I said, laugh-t his solemn face. "I want you to bring the gentleman with the spectacles." And I ed a piastre into his fist.

de be your donkey-boy?" cried he, eyes and sparkling at once. "You take me. Go rr, go desert, go pyramid, go catarack."

Would you go so far?" I asked.

de go Thebes, go Philæ; many days, two as, plenty piastre," and he waved his hands y towards the river.

Well, now, run as I bid you;" and, without ado, off he went.

thought no more of him till the morrow. morning, however, while dressing, I looked on the gardens, where, through the leafy nes, the sun was streaming down. There Said beneath the nearest tree, in wait for arliest appearing. His donkey's head was nded with fresh flowers; and Said, a bit of ndy himself, had donned a clean white tur- for the occasion, and wound himself up in ayest Damascus scarfa.

om that time forward Said stuck by me. etter or for worse I kept him. We wandered her over many a league, both of desert and a country lane, and we never quarreled. His ey was of a contemplative cast of mind, but k enough when occasion required it. We came to a mutual understanding, and regu- our moods accordingly.

THE CELLARS OF SALURN.

THE summer tourist in the Tyrol may remember to have seen a stately ruin crowning a height near the village of St. Michele in the valley of the Adige. Above it shoots up the precipitous ridge of the Geiersberg; and near it is the picturesque fall of the Titschbach over a wall of dolomite, interesting to the geologist. The ruin is that of a castle, which once belonged to the lords of Epan, then passed into the family of the Rottenburgers, and finally into that of the counts of Albrizzi. The name of the castle is Schloss Salurn. Of this ruin a story is told.

At San Michele lived in the end of last century a laborer called Kasper; a hardworking, poor man, with a worthy and handsome wife, Elsa. They had enough to live upon, but nothing to spare. They could eat as much as they liked, if the victuals were homely, and they could dress respectably, but not expensively, and their home was a cottage, good, weather-tight, but humble. Elsa was happy; Kasper was not. And the reason of Kasper's unhappiness was envy. Within sight of his door was a new white house, with doors and windows painted green, with a flowergarden and a farmyard. This house had been built and was inhabited by an old fellow-laborer of Kasper's, Stephen by name, who had made his fortune. Stephen had been careful and frugal as a poor man, and had made the best use of his money. An uncle had left him a legacy, which had enabled him to rent a few acres of land; he had farmed this with success, and had saved enough in a few years to increase the size of his farm. With this increase came larger profits, and finally Stephen had bought land and built a house for himself. And this house was within sight of the cottage of Kasper. And it was plastered white. Also the windows and doors were green. Stephen deserved his good fortune, for when it came, he used it aright. He was not lifted up with pride. He did not retain greedily what he had acquired; but gave liberally where he saw that money was needed: and he never forgot his old mate Kasper. Often did the poor comrade receive a ham when Stephen killed a pig; sometimes a duck, and occasionally a goose. At the village feast he never failed to make him a present of a small barrel of wine. Whenever they met, Stephen greeted Kasper with a smile and a friendly word, which the other answered by a scowl and a muttered curse. Stephen was well aware that his ancient comrade regarded him with no favor; but he was too good-hearted to take umbrage at his insolence and ingratitude, and he continued to send presents to the churl, and to treat him with cordiality. Kasper accepted the offerings and ate or drank them, but their taste was spoiled by the acid sauce which he poured over them.

"I wonder what Mr. Stephen will send us this feast?" exclaimed Elsa one day, as she was busy making cakes for the approaching village festival.

"Mister," hissed her husband; "why do you call him Mister, if you please? He is no more a

gentleman than I am. Don't you know he and I were born to follow the plough?"

"Why, everyone calls him Mister Stephen, and most call him Rich Mister Stephen."

"Rich, indeed!" echoed Kasper; "why am not I rich, pray?"

"Because the Lord has willed otherwise."

"It is not just."

"Fie on you, husband. You rebel against God."

"No, wife, I do not. God did not give Stephen his money."

"Then who did?" asked the wife, shaking the flour off her hands and leaning her chin on the roller.

The door opened, and in came the very person of whom they were talking.

"Good morning, neighbor," he said.

"Morning," growled Kasper. He would have asked in surly tone what brought Stephen there, had not the water come into his mouth. That which brought the water there was the sight of a turkey which his rich friend held suspended by the legs in his left hand.

"I suppose you will have friends visiting you on the Feast-day," said Stephen.

Kasper grunted an assent, with his eyes on the bird.

"And you must shake off a little of your gloom in festival time," continued the farmer.

"Tausend! Can a poor man be other than gloomy, when he has to slave for his food?"

"Yes, indeed he may. What bright faces we shall see at the Feast to-morrow!"

"Fools, laughing one day, crying the next."

"Nay, Kasper, you are hard on them. It is wise to rejoice in times of mirth."

"I cannot rejoice with the anguish of toil fretting my heart."

Elsa sighed. She knew too well that it was envy, not honorable toil, which had overshadowed the soul of her husband and robbed it of its light.

"Why," said Stephen, good-humoredly, "look at your pleasant Elsa. Is not her face generally bright, like a May morning? If she has her tears, she smiles through them, like sun in rain."

"She's a woman," growled Kasper; "and all women are fools."

"I am sorry to hear you say that. However, I know you do not mean what you say. Now, friend, I have a present for you—a turkey. And you are welcome to go to the Three Crowns, at Salurn, and drink a bottle of the host's best wine at my expense. I have told him to put down what you drink to my account; and, moreover, take a couple of pitchers with you, and he will fill them with Bavarian beer, for you to take home to your company."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, good Mr. Stephen!" exclaimed Elsa, clasping her hands.

Kasper grunted his thanks.

"Nay," said the farmer, turning away; "you're welcome; not another word, please. You are heartily welcome."

Kasper waited till his neighbor was beyond earshot, and then he spoke. "Curse him!"

"Kasper!" cried his wife, in horror.

"Does he want to crush me, to humble me with his presents? What does he give me and geese, and this turkey for, eh?"

"Because he is good and kind," answered his wife.

"No; because he can then go to his friends and say, 'Poor Kasper, I keep him from starving, poor fellow!'"

Kasper spoke with an intensity of bitterness and hatred which appalled his wife, accusing her as she was to exhibitions of his bad faith. His whole face was hideous with the expression of malignity which darkened it; his eyes glared with a hateful fire; and his teeth ground together.

"Husband, this is very sinful," said his wife. "Stephen is full of kindness, and you return consideration with ingratitude. God has made him rich. Why should you murmur at God?"

"No," fiercely broke in Kasper. "His goodness have come to him quite another way."

"His fortune came to him through his hard work."

"His fortune came to him in a very different way."

"What do you mean?" she asked, sharply. "He found a pot of gold among the ruins of Castle Salurn!"

"Rubbish!" said Elsa.

"Yes, among the rubbish," Kasper continued, misunderstanding her; "don't you know the Lord of Epan hid his treasures there, he gave up the castle? Stephen has found—or some of them, with the help of evil spirits."

"I do not believe it," answered Elsa. "Stephen is too good and religious to have dealings with the foul spirits that haunt ruined castles. I say what you will, I don't believe it."

"I wish I had found the treasure."

"I am very glad you have not. If you only heard the beautiful sermon of the priest last Sunday week, on covetousness, you—"

"I am not going to listen to one from a snarled Kasper; 'so I shall go off and take the best wine at the Three Crowns.'"

"You accept the bounty of the man who has hated?"

"Yes; because it costs him money to get rid of these things."

Then he left the house. The road to the castle winds round the base of the knoll on which stands the castle. Kasper looked up at the towers and groaned. "Would that I knew where the treasure was hid," he muttered. He reached the tavern, he ordered the wine, given him at a little table, apart from the drinkers. "Be sociable, man," said the host. But Kasper could not endure company. He drank and moped in a corner by himself. Peasants who were in the room cast side-glances at him, and wondered at his ill-looks. There was no desire for his company. As the fumes of the wine rose to his brain, and the warmth of the generous drink reached his heart, his envy became more intense, and his envy more violent. Suddenly he brought his fist down

with violence, so that the bottle reeled, and glass shattered.

"Would to heaven I were rich!" he exclaimed; "then I'd show this canting hypocrite how I used his present."

"What is the matter with you?" asked the host.

"Stephen," answered the fellow, hoarsely.

When Kasper rose, having finished the wine.

"Stay, man," said the host: "there is some for you."

"I have no pitchers with me,"

"I will lend you a couple; you can return them to-morrow."

"Fill them, and give them to me."

The host supplied Kasper with the beer, according to Stephen's order, and then the discontented man left the tavern. It was afternoon.

A few heavy thunder-clouds hung about the mountains, but the sky above the Etsch Thal was clear, and the valley was bathed in sunlight.

Kasper trudged along with his pitchers of beer as he reached the foot of the castle hill. Then he set down his pitchers, and looked up at the clouds.

"Why should not I be rich, as Stephen?" he asked.

"He found treasures there; why not I? Ha! what fun for me, if I were to light on hoard, and steal that! Nothing comes without an attempt. I will climb up, and search the mountains."

He could not well leave the pitchers in the road, so he took them with him. He had to wamble among rocks, and fallen fragments of masonry, over which brambles trailed. The numberless red strawberries were unnoticed by him, as he toiled over the broken ground they carpeted.

His rude foot crushed them. He caught the scent of pinks and scabious to assist him in his wamble, and he cast the bruised and uprooted flowers behind him, when they had rendered him no assistance.

At last he stood in the castle, and set down his pitchers. At the same moment a grey shadow stole over the lichened walls, and a chill came on the air.

Kasper searched the masses of weathered masonry, lifted stones, pried into recesses overgrown by fern, tore up beds of velvet moss that covered slabs of rock; but all in vain.

"If Stephen found a treasure, I may find one," he repeated to himself, as he labored ineffectually to discover something valuable. A whole hour was thus expended. Then he rose from his stooping attitude. His eyes were glittering with the greed of gold, his lips quivering with eagerness, his cheeks flushed, his brow dripping.

The sky overhead was dark with swirling vapors. The wind moaned among the castle walls.

"Spirits, good or bad, whoever you are, who haunt this ruin, help me to become rich like Stephen!" roared the excited man, desiring of any discovery without supernatural aid. He waited. The walls echoed his shout.

Then there came a blinding lightning-flash, a peal of thunder, a crash of falling masonry, and Kasper was flung upon his face.

When the mountain flanks had ceased to redden at the discharges of the electric fluid, Kasper looked up. The lightning had struck a tower, and thrown down a portion, and fissured the

very foundations. The peasant rose to his feet, and stepping over the prostrate fragments, saw before him a vault which the fall of masonry had disclosed, with steps leading down to it. Cautiously descending, Kasper peered into the gloom. He saw before him the ancient cellar of the castle. Barrel after barrel appeared, faintly illumined by the light from the stair, stretching away into the darkness beyond. Huge cobwebs hung from the roof of the vault, and wavered in the air that rushed into the place. Kasper stood at the entrance, with his black shadow lying before him, and listened, but heard nothing. Stealthily he entered, looking round him at each step, nervously apprehensive, and yet impelled onward by covetousness and curiosity. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he saw further; but far as he could see, there were only barrels of wine, in long range. Approaching one of these, the nearest, he turned the tap, and put his lips to the descending golden stream. Never had he tasted better wine. "I must fetch my pitchers," he gasped. And rushing from the vault, he ascended the steps, scrambled over the stones, and reaching his pitchers, emptied the beer on the ground. "Surely I am dreaming," he said. But no; through a gap in the castle wall, the gap through which he had entered, he saw the valley. The clouds had broken, but blue belts of shade lay along the meadows. The ravines of the mountains were indigo; but the river shimmered like molten glass; and white against a waving blue flax-field gleamed the new house of Farmer Stephen. Kasper frowned, shook his fist towards it, then picking up his pitchers, descended once more into the cellar of the castle.

Now he passed from one barrel to another, tasting first one wine, then another, and each seemed better flavored and richer than the last tasted. With difficulty, he selected which wine to take home with him in his pitchers. He filled them, one with red wine, the other with a yellow wine, and then turned towards the doorway. He started.

In the midst was a table, at which sat three men, in coarse black woollen tunics, with leather belts round their waists, leather caps on their heads, and on their legs grey worsted hose. The table at which were the men, was black, on it the three cyphered with chalk, and spoke no single word, so intent were they in their calculations. They were all old, for they had flowing white beards. Their faces were pale and bloodless. Kasper stood staring and trembling, and fearful of making a noise; but the men did not notice him. Kasper slunk behind a barrel, and waited half-an-hour. Then he protruded his head, hoping to see that they had gone. But they sat still, busily reckoning on the black table, with their heads bowed over it, their brows knit, and their lips moving. After waiting a little longer, Kasper gathered courage to step towards them. "Your pardon, gentlemen," he said, bowing; "I am a poor laborer of San Michele, and I was on my way from Salurn, where I have been drinking a bottle of Tokey; and on my return, I ventured into this ruin, and finding the cellar open, I have taken the liberty of descending the stairs. I

have filled these pitchers with wine, and hope I have not committed an offence."

The three pale faces turned towards him as he spoke, and one, the oldest apparently, answered him. "You have spoken the truth. Go, take the wine with you. Come here once a week and fetch the same amount of wine, but never venture here twice in one day."

Then the second placed on the table ten rows of twenty dollars. "This money is for you," he said; "return here every Sunday evening, and you will find the same amount. Take them home and place them where neither sun nor moon can look on them, and leave them there for a year and a day."

Then the third put two dollars on a corner of the table, and said, "These are for you. Take and use them. Week by week you shall have two dollars for weekly use. But remember, of the money you receive of us, none must be devoted to an evil purpose."

In an instant the three men, with table and stools, had faded away. But on the ground lay the ten rows of twenty dollars, and the two dollars apart. Kasper picked them all up, put the two hundred dollars in his breeches pocket; and the two for weekly use in that of his waistcoat, took his pitchers, and hastened joyfully home.

Under Kasper's house was a double cellar. The inner portion as useless had been roughly walled off from that which was made serviceable. The wall which filled the doorway communicating between the cellars was unmortared, and, indeed, consisted simply of bricks built up to fill the opening without anything but their own weight to keep them in position. Kasper remembered this dark cell, and concluding that it was just the place for the money which was to see neither sun nor moon for a year and a day, pulled out one of the topmost bricks, and thrusting his hand through the opening, dropped the chinking money behind the wall.

Next Sunday he sought the ruined castle again, and without difficulty found his way to the ancient cellar. There he saw ten rouleaux of dollars in a row, and two dollars by themselves apart, as had been promised him. He refilled his pitchers, gathered up the money, and, returning to his house, secreted the two hundred dollars where the other two hundred had been hidden.

For some months all went well with Kasper. He recovered his spirits, and his gloom disappeared. In a twelvemonth he would be in possession of a large fortune, and would be able to rival his neighbor, Stephen, in wealth. When he opened his store he would have over 10,000 dollars. His wife knew nothing of the secret hoard. Kasper had told her nothing of his discovery at Castle Salurn, knowing well that the pious Elsa would shrink in horror from money which came through the bounty of spirits.

After six months Kasper began to frequent the public house, drink and occasionally gamble. His wife in vain implored him to avoid bad acquaintances in the village tavern; he became intimate with the worst characters in San Michele

and Salurn, and neglected his work. From taciturn gloomy man he was transformed into a boisterous reveler. It was hard to say who was most odious, morose Kasper or debauched Kasper. His wife Elsa had suffered much from his ill humors when his heart was a prey to remorse, she suffered more when he returned to her debauched with drink.

Stephen had rejoiced at first to see Kasper's brow clear, and a light suffuse itself over his face, but he deplored bitterly the degradation into which he lapsed. He no longer sent for money, fearing lest it should be spent in idleness or in play; but he still provided him with money for his table on all festive occasions. Once Kasper spoke to Kasper in words of mild reproof, but he was repulsed with such violence and abuse, that he made no second attempt to restrain his comrade in his downward career.

One Sunday evening, after a week of gambling, Kasper went to his store. He had been unfortunatate at cards, and owed money. He pulled down a portion of the brick wall and took a pocketful of dollars from the glittering mass. Then he rebuilt the wall and hastened to ruin with his pitcher. In the vault were the rouleaux as before. He thrust them into a pocket, filled the vessel, and, instead of going home, went with it to the Three Crowns at Salurn. He set the pitcher on a side table and joined the company of gamblers. At first he lost, then he won. Then, flushed with success, he drew a handful of silver from his pocket and cast it on the table. "See!" exclaimed one of the players, turning; "the moon is rising." A line of light swept in at the little latticed casement and shone across the table where sat the gamblers. "Hallo!" shouted a man opposite Kasper; "what is that you are staking, comrade?" And he pointed to the heap Kasper had thrown on the board, which consisted of fragments of crockery. Kasper started up with a cry and emptied his pocket. They contained porcelain chips, but no silver. He was silent with dismay.

"You have been drinking before you came here," said one man laughing.

"I touched nothing," answered Kasper.

"I saw you bring a pitcher of wine into your house."

"But I have not tasted it. Fetch it, and drink yourselves."

The pitcher was brought on the table, and passed round. All exclaimed that the wine was excellent. It was soon drunk.

"Kasper, you must let us have more of this rare liquor."

"Come with me. I have plenty," answered Kasper; "bring your jugs and glasses, I will give you a treat such as you never had before."

He left the house followed by the men, inflated with drink. He led them over rocks and through brambles and briars, stumbling, swaying, hiccoughing, laughing, singing, to the ruined castle.

"Here is my cellar," said Kasper, pointing to the entrance of the vault. Down the steps he rushed the intoxicated men, and were riotously engaged in tasting the different w

the cellar. Suddenly silence fell on the drunken crew. Between them and the entrance was a black table, at which sat three aged men with cadaverous faces and flowing white beards, silently engaged in cyphering at the table with ink, their heads bent, their brows knit, their hands moving, their hands rapidly forming cyphers on the board before them.

"He has come twice in the day for wine," said the first.

"He has brought the silver from the darkness where the year and day had expired," said the second.

"He has spent our money in evil ways," said the third.

"Then all sharply drew a white line below their eyes and exclaimed together:—"The measure of guilt is full. The sum is complete. The account is closed."

And the roof fell in and buried the revelers.

MY BAIRNS.

"FIXD, I make no boast of it, but I suppose I am a happy man, from the fact of being possessor of a large number of very keenly-pointed young arrows—barbed, no doubt; but the barbs have never yet torn flesh; winged, too, doubtless they are, and in all good time they will be, I suppose, their flight; but though they are expensive, and the quiverful weighs heavy on my back, I hope that the day of flight-winging is far distant. I want a governess for them; a stout, staid, encyclopædia of reference, who will undertake to do what my wife and I give up as impossibility—namely, the answering of all questions, and the giving of satisfactory replies to the various problems propounded by a series of philosophers, male and female, of years of age varying from two to ten.

"Like Mrs. Pipchin I grow doubtful, timid, suspicious, and almost afraid of the holders of certain little minds of most opinionative tendencies; and, for instance, as one who comes running to me in the hall while I am divesting myself of hat and overcoat, to overwhelm me with a piece of information which has been in my possession some hours, namely, that there is a new baby; and when I have expressed a proper amount of surprise, I am posed with the question "Where did come from?"

"Because, pa, Mary says the doctor brought the nurse says it came from under the big tree in the garden; and one must be wrong," says God sent it, my dear; but little girls shouldn't ask such questions—What's that? What do you say?"

"I don't think God did send it, because if He had, He would not have sent it when my mamma was too ill to nurse it."

However, it appears that maid Mary's version is considered to be correct, and the doctor is checked with curious eyes from around corners at his next arrival; while from the direction of glances towards his pockets, I feel morally certain that were that overcoat taken off and hung on a peg in the hall, it would be searched for needles, as surely as mine often undergoes the

same process for oranges and buns. Mary's version is canvassed, too, largely; and another small sage thinks how nice it would be to go and live at the doctor's, since there would be no further need of dolls, which get chipped, bleed sawdust, and lose their eyes; and there would be such lots of babies to play with.

We have had our little ones duly christened, and we have them instructed in the matters set forth to be learned in the vulgar tongue; but they will not be content with learning and repeating their lessons, religious and secular; they will *think*, preparatory to propounding some of the posers already alluded to. One young female, aged five, takes a walk with her mother upon a hot day in summer, and, after proceeding some distance, began to halt. Mamma perceives that something is wrong, so stoops, unfastens the little shoe, empties out some dust and sharp grains of stone, replaces the shoe, buttons the strap, and onward trips the little fairy again, but not smilingly: she is serious, and deep in thought for a few minutes, and mamma nerves herself for what she foresees is coming.

"Didn't you say, ma, that I was made of the dust of the earth?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then, if I was,"—doubt implied,—"*if I was*, do you think I ever got into anybody's shoe?"

Little Tom comes in with flaming cheeks, red as if reflections from the fire he had watched still lingered in the pleasant dimpled spots, to patter along the passage, and hammer at the door of the workshop where I spend my reading and writing hours,—a region tabooed to all; edicts published daily that no one is to go near papa's study under pain of terrible inflictions, but the edicts are always forgotten in times of excitement, as in this case; and Tom hammers away with his hoop-stick, and his voice sounds like that of a young rook, as he energetically, at twenty-seconds intervals, shouts out, "Pa!"

As he will not go away, he is admitted, boiling over with the information that he has seen a man making a "great, large—ever—so big horse."

"But men don't make horses, my boy," I say, as I perch the little form upon my knee, and the little legs begin to swing vigorously about. "Don't put your hoop-stick in the ink!"

"But they do, pa, toz I saw one while I was out, and Mary stopped and let me; and he'd got a hammer and nails, and one leg in his lap, and I saw him keep on knocking till he'd finished and put it down, and the horse walked away; and will you buy me a big horse—one ever so big, pa?"

I'm sorry to say that Bobby is not honest. He it was who helped himself to as many peapods as he could clutch when passing the greengrocer's, and was bearing them off, only Mary perceived it in time, and insisted upon his taking them back, when the greengrocer was foolish enough to laugh, and present the boy with an apple of red hue, which kept slipping out of the fingers not large enough to hold it. Bobby it is who makes the baby cry by taking away his cakes and biscuits, to devour the wet, sucked,

soppy morsels himself. I have my forebodings about Bobby, and though it was, no-doubt, intensely funny to wet them and stick them on nose, chin, cheeks, and forehead, yet those postage stamps all had to be gummed again before I could use them; and I felt morally certain that Bob was the thief who stole the little boxful from my study table, although he sturdily denied it, and vowed that it was Totty, who wept, and declared her innocence. He was caught in the fact, Bobby was, when he had been upon a chair at the cupboard, wolfing the moist sugar, and stood confessed before his mother, with the brown crystals embellishing his cheeks.

"Ah! Bobby, Bobby, you sad boy," exclaimed mamma, "what have you been doing?"

"Nussing!" quoth Bob, sturdily.

"You naughty—naughty boy," said mamma; "why, what did you do with the sugar basin?"

"Took a spoon out," said Bobby, gruffly.

"I know you did, sir," said mamma, angrily; "but what else did you do, eh, sir?"

There was a pause of a few moments, and then mamma repeated her question—"What else did you do with the spoon, Bobby?"

"Put him back again," said Bobby.

I am sorry to have to record that Bobby was not punished for that saccharine theft, for mamma turned away and laughed, while when reprimanded for her unmaternal behavior, and reminded of the boy in the horn-book, who afterwards bit off his mother's ear because she had not corrected him for theft, she, that is to say Bobby's mother, not the thief's, declared that the story was "all stuff," and that the boy—Bobby—looked so sticky and comical that she could not help it. That is how boys are spoiled: and the longer I live, the more I feel convinced that mothers should never have a hand in their education.

We have had so many little fresh green queries—so much small salad of a piquant flavor—that one has thrust the other from memory. One mite wants to know why it is that dolls' hair never wants cutting; another stands like a little astronomer, with widely propping legs, gazing up into the blue vault of heaven, and when asked at what he is looking, says he, is wondering "how God could get up there." Again, another toddles into our country, red-bricked kitchen, whose floor is as great a source of pleasure to our red-faced kitchen-girl as the brilliantly-blackened stove over whose lustrous face so many pounds of plumbago are expended per annum, while the red-brick floor is carefully washed before breakfast every morning, and swept and sprinkled every afternoon;—in toddles one of the small philosophers, to stare at the spotted floor for some time, stoop down and touch one of the wet patches with a finger, ere the moisture is absorbed by the soft brick, and then the bystanders are with all due solemnity informed, that the little piece of importance thinks that, "Sarah's titchen yains."

One last little incident, piquant, but sad; and this time, too, no shaft of mine, but of a brother fletcher, whose little arrow here displayed the barb, and made its wound in displaying something of the selfish element of the human heart.

A little sister lay a-dying, and after due paration, and being told—wisely or not—one was about to be taken away, the little was carried into the chamber to say farewell to the fading blossom, and gaze upon her curious eyes. Then he said loudly:

"Is Milly going away?"

"Yes, darling; but, hush! don't speak loud."

"Is she going up to heaven?"

"Yes—yes; but don't speak like that."

"And will she never come back any more? This time in a whisper.

"No, darling, never—never. You must say good-bye."

"Ah! Milly, Milly," cried the boy loudly, leaping forward to get to the bedside—"tell me where you hid my spade before you go!"

BLOSSOM AND BLIGHT.

[In a letter to the Editor of the *MANCHESTER COURIER*, confirming the report of the extraordinary death-rate in some of the streets and courts of Manchester and Salford, England, (one in ten per annum,) Mr. James Higson, rent-collector, of Ardwick, Manchester, makes the following heart-toucing statement: "As a last resort, old people, before they will enter the work-house, huddle together in a little let for about a shilling per week, and there die, they are not natives of the street. No; they are born where the apple-tree blossoms in spring, and the yellow corn waves in harvest."]

For the home 'mid the orchards where blithely birds sing,
What wonder, dear children, each aged heart on
"They were born where the apple-tree blossomed in spring,"

And rippling "in harvest the yellow corn waves."

They are worn, the "old people;" they're weary and cold,
Are bent and are broken, are palsied and pale
And they long for the meadows enamel'd with
And pine for the blooms that scent Blackmoor's sweet vale.*

They tremble and totter like babes on their feet
They are jeer'd and they're jostled, and little they cry,

"Ho, Gaffer! Ho, Gammer! run fast up the street
The drums are aye beating, the Queen's coming."

They are feeble and famish'd; their faculties fail
Past labor; past effort; past all but the grave
Meek brothers in sorrow to list their sad tale,
No friend in the wide world, to succor or save.

In the workhouse, food, fuel, and raiment they get
The home of the Pauper, they shrink from its gate
So, weekly they club their scant halfpence to pay
With the Saturday's shilling, the rent of "a room."

There, childless, and friendless, and joyless, alone
They "huddle together," regarded of few;
"Last resort," a garret whose one square of floor
No sunbeam has ever stray'd pitying through.

* The apple-orchards in the *Vale of Blackmoor*, the south of England, when in full bloom, form one of the most beautiful sights in England: a sea of blossoms rising upon the wind, and for miles around, filling the air with a perfume vying in sweetness with that of the bean-flower, rapturously celebrated by the Poet of The Seasons.

each looks on the face of his neighbor in woe,
 silent each quails at the visage of care,
 they think of the eyes that were bright long
 ago,
 they scan the blank wall with a dolorous air.

they think of the days when yon crippled and
 dim
 stalwart, and blooming and jocund and young;
 hope in each bosom, and health in each limb,
 a brow that no sorrow had shaded or wrung.

He was once comely; and She was once fair;
 and courtings, and weddings, and christ'nings
 they'd seen."

the streets and the blind alleys 't were hard to
 compare
 the fields, and the highways, and hedgerows of
 green."

there were music, and sunshine, and sights that re-
 joice;
 bright uplands, broad waters, and blue skies above;
 the wood-pigeon's ood, and the mother's soft
 voice,
 she sang to the babe on her bosom, in love.

they had friends; they had kindred—of home the
 sweet ties—
 their cradle's companions: their playmates from
 school:

the greetings, blithe faces, and blithe beaming
 eyes:
 strong hands and stout hearts, of which love was the
 rule.

Long ago! Long ago! And they gaze round their
 room—
 the cobwebs, and mildew—dry-rot and decay;
 air thick with dust, and the light sick with
 gloom,
 the throb of the engine by night and by day.

the lark's gush of song in the dew-spangled corn,
 whirr of the spindle they wearily great;
 the breath of the apple-trees where they were
 born,
 reek of the chimneys and stench of the street.

the holly-decked kitchen, a garrett dim, drear;
 dresser bright garnished; no cosy fire-side;
 casement to open; no sunlight to cheer;
 the last home, where the "old people"
 bide!

the winning young faces, the frolic and glee;
 the cheeks like the cherry, the eyes like the sloe;
 the locks like the raven, the step springing free;
 her'd Eld, nipt with hunger and crazy with woe.

er more shall they wander through forest and
 glade;
 er more by the banks of the bright rivers roam;
 er more hear the cuckoo's voice in the dim shade;
 cross once again the sweet threshold of home.

ere are graves in a churchyard that lies far away,
 mid the lone hills that clouds rest upon,
 on mounds and grey stones over the perishing
 clay
 the dear ones forever lamented and gone.

might they but lie where their darlings are laid,
 turf at their feet, and one text at their head!
 might they but sleep their last sleep in the shade
 the elms that wave over their long-buried dead!

might they!—But never—no never—'tis vain!
 they morn in their anguish and clutch the thin
 air—

Their lot 'midst the scowl of the city, to 'plain,
 And lay down the burden of life in despair:

And they turn to the wall, their sad faces death-
 white,
 And heart-broken cross their cold hands on their
 breast:

Down sinks the red sun; and the shades of the night
 Gather o'er the wan traits of the pilgrim—at rest.

O apples, red apples, so golden and green,
 On the gnarl'd mossy boughs 'mid bright emerald
 leaves,
 In clusters ripe swaying, and tempting of mien,
 By the di'mond-paned lattice and thatch'd cottage
 eaves!

O apples, red apples! Of childhood ye tell,
 And the eyes of young urchins that gaz'd with de-
 light;
 But the old man is drooping; they're ringing his
 knell,
 And the scenes of his boyhood fade out of his sight.

"Where the apple-tree blossoms in spring they were
 born;"

Where the green-linnet sings, and "the yellow corn
 waves;"

But they die far away in a garret, forlorn,
 And the stithe of the town stunts the grass on their
 graves.

ON the meanness of men and the folly of hus-
 bands! Here is a Parisian story to show how
 poorly a man comes off in any contest with
 womankind. The other day a Parisian and his
 wife went to Brussels. The first thought of the
 lady was naturally to visit all the shops, and es-
 pecially those renowned for lace. She met with
 some marvelous bargains, as a matter of course,
 gave glowing account of them to her husband,
 and proposed to take a quantity of the lace home
 with her, smuggled under her dress. The hus-
 band, like a husband, resisted. It would be in-
 curring too great a risk, he said, vehemently; the
 lace would be found and confiscated; he would
 not consent to the arrangement. The lady agreed
 that she should, like a good wife, go without the
 lace. And so the pair started for Paris, mon-
 sieur well pleased that he had avoided this new
 extravagance. At the frontier they were met as
 usual with the demand, "Anything to declare?"
 They said "No." It was enough, and they were
 allowed to pass without further trouble. Now
 here begins to show itself the folly of men. The
 lady gave her husband a look, and the husband
 began to foresee the bitter reproaches of his ten-
 der spouse. It was evident that she might have
 passed the lace without danger. She would cer-
 tainly take her vengeance for the loss of her
 coveted prize in a good lecture. To avoid this
 horror, it became necessary to convince his wife
 that there really was danger. She must be
 searched. Monsieur whispers to one of the Cust-
 oms' officers, that he imagines the lady at his
 side has some lace hidden about her person. She
 was immediately taken aside, and in a few min-
 utes the officer of Customs returned, his face beam-
 ing with satisfaction, to inform the gentleman,
 that his supposition was well founded. The lady
 had at least 10,000 francs' worth of lace hidden
 among the folds of her dress.

TO THE ORDER'S PRAISE. Quartette.

Maestoso Con Anima.

1. A song let us raise to the Or - der's praise, And our brethren where'er they be;

2. No pau - per's bell shall e'er ring a knell When a brother hath passed a - way,

3. If the mind should be from pollution free, We re - fuse not a brother's clasp,

our hearts be light on this festive night, And our souls from all sorrow free; For ours is a cause who

man - y a friend to his grave shall wend, And tears shall bedew the clay: When at eve we meet, in

his acts do we spy with a curious eye, But we greet him with cordial grasp; Though strife a - bound in

glo - ri - ous laws Bind all in a friend - ly chain; U - nit - ed we stand, in heart and in hand, And

communion sweet, In our own seclud - ed room, We breathe forth the name and the virtuous fame O

the world around, We aid not with word or deed—Our part is to bless, and banish distress, And

cord may threaten in vain. Then a song let us raise to the Order's praise, And pledge it with raptu

Brothers who rest in the tomb. Then a song let us raise to the Order's praise, And pledge it with raptu

care not for class or creed. Then a song let us raise to the Order's praise, And pledge it with raptu

cheers: Let this be the toast, whilst proudly we boast—May it flour-ish a thou - sand years.

cheers: Let this be the toast, whilst proudly we boast—May it flourish a thou - sand years.

cheers: Let this be the toast, whilst proudly we boast—May it flourish a thou - sand years.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

NOTICES.

REMOVAL.—We are requested to call attention to removal of Messrs. Pollard & Leighton, regalia manufacturers, from No. 6 Court Street to No. 104 Mount Street, Boston, Mass.

THANKS.—We are under obligations to the Grand Secretaries and Grand Scribes of a number of Jurisdictions for copies of the printed journals of their Bodies, and other favors, for which they will please accept our thanks.

THE IMPROVED MANUAL.—We are informed by Messrs. Theo. Bliss & Co., Philadelphia, the publishers of Grosh's Manual, that the new 12mo. edition of the Improved Manual will be published in September, the pocket edition about the end of September, and the German pocket edition, October. Orders for the Manual may be sent to publishers of this magazine.

SENDING THE COMPANION.—Brothers desiring to have COMPANION bound, should send us the numbers of the volume, by mail, and \$1.50, for which we will send the book in half Turkey, with gold embossed back, and return it by mail, postage paid.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Grand Lodge of the United States will convene in annual communication at the city of Baltimore on the 21st of September.

A number of important measures have been before the body for several sessions, and it is hoped that they will be finally disposed of this time. The most important of these, in our opinion, is the one which talked of question of revision of the work. We have frequently heretofore expressed our opinion in favor of a change, at least in some portions of the work, desired by a large majority of our members, but we were well satisfied that it will not be made; for according to the present law an amendment involving a change of the unwritten work must be adopted by a unanimous vote, and that will probably not be the case.

Recognizing this impossibility to effect any amendment, no matter how pressing the necessity may be, we have proposed to alter the Constitution, so as to permit changes in the unwritten work by less than a unanimous vote, have been before the Grand Lodge several times, and although receiving the vote of a large majority of the Grand Representatives, have heretofore failed of the required three-fourths. We hope that the measure will meet with better success this year.

Another question of very great importance, which has been pending for some years, is that of adopting a uniform plan for the treatment of members in arrears for dues. The laws relating to this subject vary greatly in the different jurisdictions now, which

on so important a subject should not be the case.

The uniform code of laws proposed for the adoption of the G.L.U.S. by the special committee of which P.G.R. Griswold was chairman, was published in full in the number of the COMPANION for October, 1867; its provisions are, briefly, that it shall not be legal to expel or suspend for non-payment of dues; that arrearage equivalent to one year's dues shall be held to be a voluntary resignation of membership, and the name of such party shall be dropped from the roll of the Subordinate; that such party may be readmitted in any Subordinate within the jurisdiction, in the same manner as required for candidates for initiation; the regulation to apply retrospectively. Our Ohio readers will see that this differs but little from the law in force in our jurisdiction now, which has met with almost universal approbation. We hope Bro. Griswold's report will be adopted.

Two propositions are pending to change the name of the G.L.U.S., one to make it "The Grand Lodge of the I.O.O.F.," the other, "The Supreme Lodge of the I.O.O.F." We think, with the "Memento," that the supreme legislative assembly of a society which, like ours, extends its operations to other countries, should have a name less suggestive of a field of operations circumscribed by geographical limits, than the present one.

Other pending amendments propose to make the rank of Past Chief Patriarch or Past High Priest a necessary qualification for admission to the G.L.U.S.; while now the R.P. Degree only is required.

Grand Sire Sanders, at the last session, recommended to the Grand Lodge the establishment of Rebekah Degree Lodges; at the same session a petition was received from a number of Brothers residing in Rochester, New York, asking for similar action. Both the recommendation and the petition were referred to the Legislative Committee, "with instructions to submit such appropriate legislation as will further the objects of the petitioners." No report was made in pursuance of these instructions last year; so we presume the Legislative Committee will present a well-matured enactment at the coming session.

It has been a complaint of long standing with the German members of the Order—now numbering not less than 25,000 in the German Lodges alone—that the translation of the work into their language is a miserable failure. It is full of infelicities of language and grammatical errors, so much so that all the beauty and sometimes even the sense is lost. A special committee, consisting of Reps. Mack, of

Wisconsin; Diets, of Georgia; and Garey, of Maryland, was intrusted with the revision of this translation, and will report at this session. We trust that their report will be not only a change, but an improvement.

Of general interest, and of perhaps as great importance as any measure that is to be considered, will be the election of Grand Officers for the next two years. We hope that the only consideration which will decide the choice to be made by the Grand Representatives will be the "Good of the Order."

Bro. Ridgely informs us that "the Grand Lodge of the I.O.O.F. of Australia has been erected into an independent Jurisdiction, with power in all matters relating to Odd Fellowship within the said Province, except in the following respect, viz.: that the said Grand Lodge shall not, at any time hereafter, in any wise, alter or repudiate any of the signs, tokens, passwords, lectures, or charges, or any part of them, or any part or portion of either the written or unwritten work of the Order, as known and practiced within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States; and the Grand Lodge of the United States reserves the right to give to the said Grand Lodge the A.T.P.W. to be used within the said Jurisdiction, and both Jurisdictions shall use the same A.T.P.W.; that the qualifications for membership shall be identical." Consequently the new Grand Lodge of Australia will not be entitled to a Grand Representative in the G.L.U.S., except as provided in Article XVIII of the Constitution; that is, they may accredit any officer or member of their Grand Lodge as a special Grand Representative from them near the G.L.U.S., and he will be entitled to a seat on its floor and will have the right to speak, but not to vote, during the proceedings. His expenses will be paid by the Grand Lodge of Australia.

The following list of the officers and members has been kindly revised by Grand Secretary Ridgely, who will please accept our thanks for his courtesy; it is as complete as it could be made from the records of his office on the 25th of August:

GRAND OFFICERS.

JAMES P. SANDERS, Yonkers, New York, Grand Sire.

E. D. FARNSWORTH, Nashville, Tennessee, Deputy Grand Sire.

JAS. L. RIDGELY, Baltimore, Maryland, Grand C. and R. Secretary.

JOSHUA VANSANT, Baltimore, Maryland, Grand Treasurer.

REV. I. D. WILLIAMSON, Delhi, Ohio, Grand Chaplain.

JOHN S. HEISS, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Grand Marshal.

JOHN P. FOSS, Chicago, Illinois, Grand Guardian.

J. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Baltimore, Maryland, Grand Messenger.

GRAND REPRESENTATIVES.

Alabama—S. A. Enholm, Mobile; W. A. Shields, Mobile.

Arkansas—P. O. Hooper, Little Rock.

California—A. J. Gunnison, San Francisco; C. W. Dannals, Sweetland; Geo. M. Garwood, San Francisco; D. B. Woolf, Santa Cruz.

Colorado—Omer O. Kent, Denver.

Connecticut—Julius Atwood, East Haddam; Harris, New Haven; F. Botsford, New Haven.

Delaware—Wm. H. Foulke, Wilmington; Wright, Fulton; Joshua Maris, Wilmington.

District of Columbia—Jno. F. Havenner, Washington; Wm. R. McLean, Washington; Frederick Stuart, Washington.

Florida—Asa B. Clark, Tallahassee.

Georgia—James L. Haupt, Savannah; C. C. lar, Savannah; W. B. Harris, Savannah.

Illinois—Jno. G. Rogers, Chicago; Henry S. Bloomington; Jno. C. Smith, Galena; Rev. C. kins, Brickton.

Indiana—T. B. McCarty, Indianapolis; J. A. Funk, Warsaw; C. P. Tuley, Bloomington; J. Blair, Peru.

Iowa—Erie J. Leech, Keokuk; J. Norwood C. Iowa City; John B. Glenn, Bloomfield; Thomas Evans, Fairfield.

Kansas—Stuart Hastings, Leavenworth; Logan, Leavenworth; F. P. Baker, Topeka.

Kentucky—M. J. Durham, Danville; Rev. Venable, Versailles; M. S. Dowden, Lexington; H. Ransom, Covington.

Louisiana—J. G. Dunlap, New Orleans; Alace Hunter, New Orleans; Luther Homes, New Orleans.

Lower Provinces, B. N. A.—Robert Dowell, P. Maine—Cyrus K. Ladd, Portland; N. G. mings, Portland; Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., Portland.

Maryland—Richard Marley, Baltimore; Ellis, Elkton; H. F. Garey, Baltimore; Jos. B. cavaille, Baltimore.

Massachusetts—Amos Johnson, South Boston; Dana Bancroft, Groton Junction.

Michigan—W. Oakes, Corunna; J. Sprague, Arbor; B. W. Dennis, Byron.

Minnesota—Chas. D. Strong, St. Paul.

Mississippi—R. B. Mayes, Yazoo City; Am Love, Columbus; L. K. Barber, Woodville.

Missouri—Chas. G. Mauro, St. Louis; J. W. rett, Canton; Isaac M. Veitch, St. Louis.

Nebraska—Jonas Hacker, Brownville.

Nevada—G. H. Morrison, Virginia.

New Hampshire—S. S. Davis, Nashua; Jose Adams, Portsmouth; Jno. L. Spring, Milford.

New Jersey—Jno. H. Hern, Lambertville; A. Ross, Newark; F. R. Force, Newark; S. Read, Mt. Holly.

New York—James Terwilliger, Syracuse; H. White, Albion; C. A. Marvin, Brooklyn.

North Carolina—Wm. H. Clark.

Oregon—E. L. Bristow; W. P. Burns.

Ohio—Joseph Dowdall, Columbus; Jno. W. ter, Cincinnati; Daniel Fithian, Cincinnati; Viele, Akron.

Ontario—James Woodyatt, Brantford; McAfee, Windsor.

Pennsylvania—Jno. H. Bailey, Pittsburgh; Lambertson, Harrisburg; J. Alex. Simpson, Philadelphia; Jno. W. Stokes, Philadelphia.

Rhode Island—J. F. Driscoll, Warren; D. Paine, Woonsocket.

South Carolina—Jos. G. Martin, Charleston; Thayer, Charleston.

Tennessee—W. H. McConnell, Cornersville; F. Hide, Nashville; Thos. T. Smiley, Nashville.

Texas—H. B. Andrews, Galveston; Thomas Joseph, Galveston.

Vermont—J. G. Burton, Rupert.

Virginia—H. Latham, Alexandria; J. H. R son, Lynchburg; E. H. Fitzhugh, Richmond.

West Virginia—Jno. F. Smith, Middlesboro; Duval, Wellsburg; Geo. Baird, Wheeling.

Wisconsin—Q. H. Barron, Fox Lake; H. S. Milwaukee; H. L. Page, Milwaukee; L. B. Madison.

LUTHERAN SYNOD OF OHIO ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.

The corner-stone of the new Odd Fellow's hall is now being built by the Order in our city, laid on the fourth of July with the ceremonies of the Order, Grand Master Semple officiating. A number of the Brothers from the Lodges in Wilmington, Canal Winchester, Hilliards, Dublin, Marysville, Delaware, Marysville, Mechanicstown, Springfield, London, Mt. Vernon, Newark, Zanesville and other places had come to take part in the proceedings, and the procession, which marched from the hall at 2 P. M., contained over 1400 Odd Fellows. Music of six brass bands—three of them brought by the Brothers of Springfield, Delaware and Mt. Vernon, respectively—enlivened the march. Owing to the good arrangements of the committee in charge of the day, the ceremony passed off as pleasantly as the warmth of the weather permitted. The speeches after the ceremony—by Rev. Bro. D. H. Moore, of Zanesville, English, and Rev. Bro. C. Heddaeus in German—were brief, eloquent and appropriate, and held the attention of the vast concourse of people notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The sentiments of the orators were frequently applauded, and the thought had met the approval of every one who heard them; but this does not seem to be the case for the auspices of the “Joint Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio” there are published in our two newspapers, the “Lutheran Standard” and the “Lutherische Kirchenszeitung,” the former being in English, the latter a German paper. In this connection, edited by a committee of the Synod, we find following criticism—if it is worthy of that name the proceedings in question:

CORNER STONE-LAYING OF AN ODD TEMPLE OF THE ODD FELLOWS IN COLUMBUS.

On the fourth of July last, something very odd was named in our good city, namely: the cornerstone-laying named in the superscription of this article; if we notice this event among our church-news for the benefit of our dear readers, we do so because the *odd fellows* during their *cornerstone-laying* took occasion to notice the Church; and good turn deserves another.

A long-stretched procession, with beating of drums and blowing of horns, under the boiling-hot sun of the July sun, and under *odd* perspiration, covered with very common dust, the Brothers, colored around the neck and abdomen, moved through our streets, like stragglers, each one keeping at his own pleasure. Their number was great, they had come from far and near at half-price, spiritually-related, the co-conspiring Brethren. A secret, of weighty import, finely covered with cloth, ornamented with golden lace, they carried with them with serious face, the Odd Fellows, as though it were not all a farce. (The reader will kindly wait with us, if in this description we depart occasionally from the style of ordinary prose, for the fact is uncommon, *odd*, overpowering.) There was no lack of halberds, lances, and of spears with blades, painted yellow, and wooden; even the more precious a sabre was there, and glittered *oddly* at many a

“Arrived at the building-site, where the odd temple, as in odd manner the odd orators on this day always called it, is to be erected, the ‘common’ Lodges formed in open ranks, while the Grand Lodge, the Grand Master at its head, marched through to the cornerstone, which really in this whole affair was the only thing natural, and now was forced to submit to be laid with a number of antics, *that were claimed to be full of meaning*, and as the betineeled Grand Master declared: ‘In the name of *Friendship, of Love, of Truth, and of Charity*.’ Now the high dignitaries retired to the platform, while those of less importance, and not so much ‘embroidered,’ surrounded it in a half-circle, to hear the speeches. First came an ‘Odd-Fellow’ prayer, which strongly resembled the ‘odd’ prayer of the Pharisee in the Temple; then followed a speech by the Rev. Moore, Methodist preacher and Odd Fellow. This man tried to show ‘the relation of Odd Fellowship to other societies, to the Church, and to the State.’ ‘When he reached the second point, the relation to the Church, he had to perspire profusely, for he sought to prove that Odd Fellowship and the Church could very well exist *side by side, without conflicting*, and made the assertion: ‘*The best Odd Fellow will make the best Christian, and the best Christian the best Odd Fellow.*’ This proposition would really give occasion for an interesting double problem; for instance: if the ‘best’ Odd Fellows who are also the ‘best Christians’ are counted, and their sum be subtracted from the whole number of Odd Fellows, *how many* had Odd Fellows must exist then? Or: if the ‘best Christians, who become the best Odd Fellows,’ are counted and subtracted from the other Brethren, who are no Christians, *how many* good Odd Fellows can then possibly exist? The dear reader, with his personal experience and knowledge of Lodge Brothers, will please solve this problem himself. But the orator did not appear to be serious, and also admitted that many ‘Lodge-Brothers’ *substitute the Lodge for religion and the Church; which is ‘all wrong;’* but—it generally is the case. Finally followed a German oration by the rationalistic preacher and Lodge-Brother Heddaeus of this city. His speech consisted: first and mainly of *odd* gesticulations; second, of the assertion by his predecessor regarding the ‘best Christian,’ etc.; third, of a laudation of the Order, because it ‘dries tears and watches with the sick;’ fourth, of the prophecy, that the Order will yet gain a great triumph over its enemies; and then—Brother Heddaeus was silent, *which pleased us above all else.* ‘*The National Convention against Secret Societies*, which recently met in Pittsburgh, resolved the following: ‘We believe that they (the Secret Societies) are of this world, and not of Christ, and so belong to Satan, the “god of this world,”’ etc. During the above-described *odd* cornerstone-laying we saw and heard nothing *against* this resolution. E. S.”

The italics and quotation marks are copied from the original.

The Rev. Professor, who is the author of this *odd* article, and the editing committee of Reverends who approved of the effusion, seem to have seen a great many *odd* things on the fourth of July; but they point out nothing that to us seems nearly so *odd*, as

*In the original, the word used is “*gemein*,” which, like the word “common,” by which we translate it, has a double meaning—the primary sense being “usual” or “ordinary”; but it being frequently used to mean, “low,” “dishonorable,” “mean.” The author shows that he is well aware of this fact, and that he used this word because of its double meaning, by putting quotation marks (‘’) on each side of the word.

the wholesale slander indulged in by these *gentlemen*, in saying that a society which has no other object than the relief of distress and the elevation of the human character, and which embraces among its members many of the best members of the Lutheran Church, (whether they are Christians or not, Prof. E. S. will know,) as well as a large number of ministers of the Gospel—that this society belongs to Satan. It seems *odd*, also, that these Reverends, in this, as in all other attacks on our society, never condescend to mention details—they never tell us which of our acts or omissions condemn us to the realm of the Prince of Darkness; and yet, *oddly* enough, they expect us to believe their assertion.

In keeping with the whole spirit of the article is the insinuation of the Professor, that the Lodges are “common,” in the sense of “low,” “vulgar,” “mean.” We think that such an insinuation, made in regard to a number of bodies of men from all parts of the State, with whose character the Professor could not possibly be acquainted, can only be characterized by the epithet supplied by the Professor himself.

How careful the Professor has been, not to give his readers a wrong impression of the occurrence he describes, will perhaps best appear from his assertion that one of the prayers used resembled the “odd” prayer of the Pharisee in the Temple—the prayer wherein the Pharisee thanks God for being better than other people. Now, the only prayers spoken on the occasion in question, were those prayers prescribed in the ceremony for laying corner-stones, as published in Grosh’s Manual. The first of these is as follows:

“We beseech Thee, O Heavenly Father, to look down upon us in mercy and loving kindness. Guide our steps, direct our hands, purify our hearts, and elevate our thoughts, so that our labor may be fit for Thy pure eyes to look upon. And to Thee shall be the glory and praise forever. Amen.”

The second prayer, more lengthy, but breathing the same spirit, may be found on page 346 of Grosh’s Manual; the third is simply a benediction, closing the whole ceremony. Do either of them bear any semblance to the prayer of the Pharisee?

How *odd*, that these Reverend gentlemen oppose a society like ours! It certainly cannot be, that they are exercised, because the large sums of money expended by our Lodges for various benevolent purposes do not pass through their hands? We would be loth to believe that their conduct is dictated by any such selfish motive; yet what else can be the cause of their unchristian conduct?

THE PERIODICALS OF THE ORDER.

THE MYSTIC TIE. A Weekly Journal devoted to Odd Fellowship, Literature and Science. Baltimore, C. H. Davis & J. H. Woolhiser: \$3.00 per annum.

We are in receipt of the first few numbers of this new co-laborer in the cause of Odd Fellowship, to which we extend a hearty welcome. About four of the sixteen quarto pages which appear each week,

are filled with advertisements, the other twelve devoted to reading matter—perhaps seven pages stories and miscellaneous reading, and five pages editorials and news of special interest to members of the Order. The fact that Grand Secretary B. Escavaille is editor of the “Mystic Tie,” is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of its contents. The editorial articles are ably written, breathe the true fraternal spirit, while the selection of miscellaneous reading are unexceptionably interesting.

THE LODGE-ROOM. Distributed to the members of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City once a week at the Lodge Rooms. New York, Peck & Winslow.

The “Lodge-Room,” which made its appearance about three months ago, is a small weekly of eight pages, about two of them being filled with reading matter, the balance with advertisements. It is distributed free of charge among the members of New York City and vicinity, but promises soon to double its size and charge a subscription price.

DER ODD FELLOW, published monthly at the office of the COMPANION, and on the same terms as the COMPANION, is the only German publication devoted to the interests of the Order. Each number contains 64 large royal octavo pages. The second volume is nearly completed. DER ODD FELLOW is conducted on the same general plan as the COMPANION, except that greater prominence is given to the large and growing German element in the Order—embracing now not less than 175 Lodges with 25,000 members. DER ODD FELLOW has from the issue of its first number met with a generous reception, and has a rapidly growing subscription list.

THE NEW AGE, published weekly at San Francisco, Cal., by the New Age Publishing Company, at \$5.00 a year in gold, is now in its fourth volume. Each number contains sixteen large quarto pages, about half of them being advertisements. The “New Age” is an excellent paper, well edited, and is a great deal of good west of the Rocky Mountains, where its circulation is mainly confined.

THE MEMENTO, published on the 20th of each month, by N. C. Nason, Peoria, Illinois, at \$1.00 a year, is now in its eighth volume, and the oldest as well as one of the best of our periodicals. Each number contains eight small quarto pages, seven of them being filled with choice reading matter by the editors, Bros. N. C. Nason and Samuel Williams. The Odd Fellows of Illinois should feel proud of “Memento,” and give it a good support.

THE WESTERN ODD FELLOW is published at Detroit, Michigan, by D. B. Harrington, at \$1.00 a year. It brings monthly 32 octavo pages, about half of them being filled with advertisements. It is a good local magazine, and ably edited.

THE OLIVE WREATH is published monthly by Chapin & Cowgill, Chicago, Illinois, at \$1.50 a year. Each number contains 32 octavo pages, filled with excellent reading matter, original and selected, and will interest every earnest Odd Fellow.

THE ODD FELLOWS' TALISMAN, an eight page quarto, is published monthly at Indianapolis, by R. Erickland, at \$1.00 a year. It is an "Odd Fellow Journal," and ably edited. We do not see, any Odd Fellow in Indiana can do without it. THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD is issued once a month, Philadelphia, by Messrs. Clinton & Potts, at \$1.00 a year. Each number contains eight large pages. The "Record" is ably edited, and undoubtedly be well sustained by the Brotherhood in Pennsylvania.

THE ODD FELLOWS' MUSICAL JOURNAL is published monthly by M. Loomis, at New Haven, Conn., and has a subscription each for Odd Fellowship and Masonry. It latterly appeared in a new dress, and is a very attractive publication. Terms, \$1.00 a year.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW is a monthly magazine, varying from 48 to 64 pages a month exclusive of advertisements, published by John W. Orr, New York City, at \$2.00 a year. It is a very good periodical, now in its seventh volume. The enterprising publisher states in a recent number that he has finally succeeded in placing his magazine on a sustaining basis.

THE ODD FELLOW'S COMPANION speaks for itself.

IMPOSTORS.

DELAWARE, OHIO, Aug. 11, 1868.

Editor Companion: You will please notify the Brother that M. K. Fuller, who represents himself as a member of Olentangy Lodge, No. 53, of this State, and who has been borrowing money from members of different Lodges, was expelled from this State about seventeen years ago. All other Odd Fellow's periodicals will oblige by copying the above. Fraternally, C. V. OWSTEN, Sec.

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 19, 1868.

Editor Companion: A man by the name of Samuel Mitchell, representing that he belongs to Duane Lodge, No. 32, of Pennsylvania, is imposing on Odd Fellows in New York and New Jersey, claiming to be in distress, etc. Said person is not a member of this Lodge. JAS. McCARDLESS, Sec.

Editor Companion: J. W. McKnight was expelled from Columbus Lodge, No. 9, Columbus, Ohio, for conduct unbecoming an Odd Fellow and obtaining money from sister Lodges under false pretenses. As a card dated July 6th, 1868, which was received July 27th, 1868. H. LOTT, Per. Sec.

We caution the Order in the West against one Charles W. White, formerly a member of Versailles Lodge, No. 117, at Versailles, Indiana. White deserted his Lodge and the publishers of this magazine, and was recently expelled in consequence of frauds. When last heard from, in June, 1868, he was at Forrest Station, in Livingston County, Ills.

THE LODGES of Essex County, Massachusetts, will hold their third grand demonstration at New Bedford on the 9th of September. The programme includes a procession at 11 o'clock; a dinner at one o'clock; addresses at 2.30; in the evening a promise concert at the mammoth tent, and dancing at City Hall. We thank Bro. Staten for his kind invitation to be present.

"A HARD CASE."

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 25, 1868.

Editor Companion: Permit me to express my obligations to you for your kindness in sending me your much valued magazine. I assure you it is appreciated by all to whom I have shown it, and were we in this distracted Southern section as well off as in ante-bellum days, I am confident I could procure you many subscribers. We are "watching and waiting," and when the tide of success again turns in our favor, hope to be able to communicate more agreeable tidings from this "City by the Sea" (where we daily hear the rolling of old Ocean), when its surgings shall have reached your Western shore, and, in its recedings, bear us some of the elements which have contributed to your prosperity.

In your August number there is an article from the pen of your distinguished Illinois Editor, our much esteemed Brother, Dr. Willard, under the heading of a "Hard Case." A careful consideration of the matter has induced me to think that it is not so hard as may at first be supposed, and with your permission, I propose to examine it in all its bearings, to see if I cannot produce a different conclusion. In assuming the vows of the Brotherhood, we are advised, in the initiatory ceremony, that our Order is not "a mere beneficiary society, having for its single purpose the relief of its members in the struggles incident to human life." But this does not for a moment infer, that this beneficial system is not one of, if not the most important feature of our revered Order. Indeed, it has often been remarked, "what else constitutes the difference between it and its time-honored associate, the Masonic Fraternity?" I have the privilege of membership in both Orders, and have filled nearly, if not quite, all the highest offices in each—a recipient of the thirty-second Degree in one, and a P.G.M. and P.G.P. of the other—and therefore may be permitted to speak knowingly, and I hesitate not to say that my proclivities for Odd Fellowship are the strongest, for the simple reason that while all are considered as members of one family, and bound by mutual ties to relieve and assist each other, the strong bond of *pecuniary relief*, in time of need, is more the duty of the I.O.O.F., than of the other. It should also be remembered that the duties of Lodges to its members, and *vice versa*, must be reciprocal, and when a Brother, after contributing his means and active energies to the support of a particular Lodge for any length of time, severs his connection, he cannot reasonably, when in age and failing health, expect another Lodge, to which he has given nothing, to receive him as a member, with the certainty of having to meet a weekly or monthly draft upon its treasury for his maintenance or support. It would simply be doing injustice to those members, who have for years been faithfully laboring to accumulate a fund for themselves and families in their time of affliction. In taking this view, I may be regarded as selfish; but I cannot but consider it just and right. We are

commanded in the ritual "to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, support the widow and educate the orphan," and are told that "this is not only the command of our laws, but an imperative duty which Odd Fellowship enjoins." But how is a Lodge to meet these requirements, if it be compelled to admit every applicant, whether in sound health or otherwise, under a mistaken idea that "the benefits provided in our by-laws should not cut us off from the benefits of a liberal heart." How easy would it be for a Brother, anticipating a long illness, if he be a member of a Lodge with scanty means, to withdraw and connect himself with one with ample means, and thus insure a liberal support? It is true, it may be urged that no true Odd Fellow would be guilty of such conduct, and such may be the case; but we all know the weakness of human nature, and how apt we are to think that while legislating for ourselves, we are consulting the interests of others, and the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* is lost sight of. I therefore regard the ballot to determine the admission of any and every member into the Lodge, whether the applicant be a *profane* or an *initiate*, a wise provision of our laws, and the only safeguard for the protection of those funds which have been accumulated for carrying on the designs of the organization. During a connection with the Order for a quarter of a century, I have carefully studied the relief system, and have arrived at the conclusion, that the disproportion between the dues and benefits demands a watchful caution, and a strict adherence to the rule. I am therefore constrained to regard the case referred to as anything but a hard one.

J. H. H. Jr.

USE OF VISITING AND WITHDRAWAL CARDS.

I have seen several articles on this subject, and as I differ in opinion from the writers on one point, I thought I would give, in a few words, my views of the matter.

The N.G. of the Lodge to which a Brother belongs, has the right to communicate to him the P. W., or cause it to be communicated to him, by giving him an order on some other N.G., when the Brother is absent from home, requesting such N.G. to communicate it to him. But the fact that the Brother holds a card, gives the N.G. of any other Lodge to which it may be presented no right to give the holder the P.W., without said order over the seal of the Lodge.

In regard to visiting on a visiting card granted within the same jurisdiction, I can see no reason for impropriety in it, although the words of the ritual seem to imply that it was not intended to be so used, as the N.G. is instructed to admit no one except a member of his own Lodge without the P.W. of the current term; but I think it would be a great stretch of the authority of the N.G. to communicate the P.W. to the holder of a visiting card, and then admit him, merely because his possession of a card would indicate that he was in good standing.

HILLSBORO, ILLS., July, 1868.

J.

NEW YORK.

The Grand Lodge of New York was in session the 18th of August in the City of Buffalo. We present a short synopsis of the proceedings in the "Reading Room."

Grand Master Gould states in his report that the membership of the Lodges in New York has risen to 16,132, being an increase of 1,452 during the year. Dispensations for six Lodges were issued, one re-instated, and one Degree Lodge instituted.

The *per capita* tax to the Grand Lodge was increased to 25 cents.

On Wednesday the Grand Lodge adjourned immediately after assembling, to enable members to participate in an excursion and picnic to Niagara provided by the Buffalo Lodges.

The election of Grand Officers had the following result:

GEORGE J. GARDNER, Syracuse, Grand Master.
NICHOLAS L. PETTIT, Brooklyn, Deputy Master.

DANIEL WOOD, Rochester, Grand Warden.
CHARLES V. CLARK, New York, Grand Secretary.
JACOB RUSSELL, New York, Grand Treasurer.

ITEMS.

—Ohio Lodge, No. 1, of Cincinnati, had a picnic at Parlor Grove on the 27th of August.

—Grand Secretary Willard, of Illinois, says in recent letter: "Our annual report to the G. L. shows an increase of 18 per cent. in membership, and yet we have only half as many members as last year."

—Bro. Keifer writes from Barry, Illinois: "Our Lodge now numbers 33 members, and is two-thirds full on the 15th of August. Our officers are: Bro. Howe, N.G.; J. Smith, V.G.; A. White, Treasurer; J. R. Rowan, R.S.; C. F. Kenning, P.S."

—There is a fair prospect for the institution of a Subordinate Lodge of Odd Fellows at Mead, Wisconsin, during the ensuing autumn. Every display of any spirit or enterprise should foster the establishment of such table and benevolent institutions.—*Appleton Cent.*

—On Wednesday, the 29th of July, some members of Columbus Lodge, No. 9, of Columbus, Ohio, held a picnic near Mechanicsburg, on the road from Delaware to Springfield. The Brothers from Columbus, Delaware, Marysville, and Mechanicsburg turned out in large numbers, with their families or sweethearts, and when the huge excursion train reached the selected grounds, it carried 1400 people. Notwithstanding a rain of two days' duration, the picnic was pronounced a very successful success.

—Dr. I. Sides, of Colon, Mich., writes: "The population in this county is in a flourishing condition; we number seven Lodges and one Encampment, and there are prospects of two more Encampments started this fall—one at Sturgis, the other at Three Rivers. We are having interesting Rebekah meetings in the respective Lodges in this county, and continue our quarterly meetings, with a large attendance both in the attendance and in the interest manifested by those who are associated with the organization. On the 29th of September the third quarterly meeting is to be held at the hall of Blackman Lodge, No. 117, at Leonidas. On the 15th of September the Sisters of the Rebekah Degree of Excelsior Lodge, No. 80, at Three Rivers, design giving the meeting at Dennis Lodge, No. 96, of this place, a social entertainment."

Missouri Department.

DEATH OF P.G.P. JOHN LIBBY.

The Order in Missouri have to mourn the loss of one of their most efficient members in the death of P. John Libby, who for a number of years filled the responsible office of Grand Scribe of the Grand Department of Missouri. The committee appointed to prepare resolutions on his death, consisting of P. C. C. Archer, Grand Scribe A. G. Trevor, and W. Seymour, say of him: "His long service in the Order, his upright character and bright example, greatly endeared him to this Encampment of the Brotherhood in St. Louis with which he has long identified; *** by the purity of his life, his zeal in the cause of Odd Fellowship, and his devotion to its benevolent and moral principles, he has been an example worthy of our imitation, and we cherish the memory of his virtues, and endeavor to follow his footsteps in the paths of a practical Odd Fellow, which he ever exemplified throughout a long and useful life."

THE ORDER IN ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, August 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: Onward is still the motto in St. Louis, the principal recent events being the establishment of an Odd Fellows' Library, the organization of a Mutual Aid Society for the benefit of the poor and orphans of deceased Brethren, the formation of an Odd Fellows' Glee Club, and another Lodge ushered into existence.

The library is in the hands of good men, who will carry out the plan for its establishment is fully carried out and when established, that it shall be a credit to the Order.

Last evening the Mutual Aid Society held a meeting, adopted several sections of a constitution for guidance, and adjourned for one week, to perfect the arrangements. From the number present the interest manifested, I predict for it a successful future, whereby the loved ones will be fully provided for.

Our old friend P.G. Cullen has the Glee Club on hand, and as he generally performs what he undertakes, it may be considered as in full force, and will add new beauties to our meetings. May his efforts meet with a due reward.

The 9th inst., Cosmos Lodge, No. 196, was duly initiated, with ten charter members, by Grand Master H. Bodeman. The officers elected and installed were: Joseph Henry, N.G.; F. Kaess, V.G.; F. Switzer, Secretary; A. Glush, Treasurer. The new Lodge meets on Thursday evenings, at the corner of 22d St. and Franklin Avenue. At their last meeting, applications were received; and as the original members are working members of the Order, the Lodge soon occupy a proud position.

Fraternally,

G. F. A.

PLATTSBURG LODGE, NO. 64.

PLATTSBURG, July, 1868.

Our Lodge meets every Saturday evening, and notwithstanding the extremely warm weather, the meetings are well attended; we expect a good time this coming winter. Odd Fellowship seems to be on the increase in our State, and I think if more members would subscribe for the *COMPANION*, and read it, they would manifest more interest in the Order, and make better Odd Fellows; for nothing tends more to develop the interest in the Order, than the circulation of our periodicals. I hope you may be encouraged to continue with renewed energy in the good work. We have a fine country out here, and a good field for the work. Our town has a population of about fifteen hundred. We have a good hall, well furnished, and taking all things into consideration, we have a good working Lodge. My prayer is that it will never grow less.

GEORGE DUMBILL.

GEORGIA.

SAVANNAH, August 11, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Grand Lodge of Georgia met in Macon on the 5th of this month. Quite a number of Representatives and Past Grands were in attendance, and everything passed off very pleasantly, each and every one seeming to be fully actuated by the pure principles of our Order. A more harmonious meeting it has never been my lot to witness.

The reports show the Order to be in a very healthy condition, considering the present state of this section of the country, and we have commenced another year with brightening prospects.

Our Grand Officers are men of the right stamp, especially the Grand Master. He knows no such thing as fail. I am fully convinced that at the end of his term of office he can deliver his jewel with the proud satisfaction of having materially advanced the Order in this jurisdiction.

The Grand Officers for the current year are:

JAMES LACHLISON, Savannah, Grand Master.
JAMES L. GOW, Augusta, Deputy Grand Master.
M. G. ROGERS, Macon, Grand Warden.
W. M. RILEY, Macon, Grand Secretary.
THOMAS A. BURKE, Macon, Grand Treasurer.
W. B. HARRIS, of Columbus, and C. C. MILLAR, of Savannah, Grand Representatives.

Grand Master Lachlison appointed the following officers: A. Lautzner, Grand Marshal; Robert Cunningham, Grand Chaplain; B. Loewenthal, Grand Guardian; J. M. Bloodworth, Grand Conductor.

For D.D. Grand Masters he made the following selections: For Dalton District, John Hill; Columbus District, J. M. Bloodworth; Atlanta District, B. F. Bennett; Lumpkin District, F. A. Lautzner; Albany and Dawson District, J. C. F. Clark; Athens District, J. Q. A. Norris.

Yours, fraternally,

J. S. TYSON.

—University Lodge, No. 144, was instituted at Oakland City, California, on the 20th of June. P.G.R. Dwinelle is one of the charter members.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

BURLINGTON, August 24th, 1868.

Editor Companion: Deputy Grand Master Sharp writes me, that on July 29th he re-organized Leon Lodge, No. 84, and installed the officers, viz: J. N. Clark, N.G.; J. W. Warner, V.G.; George Burton, Sec., and Wm. Hawkins, Treasurer; that they have 13 members, and that their prospects for the future are good. The Lodge meets on Saturday evenings.

Bro. Otis, Secretary of National Lodge, No. 165, Charles City, writes under date of July 30th: Our Lodge was organized July 7th with seven charter members; we now number 25, and we have a good prospect of increasing to 100 within a year. We are receiving none but the best men in the place."

Bro. Wells, D.D.G.M. of District No. 34, writes under date of 10th inst.: "The Lodges in my District are in a healthy condition, and the new Lodges increasing in numbers fast."

And from various correspondents I learn that since the 1st of July the initiations have been numerous, and Lodges generally increasing in membership; but there are a few weak Lodges, and some, I fear, will have to surrender their charters. As a general thing, the officers have made their reports promptly, but some few have not, and it seems that writing for reports does no good. This ought not to be. Officers should take the time and trouble to make out and forward reports, as required by our laws, or should not accept office. Since writing you July 18th, the Brothers to whom a dispensation was issued to establish Lynnville Lodge, No. 164, concluded that they had better not try to sustain a Lodge at that place, and returned the dispensation, books, etc., and the Grand Officers returned them their cards and charter fee, and on the next day received a petition to establish a Lodge at Sioux City; so they gave that Lodge the number Lynnville had, 164, and on August 13th issued a dispensation to P.G. A. F. Brown and six others, to establish Sioux City Lodge, No. 164. P.G. B. Newman, of Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 49, was appointed Special Deputy to institute the same, and he writes me that about 12 of the Brothers at the Bluffs have promised to accompany him. I understand from a letter written by one of the petitioners, that Deputy Grand Master Ebert, of Ohio, is at Sioux City, and I have no doubt but that he will assist at the institution of the Lodge.

Bro. McDaniel, D.D.G.M. of No. 28, writes me under date of the 20th inst., that he had instituted Viola Lodge, No. 167, but that he was quite sick, and as soon as he recovered sufficiently, he would write me all the particulars.

The Grand Lodge meets in annual session at Des Moines, on Wednesday, October 21st, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and the Grand Encampment at the same place

and day, at 7 o'clock P. M. Grand Warden A writes me that he has made an arrangement with the proprietor of the Savery House, to keep 100 d the session,—and that he expects to have a new which he is building, ready for the Grand Lod meet in.

The reports are all in for the term ending December 31st, 1867,—and for the term ending June 1868, all but eight from the Lodges, and all but reports from the Camps, and the following i summary for the year ending June 30th, 1868:

	1867.
Lodges	109
Initiations.....	925
Rejections.....	132
Admitted by Card	523
Withdrawn by Card	250
Re-instatements.....	123
Suspensions	174
Expulsions	35
Deaths	30
Members	5,679
Brothers relieved.....	258
Widowed Families relieved.....	34

	1867.	1868.
Paid for Relief of Brothers.....	\$3,565 12	\$3,565 12
" " Widow'd Fam'l's	869 95	1,770 50
" Education of Orphans	113 55	55 00
" Burying the Dead.....	729 65	1,070 00

Total Relief.....	\$5,267 27	\$6,830 00
Annual Receipts.....	\$33,986 42	\$40,800 00

We have gained 13 Lodges and 865 members in the year.

The Grand Encampment Report is:

	1867.
Encampments	27
Initiations	211
Rejections.....	4
Admitted by Card.....	17
Withdrawn by Card.....	33
Re-instatements.....	7
Suspensions	15
Expulsions	3
Deaths.....	4
Members	931
Patriarchs relieved	27
Widowed Families relieved	2

	1867.	1868.
Paid for Relief of Patriarchs.....	\$273 00	\$273 00
" " Widowed Families..	20 00	20 00

Total Relief	\$293 00	\$293 00
Annual Receipts	\$3,623 52	\$3,910 00

A gain of 3 Camps and 204 members. And we granted dispensations for two Lodges since July.

You will observe that the deaths are but 30, an average membership of 6,000. I think that July 1st, 1869, we will number 7,500 members in Lodges and 1,250 in Camps.

TO THE ORDER'S PRAISE.

Our readers will find the beautiful song by Rogerson, which we have had set to music, arranged for four voices, just what has been wanting long time—appropriate to be sung at festivals of the Order.

Indiana Department.

EARLY RECORDS IN INDIANA.—NO. TWO.

NEW ALBANY, Aug. 10, 1868.

Editor Companion: New Albany Lodge, No. 1, Indiana, was thus placed upon what was then considered a sure foundation in so small a town as New Albany was thirty years ago. That it has fully realized the hopes of its founders, can be inferred from the fact that it is still in existence, and in a sound, healthy, and flourishing condition, fully meeting all the requirements designed by the teachings of Odd Fellowship.

In looking over the records of the Lodge during the first year of its existence, we find that scarcely a meeting passed without additions being made to membership. Among the earliest of these are the names of Sol. Malbon, Thos. McNally, A. Moffatt, and Jared C. Jocelyn, who are still active membership with the Order and cling to "ancient usages" with a tenacity that indicates they were attracted and impressed by the simpler workings of Odd Fellowship. But the march of improvement that has exerted so beneficial an influence in giving our Order a prominent place, in placing it in the lead of the social organizations of the day, has not caused these Brethren to grow in their efforts to give universal empire to the principles which underlie the fabric of Odd Fellowship. They are still to be found in our Lodge-rooms, of interest and solicitude unabated, counseling our younger Brethren, and relating "how it used to be when they were initiated," etc., and presenting an example of fidelity worthy of our imitation. During the twelve months fifty-three names were entered, and the applicants admitted to membership in No. 1, making a total membership of seven-and-two. Among the names we recognise many of the most substantial and worthy citizens of our city, a large proportion of whom have passed from earth, leaving the funeral honors of the Order; others, who did their good works, forgetting their "first love," and permitted themselves to lose their membership by carelessness and neglect. Of those who entered the first year attached themselves to this Lodge, and two who received the highest honor that can be conferred upon a Brother in a State jurisdiction, that of Grand Master, P.G.'s Joseph Barclay and Richard D. Evans. The remains of Brother Barclay now repose in a quiet and beautiful spot in our city, and the Falls of the Ohio chant an eternal requiem near his grave. The Grand Lodge of Indiana a few years since inaugurated a movement to erect a suitable stone to the memory of Brother Barclay. It was designed to remove his remains to the cemetery in this city, but owing to the existence of some doubt as to the identity of his grave, it has been temporarily abandoned. There is, however, no little doubt but what he lies in the spot indicated, and it is to be hoped that steps will yet be

taken to suitably mark the last resting place of our first Grand Master. The remains of Richard D. Evans lie buried in the cemetery of this city.

Both these Brothers were warm, active, and large-hearted Odd Fellows, fully illustrating the teachings of the Order in their own persons, and the influence they exerted, by their example, did much to advance the cause in this community. There was need here at that time of earnest men, as anti-Masonry was exercising a powerful influence in deterring good men from entering secret organizations, and was checking the growth, not only of Masonry, but of all kindred associations, and Odd Fellowship fell beneath its ban. The course pursued by the fathers of Odd Fellowship in Indiana, dispelled the gloom, and gave to our Order a character never before possessed by any society in the community.

I cannot permit the present opportunity to pass without noticing some of the "usages" among Odd Fellows in our city during its early history, which, I regret to say, have now fallen into disuse, and which it would have been better to have retained. It may be, however, that local causes render it impossible to carry them out. It was a practice among them that when a Brother was absent,—and many of the members of No. 1. were what we term "river men," whose vocation required them to be absent from home two-thirds of the year—for the officers, or a committee of the Lodge, to call on the wives of absent Brothers and see that their necessities were provided for; if sick, that every attention should be given them, permitting none to suffer from want, while the head of the family was necessarily away. Frequently it became necessary to supply them with a small amount of money to assist them for a few days, and in no case can we learn of a failure to have it promptly refunded upon the return of a Brother to his family. In itself, this may appear a small affair, yet it was the means of doing great good, and was an evidence that their profession of "Friendship" was no mere empty symbol.

Another of the means taken to carry out the lessons learned at our altars, was the effort made to relieve the wants of those who had no fraternal claims upon the Order. At each meeting a collection was taken up for what was termed the "poor fund," and to this each Brother contributed such an amount as he saw proper. When the inclement season began, and labor became scarce, committees were appointed to look after the worthy in distress, and their immediate wants were at once supplied, to the extent of the funds on hand, if necessary. Silently and unseen, the Order became a ministering angel in the community; relieving the distressed without regard to nationality or creed. We can recollect when this practice was abandoned; the Brethren who were always in the Lodge-meetings contributing to this fund, believed their absent Brethren should assist in this work of mercy, and consequently it was resolved to pay what was necessary in this direction from the general fund, or treasury, and charge the amount so expended, *pro rata*, against the entire

membership. For a time this worked admirably, and the tax was submitted to by the members with pleasure, but it was finally abandoned as a system, although the Order in this city has always contributed liberally to the poor in times of general distress.

"THE COMPANION."

Although this communication is extended beyond what we intended, we cannot but express our satisfaction as regards the appearance, typographically, as well as the subject-matter contained in the August number of the COMPANION. How any Brother can resist the temptation to subscribe, I am at a loss to know. No one can become a well-posted Odd-Fellow, unless he reads the literature of the Order, and all should embrace the opportunity and subscribe at once. They will never regret it, and after reading some one of our magazines for a year, they will not be willing to discontinue it for double the price of subscription. Try it, Brethren.

Fraternally,

JNO. W. MCQ.

'ODD FELLOWSHIP AND RELIGION.

SHELBYVILLE, August, 1868.

The institution of Odd Fellowship in its objects, aims, principles and lessons of instruction, so far as they are understood by the outside world, are acknowledged to be good, and very many of those connected with the Order very properly place it as an institution next in importance to the Church. The definition given by an inspired apostle of *pure religion* is an embodiment of the faith and practice of good Odd Fellows; viz.: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world;" and while we do not claim for Odd Fellowship *all* that is involved in the Christian religion, we do claim for it much, very much, that belongs to theoretical and practical religion. And in proof of this, we have often observed persons who have been connected with the Order for years, when seeking and securing for themselves home-church and church-relations, and starting out in religious life, entering at once as earnestly and heartily into the work and practice of religion, as though they had been for years professed Christians. Why is this? The discipline of the Order, to which they have become accustomed, has prepared them for church discipline; the prayers of the Lodge-room for the devotions of religious service. The mode of teaching truth in symbols and emblems, has prepared them for receiving religious truth as taught in the sacraments of the Church, and in the parables, figures, emblems, etc., used in the Scriptures, the acknowledged guide of the Church; while the work of watching over each other's interests and caring for each other's welfare, has prepared them, in good degree, for the endearments of Christian fellowship. The visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, burying the dead, and educating the orphan—the command of our laws—has prepared them for the work of love which is constantly demanded in

Christian life, and the practice of that charity "thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, rejoiceth in the truth, hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

There is no place where man appears more than at the bedside of the afflicted, bending true Brotherly love over the failing form of helpless and dying—and an Odd Fellow who has been for years practicing this work—

"Of watching by the couch of pain—
Till the light of day shall wane,
Till the evening star is high,
Till the midnight shadows fly,
Silent, wakeful vigils keeping
O'er the restless sufferer, sleeping;"

such a one is prepared to a great extent for the work of visiting the sick and dying, to administer in council and prayers the comfort and consolation so much needed.

We do not claim for the institution of Odd Fellowship that it is perfect in all its parts,—that it has no defects in its organization and work; but we submit that there are as few defects in it as in any other human institution.

"A HARD CASE."

The *hard case* referred to in the Illinois Department of the August COMPANION has been looked upon by many of your readers, and many of them who probably been in deep sympathy with the Brother who surrendered his card and membership in the Order for the reasons assigned in his letter. I am disposed to think and say that the Lodge to which he made application for membership, in my opinion, is not deserving the censure that is so freely given; for every Lodge must guard its financial interests jealously, or it will be likely to be swamped by the failure to meet its obligation to its members, to whom it is bound to provide for in case of sickness or inability to support a living. Where it can be done, the Odd Fellowship of many years' standing and labor should reward where they were made Odd Fellows, and advance them in the Degrees of the Order, and where they have been paying their dues. The charge for Degrees should not to compensate the officers and members for the work of transferring them, or place in the Lodge treasury for the work, so much as to keep the Lodge in a condition to meet her liabilities and to place in the possession of beneficiaries that which of right belongs to them because of their sickness or disability. And I submit if it is not quite in order for an aged Odd Fellow, who has had cause in his old age, or in advanced life, to change his residence, and the latter part of the evening of his life in the dictation of another Lodge than his own, where his strength has been spent and the main part of his work of his life accomplished; I submit, I think it is not in perfect order for him to retain his membership in the Lodge to which he has so long been attached, use a visiting card, paying his dues in advance to the Lodge of which he is a member, and securing an order from the N.G. of that Lodge for the N.G. of the Lodge in the jurisdiction of

lives, for the P.W. Any N.G. of any Lodge with which I have been associated, would readily recognize fellowship with such a Brother, and commend him to the care and regards of the Brethren. If he has taken sick and needed attention, he would certainly have it; and if benefits were due him, it could be known, they could be advanced, and the Lodge to which he belonged would gladly respond to the account sent to them under the seal of the Lodge advancing the money, and, moreover, they could thank the Lodge that had thus acted for the relief of one of their members.

I know a class of men who are itinerant—many of them ardent votaries of Odd Fellowship, who remain in no one place longer than two or three years. Many of them retain their membership in the same Lodge and pay their dues regularly there, but all affiliating with the Lodge where they reside. The N.G. of the Lodge to which they belong requests, under the seal of the Lodge, that the N.G. where they reside give them the P.W., they being entitled to it, having paid their dues, etc.

MAINE.

PORTLAND, August 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Grand Encampment of Maine met at Portland in annual session on the 11th inst. A very full representation from every Encampment was present. This branch of Odd Fellowship in good condition, though small in number of subordinates and members. Since 1865 the number of members has more than doubled. During the year the new Camp has been organized under the most favorable circumstances. Still another is expected to be added within a short time.

The officers elected are as follows:

JAMES E. HASELTINE, Portland, Grand Patriarch.
A. N. YEATON, Bangor, Grand High Priest.
J. W. SARGENT, Kennebunk, Grand Sen. Warden.
E. P. BANKS, Portland, Grand Scribe.
C. B. NASH, Portland, Grand Treasurer.
WM. H. GRENOUGH, Bangor, Grand Jun. Warden.
N. G. CUMMINGS, Portland, Grand Representative.

The Grand Lodge also met on the same day. A large number of delegates, from every Lodge in the State, except two, was present. Three hundred have been added during the year. The finances are in a prosperous condition, and every thing betokens an upward and onward movement in Odd Fellowship in the Pine Tree State.

The Grand Representatives were instructed to vote for the amendment to the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, reducing the Grand Representative Tax.

The following officers were elected:

N. H. COLTON, Bangor, Grand Master.
J. E. HASELTINE, Portland, Deputy Grand Master.
J. A. ADAMS, South Berwick, Grand Warden.
O. B. WHILTON, Portland, Grand Secretary.
S. K. DYER, Portland, Grand Treasurer.
J. A. FENDERSON, Portland, Grand Chaplain.
BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., Portland, Grand Representative.

Yours, truly,

Ex.

Maryland Department.

F. G. THOS. LUCY, A. M., EDITOR.

PHILANTHROPICAL INSTITUTIONS.

The past hundred years have been prolific in establishing and spreading institutions of a benevolent character. Man seems, at last, to have fully perceived the real evils in social life, and adopted the right means to ameliorate them. To every Odd Fellow these advances in "doing good" are particularly interesting; yet it is hardly of any value to trace now the societies formed in the centuries previous to the eighteenth, as they merged into others that have passed out of all practical organization. But taking those that still exist in their order, we have:—

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—We begin, then, with the establishment of the Sunday School for the religious instruction of the young, by Robert Raikes, in 1780, which is now so general, and so productive of kindlier sentiments, than before prevailed, among all classes; for if we would make men better, we must begin with the children, and implant in them ideas of kindness, goodness, and charity to all. We believe that much of the advance in the feelings and dispositions of men towards doing good to each other through philanthropical institutions, is due to the implanting of kind sentiments in children in the Sunday School, to be matured and carried out by them when grown up. That this plan, for all great moral enterprises, is truly the proper one, is evident from the success of it everywhere, and the high esteem felt for it, up to this day, by every good man. Who ever says or writes anything against Sunday Schools? No one. Then to this institution, at least, we give due credit, and appreciate it as the first step for the promotion of happiness and fraternity among men.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.—The next in order is the Bible Society, which owes its establishment to the Rev. Mr. Charles, of Bala, England. It was begun in 1804, from a subscription of only \$3,000; now there are many such societies, and all their revenues are ample. They distribute millions of Bibles and Testaments over all parts of the habitable globe; and in this way, also, men's selfishness and cruel passions have become softened, and the door opened wider to philanthropy, that blesses wherever it comes. The United States are justly distinguished for the liberal and earnest manner in which they have always co-operated with the foreign Bible and Tract Societies, so that the advantages of the gospel should be given to all nations. Nor can we tell fully how much Odd Fellowship owes to this spread of the Bible, for we draw all our lessons of morality, benevolence and toleration from its pages, and find it a reliable anchoring ground for all our charges, and are indebted to it for all our Degrees. We give, then, to the general establishment of Bible Societies the second step in advance, by which Friendship, Love and Truth have become established among us for all generations.

HUMAN ASYLUMS.—Men thus trained in the Sabbath School, and influenced by the universal distribution of Bibles, became more awake to the real trials and sufferings of their fellows, and in the nineteenth century have gone on in the establishment of one institution after another, as asylums for the benefit of the sick, the blind, the afflicted, the insane and the outcast, until every Christian nation presents a noble instance of generous rivalry, vying with each other in philanthropy, of which our beloved Order is now as bright and shining example as any. This establishment of humane asylums was the third good step made in philanthropic institutions, and in proof of this, the change made in the treatment of the insane may be quoted. Previously to the establishment of the Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, Eng., the insane were chained in cells, and left in idleness, a prey to the fancies of their own disordered intellects; now everywhere they are carefully and medically treated, with employments given to them suitably to their abilities and condition. Thus we can trace the progress of events that have eventuated in mutual efforts to ameliorate the condition of those subject to more than the ordinary afflictions incident to human life.

EDUCATIONAL SOCIETIES.—The next in order that we would mention, were societies for the promotion and diffusion of useful knowledge, Mechanics' Institutes, Literary Lyceums, etc. The first of these was formed principally through the exertions of the late Lords Brougham and Russell, William Allen, and Mr. Knight; this society has had a noble career, and through it and the many other similar enterprises, the world has had a better class of periodical literature, than it ever had before, and the consequence of this general diffusion of useful and scientific knowledge in a popular form, has been, that more correct views of life and nature have been gained and made known to the masses, by which they have become more intellectual; prejudices and superstitions have been overcome, and people better prepared to avail themselves of the circumstances and surroundings of life. We have thus been able to appreciate the value of united efforts, and were prepared for seeing and securing all the advantages of the next step in social progress, the:—

MORAL AND BENEFICIAL SOCIETIES.—All the previous influences have had their marked effect upon Odd Fellowship and other kindred benevolent institutions for the promotion of virtue, and to insure against the misfortunes incident to the world. The Odd Fellow of 1800, and the one of the present day, are very different pictures. He commenced with the present century by forming a convivial society, for relief in sickness and on travel, and he has gone on, step by step, first in one country, and then in another, until he has become the great, may we not say, the *greatest* practical philanthropist of the age. Odd Fellowship stands thus as the peculiar creation of the nineteenth century, embracing in its moral principles all those which went before it, and adopting those surrounding it; for this century is marked,

and will be known in future time, as the period of mutual benefit societies, morally and pecuniarily. No century before was there anything of so practical a character thought of; and so excellent are its leading features, that like most really good things, it was no sooner *understood*, than it was adopted. It increased wonderfully from five in the United States in 1819, to 250,000 in 1868, to say nothing of England and other parts of the world.

The progress of humanity is shown, too, in the additions to what we call our "work." Beginning simply as a club for mutual pecuniary aid, and curiosity as the only inducement to the indifference to join, to find out the "Odd" in it, we went on slowly and quietly, adding bit by bit of moral truths, educating them by charges, and enforcing them by pledges of honor, until we became conspicuous not only as a beneficial society, but as an intellectual and moral one. Not content with ministrations to the *sick*, we gave our services to the *well*; we added education as a command; we built up libraries; we are practically testing in every way the "mutual principle"; we are trying what can be done by united efforts in all the ways most needed by weak mortals, as the best of us are; and these efforts, carefully and persistently followed, inspired by purest philanthropy, in the conflict with sin, with world, disease and death, will make us happier, holier men and Brethren, until the time comes when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

To Philanthropical Institutions, then, and a simple religion, may we hope for the coming Millennium; if our ideas on this point are correct, that there will be a period on earth when selfishness, passion, poverty and disease will be conquered, and a reign of mutual love and kindness everywhere prevail; if, we say, this is the correct meaning of the prophecy, the time when it will occur depends on man himself, and as he hastens to do good, men, according to the measure of his ability, the world becomes all Odd Fellows, then may we look for the beginning of that glorious period, when Friendship, Love and Truth shall be universal and eternal; which every real philanthropist hopes for and sees progressing.

MATTERS IN THIS JURISDICTION.

HEAVY FLOOD.—The most absorbing subject of interest among our Lodges this month is the heavy flood which deluged part of Baltimore and several towns and villages on the banks of the Patapsco. Lodges in the city had several members who suffered by this freshet, which was the heaviest and most disastrous that has ever occurred here, since the settlement of the country; but they acted promptly and contributed over \$1200 as a special donation for relief.

Center Lodge, No. 40, at Ellicott's City, was particularly unfortunate, having to mourn the loss of Bro. Fountain, his wife and daughter; Bro. Pa-

and his wife and all his three children; together with the wife and six of the eight children of P.G. W. All the bodies have been recovered but one, the Lodge has expended nearly \$600 in recovering them, and in relieving the wants of those so unfortunately made destitute. Forty persons were owned at this place.

Rainbow Lodge, No. 76, at Lisbon, was also unfortunate, in having heavy losses to its members or their families. The destruction first commenced at the combine, near Lisbon, and carried everything away on the banks of the Patapsco, down to the very bottom in Baltimore. Bro. Albaugh lost part of his property. Bro. Shauck's paper mill was entirely carried away. Bro. Grimes lost his fine large hotel, six or seven stories high; besides, the smaller tenements of poor families were suddenly swept away—so suddenly, indeed, that in a few minutes they owned nothing but what they happened to escape in. Liberations have been taken up for the relief of the most distressed.

NEW DEGREE LODGE.—Another Degree Lodge is about to be established in Baltimore, to work in the German language. This will be a very great convenience, as we have a large fellowship amongst this foreign element of our population, which do not understand the English language sufficiently well to comprehend and appreciate all the allusions and details of the Degrees, as usually given in English.

But the work in the German language is said to be imperfect, and is being revised.

A plan has been put into operation in Maryland toward the services of Degree Masters. Those who may fill the office two or more successive terms, who are recommended by the Degree Lodge which they presided, are presented with a gold medal. This fills a void in Degree Lodges, which provided neither honors or distinction for Past Degree Masters. Bro's Vansant and Foreman have always been recipients of medals.

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—Willett Belt Encampment, No. 22, has been added to us since our last communication. It is located at Hereford, Baltimore Co., and has been quite prosperous since its institution.

MEMBERLAND.—The following named Brothers were elected by Chosen Friends Lodge, No. 34, and inducted by D.D.G.M. W. A. Withers on July 3, 1868, are: Memberland: N.G., Geo. H. Meyers; V.G., Henry W. Taylor; Sec'y, Wm. J. Taylor; Treas., J. H. Earner.

RECTION.—In my article last month on the life of Bro. Jas. L. Ridgely, two errors occurred. One was that Bro. Neilson served as Secretary to the G.L.U. for "twenty-one years"; it should have been *five years*. Another in the title of the English branch of the O.I.O.F.; this should have been: O.I.O.F. Until near 1835 the Lodges in this country styled themselves the Order of Independent Odd Fellows, after the English title, but in October of that year the

Committee on Returns in the G.L.U.S. reported that our branch is the I.O.O.F., and this has been so continued. As I referred in that place to the *English* branch, the proof-reader mistook the matter, and made the error. The other error was my own carelessness.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, August, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Grand Encampment of this jurisdiction held its annual session on Tuesday, August 3, with Palestine Encampment, No. 3, at Woonsocket. The day was very fine, but very hot. The attendance was small. The business was wholly appertaining to this jurisdiction, and therefore would not interest your readers. The following officers were elected and installed:

H. H. INMAN, Grand Patriarch.
S. C. ARNOLD, Grand High Priest.
J. P. JENKS, Grand Senior Warden.
J. F. DRISCOL, Grand Scribe.
J. W. ANTHONY, Grand Treasurer.
GEO. W. CHASE, Grand Junior Warden.
D. N. PAINE, Grand Representative.

After adjournment, the members were most sumptuously entertained by the members of the Encampment at Cook's Hotel, which, by the way, is an excellent house.

On Tuesday the Grand Lodge held its session at Providence. The attendance was not what it would have been, had the weather been pleasant; but it rained all day. The hall would have been full, if this had not been the case. The business transacted was wholly local in its nature. The following officers were elected, and installed by the M.W. Grand Sire, who paid us a visit; his remarks to the members of the Grand Lodge were excellent, and admirably adapted to the occasion:

GEO. H. OLNEY, Grand Master.
JOHN H. CROSBY, JR., Deputy Grand Master.
H. A. CHASE, Grand Warden.
J. F. DRISCOL, Grand Secretary.
F. L. BECKFORD, Grand Treasurer.
C. S. LANDERS, Grand Chaplain.

In the evening, Grand Sire Sanders addressed a full hall of the members of the Order. His address was what we have needed in this jurisdiction for years; it was practical, and every word hit; and we sincerely hope his remarks to the P.G.'s will have the desired effect. They have long needed this castigation.

The Order is in a most flourishing condition, and our net gain is greater than for years.

MOUNT HOPE.

It is a certain truth, that man is never so hasty, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense; it costs far more trouble to be admitted and continued in ill company, than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased, and to keep a fool constantly in good humor with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

Pennsylvania Department.

THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the 21st of the present month (September), the Grand Lodge of the United States will assemble in annual communication, and all who sincerely desire the prosperity and the extension of Odd Fellowship, hope that something more for the good of the Order will be done, than has been by that body for some years past. State jurisdictions contribute liberally for the support of the Grand Lodge, and however much the Representatives may feel satisfied with their past actions during that important week, if they all mingled more with the rank and file of the Order and attended their Subordinate Lodges more frequently than many of them do, they would find deep dissatisfaction—an under-current of discontent with the little accomplished by them to advance the prosperity of the Order. Amendments are offered and laid before the Brotherhood in the printed Journal, and their consideration year after year postponed. Several sessions have passed since the committee appointed to revise the unwritten work made their report, yet nothing has been done with it, further than postponing its consideration from session to session. In this jurisdiction, wherever the substance of the proposed changes are known, they are pronounced infinitely superior to the present form. As far as I have had opportunities of judging (and they have not been very limited) other jurisdictions are as decidedly in favor of the change. Some say that final action on the report is delayed, because, under the present organization, a single vote could defeat it, and compel us to remain indefinitely under the use of the present unpopular ceremony. The institution has made wonderfully rapid advances during the last fifteen years in the width of its operations, in its members, in its popularity, as well as in the social position of the men who are uniting themselves with it, and what may have seemed well adapted to its wants when approved, is really out of place now, and unsuited to our present circumstances.

Not only is the demand incessant and loud for a change in the Initiatory ceremony, but were it possible, it is more so regarding the Degrees. In the many Lodges I have visited, in the different jurisdictions where I have been, and with the thousands of members with whom I have conversed—from none, in none of these situations, can I recollect of ever hearing an unqualified approval of the Degrees as they at present are; and if any evidence were wanting to prove how little interest the membership take in them, you have but to attend a Degree Lodge, and you will find only the officers, or the aspirants for office; and far more marked still is this distaste in Lodges conferring the Degrees; when that business is announced, there is a perfect stampede of the attendants, scarcely more being left than sufficient to fill the chairs, and that often only by personal urging; and yet not one in ten of all who leave,

are more than able to show that they have acquired Degrees, the conferring of which they apparently much dread. To continue our prosperity, changes are necessary, and should not be withheld. If any substantial reasons can be shown why they should be none, let them be proclaimed with distinctness that the Order can understand them, believe them valid; they will then be convinced, gracefully acquiesce, and use their influence to convince others, and thereby assist in removing the sent wide-spread discontent.

The whole of these matters, years since, were referred to a committee of distinguished and devoted Brothers, high in the Order, thoroughly acquainted with the wishes and the wants of the Fraternity, acquired by personal observation and intercourse with the Brotherhood, not in their own particular Lodges only, but in others, in various jurisdictions widely apart. They made an able report, and excellent recommendations, which have been previously by authority, submitted to State Grand Bodies, approved with remarkable unanimity. So popular indeed, were the proposed changes, that more than one Lodge in this jurisdiction had to be restrained by local authorities from adopting and immediately using some portions of the matter of that valuable report.

None deny the necessity of a Supreme Grand Body, but many doubt the wisdom of the manner of its selection, or the justice of the mode of its constitution. Its yearly meetings render it a very extensive body, in which the Order is very unfairly represented; for instance, Pennsylvania, with a membership of sixty-five thousand members and nearly a hundred Lodges, and Ohio, with her three hundred and fifty Lodges, and thirty thousand members, have no more votes than Maine and Kansas, less than thirty Lodges and fifteen hundred members each. As that august body is at present constituted, any Representative from the smallest State or Territory can, by his solitary "No", say to the two hundred and twenty thousand Odd Fellows, "Like it or dislike it, there shall be no change in the 'Ancient landmarks.'"

From the day the first Lodge was organized by Father Wildey, to the present hour, Odd Fellowship under all circumstances, in good report and in good report, have proved themselves to be a devoted body of men, laboring for the single purpose of benefiting the race; undaunted under adversity, never elated by prosperity, but with an eye single to success they have borne and forborne. The very steadiness with which they have pursued their purpose, but an augury of what may be done with the veneration of the appliances by which we have attained our present altitude among the institutions of the land. There must be no brake impeding progress, and as our real advancement comes from the success of the Subordinate Lodges, neither State or supreme legislation, or the want of it, should throw obstructions in the way. Some may say as we have been very prosperous under present

stances, why is a change desired? If there was need of any change, why did the Grand Lodge appoint a committee of the ablest and most distinguished, as well as the most devoted men to the use in the Order, to examine the matter and report what they considered necessary? Why was their report printed, and under certain restrictions published to the Order? It surely could not have been done to make men discontented, by showing them how acceptable the whole of this report would be if the changes it recommended were adopted. That changes are necessary, is believed; and if so, is tantamount to a conviction that they should be made. There is no demand for a change of principles, but only for certain verbal abridgements and changes, believed by many fully competent judges to be positively necessary to beautify the work, to add to its attraction to the witnesses of the ceremonies, to aid the officers in memorizing their respective parts, thereby dispensing with the use of their aids, especially during the ceremony of initiation, as well as at all other times. Much of the effectiveness of first impression is lost by the cold and different manner in which the ceremonies are performed, which would be removed, were the charges shorter and different.

FROM THE LODGES.

THE WEATHER—EXCURSIONS.—The uninterrupted heat of July has made the attendance at our meetings unusually slim, and initiations comparatively few. Excursions to Atlantic City and Cape May have been more numerous than in previous years, and all resulted profitably to those who took the responsibility of arranging them. A day spent in this way by the members and their families, is doing the Order in this city and surroundings much good. It attracts attention—thousands join them for their cheapness, and do not belong to the institution—acquaintances are formed, and good men brought into membership thereby.

PRESENTATION TO P.G.M. WATSON.—A very pleasing incident to those immediately engaged in it, took place some weeks since, in which Bro. Richard Watson, our late Grand Master, was particularly prominent. At the last session of the Grand Lodge an appropriation was made to secure for the retiring Grand Master a testimonial of approbation of the Order, in the manner in which he had discharged the important duties of that responsible position. A committee had been appointed to carry out that resolve, and at the time referred to the committee, with some other prominent members, proceeded to Doylestown, Bro. Watson's residence, and presented to him a magnificent gold watch and chain. It is unnecessary to add that a gentleman of Bro. Watson's genial disposition by no means permitted the Brethren to return to their homes hungry.

VISITS BY THE GRAND OFFICERS.—The officers of the Grand Lodge have made repeated visits since they left Lodges in distant counties. They lately

returned from an extended tour, having visited the Lodges in Lock Haven, Williamsport, Bellefonte, Clearfield, and intermediate places. They speak enthusiastically of the kindness of their reception everywhere—the interest manifested by the Brotherhood in traveling many miles to meet them, and the increasing prosperity of the Order. They made special notice of the different class of citizens recently admitted. Lodges are no longer made up of the hard-working citizens exclusively, but men of easy fortune, good education and high social position, mingle with them, and are active in the discharge of their duties, and warmly engaged in establishing the power of the Order for good.

A HARVEST HOME.—On the 13th of last month (August) Rose Tree Lodge, of Rose Tree, Delaware County, had a celebration as a harvest-home, in which they were joined by several Lodges of that county, and Chester County. A procession was formed in the beautiful borough of Media, headed by several excellent bands. The parade passed through several of the spacious streets of that new and beautiful place before turning towards Rose Tree, about a mile and three-quarters distant. On arriving at the place, well described by its name, where the Brethren have erected a substantial hall, the members were temporarily dismissed for dinner. At about one o'clock they were re-assembled, entered the "fair ground," and proceeded to a beautiful grove near the center, where a commodious stand had been erected, and ample sitting room provided. The meeting was called to order by the N.G. of Rose Tree Lodge, who introduced Bro. Peter R. Long, the present Grand Master of Pennsylvania, who, after some pertinent remarks, brought forward P.G. Stedman, Grand Chaplain *pro tem.*, who invoked the Divine blessing on the Order and the assembled multitude; at the conclusion of the prayer, P.G. George Bertram, of Philadelphia, was introduced, who for three-quarters of an hour held the attention of the entire large audience completely at his control, following him from argument to argument with an eagerness betokening the deepest attention; and on his concluding with an earnest appeal to those without the pale of the Order, to give it their countenance, and to use their influence in its behalf, from all human appearances resolutions were formed by many to do so. After him, Past Grand Sire James B. Nicholson appeared, and in his own peculiar strain of fervid eloquence presented the claims of Odd Fellowship upon every man and woman in the land, to be no longer neglected by any human being, no matter what his position or condition might be; now a glorious opportunity for every one to do good was presented, and they who omitted to avail themselves of it, were guilty of unpardonable neglect. Rarely has it been our lot to witness a more cheering scene than we beheld that day at Rose Tree, and it will result, we hope, in making converts to the noble cause of Odd Fellowship. Success to all such gatherings, and may there be many of them!

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1868.

Ohio Department.

GRAND SECRETARY W. C. EARL, EDITOR.

HOW GOES THE WORK?

Treading in the same pathway as in the preceding number, we continue our brief allusion to Lodges and their standing. Having adopted this policy without any special reference to this Lodge or that, as a Lodge, but striving only to give such account as will tend to show how the Order moves, we shall make no excuse or apology, if perchance in the necessary haste of compilation we do less than justice to any.

It is a source of pride to the writer, that after reaching in the list of Lodges in the last number—48—that all subsequent numbers have sprung into existence since he became an Odd Fellow. Thus in less than a quarter of a century the numerical figures of Lodges have risen from 48 to over 400.

Some reports have come in since the last writing, so that we must go back to them.

Columbus, No. 9, like its sister Lodges of the Capital, has been doing well. Its net increase during the last term was 41, and it exhibits a fund of nearly ten thousand dollars.

Cleveland, No. 13, too, stands firmly to the work, and presents a good exhibit of work, though it has done a large pruning business, and therefore shows a decrease.

Friendship, No. 21, is one of the old sturdy Lodges, made of good men and blessed with earnest Brothers, who give to the work their best efforts. It is one of the truly working Lodges.

Summit, No. 50, though not showing much net increase, has run its numbers up to 148—is well to do financially—has in its ranks many of the best men of the place, and deservedly occupies a commanding position.

Xenia, No. 52, is another of the staunch, reliable Lodges, and always has been. It is one which for steadiness, if not rapidity, is a worthy model for the imitation of others.

Olentangy, No. 53, with justice claims rank with any of its compeers. We do not call names, but in this case cannot refrain from mentioning our long-time and cherished friend, Bro. Jno. A. Burnham, who for these many years has served as Per. Secretary, and kept the financial department in shape.

Hebron, No. 55, though at one time, in years gone by, subjected to severe trials, has of late done well, and notwithstanding the withdrawal of a large number to form a new Lodge, shows a goodly membership. It is to be hoped that the branch of itself, established recently, may only incite it to renewed exertions, and that its future may be entirely successful.

Wm. Penn, No. 56, has been for the past year one of the most successful in the State, having in its two last terms made a net increase of thirty-nine, and

now numbers 421, with an accumulated fund of \$7,000.

Grand River, No. 57, though a small Lodge, is one of that class which never yields to opposition, but steadily forward.

Kosciusko, No. 58, goes on with steady step—sometimes encountering difficulties, but never being discouraged thereby.

Western Reserve, No. 59, from a state of extreme depression, has, through the energy and determination of a few Brothers, conquered its difficulties, now stands firmly up as an exponent of our principles.

Sidney, No. 60, though not growing rapidly in numbers, looks well to the practice of the Order's teachings, and does good as good ought to be done.

Mt. Pleasant, No. 63, situated down amongst the hills that border the Ohio, moves quietly in its appointed way—making no great pretensions, but always succeeding by the effort of determined will.

Ravenna, No. 65, was once upon a time decidedly in a "decline," though it never lost sight of the grand purposes of Odd Fellowship, and even in its darkest days never forgot or neglected a Brother in distress, but it has lately risen from its gloom, and shines as one of the brightest stars in our galaxy.

Gogots, No. 66, died as an English Lodge, was taken from its coffin by the German Brothers, and now stands forth in the full pride and strength of manhood, numbering over one hundred members.

Marietta, No. 67, has never grown rapidly, but has always occupied a strong position. It is the mother of quite a number of Lodges, which are performing their share of the work in the neighboring towns.

Fidelity, No. 71, though not amongst the largest Lodges of the Queen City, is nevertheless made up of good material, and is doing a good work.

Logan, No. 72, stands amongst the best in the State. Its membership is one of which the Order may well be proud. With 150 of the best men of the place on its rolls, it cannot but be an efficient instrument for good in the community.

Hancock, No. 73, once doing but little, is now one of our most active Lodges, and exerts a good influence upon the community.

Croghan, No. 77, stands second to no Lodge in the State, in respect to moral influence. It shows a fine record for the last term a net gain of fifteen.

Kilbuck, No. 81, is doing much better than in years past, and gives promise of greater vigor in the future.

Magnolia, No. 83, is, as it always has been, a good Lodge. Though not increasing rapidly in numbers, the great body of its membership is composed of good material. It may at rare intervals be governed by unwise counsels, but upon the whole it is faithful in the discharge of the duties enjoined upon it. With a fund accumulated of over \$25,000, it is able to meet all demands upon it with liberality.

Beverly, No. 84, is constantly developing and extending a knowledge of the principles of the Order to the Valley of the Muskingum, and prospers as it

es. It increased seven during the term, and members about one hundred.

arysville, No. 87, is led by good men, and accomplishes much good. Its last report shows that it had many hangers-on, and they were dropped; yet ranks remain well filled.

ncordia, No. 88, was dead, but lives again, and its new life is vigorous.

erty, No. 96, is a strong, good Lodge—numbers 100 members, who stand ready to battle for the t.

agle, No. 100, is one of the staunch Lodges and does steadily on in its field of labor—dispensing its charities to the needy, and exercising an influence for l.

FROM THE LODGES.

LOOM LODGE, No. 406.—This Lodge was instituted at Eagleville, Wood County, the 13th of August, by Grand Secretary W. C. Earl, by authority of a specification issued for that purpose by the M. W. Grand Master. The petitioners have exhibited a praiseworthy energy in fitting up a nice, pleasant, and preparing for work in good shape. The advance of Brethren was good—principally from Wood Lodge, No. 333, and Fostoria, No. 305. Important assistance in the work was rendered by J. Frick, Wineland, Wilkinson and Muckle, of former, and Jones, of the latter. The officers elected and installed are: S. B. Emerson, N.G.; E. Rosendale, V.G.; R. B. Robbins, Sec'y; Chauncey H. Per. Sec'y; and John J. Ullery, Treasurer. For a dispensation granted for that purpose, seven petitions were received, acted upon, and the candidates initiated. In this work valuable assistance rendered by many of the Brothers present. In view of the interest taken by those in whose hands the charter was placed, there is reason to hope for a high degree of prosperity for this new branch of the Order.

KANSAS LODGE, No. 405, was instituted by Grand Master Semple at Kansas, Seneca County, on July 1st. The eleven petitioners for the charter of this Lodge formerly were members of Fostoria Lodge, No. 305, at Fostoria, and a large number of the members of the latter Lodge assisted at the institution and the initiation of two candidates.

J. M. SCHLESINGER.

GOOD WILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 111, was instituted at Salem, Ohio, on the 1st of August by Grand Scribe M. Hubbell, assisted by a number of members of Pomeroy Encampment, No. 104. The following officers were chosen and installed: C. C. Mulford, C.P.; J. Burford, H.P.; J. S. Vernon, S.W.; H. E. St. J.W.; Thos. F. Cooper, Scribe; Thos. F. Gorden, Treasurer. The names of twenty-four members were then presented for membership; they were elected and initiated—certainly a very fair result for Good Will Encampment.

ARTHUR ENCAMPMENT, No. 115, was instituted at Arthur, Ohio, on the 12th of August.

PRESENTATION.—On Wednesday, the 5th of August, the members of Eagle Lodge, No. 100, of Cincinnati, presented P.G.R. Benj. C. True with a silver set of eleven pieces, in appreciation of his valuable services to the Lodge.

LIMA.—Bro. Simon Halm informs us that Allen Lodge, No. 223, have leased the best hall in Lima for ten years, at \$200 a year. They take possession on the 1st day of January next.

FIKE.—The Lodge-room of Chardon Lodge, No. 213, at Chardon, Geauga County, was burned on the 30th of July. We have learned no details of the disaster.

POMEROY.—Bro. F. Lyman sends us a list of the officers of the different Lodges and Encampments in Pomeroy and vicinity and informs us that they are all flourishing. Among the officers of Pomeroy Encampment we recognise the familiar name of P.P. Lucian G. Thrall, as Scribe, whilom of Capitol, No. 6, and Golden Rule, No. 92.

MARYSVILLE ENCAMPMENT, No. —, was instituted at Marysville, on the 17th of August, by Grand Scribe W. M. Hubbell, assisted by G.R. Joseph Dowdall, P. G.H.P. H. S. Showers, and several others. A large number of Patriarchs from Springfield, Delaware and Columbus were present, and assisted in conferring the Degrees on twelve Brothers. This Encampment promises to be one of the best in the State.

H. O'KANE.

LECTURES—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

It is said that "the first enactment on the matter, in 1844, especially and carefully puts it in the power of Subordinate Lodges and Encampments to authorize both public and private lectures or addresses. It is rather doubtful whether Grand Lodges can interfere with this grant of power."

Let us examine the reports and decisions to be found in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to see if the above statements are well sustained. The committee to whom this subject was referred say, "It is not the wish of this committee to prevent free discussion among the members, so far as it is consistent with their duty not to involve themselves in public controversies in relation to the Order. * * * But they protest against the propriety of individuals, without authority, and often without experience, attempting to expound to an assembly of Brethren or citizens the doctrines of the Order, according to their own peculiar views of religious sectarianism, or of temperance, or of any other subject which they may choose to introduce and discuss." The following resolution, submitted by the committee, was adopted:

"Resolved, That the delivery of lectures on Odd Fellowship, either in Lodges or in public, is not consistent with the duties of Brethren of this Order, unless they be authorized to act in such a capacity by special enactment of the Lodges or Encampments of the State or District within whose jurisdiction the lectures are to be delivered; and all enactments of Grand or Subordinate Lodges, having such an object in view, should expire by limitation within some reasonable space of time." 660, G.L.U.S., 1844.

At the session in 1845, a resolution was offered for adoption, making it necessary that the consent of the Grand Master of the State or some of his Deputies should first be obtained, before public lectures can be delivered. The committee say in their report, that "the adoption of the resolution in 1844 has already had the effect of abating the evil in a great degree, and the committee hope that if the Brotherhood be again reminded of the impropriety of many, if not most of these lectures, they will suppress them entirely, or restrain them within proper limits. This, the committee believe, can most effectively be done by the Lodges themselves; but if they refuse to apply the remedy, it can certainly be effected with the aid of the legislation of the State Grand Lodges, which would be preferable to placing the matter under the control of the Grand Master, or any other State officer." 804, J., 1845.

The following decision, made by the Grand Sire, was approved by the Grand Lodge:

"That the language employed in the digest (of 1847) is so broad as to interdict all lectures upon Odd Fellowship, unless authorized as therein stated, whether they relate to the work of the Order, or its rise, progress, general attributes, or other matters connected with our Brotherhood. By special enactment alone on the part of the Grand Lodge can authority for the delivery of a lecture on Odd Fellowship be conferred—the Grand Master himself has no such authority." 1392, 1494, J., 1849.

We find in the new digest, under the head of "Lectures," the following, which comes to us with the approval of the Grand Lodge of the United States:

"The delivery of lectures on Odd Fellowship, either in Lodges or in public, is not consistent with the duties of Brethren of the Order, unless they are specially authorized by the State Grand Bodies within whose jurisdiction the lectures are to be delivered; and all enactments of Grand Bodies granting such privilege, should expire by limitation within some reasonable time."

We find the wording of the decision a little different from the original resolution, but not in conflict with the decision of the Grand Sire above quoted.

In summing up the expressions of the committees, and the legislation of the Grand Lodge of the United States, we find that the delivery of lectures is inconsistent with the duties of the Brethren—that they should be suppressed or restrained within proper limits, which can be done by special enactments of Lodges, or authorized by Lodges; and all enactments of Grand or Subordinate Lodges should expire by limitation within some reasonable space of time—if the Lodges do not suppress the evil, it can be done by the legislation of the State Grand Lodges—by special enactment alone on the part of the Grand Lodge can authority for the delivery of lectures on Odd Fellowship be conferred.

Notwithstanding the legislation of the G.L.U.S. to restrict the delivery of lectures in Lodges and in public, addresses and lectures are delivered whenever it pleases Subordinate Lodges to have them.

The delivery of lectures at the present period of

our Order may not be considered an evil to be suppressed by special enactment of the State Grand Lodge, and if the State Grand Lodge should not interpose its power to restrict them, should not the L.U.S. be appealed to to annul and change its legislation upon the subject to suit the advanced condition of the present period of time. D.

ENCAMPMENT DEGREES.

BY REV. A. B. GROSH.

The lessons of these Degrees, especially of the Golden Rule and Royal Purple, are the most serious of any in our entire ritual; and if the dramatic character of conferring them is rightly observed, they are the most beautiful and impressive. It is lamentably true that this is not the case—thousands of many Encampments wholly overlook, not only the solemnity of the lessons, but even the proprieties and probabilities of representations by which those lessons are to be inculcated and impressed on the mind of the candidate. And worse even than this—if it be possible—some Patriarchs under this state of affairs, give loose rein to their love of frolic, disregard the requests of Brethren and orders of officers, thrust themselves in, here and there, where not desired, and intrude their acts in between the requirements of the ritual, making "confusion worse founded."

Now all this is wrong—most injurious to the character of the serious, and frequently so disgusting to the candidate as to "dampen his ardor," if not to drive him entirely from that branch of the Order. We have known of two Brethren, and heard of others who under the "old work" were seriously injured by rude treatment in their initiation. The "new work" was designed to be entirely free from ungentlemanly and boorish conduct, and, unless gross abuses or neglects, it can not be made so coarse and violent in administration. But even if administered in a courteous and gentlemanly manner, the intent and meaning of the lessons may be overlooked, and the dramatic or scenic effects be marred and confused by a disregard of proprieties and probabilities. I know that it is difficult to explain meaning clearly in printed remarks, but will endeavor to point out the way to a clear understanding of the proper mode of conferring these sublime Degrees.

Take the book, then, Brother Patriarchs, and read over the lecture of each Degree thoughtfully, and at each paragraph, and at each direction, ask—What is this designed to teach? What is the end and object to be attained by this act? And when you have obtained a clear answer in your own minds, then ask—Should that instruction be imparted?—and, in that manner should that act be performed? It appeals to me that common sense, a sense of propriety and taste, and above all a reverence for serious, sacred and sacred things, will at once decide that there should be no "frolicking, rollicking fun"—allowed a step or stage in conferring any of these Degrees. But it may be pleaded, that the dramatic or scenic

of the Golden Rule and Royal Purple Degrees require considerable action, therefore noise and seeming confusion. Very true—but they do require any *real* confusion, nor yet any injurious (really riotous) conduct toward officers or candidates. On the contrary, they require the utmost order, regularity, order and harmony (or concert in action) on the part of all who are engaged in conferring the Degrees, and an absolute non-interference on the part of members not appointed to be performers in the ceremony. Every officer and member appointed to take part in the ceremonials, should perform that part, *no other, and no more*. He should perform it in a calm, earnest, life-like manner—taking care not to overstep the modesty of nature," by any over-acting in action, or bombast in speech. He should perform it "to the life," at the proper time, and in the proper place, and *ONLY then and there*. The candidate should be assured that however strangely dealt with his manhood will be respected, and that when over he will be satisfied that everything has "done decently and in order;" and that he should therefore give himself up to his guides and instructors, and submit passively to the ceremonials to pass through. And *this pledge should be observed*, and these instructions be followed; and all should prove easy and safe in performance, and be satisfactory in explanation when the ceremonial is explained. In truth, under our present ritual, if at all properly performed, the work explains itself. There are one or two things in conferring the R.P.D. Degrees which get too much "mixed up." The incidents of strife and of pleasure should always be kept separate in time and in space. Let the representatives of these be designated, and placed as far apart as possible, and each respond promptly and briefly, in their turn, so as to avoid interfering with each other's indications; and let no one else interfere with the ceremony.

In every other representation. Let each be performed in its own time, and in its own proper place, in the proper manner—keeping out every thing that would mar, or lessen in any way, the impressive workings of the lectures. Given in this way, there will be order, and pleasure, and profit in conferring the sublime Degrees. The candidates will understand their deep meaning, and be delighted with them, and conceive a warm regard for the Encampment. The Patriarchs who share in and witness this ceremony of conferring the Degrees, will see new beauty and meaning in them, and find more real, lasting enjoyment in the Encampment work than they ever before experienced. While the serious, and especially the religious and devotional members will not have feelings shocked by unseasonable levity, and mingling with things and sentiments holy and sacred. I entreat our Patriarchal Brethren to consider this subject, wherever it may have been neglected—wherever the habits fastened on us by the custom of performing "the old work" are yet confined. It is an important subject; or I had not so earnestly pressed it on their attention, and a correct

performance of our work will give new life and power to some of our languishing Encampments.

ANXIETY FOR OFFICE.

Human nature will exhibit its tendencies in all places and societies. The thirst for place, for position, for power, is an unavoidable outgrowth of human ambition. To a vigorous, active mind, well disciplined and well qualified, and to a proud heart—proud of its associations and purposes, there ever is a longing and grasping to rise.

With pure motives, as the promptings of unsuppressed genius, or the development of an inherent and conscious power to be and to do more largely, and under an intelligent sense of responsibility, the desire to rise is laudable. With some it is as unavoidable as existence itself. There is an innate and native force compelling to it. There are men as naturally born and qualified to rule, as there are men born and naturally *unqualified* to rule. With a true and intelligent man, ambition and self-power may be great; but self-respect and proper modesty make him unassuming and unclamorous for position and office. He knows that his worth and ability will be discovered by others, and if it is his province to fill positions and offices, there will be enough others who will desire and call him to it. The misfortune is, that too often in many of our Lodges there are persons who think more highly of themselves than they ought to think; who imagine that *place makes the man*, instead of the man the place; who are either reckless or unthinking about assuming responsibilities, and are more than ready to rush, however unqualified, into any office into which by partisanship or wire-pulling they can possibly thrust themselves.

Scrambling for place and office, with such, becomes more of an end than a means. To get into office in order to make themselves, and not to have others put them there for the purpose of honoring the Order, and exalting its character and work, is their object. Where there are a number of intelligent, honest, and worthy men thrown together in any society or organization, *the many* are better qualified to judge impartially of the qualifications of any one for a position and office, than that *one* is to judge of his own qualifications. These qualifications relate to mental capacity, moral standing, habits of business, temperament, style or manner, pleasing or unpleasing, together with still other considerations. Of these, others are judges. And as Odd Fellows we should *take it for granted* that our Brothers will deal justly by us, and judge fairly and impartially, putting us where we belong, and where they desire us to be, and as will be for the honor of the cause. All haste, and scrambling, and conniving for office is therefore indecent, dishonorable, and unjustifiable. *All* have an equal voice and right to say who they desire to be candidates for office. But self-respect, modesty, and true worth will not scramble for "chief seats," or enter into a jealous contest for office. On the other hand, when the Brothers nominate and elect a worthy candidate for office, if he can possibly

fill it, he should not, out of *over-modesty*, or because the position and duties of the office are undesirable, or not sufficiently elevated to answer all his wishes, therefore decline to serve his Brothers and the Lodge.
— *Western Odd Fellow.*

OUR OPPONENTS.

Editor Companion: I do not propose, in this communication, to notice the various objections which have been repeatedly urged against our beloved Order. Nor do I propose to discuss at length such as I deem worthy of present consideration. Many are too trivial to receive even a passing notice at this time. Others are so trite, and have been so ably answered heretofore, that it would seem to be a work of supererogation on my part to devote any special attention to them on this occasion. But I do propose to notice, briefly, some of the leading objections to Odd Fellowship, without regard to the date of their origin, or the character of the individuals preferring them. By this I mean to attach proper value to the objections themselves, irrespective of the accompanying circumstances. Our Order has been called a *secret, selfish, and sinful association*. All of which allegations I deny. I affirm that it is not a *secret society* at all, in the proper sense of the word. But if the objection that it is worth anything at all, it will apply with as much force, and more fitness, to all the professions, societies, churches and corporations, whether civil, political or ecclesiastic, in the country. Every church has its own secrets, every society has its peculiar secrets, every profession, trade and pursuit in life has its appropriate secrets; every family has its secrets; every neighborhood, town and village has its secrets; Congress has its secrets; Nature has her secrets. Who can understand why the grass is green, the sky blue, or the rainbow, which arches the heavens just after a genial shower, is adorned with all the prismatic colors? If it is right for the government to have its secrets, the church, the family, the professional gentleman, the politician, the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, and every other trade or calling to have theirs, can it be wrong for the Odd Fellow to have his? Odd Fellowship is a *Brotherhood* in the family of man, its members regard each other as *Brothers*, and their hearts are drawn into a closer bond of union, than exists in many families. Can anything be a secret which is known to more than half a million people? If it be right for families to have their secrets, and I presume none will gainsay this position, then it is equally right for Odd Fellowship to have its secrets; because it is, to all intents and purposes, a great family, united together by the golden chain of Friendship, Love and Truth.

The secrets of Odd Fellowship do not consist in any imperfections, nor wrongs, nor faults of its members, but alone in the means by which they may make themselves known to each other in times of distress, danger or difficulty, without incurring the risk of being considered *impostors*. Beside these,

and the practical lessons taught in enforcing upon its members, Odd Fellowship has no secret.

So much, then, for the great evil of a *secret association*, known among men as Odd Fellowship. Its origin is known and belongs to the present century. Its objects and mission are not only known to those approved by, thousands of the wisest, best and exemplary and pious men of the country. Its laws, constitution and legislation are published to the world. There is nothing secret in it, except passwords, tokens, grips, and other modes of initiation, known only to its actual members. These any worthy man can get in the same way I received them.

It is called *selfish*, because its benevolent charitable deeds are limited, in the main, to its members. The sickly, the aged and the infirm are not permitted to become members, says one, for a very reason that they would be beneficiary from initiation into the Order. No institution can be maintained unless it be established on a firm financial basis. The ancient and infirm were admitted into the Order as such, the usual weekly stipend would fail to support the weekly and funeral benefits: and, consequently, the treasury would become exhausted without accomplishing any decidedly good results. It is *selfish* to provide for *one's own family*. Our Order, as previously stated, is *our family*, and that provideth not for his *own*, is worse than a *fidel*." Selfishness offers no inducement to join the Order, neither does it afford any encouragement to continue in it. Every good Odd Fellow must put all selfishness in his laudable efforts to disseminate the principles of *benevolence* and *charity*. Such a man would not be considered *selfish* to look after the interests and to provide for the wants of the indigent widows and indigent orphans of our deceased members. This duty Odd Fellowship performs with cheerfulness, alacrity and pleasure, than any other corporation or body of men in the land. It is an imperative command of our unexampled Order to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to bury the dead, and to educate the orphan. Where is the *selfishness* of these and kindred duties? Echo and answer nowhere.

I have now to consider whether Odd Fellowship is *sinful*, or not, in any respect whatever. The subject that fanatical preachers, who are also political ones, have thrust into public discussion. Because the Order refuses to favor, foster or encourage the peculiar religious tenets of these wretched pious autocrats, they take delight in hurling anathemas against it. They assume that it is a *sinful association*, and assign numerous reasons for their unwarranted assumption. Among them I notice only a few, as there is but little difference in their real nature. One affirms that it is *sinful* because a few ardent Odd Fellows subordinate the Church to the Order, by neglecting public worship and attending the Lodge. This ought not so to be. Odd Fellowship is a human institution, and in no way a rival of the Church. There is no antagonism

en it and the various religious denominations of day. It is not the peculiar province of the Order to defend or oppose any particular church. Our Order eschews all fellowship and affiliation with any religious society whatever. Every good Odd Fellow shuns that political or sectarian subjects are, ritualistically and rightfully, excluded from its sacred precincts. Odd Fellowship is not a church, nor a sect, nor a creed; but it is a human institution, organized within the present century for the relief of suffering humanity. The religionist who opposes our Order is furnished with weapons to use against it by his imprudence or ignorance of its friends. No intelligent Odd Fellow believes that the Order has a divine origin, or a divine commission, or divine attributes, or divine perfections. They belong exclusively to Omnipotence. There is no power in the Order to reconcile God and man, nor to change a human heart, nor to save a human soul from endless misery. These are the peculiar prerogatives of the Great Architect of the Universe, "who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have eternal life." The Church has a divine origin and a divine commission. It has a higher and a holier mission; and therefore there should be no conflict between it and Odd Fellowship. The former assumes to select and qualify man for eternal happiness, beyond the vale of tears. The latter asserts no such prerogative, but claims only to ameliorate the conditions of human life. Hence the Odd Fellow who prefers the Order to his Church, by whatever name it may be known among the ecclesiastical bodies of Christianity, is most grievously indeed. Each has its own appropriate sphere and proper mission. Odd Fellowship teaches that all sects, nations, kindreds and tongues of the earth are the children of the same parent, and entitled to our sympathy and aid, if in a suffering condition, whether they be Jews, or Christians, or Mohametans, or Mormons, or any thing else. Odd Fellowship provides for our temporal wants, but wisely leaves each subject free to choose his own religion for himself, untrammelled by any creed whatever.

The Holy Bible forms an integral part of every Lodge, and sectarianism never enters its sacred precincts. The duties which are enjoined by our Order are just such as are sanctioned alike by all the various religious denominations of the day. It wages no war against, nor is it the special ally of, any particular church, sect or creed. Hence true and tried men, of every shade of religious opinion, have become Odd Fellows, and many such are laboring together to scatter far and wide the glorious principles, sublime sentiments, and humane precepts of the Order. It has nothing to do with any man's politics or religion. Those subjects are positively forbidden in its ritual. It has no creed of its own, and leaves every member at liberty to serve God as may seem to him best. But an Atheist can become an Odd Fellow. Its countless deeds of human benefaction are brought to light in every community where a Lodge exists. In a

word, I repeat, with emphasis, that it is not *sinful* to belong to an Order which harmonizes antagonistic elements, by diffusing the principles of benevolence and charity in the hearts of its votaries.

Fraternally, J. C. WELCH.

NICHOLASVILLE, KY., August 12, 1868.

PREJUDICES AGAINST THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

In our intercourse with men we sometimes meet with those who entertain a deep-rooted and rankling prejudice against the Order of Odd Fellows; and some of these are Christians, too, who yet, while they have an abhorrent idea of the Order, will acknowledge that they know nothing of it, are entirely ignorant of its structure and its operations. We would not stop to dispute with them, but we cannot for the life of us help extending a moiety of our pity towards them, as monuments of the folly of prejudice.

Bunyan, in his "Holy War," says, that "Mr. Prejudice fell down and broke his leg;" "and I would," adds the honest and matchless allegorist, "I would he had broken his neck also." Why it is that some branches of the Church and its members entertain so much prejudice against the Order, we are at a loss to determine. *What is there in the Order of Odd Fellows, in its objects, arrangements and laws, which ought to awaken the distrust of the Church, or the enmity of the wise and the good?* Our association is only an organization devised for mutual relief and support, for the promotion of harmony, and to supply certain needs which society leaves unprovided for. It does not set itself up in opposition to the Church, it usurps none of the prerogatives of ecclesiastical bodies, nor does it seek to seduce men's affections from the religious associations to which they belong. But while Odd Fellowship does not claim to supply the place of the Church, nor wish to interfere with men's religious notions, it is by no means an irreligious, irreverent, and profane body. It acknowledges the Church, bows reverently before the symbols of Christianity, and listens with humility and a docile spirit to the solemn voice of religion. We repeat, our institution does not place itself above the Church, above religion! It only claims to be the obedient servant, the faithful ally of religion and virtue. Why, then, we again ask, should they oppose it, and men of piety look upon it with ill-will? Is it said that such an organization is not needed, that the Church covers all the ground already? Is it said that all reforms should come from her bosom, and be carried on through her? Very good, and we confess that this is our ideal of a church; but where, alas, in the wide world is this ideal realized? Those who array themselves against the Order of Odd Fellows, ought, to be consistent, to oppose in like manner all other philanthropic institutions.—*The Mystic Tie.*

SILENCE is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, August 9, 1868.

As noticed in your July number, our new Lodge, Golden Rule, No. 374, located here, is at work and progressing. Our location is good for a No. 1 Lodge, and our members are determined that it shall be a model one in every respect. Our city, or Illinois-town, as it used to be called, is now a promising town, being the center of five leading railroads with their various connections, and soon to be united to its elder sister, St. Louis, by an iron bridge across the Mississippi, thus giving us an outlet to all parts of creation. We have churches of every denomination, and good common schools sufficient to accommodate the rising generation. We number over five thousand inhabitants, law and order prevail, and we enjoy that quiet so generally found in a country village.

Well satisfied that Odd Fellowship would here find congenial soil, we organized with eight charter members, all of the Scarlet Degree, two of them P.G.'s, and four of the R.P.D., and now number twenty, with more coming, while some have already been refused. We intend to grow and build up a good Lodge, but the timber must be sound and durable of which it is composed. Our outfit is complete, and not excelled by any Lodge in the State, and I might say the West, with the exception of official regalia; and that we will have in due time. Many of our members are mechanics, who know their business, and also know how to manufacture Degree emblems, and if you could see ours, you would say so.

On the 24th of August a requisite number of Brothers of Belleville Lodge, No. 338, will be instructed in the Encampment Degrees, to enable them to apply for a charter for St. Clair Encampment, to be located at Belleville, and to work in the German language. When they organize, a good time may be expected, for Camps Nos. 1, 8 and 53 of our own State, and St. Louis, No. 13, of Missouri, are expected to be on hand and assist at the institution. The necessary outfit is ordered, and everything will be ready at the appointed time, of which more hereafter.

A general business trip during the last month has led me to meet with many of our Lodges and Encampments. The Order in Alton are aware of the fact that our Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment meet there next October, and are making arrangements to give them a cordial welcome to the first home of Odd Fellowship in our State. A good time may be anticipated, with a large number in attendance.

Venice is making arrangements, and will soon apply for a charter.

I dropped in accidentally on Six Mile Lodge, No. 87, last Saturday night, and found them at work. This is a farmers' Lodge, which would have been a more appropriate name, as it is composed entirely of farmers, and located in a farming settlement. They have a good hall, in the second story of a country church, and the nearest house is a quarter of a mile distant. I looked over their record, and found that

they have met regularly every week for the past years, with one exception.

Willard Lodge, No. 281, at Eldora, is about the same condition, but not so regular in meeting; they only have four members within four miles of the Lodge-room. When such Lodges can keep up an organization under such disadvantages, what we expect from those in more favorable locations.

At Pana I met with Pana Encampment, which was instituted last year, and found my expectations for them fully realized. They are alive to their own interest, both Lodge and Camp are doing well.

I met with Edwardsville Lodge, No. 46, on Monday night, and found them alive and at work, and a pleasant evening with them. Under the banner of the Good of the Order, the N.G. gave a short history of the Lodge, which to me was somewhat amusing, but also instructive. It showed the good policy of requiring all Lodge-property to be turned over to the Grand Lodge when a Subordinate fails to comply with its regulations. This Lodge numbers 65 members, and has property invested valued at over \$6,000. Had it not been for this property the Lodge would have surrendered years ago; but to save it, they held on, and have survived their difficulties, and are now in good condition.

At Milton I met with Detroit Lodge, No. 27, which was lately revived. They have aroused from their lethargy, and are working with a renewed interest; every meeting adds to their number.

Last evening I met with Flora Lodge, No. 10, which, after a long sleep, I revived nearly a year ago, after hard work to find the required number to re-organize. Since then, they have admitted two more, making twenty-seven members, and more on the way. This is as I thought it would be, and I am satisfied that there was material for a good Lodge, and they have every prospect of success.

Thus the evidence is abundant that our Order is on the high road to prosperity, even though a case will sometimes arise, as mentioned in your number; but the means will be devised by which such cases will be obviated. A Brother once said that such cases will be obviated. A Brother once said that such cases will be obviated. I like your suggestion, and hope to see something like it embodied by those in authority. Progression is our motto, and such acts call upon us for relief in some cases. As Odd Fellows, let a remedy be applied.

Truly and fraternally, Geo. F. Adams

MISSISSIPPI.

The Grand Lodge of the State of Mississippi convened in annual communication at the city of Jackson on Monday, July 20, 1868, and closed its session on Wednesday, 22d. The Grand Encampment held its annual session at the same time and place. Grand Officers of both branches of the Order were present, with one or two exceptions.

In the Grand Lodge, some twenty-five Subordinate Lodges were represented, the Delegates and Grand Officers present numbering over forty. The record of Grand Secretary John B. Dicks shows over the

dges now at work. During the past year four of the dormant Lodges have been revived, and two new ones organized.

The Lodges at work, owing to the impoverished condition of their membership, are not in as prosperous condition as desired. The Order in Mississippi during the war was compelled, from circumstances beyond control, to suspend active operations. The work of resuscitating the dormant Lodges was commenced in the year 1865; the progress made is quite as good as could be expected under the difficulties and circumstances surrounding our people at the termination of the war. Some of the Lodges are struggling to maintain an existence—a few are more prosperous.

Of the fund raised to aid the Southern jurisdictions the work of resuscitating suspended or defunct Lodges, the Grand Lodge of Mississippi received \$1000 and the Grand Encampment \$600 to be applied to the object above stated.

The late sessions of both of the Grand Bodies were unusual interest to the Order in this State, the members present exhibiting great zeal and a lively interest in the welfare of Odd Fellowship. Among other proceedings had \$200 was donated for the immediate relief of the Orphans' Home, at Lauderdale Springs, Miss. That institution has now in charge over two hundred orphans, sixty of whom are the children of deceased Odd Fellows. \$200 was ordered to be distributed among the destitute widows and orphans now a charge upon the Subordinate Lodges. These donations were made from a special fund of over hundred dollars, received from the Odd Fellows that noble, hospitable, and ever generous State, and Kentucky, within whose boundaries there are mountains of charity that never dry up, and hearts always feelingly touched by representations of the distress so prevalent and wide-spread over the land, as a result of the late war.

The following are the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge, for the ensuing year:

S. C. COCHRAN, Canton, Grand Master.
D. W. SADLER, Aberdeen, Deputy Grand Master.
D. L. SMYTH, Kosciusko, Grand Warden.
JOHN B. DICKS, Natchez, Grand Secretary.
O. T. KEELER, Columbus, Grand Treasurer.
T. S. ABERNETHY, Jr., Enterprise, Grand Chaplain.
R. B. MAYES, Yazoo City, and A. E. LOVE, Columbus, Grand Representatives.

SAMUEL FRENCH, Jackson, Grand Guardian.
Officers of the Grand Encampment for the ensuing year are:

R. B. MAYES, Yazoo City, Grand Patriarch.
D. N. BARROWS, Jackson, Grand High Priest.
J. P. THEOBALD, Enterprise, Grand Senior Warden.
A. BECKMAN, Natchez, Grand Junior Warden.
JNO. B. DICKS, Natchez, Grand Scribe.
O. T. KEELER, Columbus, Grand Treasurer.
L. K. BARBER, Woodville, Grand Representative.
SAMUEL FRENCH, Jackson, Grand Sentinel.

By their Constitutions, the permanent location of the Grand Bodies is Jackson. At the late session, the Constitutions were so amended, as to permit,

when the interest of the Order would be promoted thereby, to hold their annual sessions at other places. By resolution, the town of Columbus was made the place of holding the next annual session of both Grand Bodies, on the first Monday after the fifteenth day of July, 1869.—
G. SECT'Y.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The following officers were elected to serve for the succeeding year at the meeting of the Grand Encampment of the District of Columbia, held July 27th:

THOS. W. FOWLER, Grand Patriarch.
THOS. GREER, Grand High Priest.
A. J. DONALDSON, Grand Senior Warden.
H. C. ESPEY, Grand Junior Warden.
CHAS. B. R. COLLEDGE, Grand Scribe.
FRANCIS B. LORD, SR., Grand Treasurer.
S. L. HABLE, Grand Sentinel.
WM. T. FRENCH, Grand Marshal.

The Grand Representative, Fred. D. Stuart, holds over until next year.

The report of Grand Scribe Colledge to the G. L. U. S. shows that the jurisdiction is increasing in membership and means. It now embraces four Encampments with 764 members, an increase of 70 during the past year. The annual receipts were \$4,066.11, and the expenditures for relief \$1,566.50.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge, Chas. B. R. Colledge was elected Deputy Grand Master, to fill a vacancy caused by resignation.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Grand Secretary Taylor has kindly furnished us with a copy of a circular issued to the Subordinates in his jurisdiction, giving an abstract of the reports of the Lodges for the year ending June 30, 1868.

In the twenty-five Lodges in the State there has been a gain "in membership during the year of over four hundred, making the number of members over three thousand, a larger number than ever before. It is hoped that the benefits of the institution have been equally extensive. Two Lodges have been revived—Washington Lodge, No. 4, at Great Falls; and Contoocook Lodge, No. 26, at Fisherville. Two new Lodges have been instituted—Rumford Lodge, No. 46, at Concord, and Juniata Lodge, No. 47, at Raymond. There is a prospect of two or three more Lodges soon."

The amount of Lodge receipts during the same period was \$19,321.50; of disbursements for relief, \$5,605.54.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Keene, on Wednesday, the 14th day of October next, being the second Wednesday, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

We know the effects of many things, but the causes of few; experience, therefore, is a surer guide than imagination, and inquiry than conjecture. But those physical difficulties which you cannot account for, be very slow to arraign, for he that would be wiser than nature, would be wiser than God.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

OHIO.—Continued.				No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
230	Mechanics.....	Zanesville....	Th	305	Fostoria.....	Fostoria.....	Fri	376	Farmers.....	Groesbeck.....	Wed
231	Angota.....	Williams'burg	Tue	306	Belleville....	Belleville....	Wed	377	Woodfield....	Woodsfield....	Sat
232	Shiloh.....	Goshen.....	Sat	307	Confidence....	Georgetown..	Wed	378	Bellair.....	Bellair.....	Tue
233	Phoenix.....	Cleveland.....	M	308	Edenton.....	Edenton.....	Sat	379	E. Liverpool..	E. Liverpool..	M
234	Dove.....	Mt Wash'g't'n	Sat	309	Rhein.....	Pomeroy.....	Wed	380	Clyde.....	Clyde.....	Wed
236	Rock River..	Berea.....	Tue	310	Athens.....	Athens.....	M	381	Rush.....	Rushav'nia..	Th
237	Crestline....	Crestline....	Sat	312	Montville....	Montville....	Sat	382	Batesville....	Batesville....	Th
238	Evergreen....	Etna.....	Sat	313	Golden Rule..	Nicholsville..	Sat	383	Covington....	Covington....	Sat
240	Sylvan.....	Loudonville..	Tue	314	Fount'n City..	Bryan.....	Sat	384	Goethe.....	Springfield..	Wed
241	N. Lexington	N. Lexington	M	316	Quindaro.....	Mt. Vernon...	Tue	385	Norwich.....	Hilliard.....	Sat
242	Mineral.....	Pomeroy.....	Tue	317	Oakley.....	Tiffin.....	Wed	386	Lee.....	Canal.....	Tue
243	Mad River....	Fairfield....	Tue	318	Green Spring..	Green Spr'gs..	Sat			Winch'ter...	
244	Sycamore.....	Montgomery..	Th	319	Guttenberg....	Marietta.....	Th	387	Anchor.....	Cleveland....	Th
246	St. Paris.....	St. Paris.....	Sat	321	Wakatamo....	Chandlersv...	M	388	Lincoln.....	Sedamsville..	Th
247	Tippecanoe..	Hyattsville..	W	322	Taylor.....	Fletcher.....	Sat	389	Jewett.....	Urichsville..	Th
249	Mill Creek..	Ludlow.....	Tue	323	Piketon.....	Piketon.....	Wed	390	Orion.....	Washing- tonville.....	M
250	Delhi.....	Radnor.....	Sat	324	Ivy.....	Omega.....	Fri				
251	Van Wert....	Van Wert....	W	325	Concord.....	Hayesville...	Sat	391	Fred'ricks...	Fred'ricks...	Sat
252	Greenwood...	Tompkins....	Sat	327	Rainbow.....	Westerville..	Sat		burgh.....	burgh.....	
253	Tawawa.....	Tawawa.....	Sat	328	Day.....	La Rue.....	Sat	392	Philo.....	W. Rushville	Sat
254	Rock Creek..	Morgan.....	M	329	Windsor.....	Windsor.....	Wed	393	Dover.....	Dover.....	M
255	Newt'n Falls	Newton Falls	Th	330	Ruffner.....	Delaware.....	Sat	394	Forest.....	Forest.....	Fri
256	Industry.....	Allen's.....	Sat	331	Harries.....	Harshmanv...	Sat	395	Cable.....	Cable.....	Sat
258	Beacon.....	Chippewa....	Sat	332	St. Charles...	St. Charles...	Sat	396	Dexter.....	Beallsville..	Sat
259	Olive.....	Caldwell....	Sat	333	Hayward.....	Van Buren....	Sat	397	Spring Hills	Spring Hills.	Sat
260	Napoleon....	Napoleon....	W	334	Capitol.....	Columbus....	Fri	398	Star.....	Middleport..	M
262	Hook'g } ..	Logan.....	Tue	335	Wm. Tell.....	Cincinnati...	Wed	399	Celina.....	Celina.....	M
263	Glenn.....	Brooklyn....	Tue	336	Losanteville..	Cincinnati...	Th	400	Ensign.....	Jefferson....	
264	Olms't d'F'ls	Olms't.....	Sat	337	Orient.....	Wheeler's'burg	Sat				
265	Oak.....	New Lebanon..	Sat	338	Alba.....	Leesburgh....	Sat				
266	Alliance....	Alliance....	Tue	339	Hockhook'g..	Nelsonville..	Th				
267	Ellicott.....	Fredrick't'wn	M	340	High Hill....	High Hill....	Sat				
268	Sparta.....	Sparta.....	Sat	341	Arcanum.....	Arcanum.....	Tue				
269	Westfield....	Westfield....	Sat	342	Syringa.....	Centerfield..	Sat				
270	Ark.....	Worthington	M	343	Highland.....	Russell.....	Sat				
271	Willey.....	Mech'nics'burg	Sat			Station.....					
272	Centre.....	Troy.....	M	344	Comet.....	Mt Blanch'rd	Sat				
273	Dayton.....	Dayton.....	Tue	345	Vienna.....	Vienna.....	Sat	1	Pennsyl- vania.....	Philadelphia	Wed
274	Humboldt....	Cincinnati...	W			X Roads.....		2	Washington	"	Tue
275	Churchill....	Harveysburg	Sat	346	Empire.....	N. Royalton..	Sat	3	Wayne.....	"	M
276	Hopewell....	Germano.....	Sat	347	Spencer.....	Columbia.....	Tue	4	Morn'g Star	"	Fri
277	Belmont.....	Belmont.....	Sat	348	Eclipse.....	Cincinnati...	Th	5	Franklin....	"	Th
278	Newton.....	Fultonham...	Sat	349	Catawba.....	Catawba.....	Sat	6	Gen. Marion	"	Th
279	Yellow.....	Yellow.....	W	350	Myrtle.....	Granville.....	Fri	7	Hermann.....	"	Tue
	Springs.....	Springs.....		351	Palmer.....	Lower Salem	Sat	8	Rising Sun..	Frankford....	Sat
280	Enterprise..	Westboro....	Fri	352	Somerset.....	Somerset.....	Sat	10	Philoma- thean.....	Germantown	Sat
281	Lorain.....	Wellington...	Sat	353	Fountain.....	Van Lue.....	Th	11	Kensington.	Philadelphia	Wed
284	Blanchard...	Ottawa.....	Sat	354	McComb.....	McComb.....	Sat	12	Jefferson....	"	M
285	Quincy.....	Quincy.....	Sat	355	Clarksville..	Clarksville..	Sat	13	Phil'delphia	"	Wed
286	Versailles..	Versailles..	Tue	356	Jonathan.....	Roseville....	Sat	14	Will'delphia	Frankford....	Sat
287	Malta.....	Malta.....	Sat	357	Sturgis.....	Newville.....	Sat	15	Philan- thropie...	Philadelphia	Tue
288	Wood Grove..	Wood Grove..	Sat	358	Harmonia....	Columbus....	Sat	16	Harmony....	"	Fri
289	Hemlock.....	Meigsville...	W	359	Port Union..	Port Union..	Sat	17	N. Liberties	"	Th
290	Ch'grin F'ls	Chagrin Falls	M	361	Morgan.....	Pennsville...	Sat	18	Lafayette...	"	Th
291	Mt. Oreb....	Mt. Oreb....	Tue	362	Wauseon.....	Wauseon.....	Sat	19	Amity.....	"	Th
292	White Oak...	New Hope....	Sat	363	Williams.....	Hebron.....	Sat	20	Miner's.....	Pottsville....	Tue
294	Geneva.....	Geneva.....	W	364	McArthur....	McArthur....	Tue	21	Teutonia....	Philadelphia	M
295	Catawba....	Newburgh....	Sat	365	Earl.....	Port Jefferson	Sat	22	Adelphia....	"	Tue
296	N. Western..	Cincinnati...	Tue	366	Anderson....	Leatherwood	Sat	23	Friendship..	"	Wed
297	Lawrence....	Canal Fulton	Fri	367	Moorefield..	Moorefield..	Sat	24	Western Star	Pittsburg....	Wed
298	Stickney....	New Antioch..	Sat	368	Wiltsch.....	New M'tins'burg	Wed	25	America.....	Philadelphia	Fri
299	Caledonia...	Caledonia....	Sat	369	Lansing.....	Waverly.....	Sat	26	Penn.....	"	M
301	Cambridge...	Cambridge...	Th	370	Alimania....	Cleveland....	Th	27	Schuykill....	Port Carbon..	Fri
302	Spr'g Valley	Spring Vall'y	Sat	371	Bluffton.....	Bluffton.....	Tue	28	Heneosis....	Philadelphia	Th
303	New Paris...	New Paris...	Th	372	Pearson.....	Kingston.....	Sat	29	Adel.....	"	Wed
304	Hinckley....	Hinckley....	Sat	373	Fithian.....	Blanchester..	Th	30	McFarlane..	Alleg'ny City	Th
				374	De Soto.....	Hamersville..	Th				
				375	Sigel.....	N. Richmond..	Wed				

PENNSYLVANIA.

No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
1	Pennsyl- vania.....	Philadelphia	Wed
2	Washington	"	Tue
3	Wayne.....	"	M
4	Morn'g Star	"	Fri
5	Franklin....	"	Th
6	Gen. Marion	"	Th
7	Hermann.....	"	Tue
8	Rising Sun..	Frankford....	Sat
10	Philoma- thean.....	Germantown	Sat
11	Kensington.	Philadelphia	Wed
12	Jefferson....	"	M
13	Phil'delphia	"	Wed
14	Will'delphia	Frankford....	Sat
15	Philan- thropie...	Philadelphia	Tue
16	Harmony....	"	Fri
17	N. Liberties	"	Th
18	Lafayette...	"	Th
19	Amity.....	"	Th
20	Miner's.....	Pottsville....	Tue
21	Teutonia....	Philadelphia	M
22	Adelphia....	"	Tue
23	Friendship..	"	Wed
24	Western Star	Pittsburg....	Wed
25	America.....	Philadelphia	Fri
26	Penn.....	"	M
27	Schuykill....	Port Carbon..	Fri
28	Heneosis....	Philadelphia	Th
29	Adel.....	"	Wed
30	McFarlane..	Alleg'ny City	Th

One page of this Directory of all the Lodges of the I. O. O. F. will appear each month.

THE COMPANION

A Monthly Magazine

FOR ODD FELLOWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

VOL. IV.

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No. 3.

MOTHER'S WORK.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE AND HATE.

THE heart of a child begins early to love and hate. There is nothing which it does more heartily. Upon what it loves and what it hates will depend the bias of its character, the tendency of its future life. At first a child will be strictly personal in these emotions. It will love or hate people, and perhaps things. The next attainment, and a very important one, is to love what is good and to hate what is bad. But how to get hold of the abstract idea of goodness, and badness, and so to apply the emotion of the child to that, without personality, is indeed a difficult matter; for there is something so real, so solid, if one may use the expression, in the love of a child, and also in its hate, that it seems almost impossible to attach either to an idea without a substance.

This necessary lesson of loving only what is lovely in itself, as goodness is, can scarcely be taught to a child in connection strictly speaking with its parents, because everything in them is good and lovely to the child; and the same difficulty would apply to the case of other near relatives, or indeed, to all who were connected with it by the ties of affection. Love is so natural to the child, so born with it, that it begins to love before it is possible for it to understand why, except that certain individuals minister to its wants, gratify its desires, soothe its sorrows, and, in short, sustain its life.

Nor would it be easy to find more substantial reasons why any one should be loved than these. Only that a little later, and when reason might be supposed to exercise more power, they do not always hold good; for human life as it is presents this strange anomaly, that persons are not always loved according to the benefits they confer. Hence we discover that this fountain of love which springs so freely from the heart of the child, is in reality a very capricious, uncertain, and unmanageable stream, flowing this way, and that—sometimes overflowing in quarters where the utmost pains are taken to dam it up, and stem its current; and sometimes falling off, and even drying up, where its genial waters are most required. Every one who speaks or writes on this subject, poets, philosophers, the wisest and the best of men and women, appear to have agreed in the opinion, that love is an impulse of our nature, which must take its own course.

Leaving this knotty point to be discussed by

those who know better than myself, I return to the Love of a little child, which it is of the utmost importance that the mother should at least endeavor to direct to that which is worthy of being loved. To love mean things and base people is certain degradation to the child. To love what is intrinsically lovely is a certain means of elevation.

To love goodness simply because it is good, and to love it under every form in which it can be recognised, is one of the highest and noblest attainments of our moral nature, so high, indeed, that few reach to this height of being. But the mother can begin, God helping her, with this holy and delightful task. Only she must be content to begin simply, humbly, and without embarrassing the tender conceptions of the child with images and phrases which it is impossible for it to comprehend. She must be content also to work with human means; and this is too often what parents will not do. They seem impatient of such means; and want to begin at once with spiritual instrumentality long before the child is capable of lifting its thoughts and conceptions to such a height as to go along with this kind of instruction. It is upon the mother herself that the spiritual influences must operate so as to fit her for this work; nor is it necessary to be above using the most humble and familiar means, because she may still use them with a spiritual purpose.

In teaching children to love goodness, we must love it ourselves, look for it, embrace it, delight in it, wherever it may be found. We must rejoice in it when found in an inferior—in an enemy—and what is much more difficult, even in one who has stepped into a place of usefulness which we tried to fill, and failed in. If we do this ourselves, habitually and heartily, the children under our care will require but few lessons beyond this—our daily example.

But supposing this lesson of example to be a little defective, I think the mother may help out her purpose by placing before the notice of her child, in an interesting and attractive manner, instances of goodness occurring amongst indifferent people, or people not otherwise beloved personally. A poor beggar man may have picked up a shilling which he saw dropped by a passer-by, and restored it to the owner when he sadly wanted a shilling himself. Or a hungry child may have carried a dinner to her sick father without tasting it herself. A boy may have rescued from its tormentors some poor animal, or another may have helped an old paralytic woman

to carry her bundle. Instances of this kind are daily occurring in ordinary life, and when the mother is looking out for them, and listening to hear about them, surely her own heart will be refreshed and improved, for I am strongly inclined to think that the reason why we hear so little good of our neighbors, is that we do not watch and listen for the good as we do for the evil. Among those whom we love no doubt we do, but true charity comprehends a wider range, hoping all things.

All who have the training of children, and who have obtained a hold upon their affections, should remember that they exercise over them an almost unbounded power in the use of praise and blame. A child, and especially a girl, can be worked upon to love almost anything by hearing it praised by one she loves; and she will hate as readily and in the same proportion.

It is a curious fact, and very difficult to account for, that, in the ordinary range of social intercourse, blame is much more frequent than praise. For once that we hear a good deed heartily commended, we hear at least fifty bad deeds condemned, or else we hear the good so questioned that all the virtue seems extracted out of them. Even religious people of devoted lives appear to be strangely on their guard lest they should praise too much. But they can blame, and by doing this so much more often, or perhaps more earnestly than they praise, the balance is lost, and the scale goes down laden with its heavy burden of human infirmity and sin; and we look on with mournful eyes, exclaiming, "Who will show us any good?"

One of the greatest hindrances to what I have ventured to call the education of the heart, and a cause of much and grievous loss to the young, arises, I think, from the restraint which religious people sometimes impose upon themselves and others, in not calling anything good which does not directly promote the salvation of the soul; so that we are in a manner deprived of the use of these two words, good and bad, than which there can be none more powerful in the work of education. Nor is this mode of regarding the matter consistent with our daily conduct. The most rigid in enforcing these restrictions will speak of good and bad in relation to persons employed in their business matters; and they use these terms continually in relation to the honesty, truthfulness, punctuality, and industry of such persons. They speak of them as good servants, good clerks, or good agents, when they possess these qualities, and they speak of them as bad, when these qualities are wanting, or when the opposite of these qualities are manifested.

Good and bad are words which we cannot do without, when speaking of the general conduct of mankind. They apply to citizenship, to social and relative duty, honesty or dishonesty in business transactions, in fact to all which materially affects the interests of this present life, which promotes prosperity, or leads to ruin, which makes a country, a family, or an individual respectable or otherwise. To have just and clear views on matters of social and relative duty, mutual obligation, friendliness, trustworthiness, personal

responsibility, industry, and all that we generally class under the name of morals, is no trifling attainment. It is, at least, as important as to have just and clear views on geography, grammar, or any other branch of that kind of learning which is taught so carefully, and with such indefatigable pains, in the usual routine of school-teaching. We may, therefore, fairly ask that the same amount of pains, the same amount of time, of study, and solicitude should be bestowed upon the former as the latter portion of education.

Nor need the mother fear that in using every possible endeavor to awaken in the child a love for what is good—simply good as opposed to bad—there will be danger to that child in its subsequent religious impressions. If the principles of good and evil, by which the moral conduct of the man or woman has to be regulated, were at all, even in the slightest particle or degree, opposed to God's own law of right and wrong, then unquestionably there would be danger. But I am not speaking of expediency, of what is sanctioned by custom, or of what may tend to serve some sordid purpose. I am speaking as good of that which is essentially and eternally good, of that which was good when written in tablets of stone, and which Moses brought down from the mount of ineffable communion; the same immutable good which was taught by the Lord himself.

There is no change, there can be none, in good and evil when regarded in this light, because both are founded on principle, the one sustaining, health-giving, uniting, and elevating, the other tending always to discord, misery, and destruction. The germs of both these principles lie in the heart of the little child; and happy and holy is the task of the mother so to cultivate the one that by God's help it shall increase and strengthen and outgrow the other, as the flowers of a well-tended garden outgrow the weeds.

These remarks have been made at greater length, because, in dealing with the love of her child, the mother has to discharge the tenderest and most delicate of all those tasks which are committed especially to her care. Yet delicate and tender as are the little threads of feeling which she holds, it may be prayerfully, in her nurturing hands, she knows and feels that they are instinct with a force which will be stronger than any other in deciding the destiny of her child. Out of the love of that little palpitating heart, over which she watches, what floods of happiness or depths of sorrow may come! Out of its hate what bitterness and ruin! And yet from hating only that which is vile, and base, what strength of upright purpose! What help to the injured and oppressed!

What the child learns to love, it will follow after, and hold by. In this fact we see the importance of making religion lovely and attractive to the young, not wearisome or repulsive. All the offices and duties of religion also should be strenuously recommended, so far as is possible, to the affectionate choice of a child; and where this is not possible, the habit of observing that the parents love these duties, and fulfill them faithfully, and cheerfully, will go a long way towards

making the child feel that there must be something good and lovely in them, although it may be too young to perceive and understand the good itself.

The reading of Scripture stories, if well selected, is a great help in this kind of teaching; and here especial truthfulness should be observed; as indeed we find it in the stories themselves, where none of the brightest in example, or the most honored as the servants of God, are spared the penalty of having their faults recorded. Such, however, is the faithfulness of these lessons of instruction that we find in them the sad consequences of wrong-doing both in appropriate, and sometimes immediate punishment, and in the bitter repentance of the wrong-doer.

In works of fiction we seldom find this equal justice. More frequently we meet with characters represented as wholly good, or wholly bad, neither of which afford much instruction either to youth or age. Biographies of good people, too, are sadly defective in this respect. Where all the wrong is left out, and where it is only sparingly touched upon, they do not teach a true lesson. Children are quick to perceive that the representation is one-sided; and whatever we teach them, we must teach the truth—that is, so far as they can see and understand the matter at all, it must be set before them truly. They naturally love the truth, though they may not like to make it the rule of their own words and actions. Hence there is gain rather than loss, in showing them how a course of life, otherwise good and happy, may have been marred by yielding to the temptation to do wrong; and by showing them also what sad tears have sometimes been shed over the consequences of even a momentary act of passion, or of self-will.

It may seem a strange, and perhaps meaningless expression to make use of it, but I know of none better than to say that a child should learn to love itself—to hold love in the tenderest respect—nay, to reverence it as a holy thing. The worst degradation of human life is where love is degraded. The loftiest and purest height to which we are capable of reaching, is where our love is fixed upon the highest things—highest because holiest. Of all the follies which prevail in social life, there is not a more debasing and pernicious folly, than that of treating love with ridicule and contempt. Fair lips may do this, and voices that speak in silver tones may mock at those evidences of tenderness and true affection, which ought at least to be sacred in the estimation of women. Whenever we meet with this hard, cruel, mocking tendency, instead of that warm and cordial enthusiasm which ought to fire the eye, and send a glow into the cheek of youth, we are led to ask, who touched the heart of that youth in early childhood?—who bent over its cradle?—who stilled its cries?—who called forth its merry laughter until it echoed from heart to heart and made the household ring with joy? Perhaps no one. Possibly the child was motherless, and so never learned the exquisite delight—the pure enjoyment—the loveliness of love.

There is no sadder spectacle presented by hu-

man life than that of a childhood thus uncherished in its sweet affections—thus restrained in its abounding and exuberant joy; for there is no real joy in childhood without the free exercise of love, given and received. A child whose affections are repressed, is like a young tree with its buds picked off in spring-time. This act of picking off young buds is what many of us do thoughtlessly. Even the mother does it sometimes, to her own unspeakable loss, and to the cruel injury of her child. It may be done even by the habitual manner of a parent, who is indulgent and kind in greater matters. Our language has no polite word for describing a certain style of manner, which I can only call *snubbing*; and a system of constant snubbing is one of the most injurious to which youth can be subjected. Either the temper is made sullen and resentful, or hope is crushed within the heart, or energy is deadened for want of hope, or there creeps over all the faculties a kind of paralysis, or a general tendency to disease, which may become any or all those mental maladies which so often lie at the foundation of human misery.

On the other hand, a happy, genial childhood, with the full flow of natural affection encouraged, and brought out into the open day without hindrance, and without shame, is perhaps the greatest boon which parents have it in their power to bestow upon their children. Instead of being timid about the exercise of love, not knowing whether it will be well received, let a child grow up and believe that love is welcome everywhere—the best thing it has to offer, and a glorious gift—that the giving of love is a generosity which it has a right to exult in; and where this feeling pervades a home, what confidence, what joy, what peace it brings! It is the very sunshine of their young lives to children; and they can no more grow and flourish so as to bud and blossom as they ought without breathing the atmosphere of love, than the plants and trees of our gardens can flourish without the light and warmth of the sun himself.

Happily for the poor, this is one point on which they stand at no disadvantage with the rich. Though stripped of so many other kinds of abundance, their homes may abound in love. They themselves may be liberal here; and while the family meal may be sparing, and even insufficient, they may disperse liberally to their children that true happiness which arises out of loving and being loved.

In the course of these remarks I have said little about hate. It is often said, perhaps without reflection, that those who cannot hate, cannot love. I suppose the true meaning of this saying is, that the warmth and force of feeling which manifests itself in ardent love, will necessarily manifest itself at times in an opposite direction. However this may be, we must all, I think, allow that children do hate, in a certain sense at least. Their little acts of repulsion evince in a high degree the feeling of hatred, although with them the emotion is happily of transient duration, and for the most part easily overcome.

The difficulty with children is how to get the application of this feeling removed from persons

to things, or rather from the actor to the act; and more difficult still is it to apply it to ideas, such as meanness, cruelty, and wickedness in general. To hate the sin, and love the sinner, is perhaps one of the most difficult attainments of Christian life. In how many cases it is never attained at all, is a question not necessary to ask here.

When the infant has become capable of feeling admiration and contempt, and when these emotions begin to manifest themselves, then the natural feeling of hate may be diverted into legitimate channels by showing the child the actual meanness of doing wrong—the base and contemptible nature of a lie, for example—the odious nature of greediness and theft; and so on, using up, as it were, the ebullitions of hate for purposes of containing evil under every form.

It is no bad beginning of life for a child to hate a lie—to hate deceit, and treachery of every kind—to hate cruelty—in short, to hate whatever we know to be hateful in the sight of God; we have high authority in the Psalms of David, and in many other portions of Holy Writ, for believing that there is a power of detestation which may be lawfully used against what is wrong.

The world will do much to deaden these childish feelings, and what is more dangerous, it will do much to displace them—to draw out love towards that which is not worth loving, and ought not to be loved, and to excite hatred where it would be better to pity, and sometimes to admire. This confusion of moral appreciation and purpose which abounds in the world, and which often pervades even what is called good society, renders the work of the mother one of more urgent necessity; and happily for her, there is affixed to the faithful performance of her task a twofold blessing, for in rightly educating the heart of her child, her own heart is made better.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

"I CALL IT," said my friend, Monsieur Hippolyte Gerfaut, commissary of police of the city of Paris, in his perfectly accented English, "I call it my duel in the dark. The *affaire Chardon* was *bizarre* enough to create some little sensation at the time, even among our *blases* Parisians; though, doubtless, it is long since forgotten. I have two satisfactory reasons for remembering it—I who had the entire conduct of it; first, because my adversary was *un homme fort*—a *gail-lard* whom it was no small credit to defeat; secondly, because I was fortunate enough to be able to prove to my superiors, who were till then inclined to treat them more lightly than they deserved, that certain little theories of mine *avaient du bon*. We have our *amour-propres nous autres*, you see. If you think the story will serve to lighten an hour of this long journey, here it is."

And while the Marseille express rushed Pariswards through the howling darkness of that wild November night, Monsieur Gerfaut pulled his fur *casquette* over the sharp black eyes, that gleamed and twinkled behind his official *lunettes*, arranged his traveling-wraps, refreshed himself with a

pinch of snuff, and told me his story, as nearly as I can remember, in the following fashion.

"The facts of the case," said the *commissaire*, "as it was brought before me, in the first instance, were these. Just six years ago, a young provincial notary, Leopold Chardon by name, arrived in Paris with his wife, a bride of some three weeks, to spend the remainder of their honeymoon. Chardon had but lately succeeded his old patron, the notary Lamorce, at Morville; and it was the latter who, knowing to a centime the amount of Mademoiselle Blanche Segouvay's *dot*, and having a prudent eye to the early payment of the purchase-money of his *etude*, had arranged the match between the two young people. It promised to be a very happy one. Every one at Morville knew that Leopold Chardon and his *future* simply adored each other.

"Well, they were married. It had been settled long previously that they were to start for Paris immediately after the ceremony; and Mademoiselle Blanche had raised no objection to this plan. Strange, you will say, if she had objected to a month's sojourn in the women's Paradise. Nevertheless, at the last moment, Madame Chardon evinced a most decided repugnance to undertake the journey. She either could not or would not assign any reason for this caprice—as it seemed to her husband—but that it was in Paris that her father had died; and that it would naturally be painful to her to revisit scenes associated with his memory.

"Chardon made one or two attempts to combat this morbid feeling, but unsuccessfully. He was fain to yield to it at last, and trust that it would soon wear off, as indeed it appeared to do. The young people traveled about from place to place, each day's journey bringing them nearer to the capital, till, by and by, only three or four leagues lay between it and them. When, one morning, Chardon ventured to renew his proposition, his wife accepted it with little or no hesitation. The caprice had passed, or Madame had got the better of her distressing *souvenirs*. On the evening of that day, Leopold Chardon and his bride were in Paris.

"In the midst of its thousand-and-one pleasures and attractions, Madame Chardon appeared to have forgotten her former objections to the visit. But her husband remembered afterwards, once upon the crowded Boulevard, and again as they sat together in the theater, she had suddenly, and as it seemed in a sort of involuntary tremor, seized his arm, as though something or some one had startled or frightened her. She could give no explanation of this strange emotion, when he questioned her. It was the morbid feeling re-asserting itself, no doubt.

"Chardon had installed his wife in the same Hotel garni, in the Pays Latin, that he had inhabited himself as a bachelor law-student. They occupied a large room on the first floor, overlooking the gardens of the Luxembourg.

"There, one wild night in November—a night like this—when the wind was roaring among the leafless trees, and dashing the storm-drops heavily against the windows of *Numero Ten*, the two were sitting after witnessing the performance at

the Ambigu, talking over what they had seen before retiring to rest. The room was lighted only by the feeble gleam of a *veilleuse*, and the occasional flicker of a dying fire. The clocks had chimed the three-quarters past midnight. It was the ghastly drama of the *Vampire* which had been played at the Ambigu that night, and its fantastic horrors seemed to have made so strong an impression on his wife, that Chardon rallied her laughingly on her nervousness. To no purpose. She had, she admitted, no belief in the existence of a supernatural monster. But, she asked shudderingly, were there not really assassins who murdered people in their sleep? A notion which Chardon treated with all the tranquil *insouciance* of an ex-student, and hastily turned the conversation.

"It fell at last on somnambulism and somnambulists—a set of *farceurs*, the young notary observed, who played all sorts of queer pranks with the most innocent unconsciousness possible. Witness the story of the monk and his superior. The latter reading a holy book one night upon his bed, was horror-struck at beholding one of the brethren armed with a large knife enter his cell, the door of which stood open, and make straight for him with a stealthily threatening gesture. The superior slipped quietly from his couch, and, lying *perdu*, had the satisfaction of seeing Frere Anselme bury his knife three times to the hilt in what he doubtless imagined was the reverend prior's body, and then retire with a countenance expressive of rapture. The poor devil was a somnambulist, and professed the greatest astonishment and grief when told next day of what he had done in his trance. The superior pardoned poor Frere Anselme, Chardon said, as he finished his tale; but, like a wise man, fastened the door of his cubiculum for the future.

"Madame Chardon had so far recovered herself as to be able to smile faintly again by this time. All at once, as though struck with a thought, she asked her husband if he had secured the door of their apartment, and if not to do so.

"Anxious to calm and re-assure her, Chardon crossed the room at once towards the door, with the intention of removing the key from the outside (where, according to our system, it acts as a door-handle), and so render the entrance of any evil-disposed person, somnambulist or otherwise, impossible. In doing so, something lying on the table at the foot of the bed, which gleamed in the expiring light of the *veilleuse*, caught his eye. Strange! it was the elaborately chased silver hilt of a large Algerian poniard which had been given him only that very day by an old comrade, an officer of Spahis, spending his leave in Paris. The sight of this weapon impressed him disagreeably. Somehow, his thoughts reverted to the monk's dagger in the story he had just told his wife; and this *bizarre* association of ideas caused him a vague, undefinable uneasiness. He was half-tempted to put away the poniard in a drawer, to be out of sight: but he feared, if he did so, Blanche might question him—that he might only make her more nervous than she was already, if he let her suppose he had experienced a similarly absurd disquiet.

"Just then, a sudden draught caused the *veilleuse* to go out altogether. This decided him. In a very short time both of the occupants of Numero Ten were fast asleep.

"How long that sleep had lasted, Leopold Chardon never knew. It was still utterly dark in the room when he awoke—awoke with a faint sickly odor in his nostrils, that, carelessly courageous as he was, brought a sweat of terror upon his forehead. He knew it instinctively—instinctively, too, he stretched forth his hand to where his wife lay beside him. A low cry burst from his pale lips. His hand was wet with something heavy, and viscid, and lukewarm, which could only be one horrible thing: his hand was wet with blood. He sprang from the bed to his feet. The blackness and the silence of the grave was all around him. Gasping for air, like one half-suffocated, he groped his way to the window, and flung it open. In a little while, he felt so far recovered as to be able to persuade himself that he must be the victim of some atrocious nightmare—superinduced, no doubt, by the drama he had witnessed at the Ambigu, and his conversation with his wife afterwards. Yes; that was all. To convince himself, he kindled a taper, and shielding it from the current of air that blew in through the window, advanced resolutely to the bedside, prepared to smile at his own folly when he should see his Blanche slumbering peacefully. With a steady hand, he drew back the curtains, and this is what he saw: he saw his wife lying still enough upon her pillows, her eyes wide open, and fixed in a ghastly stare—her fair hair all dishevelled and dabbled in blood—in blood, for planted in her heart was the Algerian poniard he had left upon the table. A sudden gust extinguished the taper, and the room was in darkness once more. Alone with the corpse of his murdered wife, Chardon felt for a while nothing but a dull sense of numbing oppression, that paralysed every mental faculty. But when the gray light of the dreary November dawn stole upon him, the horrible reality of what had happened seemed suddenly to strike him. There, before his eyes, lay his wife, murdered in her sleep—murdered with the very weapon the sight of which had so strangely affected him a few hours ago. Who was the assassin? Was it possible that any one could have entered the room and dealt that death-blow, and yet never have disturbed him? Impossible. Even supposing it were so, could he believe that his innocent Blanche had so deadly a foe? Impossible, again. And it was no robber's doing; for there, on the table, where the poniard had lain, lay untouched still a considerable sum in gold. Who, then, had done it? Presently, an appalling idea occurred to him. What if it were himself? What if, still under the influence of the involuntary thoughts which had so strangely disquieted him when he retired to rest, he had risen in his sleep, taken the dagger from its place, and in his unconscious sleep still, become the unwitting assassin of his wife?

"It was a terrible hypothesis; but it seemed to him the only reasonable one. He must have played the part of Frere Anselme in the story he

had told the night before. Yes; but the monk might have really hated his superior, while he passionately loved his victim. Would not that love have availed to keep him, even in an access of somnambulism, from doing harm to her? Surely. But then, who *could* have done this but himself? The more he thought of it, the more certain it seemed to him that he was the innocent perpetrator of this crime. What was he to do? Hide the body, and make his escape while there was yet time? In other words, act as though he were really an assassin? The thought was revolting. Besides, it might be—he knew not how, indeed—but it might be that he was innocent in deed as he was in thought; that there was a real criminal. In this case he must be found—justice must find him; and in the hands of justice, Chardon decided to place himself.

"He dressed hastily, and went out. At the end of the first street, he saw the red light which marks our police stations yet burning before a house. He made for it without hesitation, rang the bell, and asked to see the commissaire on a pressing matter. That official's servant saw something strange on the face of the unseasonable visitor, showed him into a waiting-room at once, and turning the key noiselessly upon him, hurried off to awake his master. In another five minutes," said Monsieur Gerfaut, refreshing himself at this point of his story with a liberal allowance of his favorite stimulant—"in another five minutes, Leopold Chardon and I stood face to face, and my part in the drama may be said to have commenced.

"He told me what I have told you, with a clearness and minuteness of detail that at first sight seemed suspicious. It is the business of *nous autres* to suspect everything, you know; and his looked not a little like a preconcerted account—a *role* got by heart. I listened to my man without a word of interruption, watching his face narrowly all the time he was speaking from under my invaluable lunettes. When he had finished, I put to him one or two of those questions in which an unwary criminal finds loopholes for retraction or specious explanation. Chardon made no attempt at either.

"Notably, when I suggested to him that he might perhaps have left the key of his apartment in the door, in which case any one might have entered the room, his answer was, that it might have been so, but that he could not be sure whether he had withdrawn the key or not. He had certainly removed it, but, preoccupied with the strange thoughts which the sight of the poniard had so unaccountably awakened in him, it was quite possible that, after all, he had merely replaced it in the keyhole, where he had indeed discovered it in the morning; yet his impression was that it was not there when he retired for the night.

"I remanded the self-accused murderer into safe custody, and went off at once to inspect the scene of the crime. After a careful examination of Numero Ten, I caused the door of the apartment to be sealed up in my presence, and announced, in the hearing of a group of *badouins* who had already assembled, that the removal of

the body of the murdered woman would take place at nine o'clock on the following morning.

"My next step was to call on a physician of my acquaintance, and request him to examine my prisoner's state of mind. That afternoon, we visited Chardon together. He was far more unnerved and excited than he had been when he surrendered himself; but, nevertheless, he repeated quite clearly and consistently his former statement, with this important addition, that, on being asked if his late wife had ever evinced a disinclination to come to Paris, he told me that she had; and, further, in reply to another question, that she had evinced some symptoms of a sudden terror, for which she had invariably refused to account.

"On leaving the room where the prisoner was confined, I asked my friend, the physician, his opinion on the case. Was Leopold Chardon a somnambulist, and had he, as he himself believed, killed his wife in a sudden access of his malady? or was he simply a remarkably clever villain?

"My scientific friend inclined to neither opinion. Somehow, the prisoner's tone and manner had already convinced him—as, I confess, they had done me—that, in intention at least, Leopold Chardon was as innocent as ourselves of this murder. 'And if,' said my friend, 'he killed his wife in an access of somnambulism, we shall know to-night, perhaps. The impression on his mind of what has occurred is so strong, that, if he sleeps at all, he must infallibly betray himself.'

"That night, through a Judas-hole in the wall, the doctor and I watched Chardon in his sleep, for he did sleep, though restlessly. Half-an-hour after midnight, his restlessness seemed to increase; at last he glided stealthily from the bed, and, like one in a trance, stole softly across the room to where a poniard had been designedly left upon the table.

"The experiment was growing interesting.

"We saw the somnambulist clutch the poniard, and creep back cautiously to the bed—saw him pass his hand over the bed-clothes, as though to assure himself his victim was there—saw the steel gleam as he raised his hand to deal the blow: and then saw him fling away his weapon, and bursting into a hysterical fit of weeping, fall senseless upon the floor.

"You see," said the doctor, 'he *could* not have killed his wife, this man. And this is no acting, either. *On n'est pas comedien a ce point-la!* No one could have gone through that scene so naturally, if he had been merely playing it. Leopold Chardon is as innocent of this crime as you or I.'

"And the real criminal,' I said, 'who is he?'

"Ah, *mon cher*, the doctor said, as he went away, 'that's your affair. You must find him!'

"My friend was right. Believing the self-accused criminal to be innocent, as I did, it was my business to discover the real one. The affair interested me for several reasons—its extraordinary nature, the impenetrable mystery in which it seemed to be involved, the many difficulties that were in my way, and last, though not least, the opportunity it appeared likely to afford me

of putting into practice those little theories of inductive ratiocination of which I was so fond.

"I set to work that very night by putting together what I had heard from my prisoner; and sketching out mentally the sort of individual the actual assassin of Madame Chardon might be. Evidently, some one who knew and was known to her, and who knew, but was unknown to her husband. Some one, probably, who had entertained a passion for her, to which she had refused to respond, and whose jealousy had prompted him to this terrible revenge.

"This person resided, at all events habitually, in Paris. This would account for the repugnance Madame Chardon had evinced to visit the capital, where she might run the risk of meeting him; and she had met him. Hence her sudden alarm on those two occasions which her husband had remarked; her unwillingness to encounter my ideal assassin, and her terror when she did encounter him, added to the presentiment of coming evil which she indubitably felt, and the shuddering question she had, under the influence of this presentiment, put to her husband on the night of, and only a few hours before, the murder: Were there not murderers who stabbed one in one's sleep? All this furnished me with pretty trustworthy data for a character-portrait of the man I should have to look for, and between whom and myself, from the moment I was convinced of Leopold Chardon's innocence, a duel in the dark had begun—a man whom the repulse of his passion had converted into a fiend; who had coolly planned and deliberately executed a deed which at once glutted his vengeance on husband and wife, and was intended to insure his own safety; for, Chardon found guilty of the murder on his trial, the actual assassin had nothing to fear. Now, I argued from this, that this actual assassin was, in the first place, not a young man. A young lover would have hardly been likely to be vindictively jealous of a husband, and he would be still less likely to harm the wife.

"The assassin of Madame Chardon, then, I believed to be a man somewhat past middle age—the period when I hold the passion that had mastered him to be at its strongest and deadliest. In the second place, I believed him to be a man of sedentary and solitary habits, since such morbid frenzy, as I concluded he was possessed by, would have been dissipated by an active life, or one spent much in society. Whoever he was, he was worth finding; and wherever he was, found I determined he should be.

"I half anticipated meeting him the next morning. It was not without design that I had made that public announcement as to the time when the body of the murdered woman would be removed from the Hotel Garni. You know, perhaps, as well as I how irresistible is the impulse which impels most criminals to revisit, to haunt, the scene of their crime; and I had accordingly calculated that among the crowd of idlers and curious sure to assemble on such an occasion, I might expect to find the man I was in search of. Well, the morning came, and I was disappointed. No one in the least answer-

ing to my ideal portrait of the assassin met my eye in the group of *badauds* that hung about the hotel entrance while the corps was being taken away.

"So much the better, I thought. My man was evidently wary. The duel in the dark between us had fairly commenced. It seemed my antagonist was likely to prove worthy of my steel. Our meeting must be postponed to the day for the trial of the self-accused murderer.

"I argued in this way: The real criminal, whoever he is, has had self-command enough to keep away for the present. He is afraid his face might betray him to one of us. Besides, he most likely knows that the husband of his victim is in custody, and that so far he is safe; but he must naturally feel the keenest interest in the trial that is to follow, since, if the supposed assassin is condemned, the veritable one may consider himself secure; while, on the other hand, the acquittal of Chardon leaves the chance of his own detection always open. He will then almost certainly be present at the trial, first, because he will imagine that he runs less risk, whatever emotion he may display in a large crowd where all display emotion more or less; secondly, because it will be impossible for him to wait for the newspaper reports of a case which concerns him so intimately, when he can so easily, and as he will persuade himself, so safely, hear and see all in person. It is, then, among the spectators at the trial of Leopold Chardon that this man must be looked for. Whether my argument was sound or not, you will see directly.

"The morning of the trial came at last. I had requested and obtained permission not to be summoned as a witness, as it was most important for the end I had in view, that I should not be known to the man I was looking for in my official capacity. Accordingly, dressed *en bourgeois*, I took up my position in the court a little before the trial commenced, so that I could, without attracting notice myself, study the countenances of most of the spectators.

"It was some time before even a decent resemblance to my ideal portrait met my eyes, and I had almost begun to fear that I was to be disappointed a second time, when, in the middle of the front row in the gallery, I fancied I had at last got sight of the man I was in quest of. There sat an individual whose figure was completely shrouded in a long sombre cloak, but whose face wore an expression of stealthily eager interest in the proceedings, which struck me at once as being different to that I marked on other faces about him. He answered, moreover, so exactly to the notion I had formed of the real criminal in point of age and physiognomy, that, after watching him carefully for some time, I experienced a very strong conviction that I was on the right scent—not, perhaps, so much from that look upon his face, as from something else, which, to my practiced eye, betrayed his emotion even more unmistakably. The long cloak in which he was enveloped had opened a little, unknown to him, in front, and his hands, which he imagined were concealed under it, were visible;

and the long, cruel-looking fingers of these hands were twisting and twining round each other convulsively. That, I thought, was suspicious, for it struck me that nothing but the strongest personal interest was likely to cause such a man as this to manifest such strange emotion; and I could perfectly well explain the cause of this absorbing personal interest in the case of the real assassin of Madame Chardon.

"The question was—Was the man in the cloak the real assassin or not? I set about solving that question, as you may imagine, without loss of time. The trial lasted two whole days. The first was occupied by the official prosecutor, who stated the case, commented on the evidence furnished against himself by the accused, and ended by calling on the court to express their conviction of the transparent fallacy of the defense set up—namely, that the crime had been committed in an access of somnambulism—by finding the prisoner guilty without extenuating circumstances.

"This harangue seemed to tell very strongly against the prisoner; and I was positive that I detected signs of relief and satisfaction on the countenance of the man in the cloak when he left the gallery on the termination of the proceedings. One of my subalterns was forthwith instructed to keep an eye upon him, find out what he could about him, and report to me in person.

"I learned next morning that my *suspect* was an *ex-avoue*, by name Darrouc, and that he lived in a retired street in the Marais. When the court reopened, Monsieur Darrouc was the first to take his seat in the gallery, but not the seat he had occupied the previous day. This time, I was enchanted to find he chose a much less conspicuous place, on a back bench; for I explained this retiring modesty on the part of Monsieur Darrouc by concluding that he felt what was to take place to-day would be far more trying to his powers of self-command than what had already taken place, and that he was prudently anxious to avoid observation as much as possible. By and by, I entered the gallery in my turn, in a fresh costume, and looking ten years older than I had done before, and seated myself quietly by the side of the man in the cloak.

"As the trial proceeded, and especially when any point was strongly and eloquently urged in favor of the accused by his advocate, I remarked how, notwithstanding all his wariness and self-control, signs of an uneasiness amounting to positive alarm were betrayed by my neighbor. But while the court had retired to consider their decision, Monsieur Darrouc's livid paleness quite justified my politely asking him whether the close atmosphere of the crowded gallery had caused him to feel indisposed.

"I was delighted to hear Monsieur Darrouc answer impatiently, and to see him draw himself suspiciously away from me. I was pretty certain of my man, and flattered myself that the assassin of Madame Chardon and I had crossed swords at last; though we were fighting each other in the dark still.

"After a half hour's deliberation, the court returned a verdict of Not Guilty; and when the

applause that burst forth on all sides at this announcement had been suppressed, the president, addressing the prisoner, told him that, in the opinion of his judges, no stain whatever rested on his character; that the court sympathized deeply with his misfortune, and trusted that an overruling Providence would yet bring about the discovery of the real perpetrator of this terrible and mysterious crime.

"Perhaps," Monsieur Gerfaut interrupted himself here—"perhaps I had better grounded hopes than Monsieur le President that this would be the case.

"Well," he continued, "the prisoner was then discharged. Following Monsieur Darrouc out of court, I had the good luck to intercept the one deadly look of hate he bestowed on Chardon, as the latter was hurried away in a crowd of friends, and congratulated myself afresh on this last confirmation of the truth of my little hypothesis. Moreover, it was perfectly plain to me that the concluding words of the president had been too much for Monsieur Darrouc, for he staggered rather than walked away from the scene of the trial.

"My trusty subaltern took charge of him again; and early the next morning, I set out for a little country excursion I had been planning for some time. The same evening I arrived at Morville—the provincial town where Chardon practiced—and where, I had been informed, his mother-in-law, Madame Segouvay, yet resided.

"It was necessary, you understand, that I should know what, if any, had been the connection between Chardon's family and Monsieur Darrouc.

"Unfortunately, my first inquiries informed me that Madame Segouvay had died just four and twenty hours before my arrival, overwhelmed with grief at the fate of her daughter, and the terrible accusation brought against her son-in-law.

"This was an unlooked-for check. I had confidently expected to extract important information from the mother of Madame Chardon as to her daughter's former relations with the man in the cloak. It seemed I was just too late.

"There remained Monsieur Lamore, the old notary whose *étude* Leopold Chardon had purchased. He was able to give me the name of the late Madame Segouvay's man of business in Paris; and, as I instinctively anticipated, that individual's name was Darrouc; and he admitted, under considerable pressure, that Monsieur Darrouc was supposed to be a rejected suitor of the murdered woman's.

"This perfectly co-incided with my theory, you will observe; and I returned to Paris with the positive moral certainty that the man in the cloak, and no other, was the assassin of Blanche Chardon, *nee* Segouvay. But this conviction was due to circumstances which, unless backed by more tangible proofs, would, I knew, avail but little in a court of justice. What I had to do was to procure indefeasible evidence of the guilt of Monsieur *l'ex-avoue* Darrouc.

"The duel in the dark between us two was becoming exciting. I was by this time in possession of a minutely detailed account of the habits,

the resorts, and the occupations of my adversary. The man in the cloak had no friends, and very few acquaintances. It was his daily custom to walk from his retired old house in the Marais along the Quais to the Bourse. He arrived there at noon; transacted certain business, and reached home by the same route about five o'clock; dined at home, and spent his evenings reading the newspapers at a cafe in the immediate neighborhood; conversed occasionally with one or two old *habitués* of the same establishment, but was in general very silent and reserved.

"Now, as there was so little chance of knowing what was passing in my adversary's mind at this time from other people, it became imperative that I should divine for myself. I therefore took measures for studying his countenance daily, which he could neither be aware of nor suspect. Every day, at certain hours, I used to post myself at the window of a small cafe situated on Monsieur Darrouc's line of march to and from the Bourse. By cautiously raising a little corner of the window-blind, I was able to examine the expression of his face for two or three seconds; and in this way I learned all I wanted.

"As the effect of his first fright passed away, the physiognomy of the man in the cloak gradually recovered its wonted calm. I saw that he had succeeded in quieting his fears, and was by degrees freeing himself from the apprehension that suspicion might attach to him. This grew more plainly apparent each day, till, at last, I was sure that my adversary's mind was quite easy again.

"Now was my time to make my first *coup*. Chardon had returned to Morville after his acquittal; and, as I learned, had, by dint of hard work, managed to shake off the morbid depression which the loss of his young wife and his own sufferings had produced. One morning, he received a letter from me requesting his immediate presence in Paris. That evening, he was closeted with me in my *bureau*.

"In reply to his question, I told him that I was, I felt assured, on the track of the actual assassin of his wife; but that his aid was indispensable to my plan for bringing the criminal within the grasp of the law, and that I had sent for him to ask for it. He agreed eagerly to do all that I might require of him. There might be, I informed him, some danger, possibly; some discomfort, certainly; and what he would shrink from more than either, a cruel necessity for reopening wounds just closed. But all would soon be over; the right man brought to justice; his own name cleared from even a shadow of suspicion; his murdered wife avenged.

"Once more he assured me that, for this, he would shrink from nothing. What was he to do?

"Merely this, I said: to engage and occupy that night, and every night for the next week, the apartment Numero Ten, at the Hotel Garni, in the Quartier Latin, which he and his wife had occupied on the night the murder was committed; to walk every morning by a certain route to the Bourse; pass four or five hours there in a little harmless speculation, and return about five in the afternoon, by the same way as he went, in

company with a person whom I would send to him. He promised exact compliance with my instructions, and kept his word.

"That night, he found himself once more in that fatal chamber of the little Hotel Garni. Not without an almost invincible repugnance, he made his preparations for passing the night there. To sleep, he felt would be impossible; and flinging himself into a *fautemil*, he waited, a prey to sad thoughts of his lost wife, till morning came. With it arrived my trusty subaltern, who was to accompany him to the Bourse. The two walked there presently along the Quais together, and returned by the same route in the afternoon at the time I had fixed.

"I read on the disturbed countenance of Monsieur Darrouc that day that the assassin of Madame Chardon had recognized, and suspected the errand of, the husband of his victim. I was quite prepared for this; but it was highly satisfactory to know that all I had anticipated was coming to pass.

"Three or four days passed. Chardon continued to carry out my directions to the letter; attended the Bourse each morning; passed each night in that hateful chamber overlooking the gardens of the Luxembourg. Nothing had happened. But my adversary's face told me something would happen before long. On the fifth night, as they lounged home somewhat later than usual, Chardon remarked to his companion, my *fidus Achates*, that for the last two nights he was certain some one had been dodging them—was creeping stealthily after them then. The other smiled, turned sharply down a cross-street, and halted.

"A man, shrouded in an ample cloak, and with his hat pulled over his eyes, passed swiftly by.

"I thought so, my agent said. '*C'est lui!*'

"Who?

"The man we want; the assassin of your wife. Stay! he added, laying his hand quietly but firmly on Chardon's shoulder, as the latter sprang forward with a fierce execration—'Stay! The game is in safer hands than yours, Monsieur. We are playing it for you. It is not time yet. But *soyez tranquille!* you have not long to wait. He will try it to-night, or to-morrow night at latest. Listen! You will retire to rest as usual, extinguish your light as usual, leave your key in the lock as usual, put a pistol under your pillow if you choose, and leave the rest to us. We have him at last.'

"Chardon, brave as he was, shuddered. He understood. The murderer of his wife, whom he knew not, knew him; suspected his errand in Paris, and was ready to commit another crime, to secure himself from the consequences of the first. He understood now what my little plan was.

"Fortunately for its success, his courage and his resolution never failed him. At his wonted hour, he ascended to his apartment, leaving the key in the lock outside as usual, and placing, before extinguishing his light, the Algerian poniard with which Madame Chardon had been stabbed exactly in the place where it had been on the night of the murder. He had noticed,

on taking his candle, that another caudlestick, with a key marked No. 2 lying in it, had been prepared for some occupant of the room next his own. He could easily guess who that occupant was likely to be.

"The two apartments, No. 1 and No. 2, were reached by a short, dark corridor, and divided only by a thin partition. Opposite No. 2 was a wood-closet, built into the wall, and, as Chardon had nightly assured himself, securely locked.

"Lying motionless in his bed, his hand clutching the pistol he had placed under his pillow, he waited, listening for the footsteps that he knew would come. Presently, he could hear them—up the stairs, along the dark corridor, past the door of his room; then the door of No. 2 was opened and closed, and Chardon could hear the muffled tread of some one pacing cautiously to and fro—that ceased, then all was quiet—so quiet; that, as he lay there prepared for the death-grapple with his assassin, he could hear the beating of his own heart. Would it be to-night? Anything was better than this horrible suspense.

"What was that? The door of No. 2 creaked as it was gently opened again; then a stealthy tread in the corridor—and then the key of No. 1 turned softly in the lock, and Chardon knew that the murderer of his wife—the man who meant to have his life too—was standing on the threshold.

"Breathing regularly, as one in a deep sleep, the watcher drew the hand which grasped the pistol noiselessly from under the pillow. But the stealthy tread came no nearer; either the assassin's courage failed him, or he had merely wished to assure himself of the presence of his intended victim.

"It will not be till to-morrow, now;" Chardon thought, as he heard the door of the next room shut the next moment; and he guessed rightly. Nothing further occurred to disturb him; but he tossed feverishly to and fro, unable to sleep, and haunted with horrible waking dreams.

"Morning came. The day passed as usual. Again Chardon heard, as he walked this time alone along the deserted Quais back from the Bourse, the same dogging footsteps behind him.

"When he took his candle, the candle and the key of the occupant of No. 2 were on the vestibule table, as they had been the previous night.

"He will try it now," he said to himself, as pistol in hand he lay once more upon his bed.

"No. 2 passed along the corridor to his room about midnight; and after that no sound but the careless chant of some roistering students far away in the street below broke the dead silence. All was so still, that, worn out by watching and anxiety, Chardon began to experience, despite the mortal terror he was in, an irresistible inclination to sleep.

"His head lay like lead upon his pillow. Involuntarily his heavy eyes closed, opened once or twice, as he woke himself with a sudden start, closed again, and finally—a sleep like the sleep of death had fallen upon him.

"He never heard the door of the next room open, nor the assassin's step without, nor saw who entered his own chamber—a man whose face

was livid and horribly distorted, who held a taper in his left hand, and in his right a long bright stiletto.

"Shielding the light from the sleeper's fast-closed eyes, this man crept towards the bed. On the commode at its foot lay the Algerian dagger. The murderer laid down the weapon he grasped, and clutched this, while a ghastly smile twisted his white lips. 'So be it!' he muttered; 'both with the same.'

"A stride brought him to the bedside of his unconscious victim. He paused a moment, and then raising his right hand high, prepared to deal one sure, deadly blow. The steel gleamed in the faint light as it descended; the blow fell; but it never got home. A grasp of iron was on the murderer's wrist, another's seized his throat, and disarmed and helpless, he was flung rudely on the floor. *My fidus Achates* had him securely bound in a twinkling. At the noise Chardon awoke.

"'You may sleep on both ears in the future,' I said to him; 'our friend here is not likely to trouble you any more.—*Peste! cher Monsieur Darrouc*, you have given me some little trouble, do you know? I have spent the last two nights in that wood-closet outside, solely on your account. But no matter. I am content to know that my little theory has proved correct, and that the mystery of the *affaire Chardon* is satisfactorily solved at last.

"And that," said Monsieur Gerfaut in conclusion, "that was my duel in the dark. I hope I may flatter myself that it has kept you awake for the last half hour. You will sleep all the better presently, for here we are at Lyon, where I descend. Adieu, *tres cher! Bon voyage!*"

NEWSMONGERING.

A NEWSMONGER is a person who deals in news; and the term may, therefore, be correctly applied to many worthy persons who gain an honest livelihood, and who may themselves care no more for news than they do for old boots. The shop-keeper, who sells all the daily and weekly newspapers, is a newsmonger; and the little boys in cities who divide their time between treading upon your toes, butting you in the stomach, and offering you the latest edition of the "morning-papers," are newsmongers; but not in the sense in which newsmongering is here used. The newsmonger to whom attention is hereby called is a person like the well-known *What's-up*. And *What's-up* and his fellows resemble those Athenians and others of old of whom it is said that they "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." *What's-up's* end and aim in life is news; truth is a matter of slight consideration, but news he must have or—he'll invent some. *What's-up* may have business to attend to, but he will neglect it at any time for news; he is declared to have an excellent appetite, to feel more than ordinary interest in his breakfast, dinner, and other meals, and, in fact, to be tenderly attached to his inside, but he will leave breakfast, dinner, or tea; he will let the

hot get cold, and the brisk get flat; he will be deaf to the very grumblings of his interior if only he can fill his ears with news, or unburthen himself of news to a willing (or, for the matter of that, unwilling) listener. It is worth while to take note of What's-up's outward appearance. He wears, for the most part, one of two aspects, according as he is empty or full; according as he wishes to take in or let out news. In the former case his face wears an eager, anxious, hungry expression; he walks along hurriedly and nervously, throwing about him such glances as a street-singer or street-musician casts at the windows of houses in search of a pitying face and a kindly hand prepared to throw the wished-for copper; he seems to rummage with his nose; he carries his head a little on one side, and his ears pricked up, and his whole manner reminds one of that of a dog which, with muzzle down and tail erect, careers over field and road, industriously hunting after that buried secret which every dog seems to have heard of and to seek for, but which no dog seems ever yet to have discovered or to be ever likely to discover. In the latter case his face wears an expression of such importance and conscious knowledge that the police would be almost justified in stopping him and asking him to show them what he has in his mind, and who he is; he strides along swiftly and steadily, with his eye sweeping the horizon in quest of Dotell or Wantoknow, or any other of his friends to whom he may tell his tale, gaining a temporary advantage over them thereby; he reminds one of a dog which, having been intrusted with the mysterious duty of carrying its master's stick, is duly impressed with its own dignity; and at every step he seems to swell more and more, as if the news inside him were growing bigger and bigger, until there is some danger that, unless Dotell or Wantoknow, or some other newsholder, arrive to relieve him, he will put a jury of his countrymen to the necessity of finding that he "burst from oversuppression of news."

What's-up is never in repose; he wanders about in company from person to person, and moves away from each disconsolate at finding no news, just as a dog amongst a company of dogs sniffs carefully at each, and turns away dissatisfied at not finding the particular dog which was sent over as ambassador from China, and which bears a message nearly concerning the interest of those who can trace their descent from the little dog that laughed to see the sport when the cow jumped over the moon. What's-up's first questions are always either "What's the news?" or "Have you heard the news?" In the former case he speaks humbly, in the latter in a tone of superiority. If his news, as very often happens, concerns the private life of individuals, he tells his story of half-whisper, accompanied by knowing looks, confidential nods, and clutches at the listener's button-hole. What's-up is the man who hears all those reports about the "kuklux klan" "the impending crisis at Washington," and "the next Fenian War!" about a thousand and one things such as people are curious about, and which reports are nearly always contradicted

either by events or "on authority." What's-up in a more humble sphere, is quite as knowing and more anxious for victims than the former; he knows all about how much neighbor Jones "makes" a year out of his farm," what Squire White is going to do about that lar-suit," and why "Miss Scragg didn't get married," a great deal better than these people know themselves.

What's-up is said to very often fill the post of "correspondent" to a newspaper, and, under some such title as "the loungeur at the chop-house," or "the listener at the key-hole," or "the cat on the tiles," or "the prowler on the back-stairs," to provide country or other newspapers with the most interesting, exciting, and startling news (to be contradicted not seldom "in our next"). What's-up is very fond of telling you news "in confidence," which is a thing to be greatly objected to. For not only does he relieve his mind at your expense, but he puts you in a position which you were by no means anxious to occupy; and, moreover, you will nearly always find, when any weak vessel less able than yourself to keep news from leaking out, that What's-up has told the same thing to at least a dozen other persons in each case "in confidence." What puzzles people most is to guess how What's-up comes by his news; some people say he dreams it (for dreams, you know, always go by contraries); others that he is clever enough to make it. At any rate, that is a good rule which bids you "never believe more than half of what you hear"—especially when you hear it from a notorious newsmonger.

METEOROLOGISTS have labored hard to verify the popular belief regarding the moon's influence on the weather; but their researches have generally led to negative results. Mr. Park Harrison, one of the latest and most persistent enquirers into the subject, has, however, just arrived at a more positive conclusion, one which is interesting as a matter of science, and curious because it is paradoxical. The collation of a large mass of observations has revealed the fact that, when the moon is at first and third quarter, the temperature at the earth's surface is respectively above and below a certain average, so that there is manifested a tendency in the moon to warm the earth at first quarter, and cool it at last quarter, slightly, it is true, but still perceptibly. Now, at first quarter the sun has been shining a short time, and at last quarter a long time on the face of the moon turned towards the earth. Hence—and here is the paradox—the cool moon warms the earth, while the warm moon cools it. A perfectly philosophical explanation can, however, be given of the anomaly. The fact is that the moon, by warming the upper regions of the atmosphere, lightens or evaporates the clouds floating therein, the earth's heat is thus permitted to radiate and pass away into space, and the lower strata of the atmosphere in consequence become cooled. This effect reaches its maximum during the moon's third quarter, and its minimum during the first quarter, and hence the comparatively high and low temperatures at these times.

HUGH CARMICHAEL'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADRIANA."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the household of Green Oake sleep reigned supreme. The owner of the wonderful umbrella chronicled in fairy lore made his way from chamber to chamber and held it over the head of each sleeper in turn, and to each sleeper came dreams in consequence.

Mr. Withers went back to early days and the multiplication table. He multiplied five by ten, and then proved the sum to himself by arranging golden sovereigns in separate heaps and counting them carefully over. And as he counted them they melted all at once into a lump, and the lump changed into a long thread that shot far away like a slender serpent, and he followed its windings till he found himself up in the north at the bar of "The Sailor and Mermaid," and there in his dreams he rested.

Mr. Carmichael was by no means so comfortable whilst the umbrella overshadowed him. He started and was uneasy, for in the distance he saw James Withers and Mr. Chester walking arm in arm, and Mr. Lynn rapidly overtaking them. He gave a plunge, and knocking the enchanted umbrella off the bed, awoke in the darkness.

Then the umbrella owner vanished, and lo! Doris was sobbing in her sleep over the Lynn children, who lay bruised and wounded at her feet, whilst an angel stood sorrowfully gazing at her, saying in the low, sweet tone she well remembered, "How could you harm them?" And then her dream was over, and Joyce's began, but it was so confused that she could make nothing of it. There were plenty of pictures painted on the umbrella, but something had blurred them and she could make out nothing clearly, so knew not whether they would serve to illustrate her story or not. The only one that stood out at all distinctly was one of Doris and Mr. Chester working at a large painting together. And as she watched, a beautiful landscape seemed to grow beneath their fingers, with majestic forest trees in the foreground, whilst across the blue lake the sun, descending in golden glory behind the distant hills, threw a pathway of light. And it seemed a vision to her of the life before those two, and she knew that *this* was an illustration of the tale she was weaving. No wonder she could see nothing else; what did ought else matter to her?

The umbrella opened no future to Mr. Chester, it only showed him the past, and he was once again receiving the packet from Mrs. Carmichael, who, with tears in her eyes, besought him to take care of Doris, if ever she needed it. And somehow Mrs. Carmichael changed into Joyce Dormer, though why Joyce Dormer should give him a packet he could not make out, and he became bewildered, and a great wheel went spinning round, showing a fresh fact at every revolution: first it was Mr. Carmichael, then Mr. Withers, and then Joyce Dormer; and they all seemed trying to say something to him; only the wheel

went round so fast, that they had not time to speak, but he knew that what they wished to say had some connection with Joyce Dormer's story, of which he never could be the hero; so after all what had he to do with it?

And thus the night wore on and morning came, and the sleepers awoke, and rubbing their eyes, wondered whether they could have been dreaming, since everything had seemed so real.

Mr. Carmichael soon convinced himself of the fact that it was an impossibility for Mr. Withers, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Lynn to have been together during the night, and he resolved, that if he could by any means prevent it, that they should not meet during the day. And he shook off the visions of the night, and subsided into a calmer state of mind.

Mr. Withers assured himself of the untransmuted state of the precious metal and the correctness of his little calculation, by opening the pocket-book that had been filled at Winstowe the day before.

But the others, not having anything especial to realize, could not wholly divest themselves of the phases of feeling through which they had passed; and so they descended to the breakfast room half-shadowed still by the marvelous umbrella that had been so effective during the night-time.

Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Withers had been very early that morning, and had almost finished breakfast before the rest of the party appeared.

"My last morning," said Mr. Withers, "so I am making the most of it, you see."

The fifty sovereigns in his pocket-book had emboldened him to address Mr. Chester, although he did not feel quite at ease with him.

"Are you traveling far to-day?" enquired Mr. Chester.

"As far as I can go; I'm northward bound. You're on the wing, too, I hear?"

"Yes, but my path is southward."

"Over the seas, I suppose?"

"I'm only going to cross the Channel."

"Oh, ah! I see, going among the Frenchmen and the foreigners."

Why Mr. Withers separated Frenchmen from foreigners perhaps even Mr. Withers himself could not have explained. But having done so, he paused, and then another thought striking him, he added,

"Southward with me means far enough away, over the seas to where Hugh and I spent many a day in the best years of our lives."

Aunt Lotty was horror-stricken. Mr. Withers had actually spoken of Mr. Carmichael as Hugh, in Mr. Chester's presence. What must Mr. Chester think of his being familiar with such a person?

Mr. Carmichael waxed uncomfortable also; but his feelings had no connection with those of Aunt Lotty.

And Mr. Chester, still under the shadow of the umbrella, saw the wheel going round with only Mr. Withers's face presenting itself, and he had a vague idea that Mr. Withers was going to reveal what there had not been time to tell him in the dream. Wherefore he asked,

"And where was that?"

"In Australia, to be sure," responded Mr. Withers, wholly unconscious of the stern glance Mr. Carmichael was directing towards him, and utterly unaware of a large slice of ham to which Mr. Carmichael was endeavoring to call his attention.

"O, thank you, yes, what?" said Mr. Withers, suddenly becoming alive to both facts. Then holding out his plate he received the ham in silence, and became absorbed in consuming it.

Mr. Chester pursued his questioning.

"Is it long since you were in Australia, Mr. Withers?"

But Mr. Carmichael gave him no time to reply. Assuming a careless tone, he answered for him,

"About five and twenty years, Withers, is it not?" and he looked fixedly at Mr. Withers.

"Five and twenty?—yes," assented Mr. Withers; "I think it must be about that."

"That was before your Australian days, Doris," said Mr. Chester, dreamily, helping himself to a piece of dry toast.

Mr. Withers put down his knife and fork and stared earnestly at Doris. He looked thoroughly perplexed.

"He evidently knows nothing about the fortune," thought Mr. Chester, and he went on with his toast.

Doris had caught Mr. Withers's look of perplexity.

"I was only in Australia a few months, Mr. Withers; I was quite a baby when I left, and so I don't remember anything at all about it."

But this explanation, instead of diminishing Mr. Withers's perplexity, served only to increase it.

"I did not know that Charles——" he began, looking at Mr. Carmichael.

But Mr. Carmichael interrupted him.

"Oh, I thought I had told you about that, Withers. Well, never mind it now, some other time."

Mr. Withers, thinking that silence and the fifty pounds in his pocket had possibly some connection (for how else could he interpret the significant nod that Mr. Carmichael bestowed upon him), made no reply. And Joyce felt satisfied that Mr. Carmichael had made no slip on the previous evening, and that Charles was the brother referred to.

Breakfast went on without further allusion to Australia, and Mr. Withers set to work and made a fresh meal, as heartily as though he had eaten nothing before.

There were two things that gave Aunt Lotty great comfort; first, that Mr. Withers was going away at twelve o'clock, and therefore had not very much longer to stay; secondly, that Mr. Chester had put off his departure until the following day; for Mr. Chester brought sunlight to poor Aunt Lotty, and she would bask in a little more warmth ere the winter set in.

She placidly watched him and Doris, and settled in her own mind what a charming couple they would make, and what a pleasant thing it would be to have a wedding at Green Oake. There would be so much to do that she should have to give up her knitting for she did not know

how long, and so the knitting would last on indefinitely. Joyce would be one bridesmaid; but where to get others she did not know. Doris had no friends, but perhaps Mr. Chester might have a sister or a cousin, or some one he might like to ask; but then two bridesmaids were not enough in these days. She wished it could be as it was at her own marriage, when one was considered sufficient. And Doris's dress! If Doris came into this fortune, she ought to have a very handsome one, perhaps white satin. But still she could not fancy Doris in white satin. And so she went rambling on, and she saw more pleasant pictures in her day-dreams than any of those who were still to a certain extent under the influence of the magic umbrella they had seen in the night.

Man may plan, but man can't always execute, and so Mr. Carmichael found it. He had triumphed at the breakfast-table, and prevented the communication between Mr. Chester and James Withers that had so much troubled him in his dreams. But he could not go on forever with Fortune always on his side. Fortune, being a fickle dame, can never be reckoned upon even by her favorites. And Mr. Carmichael had enjoyed her patronage longer perhaps than he deserved.

Fortune in Mr. James Withers's estimation was at the present time veering round in his direction. His chancing to pass through Craythorpe, and there by accident hearing of his old friend, had turned out so very much to his advantage.

He could not help wondering, however, what had put it into Hugh's head to give him fifty pounds, for Hugh used to be pretty close with his money; "but it was a friendly thing to do, when he saw I wanted it, and I'm bound to him in consequence," soliloquised Mr. Withers, who had strayed from the garden into the road, and straying down the road, smoked his cigar and felt at peace with himself and the world in general.

So completely engrossed was he with his pleasurable cogitations, that he did not notice that some one was coming behind him, nor that some one was on a line with him, nor that some one had passed him, and had half-turned round, and then had quite turned round, and was standing looking at him.

The church-clock chimed the three quarters—a quarter to twelve; he must be returning. His eyes had been bent on the ground, but he now raised them and saw a gentleman in mourning steadfastly regarding him. He saw more, he saw a face he had known over twenty years ago. It was a boyish face then, but the twenty-odd years had only given it manliness, without interfering much with its boyish beauty, so that he had easily recognized it at once.

And the face gazing so earnestly on the battered worn face of James Withers recognized therein features of an old acquaintance, who was decidedly the worse for wear, yet still to be identified.

"Withers!" exclaimed Mr. Lynn; "is it possible?"

"Jack!" returned Mr. Withers, taking the offered hand, and forgetting Mr. Carmichael's

enmity to the man before him, "we three never expected to meet in this way."

"Three?" said Mr. Lynn, interrogatively.

"Three," repeated Mr. James Withers; "me, you, and Hugh Carmichael."

"I don't know Mr. Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, coldly.

And suddenly in the breast of Mr. James Withers rose the desire to become a mediator, not from any benevolent ideas on his part, but from purely selfish motives. If he could be friendly at both Lynncourt and Green Oake, it would be very desirable. He saw it at once—he had lived too long a hand-to-mouth life to be insensible to opportunities, or to neglect making the most of them.

Fortune had put the cue into his hand, and it was for him to make the best game he could.

"No, you *don't*," returned Mr. Withers: "he's an altered man, he's kind to me, and he's good to those nieces of his that haven't a penny."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied Mr. Lynn, stiffly; "but I heard Miss Carmichael was an heiress."

"I don't believe it; it's some tale or other. She's poor Charley's daughter, it seems, and he'd never anything to leave, I'm certain."

"Charles was the best, by far. Poor Charles."

"And he came to the worst end. He died of drinking, Hugh says, more than eighteen years ago."

"And Miss Carmichael is poor Charles's daughter. I should like to see her sometimes for the sake of old days," said Mr. Lynn.

"She's a pretty girl enough, too," said Mr. Withers, meditatively; "but she does not feature any of the family. I wonder who her mother was?"

"I have no communication with Green Oake," said Mr. Lynn. "But if you will take a message for me, I shall be greatly obliged. Will you tell her that my little boys often ask for her, and want to see her?"

"It's a pity you and Hugh don't make it up," said Mr. Withers.

A deep flush came over Mr. Lynn's face.

"You do not understand, Withers," said he. "We may forgive, but there are some things in the past that can never be forgotten."

"I believe," pondered Mr. Withers, "that Jack's about as implacable as Hugh." Then he said aloud, "Well, of course you know your own business best; but to me it seems that when old acquaintances meet, there's nothing like being jolly."

As Mr. Withers gave utterance to this sentiment, a third person appeared on the scene, this third person having emerged from the garden, and having come in search of Mr. Withers.

And found him!

Yes, found him. And Mr. Carmichael stood petrified with rage and dismay, for the shadowy fear of the night-season was a reality. James Withers and Mr. Gresford Lynn had met!

He turned back, and sent a boy, who was working in the garden, to go and tell Mr. Withers that the dog-cart was waiting, and that Mr. Carmichael was ready to drive him to the station.

Then Mr. Withers awoke to a sense of his delinquency; for had he not been conversing amicably with his friend's enemy for full ten minutes by the church-clock?

"But he's no enemy of mine, and I can't see that I've done any harm."

And as Mr. Carmichael in the course of the drive, after a sharp cross-questioning, also decided that no harm had been done, he parted with Mr. Withers in an amicable manner.

He came, however, to two conclusions on his way home. First, that he had thrown away fifty pounds; secondly, that he would not mind if the girls were now and then to take some notice of the Lynn children.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. CARMICHAEL, on returning from the duty of speeding his parting guest, was in a much better frame of mind than he had been at breakfast-time.

Matters had certainly not taken the course he had intended; still, on the whole, he was not dissatisfied; indeed he was by no means sure but that everything had happened for the best, and that the interview with Mr. Lynn had been a gain instead of an injury.

So Mr. Carmichael arrived at home in a better temper than he had set out in, and Aunt Lotty, nervously taking a glance at him, felt assured that the storm which she had seen gathering in the morning, had passed away.

"Did you see Mr. Withers off?" she asked.

It was a bold effort on the part of Aunt Lotty, who was not in the habit of asking for information. But Mr. Carmichael being, on this morning, disposed to be gracious, replied in a tolerably polite affirmative.

And Aunt Lotty looked pleased and was very near making another remark; but not feeling sure that a second effort might meet with the same success, she wisely remained silent, quietly smiling to herself, investing her ideal picture of Mr. Carmichael with another coat of varnish, and giving an extra polish to the frame.

Then Mr. Carmichael's eye fell upon Joyce, who was sitting with her aunt.

"When does Mr. Chester leave England, Joyce?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"How long will he be away?"

"All winter, until quite summer, I think."

"So much the better." Then, looking round the room, he asked,

"Where's Doris?"

"In the drawing-room. Mr. Chester is there."

"And why are you not there?"

"Mr. Chester was talking to her about her mother, and I—I thought I might be in the way."

Mr. Carmichael uttered an impatient exclamation. "I wonder you have not more sense, Joyce, after what I said to you. You will please to return to the drawing-room. How long is it since you left?"

"About half-an-hour."

Mr. Carmichael looked vivid with anger; still

he merely said, in a slow suppressed voice, "Go back at once;" and he left the room.

"I don't like to go back," she said, rising slowly.

Aunt Lotty looked puzzled.

"No, dear; but still Mr. Carmichael thinks you ought. It seems a pity, they must have so much to say. I can't see why Mr. Carmichael should object to their being together. It's the most natural thing in the world that they should like one another, and very desirable too, for Mr. Chester has more than enough to live upon, and I don't see that there's any fault to find with him. Do you?"

"No."

"I had planned it all so nicely, dear, and you were to be bridesmaid; and I thought how pleasant it would be to have a wedding at Green Oake. How we should all enjoy it!"

The girl made no answer; she felt her heart quivering, but she knew that Aunt Lotty had no idea of the secret that was nestling there. Oh! if there were no secret, how much happier she should be. She must turn it out; why had it crept in like a cruel serpent to mar her quiet life?

Poor Joyce! she had never seen a hero before, and so had magnified this one accordingly, and had bestowed an amount of hero-worship upon him that was growing into something deeper, do what she would to prevent it.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," quoted Aunt Lotty. She was not given to quotations, but this one every one knows, and it had been a favourite with her in bygone days: indeed at the time of her own engagement it had been almost a stumbling-block, since her own love experiences ran in so exceedingly smooth and untroubled a stream that she was inclined at times to doubt whether it could be the "true-love" that it ought to be.

"It never did," repeated Aunt Lotty, "at least not often," she added, in correction, as though excusing something to herself.

"No," responded Joyce.

"Ah, dear, I see you're just as sorry about it as I am; still we must not go against Mr. Carmichael; he knows so much better than we do. So I think you had better go now, Joyce."

"Yes," said Joyce, and she moved slowly away. She walked equally slowly across the hall, and placed her hand on the handle of the door. She opened it.

Mr. Chester was putting his sketches into his portfolio, whilst seated in an arm-chair near him was Doris, busily engaged in severing a long brown lock from her head.

"You're just in time," said she, as Joyce entered; "I was going to send Gabriel for you. I'm going to give him a charm to keep him safe whilst he is away: I want a piece of your hair to plait with mine; so sit down and let me cut it off. Gabriel ought to be very proud of it."

But Joyce put her hands away.

"No, Doris; your own is sufficient."

"Nonsense!" replied Doris, "I must have yours as well. Gabriel, do ask Joyce to give it to you; the knot won't be perfect without."

"I should not dare to ask Miss Dormer so great a favor," said Mr. Chester, without looking at Joyce.

"He must say something," thought she; "and perhaps he's said the best he can under the circumstances. He does not want it.

But she did not speak.

Doris looked disappointed.

"Don't you wish well to Gabriel? Remember it's a long journey."

Did she not wish him well? She was glad Doris was blind, and Mr. Chester too: so she tried to turn the matter off jestingly.

"How long have you believed in talismans, Doris? The dark ages must be coming back again if a twist of plaited hair will avail against the dangers of land and sea."

"I have my own little superstitions, Joyce; I don't disbelieve in everything that is not quite prosaic and matter-of-fact. And I do believe we should all be the better for a little touch of romance to soften our hard calculating hearts. I don't mind a little credulity now and then, it shows one that there is still some faith in the world—an unquestioning faith that has a touch of the beautiful in it, though people may be called fools for possessing it."

"What a grandiloquent speech, Doris," said Mr. Chester; "and not quite to the point either."

"I was not thinking of points, and I don't care about them; one thing sends one's thoughts straying off into another, and — But I must return to my point, I see. I don't suppose that the knot of hair will act as a life-preserver, but I do think that every time Gabriel looks at it, it will lighten his heart to think that there are two people caring for his safety."

"I am sure," said Joyce, raising her eyes at last to Mr. Chester's, "that I sincerely hope you will meet with no dangers on your journey;" and she met his eyes looking doubtfully at her.

He did not believe her.

Doris shook her head.

"I don't like set speeches, Joyce; and I can't think why you persist in shutting Gabriel out of your story."

"Perhaps whilst I am away I may meet with some danger, or do something heroic enough to entitle me to a place in it." And again Mr. Chester looked at Joyce.

"Yes, but you ought to be in it now; and I think if Joyce would let me plait her hair with mine for you, that it would in some way make her take an interest in you. It's a sort of superstition I have, Joyce; I must have my own way with people I like. There are so few in the world for me to care about, or to care for me, that I must have all those I love love one another. I shall look upon you as Gabriel's enemy and mine, if you refuse to grant my request."

Mr. Chester's enemy!—The idea was not pleasant; still, perhaps, it was better that it should be so.

"And my enemy, too," repeated Doris.

"Oh no; not your enemy, Doris."

"But mine, am I to understand, Miss Dormer?" asked Mr. Chester, laughing, yet there was a grave look in his eyes.

Joyce felt her face growing crimson; but she looked up steadily, and answered,

"No, Mr. Chester; not your enemy."

"But unless you give part of your talisman, he will have no proof of it."

"I think Mr. Chester will believe me without that."

"Better with," said Mr. Chester, softly.

Joyce half started. Ah, no! It is for Doris's sake. He cannot bear to see her vexed. And then she raised her eyes once more.

Mr. Chester's doubting look was gone, and he gazed kindly at her.

Could she refuse?

Had he not in a manner asked for it?

"There!" exclaimed Doris, triumphantly.

"I knew if Gabriel would only ask himself you could not say no. Dear old Gabriel always has his own way."

And again Joyce felt how foolish she was; but she had not said "Yes" yet. She would show she was not to be persuaded; she would have some strength, and she would still say "No."

Alas! it was too late, for Doris had dexterously unloosed the long fair locks, and had severed one tress from its companions, which she now held up in triumph.

"And now I may weave and weave, and as I weave I shall sing a magic song; but no one will know what it is but myself, or the charm would be broken."

But Mr. Chester, quietly stepping to Doris, took the shining lock from her hand, and laid it before Joyce.

"I cannot accept stolen property, Miss Dormer. The lock must be fairly given."

What was Joyce to do? Why had Doris brought her into so uncomfortable a position? Had she obeyed her impulse, she would have seized the severed lock, and have thrown it into the blazing fire. But she remembered how she had allowed her feeling to manifest itself on the occasion of the sketching attempt, and she determined to act less hastily this time. She saw that Doris looked really annoyed, and she felt vexed with herself at bringing about anything approaching a scene. With some effort, therefore, she took up the piece of hair, and turning to Doris, said,

"We will not quarrel over it, Doris. I give you my contribution towards the talisman."

But Mr. Chester still was not satisfied.

"Pardon me; it is not quite right yet. You must give it freely, or it will be of no avail."

"I have given it freely," said Joyce. "I give it freely to Doris for you."

Mr. Chester did not look as if he were quite satisfied even with that, though he answered, "I suppose I must be content, Miss Dormer."

And Doris wove the dark and the light tress into a complicated braid.

CHAPTER XVIII. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

AND Mr. Chester has gone! Really gone this time, and we shall not see him again until next summer. He seemed pleased with Doris's talis-

man, and admired the contrast of the dark and light hair, and complimented Doris upon the workmanship. It is evident why he prizes it.

Doris wonders I will not let him come into my story. Oh, Doris, Doris! how little you know— But how am I proceeding with my story? I seem to have come to a standstill. Mr. Carmichael is altogether inexplicable. At one moment he is angry if Doris and Mr. Chester are left together. At another he does not care about it. His mind appears to be swayed by contrarieties.

Doris's account, as far as it went, was correct enough. The two princesses, as she chooses to style us, have certainly arrived at the castle, but the wonderful adventures that are to happen have not yet befallen us. Us, I say; but I don't suppose anything is going to happen to me: that I'm quite clear about; it's all straightforward, and there's no mystery: but I can't understand about Doris. Mr. Chester believes that she is the daughter of Mr. Carmichael's sister, and so does Doris herself, but Mr. Withers has evidently received the impression that she is the daughter of Mr. Carmichael's brother. I knew I was not wrong about the slip that night that it was no slip.

Neither can I understand why Mr. Carmichael speaks more feelingly about Mrs. Gresford Lynn's death, and says what a blank it must cause at Lynncourt, and how sad for the children, and has actually inquired if we have seen them lately, not as though he feared, but as if he hoped we had. But of course we had not.

He seemed so anxious upon the point that Aunt Lotty asked if she might send to inquire. But to this he did not assent.

"I wish to make no advances to Mr. Lynn," said he, and then turning to me he added, "I don't want you or Doris to take up my quarrel. I don't object to your speaking to Mr. Lynn or the children, if you should chance to meet them."

"Could we not ask if the children might come here?" asked Aunt Lotty, timidly, for her heart yearned towards the motherless little ones.

But Mr. Carmichael's stern "No" prevented her urging the matter.

"But you see, Joyce dear," said she, when Mr. Carmichael left the room, "that there is no objection to your seeing them if any opportunity occurs. Perhaps you might make an opportunity; I should like to hear something about them."

But the snow falls fast, and I do not see how we are to make the opportunity Aunt Lotty speaks of. As I look from my porch window it is all one white sheet before me, and the branches of the trees are coated over, and the fir-trees support great masses of snow on their thick spiky bristles. It comes down, down, and I watch the flakes whirling past the window, and think of the days when I used to believe in the nursery legend, and used to sit and wonder at the numbers of chickens Mother Carey must have to pluck. Mother Carey, too, presented herself to my mind as I used to imagine her, a gigantic woman, with peaked hat and spectacles, and withal of a good-humored countenance, and possessed of a vast

amount of patience, as she sat on pillows of snow, plucking feathers for snow-beds. I never considered what became of the poor stripped chickens. The one great fact of the down-falling of the feathers overpowered me as they came whirling down and settling upon the window-sill, and upon the ground, and upon the hedges, and upon everything. And if my mind did stray from this one great fact, it did not revert to causes, but leaped forward to results, and I pictured snow-balls, and snow-men, and quite forgot the poor shivering snow-birds.

Doris coming in that moment caused me to pause in my writing. I told her what Mr. Carmichael had said of the Gresford Lynns, and her eyes brightened, and she began to wonder how we could make an opportunity for seeing them. And then she said, with an energy that startled me,

"Joyce——"

"Well?"

"Joyce, I think you've a good deal of mesmerism in you. I don't know what to call it, but I think you've some sort of belief in the supernatural, in the connection of the spiritual and the natural."

It was such a vague, rambling, half expressed speech that I could not help smiling.

"Don't laugh, Joyce. I'm quite in earnest. I've had a dream."

"And you want an interpreter?"

"Not quite. I can't tell it, it is misty and incomplete, and I should not give you the right impression; and besides, it is so foolish to tell dreams. I only want you to tell me, do you believe in dreams?"

"In what way?"

"Do you think they are as dreams were in former times, foretelling what is going to happen?"

"You have been dreaming of some trouble in the future?"

"Yes, a foreshadowing."

"Something perhaps has been hinted at, and has dwelt upon your mind?"

"Joyce, Joyce, what does Mr. Carmichael mean? I would not for worlds and worlds do harm to the Gresford Lynns."

I tried to soothe her, to tell her that Mr. Carmichael seemed to be softening in his feelings towards them, that the remark he made might have been but an ebullition of anger, that something might have provoked him, that he was incomprehensible, that I could no more read him than I could a foreign language to which I had no key.

But this was not consolatory. She was impressed with the sense of some coming sorrow, and I could not comfort her. All I could do was to promise her that, whatever befell, she might be assured that I would help her to the utmost of my power. For her own sake and the sake of the promise I had made.

CHAPTER XIX.

SNOW-FLAKES do not fall forever. Some time or other Mother Carey must take a little rest, and then the sun peeps out again, for he has been hidden by the showers of feathers that have been

falling from the clouds. But though he shines brightly, his rays have not very much power, for a hard frost has set in, and the white dazzling snow lies on the ground undisturbed.

Doris was restless and uneasy; she could not shake off the impression the dream had left upon her mind. In vain she tried to laugh off her feelings as absurd. How could one so well disposed to the Lynn children as she was, be likely to do them any injury? She felt that if she could only meet the Gresford Lynns face to face once more, that the feeling would pass away. So she hailed the bright frosty day as the means of bringing about the opportunity of seeing them.

Aunt Lotty's ideas were flowing in a similar channel.

"I should think, Joyce, that the little Lynns would be sure to go and see the river, now it is frozen over. I think that after what Mr. Carmichael said, that it would be well to take some notice of those children. I should like to speak to them myself, but Mr. Carmichael would not approve of that at present."

And Aunt Lotty gave a little sigh, and felt something as near envy at the superior good fortune of Joyce and Doris as it was in her gentle nature to do.

So Joyce and Doris wandered down to the river, and shaped their course along its windings even as far as the boundary of Lynncourt.

And there they heard children's voices, and saw Mr. Lynn and his two boys coming towards them.

Mr. Lynn was very pale, and he looked more thoughtful than usual, though at all times he had a grave, serious expression. Still he looked graver than ever now, and the sweet smile seldom played upon his features.

And to-day his thoughts had been straying far away into the past, and had called up old times and painful memories. The late death had brought back another death to his remembrance; and yet "brought back" scarcely conveys the impression, since that other death was ever present, and had tintured his life and cankered his joys, and had so blended all other objects with its memory, that each event seemed in some inexplicable way connected with it. Therefore the late death had renewed the former one, and had brought back its first grief in all its intensity.

And now it stood out in all its horror before him—a death he had not seen—a death no hand had soothed—a death where wild waves had swept over a stately vessel, and a fair-faced corpse, with a little babe in its arms, had found a grave deep down beneath the raging waters.

Drowned!—drowned!

The cry had sounded in his ear for many and many a year, and to-day it sounded clearer than ever; and his imagination pictured the dismantled ship tossed helplessly upon the surging sea, whilst high above the roaring of the waves rose the despairing shriek of frantic human beings crying for—"Help!—help!"

And no help came.

No help! The fair-faced woman, clasping the little child to her breast, gurgled in her death-agony for help! But no help came.

The cruel waters roared, and heaved, and foamed; the ship went down, the billows broke over her, and there was no trace left of her. The storm howled a requiem over the souls that had gone to their last account, and then, sobbing and sighing over its own wild passion, fell asleep, and the sun shone out.

It was over eighteen years ago.

Oh, that *she* had never set sail in that vessel! Oh, that *she* had waited yet a little longer!

Drowned!—drowned!

Would he never be deaf to that cry? It mingled with every other sound he heard, and even now was mingling with merry childish voices calling on him amidst their play.

He was recalled from his vision by the children who, tired of heaping up the soft white snow, besought their father to take them down to see the frozen river.

"The snow lies too deep in the fields," said Mr. Lynn.

"But Robert has swept a path for us," pleaded the elder boy.

And so they went. And so they met with Joyce and Doris.

But now that the opportunity had come, Joyce and Doris felt loth to take advantage of it, for they recollected that this was the first time they had seen Mr. Lynn since his wife's death. They would have turned aside, but Mr. Lynn had seen them, and was advancing towards them. There was evidently no recollection of the fact upon his mind, or if there were, it did not strike him painfully. Possibly he was too much pre-occupied in his musings for any fresh thought to affect him.

He spoke to them mechanically, and scarcely seemed to hear their answers.

After a little while Doris stole off with the children, but Joyce remained standing by his side; for, though he did not speak, when she was moving away, he said,

"Miss Dormer, do not go; I wish to speak to you."

So Joyce waited; but still Mr. Lynn's speech was not forthcoming.

She stood, wondering what Mr. Lynn wished to say, whether it was about Doris, or the children, or about Mrs. Lynn's death; but whatever it was, Mr. Lynn either was in no hurry, or else he did not know how to begin his subject.

In the meantime Doris and the children, warm with exercise and tired of making snow-balls, had paused to rest.

Doris, seating herself on a log of wood, had taken the younger boy on her lap.

Suddenly he threw his arms around her. "I want my mamma," he said; "where is my mamma?"

"Hush, Ernie, hush! mamma is dead; she will never come again."

"But I want to see her," wailed the child; "O mamma! mamma!"

Doris turned to the elder boy. "Does Ernie grieve much?" she whispered.

"No," he replied; "only sometimes; and then, if nurse shows him playthings or pictures, he forgets."

"And do you forget, Archie?"

The boy shook his head sorrowfully. "No, never; and papa doesn't."

Doris wondered what she could do to divert the little one's thoughts.

"Here, Ernie," she said, "you shall have my watch to look at."

The child was all attention in a moment, but unfortunately Doris had left the watch at home.

"Is this a watch?" asked Ernie, touching the locket that hung round her neck.

"No," she replied; then, after a slight hesitation, she unfastened it. "Ernie, this is a picture of my mamma."

The child looked eagerly at it. "I have a picture of my mamma at home."

"Where is your mamma?" asked Archie, gently.

"I have no mamma now, Archie, she is dead, like yours."

"And your papa?"

"He is dead, too, Archie."

"Then you have no one; I am sorry for you," said he.

The younger boy had jumped down, and was now hurrying towards his father with the locket in his hand.

Mr. Lynn was still deep in his reverie, and seemed to have forgotten that Joyce was standing near him, or that he had anything to say to her; and she was just on the point of slipping away and joining Doris, when the child came running up.

"Papa, papa, look; it is *her* mamma," and he pointed to Doris.

"Yes," answered Mr. Lynn, without noticing the locket that the boy held out.

"But, look, look," persisted the child, thrusting it into his father's hand.

Mr. Lynn, to satisfy him, looked down at the locket.

"Yes, Ernie, yes—" But, as his eyes fell upon it, he started. Surely he had seen that locket somewhere before. Was he awake? What had happened? There seemed a mist before his eyes as he gazed upon it, and noted its old-fashioned shape and workmanship. He touched the spring, and the lid flew open, and disclosed the portrait of a fair-faced woman. With a loud cry, he sprang past the astonished child, and seizing Doris by the arm,

"Who are you?" he cried; "whose portrait is this?"

"My mother's."

"Ellen Carmichael! for heaven's sake, tell me, is it Ellen Carmichael—" and he gazed at her wildly.

"My mother's name was Ellen," said Doris, half frightened at his vehemence.

"But my Ellen! my Ellen! tell me, girl, was my Ellen your mother? Can the sea give up its dead? Girl! girl! what do you know of my Ellen?"

And then more calmly, still grasping Doris's hands, for fear that she might escape him, he asked—

"Who was your mother?"

"Ellen Carmichael."

"When did she die?" "Six months ago."

"And your father?"

"He died in Australia."

Mr. Lynn groaned.

"O God! O God! can this be true?"

He turned to Joyce, whose ideas were gradually sorting themselves from the confusion into which they had lately been thrown; and though far from the truth, she saw at once that there was some mysterious connection between Mr. Lynn and the Carmichael family.

"Miss Dormer, can you tell me anything? Who is this girl? Is that her mother; or is this some cruel scheme of Hugh Carmichael's?"

"I do not know, Mr. Lynn. What is it you wish to know? I believe this to be the portrait of Mr. Carmichael's sister, who was supposed to be drowned at sea."

Mr. Lynn staggered back, and but for the tree against which he had been leaning, would have fallen to the ground.

CHAPTER XX.

Two hours later Mr. Carmichael sat in his study awaiting a guest,—a guest whom, till within the last six months, he had never expected to see beneath the roof of Green Oaks.

It is difficult to say what were Mr. Carmichael's exact feelings; now he rubbed his hands softly, and a gleam of triumph lighted up his eyes, and now an anxious expression would cross his brow, and his lips would become compressed.

Of what was he thinking?—Not of the years that had passed since he had left Australia, but of the time preceding them.

A quick ring at the door-bell.

Aunt Lotty, listening in the drawing-room, held her breath.

She knew it was Mr. Gresford Lynn coming to see Mr. Carmichael on important business, but she knew nothing further. A cloud of mist and dust hovered around her, and she saw nothing clearly.

Doris was half-kneeling at Aunt Lotty's feet, resting her head on her lap. She was crying bitterly, though she scarce knew why; but a sense of impending trouble to the Lynn family, of which she was somehow the cause, pressed heavily upon her.

Joyce sat very still, trying to sew, but her brain was busier than her fingers, and the piece of work fell from her hands; so she leaned her head back, shut her eyes, and tried to piece together the thoughts and events of the last few weeks.

Somehow the servants knew that business of importance was going on,—servants always do know everything; and there was an air of solemnity in the manner in which the man opened the door for Mr. Gresford Lynn, and ushered him into his master's study.

Mr. Carmichael rose, but he did not put out his hand, though he was not rubbing his hands now, they were folded behind him. He bowed stiffly to Mr. Lynn, and the two men gazed at each other as though each were suspicious of the other, and each unwilling to make the first move.

Mr. Carmichael, quiet and composed, yet with the nervous twitch ever and anon working at the corners of his mouth; Mr. Lynn, trembling with emotion, eager and yet too agitated to frame his questioning into audible words. Both were silent. Mr. Carmichael pointed his visitor to a seat. Mr. Lynn sat down and then rose up again, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"You desire to ask for some information, Mr. Lynn?" said Mr. Carmichael, and a gleam came into his eyes and passed away in a sneering smile upon his thin lips.

But Mr. Lynn did not see it, he was looking down upon the ground, his hands were clasped convulsively, and his lips were trying to frame a word, but no sound came. Again and again he endeavored to command his voice, and at length with a mighty effort one word burst forth, so sharp and clear in its imploring tone that even Mr. Carmichael was startled.

"Ellen!"

It died away, and there was no answer. And again the anguished lips moved.

"My wife!"

Then came a response in a cold voice.

"Your wife?"

"My wife, my long lost wife!" exclaimed Mr. Lynn. "If you have the heart of a man, tell me what of my wife?"

"Your wife, my sister, Ellen Carmichael?"

"My wife!"

"Sit down, Mr. Lynn," said Mr. Carmichael, calmly; "we have a long business in hand."

Mr. Lynn threw himself into the chair and leaned eagerly forward.

"I find," began Mr. Carmichael, "by the parish register in the village of Hillfield, county——" here Mr. Carmichael was interrupted.

"What need——"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Carmichael, "I am a business man, and must proceed in order. In this register I find in the year 18—, just twenty years ago, the entry of the marriage of John Gresford and Ellen Carmichael. Why this marriage was kept secret at the time, I am not able to say, perhaps you can inform me?"

"It was only to be for a time."

Mr. Carmichael went on—

"The witness to this marriage was Henry Bargrave, and after the marriage you went to Australia. My sister followed in the next vessel with Henry Bargrave and his wife, ostensibly as governess to a great-niece of Mrs. Bargrave's. Am I right?"

Mr. Lynn bowed.

"I had quarreled with my sister, and had determined never to speak to her again, therefore her movements were nothing to me, and it is not surprising that I was not made acquainted with them. She was free to go where she pleased, and I did not know that she had left England, until I saw in a paper an account of the loss of the Albatross. It was stated that with the exception of a few of the crew saved in the long-boat, all on board had perished. Amongst the names in the list of passengers, I read that of Ellen Carmichael. Of your death, or rather your supposed death, I should say, I had heard previously, and

then I left Australia, and until lately have had no communication with any one there."

Mr. Lynn had been sitting, compelling himself to listen until Mr. Carmichael had finished speaking. Now he said in a subdued voice:

"And you never knew that your sister was my wife?"

"Never until six months ago."

Mr. Lynn started to his feet.

"And how, how did you know then?"

"My sister told me on her death-bed. Ellen Carmichael did not perish at sea."

"Oh God! not drowned! not drowned! but living through those long, long years!"

Mr. Lynn clutched Mr. Carmichael by the shoulder; fiercely he looked into his face; fixedly, as though he would read his inmost soul.

"Hugh Carmichael, is this true?"

"As I live, it is true."

Mr. Lynn dropped into his chair and closed his eyes.

"Go on," he groaned; "in mercy, go on, and tell me all there is to hear."

"Your wife and child were saved. They had been put into a boat with some other passengers by the captain, and were picked up by a Spanish vessel, bound for Lisbon, were they were landed, and from thence made their way to England. My sister did not go up into the north to the old place, but found a home in the south, where she lived, and where she died."

"How long have you known that she was living?"

"Seven years; but never of her marriage until on her death-bed she disclosed the secret. It could do no harm then, she said."

"And I was never told."

"Why should you be? You came here a rich man, with a beautiful wife and children, and what matter was it to you that the sister of the man you scorned, and who was thought to be drowned eighteen years ago, was getting her living by lace-making in an obscure village in Devonshire?"

"I never scorned you, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, sadly; "and if you had ever any ground for believing so, you are amply revenged to-day."

Yes, Mr. Carmichael was revenged; he felt it; he had triumphed over the man whom he had hated all his life. In that point of view he was certainly tasting of the sweets of revenge. Yet bitter, so bitter, that the sweet would not sweeten it, came the thought that he had been far more sinning than sinned against.

Ah! if people could only believe it, it is much better to be the injured party. If the wound be sharp and severe at first, it leaves no fretting sore behind. Time, the great healer, comes and fans it with his wing and soothes the irritation, pouring in balm and oil till all is well again. It is easier far, and happier, to forgive than to need forgiveness.

Of course, these thoughts found no place in Mr. Carmichael's speculations. True, he had a vague idea that he should be glad to find some instance wherein he, and not Mr. Lynn, had been the injured person; but memory signally failed

him in this respect. Wherefore he had to content himself with gloating over his present triumph, such as it was.

"You saw my wife on her death-bed, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, in a low, agitated voice.

"Yes."

"Did she leave no message, no remembrance?"

"None. She knew of your marriage—of your children; and she begged me to take care of Doris."

"No message; not one word?"

"None."

Again Mr. Lynn groaned.

"It is a satisfaction to me that my sister, though dead, can yet be righted by the justice you can do her child. Will you do this justice?"

Mr. Lynn looked wonderingly at Mr. Carmichael, as though he did not see the drift of his speech.

"Will you do justice to her child?" repeated Mr. Carmichael.

"Her child! my child! Good heavens! what do you take me for? My child; my Ellen's child; what should I not do for her? Where is she? Let me have my child!"

"Your eldest child, remember," said Mr. Carmichael, emphatically; "I claim the estate of Lyncourt for my niece Doris Gresford."

But Mr. Lynn heeded not his words; there was but one thought in his heart, his new-found daughter.

Strange that his heart should have so yearned towards her, surely some mysterious influence had been at work drawing them together, bringing the daughter of his first wife to watch by the last wife's deathbed. Strange that they both should have clung to her in their last solemn hours, as though the one had sent a messenger of peace to hush the other to her wakeless sleep, that so in death they might be linked together, and leave a daughter overshadowed by their love, a precious treasure for him to love for their united sakes. O Doris! O Doris!

"Take me to Doris," he said.

And Mr. Carmichael led the way to the drawing-room, where Doris still sat leaning her head upon Aunt Lotty's lap. She had left off crying, but her eyes were heavy and swollen.

As Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael entered the room, she sprang up.

"What is it?" she asked, for in the faces of the two men she read that some strange revelation was at hand.

"Your mother was supposed to have been drowned at sea," said Mr. Carmichael.

"Doris, my daughter! Ellen Carmichael was my wife."

But Doris did not speak, she gave one wild cry and fell senseless into Mr. Lynn's arms.

CHAPLER XXI. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

This is what my story has arrived at. Who would have expected such an issue? It is scarcely like real life,—more like a romance; yet is not life a romance? Nevertheless, this seems

to me an exaggeration. Should I in my wildest speculations have ever dreamed that Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael could be brothers-in-law, and that Doris was Mr. Lynn's daughter?

The effect the revelation has had upon Doris perplexes me. She is distressed beyond measure, and completely unstrung. After she recovered from her fainting fit, she seemed stupified, and has been lying in a state of lethargy all day.

She roused herself up this afternoon, and we talked the matter over.

"Joyce," she said, "do you believe in Uncle Carmichael?"

I had many times told her I did not; but I repeated it, as it seemed to afford her satisfaction.

"I believe him to be capable of doing anything to accomplish his own ends," she said.

"But, Doris," I answered, "in this case I do not see what end he has to accomplish. It is natural he should wish his sister's marriage to be acknowledged, and her child to have a share of her father's love."

"But I had never missed it—never wanted it; why could not he let the past lie buried in the grave? Why need he raise the stone, and let the dead past come back to life? It would have been happier for Mr. Lynn to have believed my mother drowned long, long ago, than to know that she has lived and yet been dead to him; to have been comparatively near, and yet so far off. Joyce, it must be torture!—madness to him to think of it. How he must hate Uncle Carmichael! One word from him would have brought them together for one last look; they would have spoken once more to each other before her lips were sealed for ever."

"But Mr. Carmichael did not know till she was on her death-bed that his sister was Mr. Lynn's wife. Doris, I believe that everything is ordered wisely. Look back and answer, would it have been for his happiness to have known it then?"

Doris hid her face.

"O, Joyce, I am so glad that Mrs. Lynn is dead."

So was I, though the thought had not struck me before.

"I shall never be happy again," moaned Doris. "Why was I born to bring so much misery upon those I would not harm?"

"Misery, Doris!" I exclaimed, "happiness. You did not see Mr. Lynn as I did, or you would have no fears. Think what it will be to him to have a daughter who can soothe his heart, and tell him all he so much longs to know of the life of her who has never left his thoughts throughout his lifetime—a daughter who has closed the eyes of the two dearest on earth to him. Doris, there is happiness, there is peace for you."

But Doris was not comforted.

"And this is what Uncle Carmichael has been hinting at," sobbed she; "I am the eldest child, and shall rob poor Archie of his fortune; it is tied down upon the eldest child, my uncle says. My dream has come to pass. Joyce, Joyce, you said you would be my friend in time of need: what shall I do?"

I told her that she needlessly fretted herself, that Mr. Lynn would hold her guiltless of inflicting any injury, that he would willingly give up the property to her.

"But Archie, Archie, I will never touch a shilling of that property, it shall all be his. Why did I ever come to Green Oake? O mother, mother! would that I were lying in the grave beside you. Little did you think of the sorrow your child would work when you had gone."

Doris is very strange, she has no desire to see Mr. Lynn: she says she is not well enough, that she must have time to think, to believe in what has happened. She will not believe it until Mr. Carmichael proves it by documents. What fancy has she got into her head? As if there were anything to doubt!

Mr. Carmichael goes softly about the house, rubbing his hands gently, and drawing his mouth into an imitation of a benevolent smile. He congratulates himself upon his niece being heiress to so excellent a property as Lynncourt. And he remarks to Aunt Lotty that he has been agreeably disappointed in Mr. Gresford Lynn.

Aunt Lotty is very glad to hear it, for now there will be no objection to the little Lynns coming to Green Oake.

And Mr. Carmichael replies that there will be none at all, since they are Doris's stepbrothers.

This is a new source of bewilderment to Aunt Lotty, whose ideas have not yet recovered the confusion into which they have been thrown. Nevertheless she indulges in pleasant day-dreams. She has not yet had time to grapple with the subject. I have explained it to her as clearly as I can, but she is not quite at home in all its branches.

"Joyce," she said, after she had been musing for some minutes, "I wonder what Mr. Chester will think of this."

I had not had time to think of Mr. Chester; indeed, I was hoping that I was forgetting him, but Aunt Lotty's words brought me back to a truer knowledge of myself, and a little twinge of—jealousy?—no, I will not call it that, for I am sure that that is not the right name to give it, but a little feeling that will sometimes come into my heart in spite of myself, but which I am determined to conquer. Begone, evil spirit, for jealousy has no place in a true heart.

Thus I exorcised the demon for awhile, and listened to Aunt Lotty.

She hoped that Mr. Lynn would have no objection to Mr. Chester, she was sure he could not have any. And then there would be a wedding after all, only it would not be at Green Oake. Still she should have a great deal to do with it, as Doris had no mother. And then she added, with a look of great relief, "No doubt Mr. Lynn has plenty of friends and relations, so there will be no difficulty about bridesmaids, and that, you know, Joyce, was always the great difficulty."

Ah! Aunt Lotty, you've had a smooth and easy life, if it has been rather a dull one, so you don't know much about difficulties.

I went back to Doris and found her lying on the bed sleeping peacefully. Her dark hair was

all loose, and her face looked worn and weary. She was too much exhausted to be dreaming now, but had fallen into a heavy sleep. So I moved quietly from the bedside, and went into the little porch-room again.

I drew my chair close up to the fire, and there I sat looking at pictures in the glowing embers. I did not light a candle, though the dusk was creeping on. It was pleasant to sit in the firelight and be still for awhile after the agitation into which we had been thrown. There was something very luxurious in the feeling that stole over me, and I could almost have wished that the moment might be prolonged into eternity, so full of rest and peace it seemed. I looked not back into the past: neither forward into the future; the present, as an angel, with outstretched wings, had overshadowed me, and I was borne into the regions of blessedness.

I had been sitting thus for half an hour, or more, when Doris touched me on the shoulder. She had stolen so softly into the room that I had not heard her.

"Have you a candle, Joyce?"

"Yes."

"Light it, and give it me." I lighted it.

"What is the matter, Doris?" I asked; for looking in her face I perceived that some new idea was working in her mind.

"My mother's packet."

"Well?"

"I might open it, if I ever needed assistance," said she; "and Heaven knows I need it now."

She took the candle, and in a moment I heard her unlock the box. Then she returned with the packet in her hand.

She sat down by me, and turned it over and over, now examining the seal, now gazing at the superscription. She could not quite make up her mind to open it.

"Joyce, if ever I wanted assistance, I want it now. You don't know what I feel. You think that everything is clear, that a smooth path is before me; but I can't get rid of presentiments. Perhaps I am foolish, but this has come so suddenly; it is so incredible that I want more proof than Uncle Carmichael has given me. It seems to me that the voice of my mother alone can ease my doubts and fears. Perhaps she looked forward to this crisis, and I shall find in this packet words to guide me. Do you think the time has come to open it?"

"I do," I answered.

"Will you open it?" she asked, holding out the packet towards me.

"No, Doris; that is for you to do."

Her hand trembled and her eyes filled with tears, as she examined it once more.

"Give me a pair of scissors, Joyce; I cannot break *her* seal."

Tenderly she cut round its edges—then she waited again—then she turned back one fold of paper, then another; it was but the envelope to another packet.

Doris lifted it up—there was writing upon it also. She read it, and I read it; and the words we read were these: "To be given to John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt."

CHAPTER XXII.

DORIS lay long awake that night. Her poor little brain was bewildered, stunned, and she could not clear it of its confusion. In vain she pressed her hand to her forehead to smooth away the troubled thoughts. She lay still for a few seconds, trying to bring back quietness to her agitated mind. But it was useless; even when she had driven the fierce waters back, they rose again higher than before, and poured their seething tide in an overwhelming torrent over her soul.

She tried to analyze her feelings, but she scarce could comprehend them. All that she could make out was a desire to be away, a vague presentiment that she had no right to be where she was, and above all an ever increasing distrust of Mr. Carmichael.

The old contented days in the poor lodgings came to her remembrance, and she saw her mother moving gently about and making of that humble abode a blessed place, wherein a guardian angel dwelt and tended her.

That poor mother! How she had suffered and suffered patiently! With the writing upon the packet a new light had dawned upon her.

Clearly, as if a voice from the dead had told it to her, she understood now why she had prized next to the Bible the laureate's poem.

One dreary night in November it had been lent to them.

"It will be something for us to read together," Doris had said.

And her mother, taking the book from her hand, read on the title page, "Enoch Arden."

"I wonder what it is about; one cannot fancy anything very poetical from the name," said Doris. "Enoch, Enoch, I don't think those old scriptural names sound well in poetry."

"Enoch," repeated her mother, softly, and her mind reverted to the one Enoch whose life is given in a single verse.

"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him."

What more sublime biography could be written? What nobler epitaph?

"God took him," she said, half aloud.

The wind was howling round the cottage, and the rain beat against the window. The two drew close together, and by the dim candle-light began the story, the wind sighing a wild accompaniment to the mother's voice.

And they read how Enoch Arden left his wife and little ones and went to sea.

Oh, the sea, the deceitful, treacherous sea! And they read on. He came not back: year after year rolled on—he came not back; and then she married—the wife married; and Enoch Arden—Oh, cruel sea!

How her mother shuddered, deep gasping sobs came, and the tears rolled down. How scared and white she looked!

"Put down the book, O mother, mother, do not read!"

But as though fascinated by some irresistible power, her mother still went on. Late, late into the night. It was midnight, and Doris was weary.

"Go to bed, my child, you can finish it to-morrow."

And so she went, and no mortal eye saw the end of that midnight reading. O God, O God! what agony poor human souls wrestle through, to which Thou alone art witness! O Lord, have mercy upon us.

In the morning, when Doris awoke, her mother was kneeling by the bedside praying. She was dressed, and Doris thought that she had risen earlier than usual. She knew otherwise now; she knew that through that night her mother's lips had never ceased to pray, "Thy will be done." She knew now why her mother had treasured up that book, and said it was worthy of a golden binding set with precious stones.

And knowing now that mother's secret, could she live among these people? Was it not like crowning with thorns her mother's memory?

Yet Mr. Lynn was guiltless. True; but she could not see him again, neither would she claim her birthright. She had battled with poverty all her life until now; she could do so again. She was young and strong, and she feared not. Quieter now—quieter, for a plan had traced itself out before her. She had as strong a will as her Uncle Carmichael; she was as brave as he was; he should not conquer.

And then she fell asleep, and Joyce, bending over her in the morning, heard a calm voice say—"I am better."

"You will be quite well by the time Mr. Lynn returns."

"Where is he?"

"He had to go to London last night."

Doris started.

"When will he be at home again?"

"To-morrow."

There are moments in which, with a sudden flash, a whole lifetime will come before one, in which we read causes for the effects we wondered at—excuses for the evil we saw perpetrated: answers to the questions we thought never to have been satisfied about; and the past seems to have made a complete period—a finished chapter, to which there is no addition necessary—a drama, which needs no epilogue. There must be a new story commenced, a new plot invented; what has gone before cannot be carried on into the future, and there is a distinct barrier raised that separates the past from all that shall happen hereafter.

It is not, perhaps, the experience of every one of us, but it is of many.

It was the experience of Doris at this present moment.

The life that had been hers until now seemed to have come to a full stop. She had read to the end of the chapter, and had closed the book. It was a relief to her, the tale was finished; a new story must succeed, and the outline faintly shadowed in the night gained breadth and sharpness, and did not vanish away with morning light as most night visions do. It arranged itself in her mind, and worked itself out with detailed comprehensiveness.

Aunt Lotty's eyes were gladdened by the sight of Doris looking, if pale, yet contented and almost cheerful.

She wondered she had ever been otherwise. "A father and two dear little brothers," she said to Joyce; "I really cannot understand it."

But poor Aunt Lotty never could understand anything that was not quite simple and on the surface.

Mr. Carmichael, greeting his niece, met her eyes steadily and searchingly looking into his, and his own for a moment fell beneath the steady gaze. But only for a moment; he rallied instantly, and being in good spirits that morning, addressed Doris as Miss Gresford Lynn, and alluded to the fortune of which she would shortly be the possessor.

"My niece, the heiress," he said.

Doris could almost have sprung from her seat, and rushed away weeping; but her resolve being taken, she sat still and firmly compressed her lips.

Then Mr. Carmichael's voice assumed a saddened tone, and he said, softly—

"Would that my poor sister had lived to see this day."

The expression of this natural and amiable sentiment had almost upset Doris's equanimity, but by a strong effort she restrained herself.

"I am going to take a long walk, Joyce," she said, when they were alone again.

"Shall I go with you?"

"No."

"You are not well yet, Doris," she answered, looking anxiously at her; "there is something not right."

"I am a little feverish; this walk will do me good."

And Doris laughed—a strange, hollow laugh that smote upon Joyce's ear.

"I'm not accustomed to being an heiress yet," continued she, "or to being Miss Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt. How does it sound, natural or not?"

"Not natural at present, certainly. But why should you take it so much to heart? Your mother must have looked forward to this, or wherefore did she give you the packet?"

There was something in Joyce's argument; yet strange to say, instead of wavering in her determination, she was only the more firmly resolved to carry it into execution.

"My mother was unselfish," she replied; "but Joyce," she added, then she stopped; a new thought arose, "stay; where is the packet? He need not have it now; I am not in want of assistance. Perhaps this is not the time to give it. I will keep it a little longer."

"I left it on the table last night," replied Joyce, "with some other papers," and she lifted up several papers that were lying there, thinking to find it underneath.

But it was gone.

They searched everywhere: but the packet was nowhere to be found.

"Uncle Carmichael has it," said Doris intuitively, the blood springing into her face.

"What right has he——? It's stealing! Joyce, I will tell him so! Let me go."

For Joyce had laid her hand imploringly upon her arm.

For a moment Doris was inclined to be angry with Joyce, also; then she turned and kissed her three or four times.

"Leave me," she said.

And when Joyce had gone, she hastily made up a few clothes into a small bundle, opened her desk, and took from thence the money of which she was possessed, collected the few articles of jewelry that she owned, and put on her cloak and hat.

She sat down after this, for she was trembling violently.

Then recovering herself, she concealed the bundle under her cloak, and slipped down stairs. At the foot she met Aunt Lotty.

"I am going for a long walk, Aunt Lotty."

"I am glad to hear it, dear, it will do you all the good in the world." And Aunt Lotty kissed her affectionately.

So Doris went through the garden and into the road. She felt dizzy at first and her steps faltered. She felt as one who is pursued in a dream, as though she could not place one foot before the other, and that she was trying in vain to flee. Before long the fresh air revived her, her courage rose, and with her courage her strength, and with her strength came all her indignant feeling against Mr. Carmichael, and nerved her for what she was undertaking.

She had gone without attempting to recover the packet; second thoughts had shown to her the uselessness of it, and also that it might interfere with her present design.

She walked on rapidly over the fields and through narrow lanes, leaving the high-road, and panting along like a frightened hare: and whither?

She made her way to the nearest railway-station, about three miles from Green Oake. It was a small station, with a poor waiting room, in which there was no fire. Doris, however, thankfully crept into it, hoping to be unnoticed. The station-master did not know her by sight, and she trusted that she might, at the last moment, take her ticket unobserved.

The train could not be long before it came up. At last the whistle was heard, she hurried out and took a second-class ticket for London; and, without having attracted any attention, got into a carriage, the door of which happened to be open.

The signal was given—puff, puff went the engine, and now for the first time she breathed freely. She should have changed trains before she could well be missed, and all trace of her flight would, she hoped, be lost. And the train sped on; several stations were passed; still it seemed to her as though they were crawling. On—on! quicker—quicker! A snow-storm was threatening; down came the snow, a few flakes at first, then faster and faster.

Aunt Lotty, looking out of the drawing-room window, hoped Doris was sheltering somewhere.

"Oh yes," returned Joyce, "of course she is; I dare say she's at Letty Jones's."

"Don't say so before Mr. Carmichael, dear," hastily responded Aunt Lotty, in a frightened tone. "I don't know that he would be angry, but still it is well to be on the safe side, and I've

been careful not to mention Letty Jones's name since that night. You remember, Joyce."

Yes; Joyce did remember.

"You think she is sure to be quite safe?" asked Aunt Lotty, after a pause.

"O yes, she would be sure to shelter; she will stay somewhere till it is over."

"But it does not seem likely to be over," said Aunt Lotty, as the sky grew darker and darker.

"Not yet," returned Joyce, rising and watching the myriad atoms chasing each other; "but it is too heavy to last long. We must wait."

And so they waited.

It was more than an hour before the storm began to abate. Such a fall of snow had not been known for years.

It came down with less violence now, but it came steadily, and heaped up a thick covering over the earth.

"It is leaving off; but as the darkness caused by the falling snow was dispelled, another darkness came creeping on, the days were short, and twilight was setting in.

Aunt Lotty grew fidgety.

"I think I will send Empson with an umbrella and cloak to Letty Jones's."

In the meantime the train had labored through the snow-storm, and had left it miles behind. There was one station to be passed, and then Doris would be in London; then she should be safe from pursuit.

She alighted with the crowd of second-class passengers, of whom the porters took no notice; they were too much alive to their own interest to heed the shabby-looking people who would not be likely to give them a sixpence or shilling for doing their duty; for though attention to passengers without a fee may be the work of a railway porter, attention to passengers with a fee is duty and profit also: therefore, when the two are in juxtaposition, both being duty alike, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that the porter should choose the favorable combination of circumstances in preference to a duty that is simply virtue unrewarded.

Doris having no luggage, had no occasion for the services of these officials, and was advancing to engage a cab.

All at once she shrank back, and drew her veil more tightly over her face; for on the platform, within a few yards of her, stood Mr. Gresford Lynn.

Fortunately he was not looking in her direction, so she hastily retreated, and instead of carrying out her intention, hurried through the maze of cabs and carriages, and passed quickly out of the gates into the street.

There she stood still,—she was alone in London, not knowing her way: and the afternoon was sufficiently dusk for the lamps to be lighted, so that to all intents and purposes night had already begun. The snow-storm had not been so heavy as in the country; still there were traces of it, and the streets were wet and slippery. She was confused and bewildered with the mighty hum of the giant city.

Necessity, however, impelled her to act; she must get on as speedily as possible to the

Shoreditch station. She would not inquire her way from a policeman, lest it might lead to her being traced in case inquiries were set on foot; and she was certain that every effort would be made to find out whither she had fled. So she followed the stream of people, taking care to keep in streets that were thronged and well lighted, until at length she came to a cab-stand.

There she took a cab.

"Where to?" asked the cabman.

"To the Shoreditch station."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE messenger, Empson, returned with tidings that Miss Carmichael was not at Letty Jones's, neither had she been there. That the snow was so deep over the fields and moor that it was as much as one could do to find one's way; also that in many places, owing to the strong wind, it had drifted considerably. Aunt Lotty looked at Joyce in blank horror.

"It's been on my mind all the afternoon," said she; "I can't get 'Lucy Gray' out of my head."

Joyce looked at her wonderingly.

Now, Aunt Lotty's poetical repertoire was limited, and amongst its scanty treasures "Lucy Gray" and "The Battle of Blenheim" had been to her the representative pieces of their respective authors. They had struck upon her fancy when she had first read them, and had remained with her ever since; and on a snowy day, or on the occasion of war or rumor of war, she was apt to recur to one or other of her favorites.

And, in answer to Joyce's wondering look, she replied:

"The child who was lost on the moor, my dear. Oh! I hope Doris is safe. Where is Mr. Carmichael?"

And other fears being forgotten in the one great fear that was oppressing her, she went straight to Mr. Carmichael's study, and walked in, followed by Joyce.

Mr. Carmichael looked up, astonished at the invasion.

"Doris!" murmured Aunt Lotty, in a voice that hovered between fear and desperation. "Doris! she's out in the snow, we don't know where."

"I presume that she will be in by dinner-time," replied Mr. Carmichael calmly.

"But she isn't at Letty Jones's. She's not been near there; I sent Empson, and they've seen nothing of her."

"Very discreet of her not to go to Letty Jones's after what I said, and very indiscreet of you to suppose that she would go, and to send Empson after her. There is no occasion to distress yourself. Doris has sense enough to take care of herself."

"But she's been out ever since twelve o'clock," suggested Joyce; "and now it is almost four."

But Mr. Carmichael expressed no sympathy with her fears. Doris was not like a girl unaccustomed to hardships or rough weather; he felt no concern at her safety. Doubtless she would be in by dinner-time. She was sheltering in

some cottage, and some cottager would bring her home if there were any danger. "Or, perhaps," he added, with a sneer, "Miss Gresford Lynn has found her way to Lynncourt, to see her two little brothers."

There was a ray of comfort in the suggestion, despite Joyce's doubts as to its probability. Certainly there was no knowing how it might have been; the storm might have overtaken her close to Lynncourt; Mr. Lynn was away, and she knew how fond Doris was of the children.

She tried to hope that it might be as Mr. Carmichael had said, and she went on hoping and hoping.

Aunt Lotty was much consoled by the new idea; it was so likely, so natural; and she blamed herself for her stupidity in not having thought of it, and wondered how she could have been so inconsiderate as to disturb Mr. Carmichael.

"You see, dear, she remarked, "how he thinks of everything. My heart is quite lightened, and 'Lucy Gray' has gone entirely out of my head."

But Aunt Lotty's cheerfulness did not extend itself to Joyce, who could not divest herself of a presentiment that there was something wrong.

Five o'clock struck, and she went to dress for dinner. Half-past five—six. The dinner-bell rang. Still no Doris.

Mr. Carmichael was imperturbable. He would not allow that there was the slightest cause for feeling alarmed. He knew exactly how everything had happened.

"I wish I did," mused Aunt Lotty; but she did not dare to give utterance to the thought. Joyce grew more and more uneasy, and Aunt Lotty's uncomfortable fears began to steal over her again, so that, by the time dinner was over, "Lucy Gray" was again paramount in her mind.

"Could not Empson be sent to Lynncourt to inquire if Doris is there?" Joyce ventured to ask.

"No."

"But she may not be there?"

"I have expressed an opinion that she is there," returned Mr. Carmichael, very decidedly.

So Joyce made no further reply. Yet every minute she grew more anxious; she could not tell why, but she felt convinced that Doris was not at Lynncourt.

"Aunt Lotty," she said, when they were again in the drawing-room, "I am quite sure, Doris is not at Lynncourt. I am certain that something has happened; Doris would have sent word. Do send some one to see?"

"My dear, I dare not; besides, Mr. Carmichael is certain that she is there, and he is always right, you know. I think he is never mistaken," said Aunt Lotty, dubiously, as though she were reasoning with herself, and endeavoring to establish Mr. Carmichael's infallibility. But her arguments were apparently not altogether successful, for she concluded her speech with, "Nevertheless, Joyce, I am as frightened as you are."

"If Mr. Carmichael will not let Empson go, I must go myself," answered Joyce, "for I cannot stand this suspense any longer."

But at that instant Mr. Carmichael appeared.

"I hear that Mr. Lynn returns this evening," he said, "and I wish to put into his hands a packet addressed to him in my sister's handwriting. I found it on the table in the porch-room. Doris ought to have given it to me; as it is doubtless a document of some importance, I ought to have been made acquainted with its existence." Although her fears had well-nigh driven every other thought from her mind, Joyce could not help remembering the lost seal. Mr. Carmichael continued, "It was very careless of Doris to leave it about, and I am going to deliver it up at once to Mr. Lynn."

Joyce was thankful to hear that some one was going to Lynncourt.

Would he be away long? Aunt Lotty inquired. No longer than it would take him to walk there and back. It was impossible to have the horses out on account of the snow. However, he should merely give the packet into Mr. Lynn's hands and return at once.

He departed, and Joyce and Aunt Lotty remained in their restless, nervous state of apprehension, listening to every sound, and opening the door every time there was the least noise in the hall.

In less than an hour there was a ring at the door bell. It must be Mr. Carmichael. Aunt Lotty and Joyce rushed to the door before Empson had time to make his appearance, and on opening it discovered Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Lynn with alarm visibly depicted on their countenances.

"She's not at Lynncourt," said Mr. Lynn, in a hoarse voice, in answer to Joyce's eager questions; "she's not been there. My men are out in every direction. Have you the faintest idea which way she would take?"

"No."

"Empson," shouted Mr. Carmichael, "tell them to get lanterns and search everywhere about the fields and grounds. We cannot find Miss Carmichael."

"We must go, too," turning to Mr. Lynn.

They were moving away, when a sudden inspiration came to Joyce; she flew after Mr. Lynn. "Stay, stay," she cried, "there is one hope. Have you been to the station?"

"The station!" he echoed, in extreme surprise.

"The station," repeated Joyce. "Mr. Lynn, I think that Doris has gone away."

When Joyce came quietly to consider her inspiration, though she wondered at it, she was inclined to put strong faith in it, the remembrance of Doris's vehement kiss occurring to her.

"She kissed me, too," said Aunt Lotty; "do you think it was for good-by?"

How were Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael speeding?

The station-master did not know Miss Carmichael by sight. He did not recollect that any lady had gone by the train. He had issued no first-class tickets that day.

"Any tickets at all?"

"Yes, one second-class to London by the 1.20 train."

"Who took it?"

He could not remember, there was a great hurry, for a good many people got out, and the train was behind time.

A boy who was standing by said he had seen a young lady in black on the platform when the train came in, and he did not see her afterwards.

Mr. Carmichael made minute inquiries. He decided, after cross-examining the boy, that it was Doris, and that she had gone to London.

She was doubtless on her way back to Devonshire. They should soon find her. Nothing could be done that night; they must start by the first train in the morning. So Mr. Lynn went home to read the packet that Mr. Carmichael had given to him, and Mr. Carmichael returned to Green Oake.

"Lucy Gray" vanished altogether from Aunt Lotty's thoughts as she listened to Mr. Carmichael's account, but new fears arose as great as those that had been dispelled; she was happier half an hour later, when Joyce knocked at her door.

Looking into Doris's drawers to see if she had taken anything with her, Joyce had found a slip of paper, with a few words hurriedly written in pencil.

"Don't be frightened; I shall be quite safe."

When Joyce returned to the porch-room, she sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Chester. He was at Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. GRESFORD LYNN paced up and down his room. The packet lay on the table.

More than once he had approached to take it up and open it; but irresolution prevailed, and he resumed his agitated walk.

And yet his heart yearned to read the record of his lost wife's life, though he shrank from the first unclosing of the packet, and from letting the first ray of light fall upon the sorrows of that patient heart.

Oh, that the past could be recalled! Why had she not waited?

And for the last seven years she had lived within two hundred miles of him. She had died, and his neighbor had been at her death-bed, and yet he, her husband, had not known of it.

He chafed under the thought. It was madness to him; his heart-strings seemed stretched as though the next moment they would snap, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead.

He took the packet in his hand.

John Gresford Lynn. Her writing! Ellen's fingers had traced it! O wife! O wife!

Then he rose up again; he locked the door that he might not be disturbed, and returning to the table, set himself to his painful task. Painful, and yet he felt strange comfort in being allowed thus, as it were, to hold communion with the dead.

Lovingly, he, like Doris, left the little seal uninjured, as he opened the packet. After he had done this, he sat as one in a dream, with the contents spread out before him,—a collection of papers of different dates, much exceeding the

original document that Mr. Chester had spoken of as having been committed to Doris's keeping. Probably added to as years went on, and evidently altered and corrected, if one might judge from the sentences blotted out and parts torn off, leaving gaps here and there, which, however, did not interrupt the thread of the narrative.

Mr. Lynn drew his chair near the table, shaded the lamp, and began with the paper of oldest date.

My husband, my long-lost husband! O John, mourned as dead these many years, how cruel has fate been to us. How shall I tell you all I wish to say—all that may make you feel happier when you look upon these lines?

Long have I communed with myself whether to leave you in ignorance of my lot, and to let you still believe that the waters were sweeping over your Ellen's grave. Then, again, I have thought that in years to come, should you live after me, it might be a comfort to you to know that your wife was spared a cruel death, and that she died peacefully, blessing you with her last breath.

O John, through many and many a year I have thought ever of you, ever grieving over the dreadful death I believed was yours. The native who alone returned from that unfortunate expedition described how he had seen you murdered, and left a mangled corpse upon the shore. And when I think of the horror that has been upon me night and day as I have thought upon the fearful scene—when, with the overwhelming tidings of your being still alive, that awful picture fled away, and for a moment every other feeling was lost in overwhelming thankfulness, it seems to me that when you know I was not drowned at sea, you, too, may be freed from a long-haunting horror.

For one moment my feeling was of thankfulness so profound, that I forgot all else; and then I read how you had been a prosperous man, and were living happily with your wife and children.

And then—O John! there came upon me a flood of anguish that well nigh drove me mad. O John, I thought I could not bear it. I thought that I must rise up that very instant and flee to you. I know not how I passed that day, nor the days that followed it, nor how in my distraction I was kept from betraying my secret. Yet so it was; none knew beside myself how that iron had entered into my soul.

I read my brother's letter over and over, and I saw that he knew not of our marriage. And then my better spirit wrestled mightily within me, and I prayed that I might have strength to keep my secret to myself, and never harm your new-found happiness. O John, it was not that I did not love you; it was that I loved you better than myself, and so for your sake could bear that which for my own sake I should not have had strength to struggle with.

I would not harm you; I would cause no sorrow to you or yours. To you I would lie buried in the depths of the ocean. I knew from my brother's letter that you and he were still at enmity, and that no word of me would pass from him to you.

Perhaps, too, I thought you had forgotten me, and loved this stranger better than the love of other days. That thought was agony. And yet I loved you with a love so enduring, that it swept the bitterness away, and I felt that in the end I could conquer.

And two voices seemed striving within me, and one said to the other,

"I must go to him. He is mine. My husband, and none other's. I must go to him, or die!"

And the other voice answered:

"He has believed thee dead long ago. He is at peace now; why would'st thou disturb his happiness? why unseal the tomb, and, like a risen tenant of the grave, spread dismay? Dost thou not think more of thyself than of him? Answer!"

And the first voice answered:

"It is because I love him; it is for his sake I would go to him, for he loves me."

But the other voice kept to its one note:

"It is thyself thou lovest, and not him."

So the two voices strove against each other, contending fiercely, and I endured, till, worn out with the strife, I fell ill.

For days I lay hovering between life and death; my frame exhausted, with scarce strength to lift my head from my weary pillow, and I longed to die.

Then in the night season the angels visited me; I could not see them with my earthly vision, yet I knew they were there—ministering spirits sent from the Throne.

O ye who do not believe in such ministrations, ye should pass through my experience; ye should feel the heavenly peace that fell upon my soul. It seemed as though all earthiness had passed away, and that I breathed a purer atmosphere; that the spirit that had wrestled with the poor weak flesh had triumphed, and stood like Michael, the archangel, with his foot trampling upon the evil one. And I was able to say, "Victory! Victory!"

Then, faint and feeble, I fell back, overcome with the effort; but angelic arms were around me, bearing me up, and pouring into my fainting heart the peace that passeth all understanding.

At last I rose from my bed of sickness, and returned to the duties of life. One shadow was removed, but another had fallen across my path; I tried to think it less dark, but, somehow, it was harder to bear, and everything around me seemed dimmed and faded: perhaps I was weaker. But I had prayed for strength to bear it, and strength was given—

Here the page was torn. Mr. Lynn took up another paper, the beginning of which had also been torn away, and there were many erasures and lines blotted out in it. It began:

After the tidings of your death, I remained for many months with the Bargraves; my little baby—my Doris, was so ill, that I feared I should lose her as well as you. Perhaps her illness saved my life, for if I had had no object that needed my care, grief had surely killed me. But I roused myself for her sake.

The Bargraves did all they could, and wished me to stay on with them, but I determined to return to England with my child, and there in some quiet village end my days in obscurity. It seemed to me, that if I could only flee away from all associations with the past; if I could break every tie that linked me in any way with my friends or my former life; that I could, perhaps, look upon the past as a dream, and could live in some new place a life of endurance.

And, so, I sailed for the old country,—not to return to the old home, the old haunts. No; I would not go north, where I had lived before, but south; I had read of quiet villages, where I could commence a new life, with nothing to remind me of other days.

My name was down in the passengers' list as Ellen Carmichael, for I had resolved to resume my maiden name again, since I could not now bear to hear the name of Gresford uttered by those around me, it seemed like profanity; and, so, my brother reading it, and not knowing of our marriage, believed me to be Ellen Carmichael still.

We started with a fair wind, and for several days all went well with us. But on the fourth day the clouds began to lower, and we knew a storm was coming on. The sky grew blacker and blacker, and an awful stillness fell around. It seemed as though walls of iron were closing in on all sides, and pressing round the vessel till they seemed to stifle us.

The captain's voice sounded hollow as he gave his orders.

The sails were furled as by a phantom crew, for the men worked silently and held their breath. They knew what was coming.

There were some mothers besides myself on board, and we drew near together, and clasped our children in our arms.

We did not speak.

They prayed.

And I prayed, but my prayer was not as theirs; I prayed:

"O Lord, in mercy take me to thyself."

I felt no fear, for what had I to live for?

But my prayer was not granted.

Neither was theirs.

Then came a sudden crash, as though the black walls were split in twain by the lurid lightning-stroke. And the wind arose, and the storm burst over us.

The thunder rolled, crash upon crash, and deafened us, so that none could hear the words that the others spoke. And never but in the quick flash of the lightning could I see my companions' horror-stricken countenances.

A young French woman was sitting next to me; her child, about the age of my little Doris, was asleep in her arms, and ever as the peals of thunder sounded nearer, she crept closer and closer to me, and I felt her clutch my dress—as if I could protect her!

Suddenly we heard above us, wilder than the storm, an awful cry. The cry of men in distress!

I started to my feet, the French woman, still holding to my dress, followed me, and we groped our way on deck.

Never shall I forget the scene of confusion. The ship had sprung a leak.

And there was no hope.

The captain stood calm, and was endeavoring to give his orders, but the men were uncontrollable.

In the brute agony of fear of death, in the mad wild desire for life, they fought and struggled for the boats. Despair had crushed humanity out of them. Each for the time would have been a murderer, if so he could have saved his own life.

Life! life! all for life!

And I was so weary of mine!

"Yea, a man will give all for his life!"

Oh, that I should have so seen it.

The storm was abating, but the ship was sinking.

The captain stood with a revolver in his hand guarding one small boat from the crew. An old sailor and a cabin-boy, who alone had remained faithful to him, were at his side, and by the captain's orders the French woman and myself were placed in the boat, for there was no time to lose.

Then the sailor stepped in, and the boat was lowered; but as we touched the water, in clearing the boat from its tackle, the sailor lost his balance, the rope that still held us to the vessel snapped, and we were borne away upon the stormy waves.

The moon, that had half struggled through a rift in the clouds, was suddenly obscured, and we were in darkness.

We saw no more—we heard no more, except one terrible cry. We knew nothing save that we two, with our babes, were alone on the wide waters.

How the slight boat weathered that night was a miracle! And yet no miracle: it was the will of God.

I clasped my baby closer to my breast. I spoke a tender word to the French woman; and lest she should not hear my voice, I pressed her hand.

And she, stooping forward, kissed me.

Then we clung to the boat.

And the night wore on. The waters became gradually calmer, but still they heaved like the worn out sobbing of some mighty ocean giant.

And morning rose.

Why came those words to me?

"Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, the other left."

Two living women and two living babes were in the boat at night, but the dawn saw only one living mother, one living child; the other two had perished!

Oh, God! —

* * * * *

Here the manuscript was again torn, and Mr. Lynn took up succeeding fragments, also torn and much blotted, from which he learned how his wife and Doris had been picked up by a Spanish vessel, and had been carried to Lisbon; how, after many difficulties, they made their way to England, and found a home in a secluded village in Devonshire, where his wife, learning the art of lace-making, had been able to support herself and child.

There she had found, to a certain extent, rest for her aching heart; and a life of action had in some degree alleviated the sorrows of memory.

She determined to remain as one dead to all who might have any interest in her; therefore she never wrote to the Bargraves, preferring that they should think she had perished at sea.

Once, only once, had she departed from this determination; she was reduced to a state of great necessity,—her friend, Mrs. Chester, was dead, and she had no one to help her. By a strange chance she heard that her brother was living in England, and, pressed by want, she wrote to him for help; trusting that after so many years he would forget his anger against her.

Her brother would not help her. And in his letter she read of her husband's being alive, and that he was married again; and she discovered also that Hugh Carmichael was in ignorance of her being John Gresford's wife. And she never wrote again to him until she was on her death-bed.

Mr. Lynn laid his head on the table, and remained for a long time without moving. The heaving of his frame alone told what he suffered.

There was but one other paper to read now, and it was still unopened. (*To be continued.*)

SORROW AND JOY.

With heavy foot, and heel to th' ground,
Slow paceth Sorrow on his round:
Head drooped, eyes sunk, sighing profound.

Joy trippeth lightly on his toe,
With head erect along doth go;
Calm breathing, with an even flow.

Sorrow lieth long a-bed,
He cannot lift his weary head,
Wretch, that with grief hath pillowed.

Joy riseth early with the lark,
Yea, what to him, tho' it be i' th' dark:
His merry heart will strike a spark.

Ere day hath reached its noon, with pain
Sorrow sigheth for the night:—in vain!
At night he sighs for day again.

Joy noteth not the swift hour's flight,
Catcheth him unawares the night,
Bringing him rest with calm delight.

Sorrow is lonely,—hath no friends;
If he doth well, what might commends?
If wronged, who maketh him amends?

Joy laugheth through the happy hours,
Groups of glad faces throng his bowers;
They toy, and crown themselves with flowers.

Doth Sorrow kindly succor crave,
None stretcheth out his hand to save:
Sickenings, he hopeth for the grave.

Joy knoweth none of life's sharp stings;
Each day some new delight him brings;
That ended, still fresh hope upsprings.

Poor Sorrow, 'tis a doleful lot,
His whole long life a darksome blot;
He fades from earth,—man pitieth not.

In gladness Joy's days are sped,
And when he boweth his grey head,
Friends gather round and mourn him dead.

QUAIL AND GROUSE.

THE American quail, or partridge,* as it is wrongly termed in the Southern States, is found as far north as Western Canada, the eastern or lower province being too cold for them. With the exception of the common wild duck (*Anas boschas*), no other bird is common to the Old and New Worlds. Scientifically and practically the American quail (*Ortyx virginiana*) is neither true quail nor true partridge. The bird of which we are writing is considered by naturalists as being a connecting link between the two sub-genera. Far south—in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, etc.—they are not migratory in any sense; the same birds, if undisturbed, being found in their regular range year after year; but in the far north in the autumn, known as the "running season," they fly before the cold weather, seeking sheltered lowlands hundreds of miles distant from where they were bred; for there in the winter the snow lies long upon the ground, and all access to the grass-seeds, berries, etc., is cut off from them. In New Jersey, where the snow often covers the ground for a week or two at a time, the quail seek the rough grass meadows, where the snow is supported by the stout tussocks, and here, in these natural galleries, which often run for hundreds of yards in all directions, the quail live comfortably, protected from the cold by the snow, and feeding upon the seeds of the rough grass.

In the South the quail pair towards the latter end of March or the beginning of April, the nest being simply a place trampled in some tuft of grass, generally sheltered by a bush or tree, or in the corner of some "snake-fence," or close to the root of an old stump. Mr. Daniel, speaking of the fecundity of the English partridge, states that he discovered a nest in which were thirty-three eggs, another with twenty-eight, and a third with thirty-three. He does not, however, state how many were hatched from either of these three nests, but it is impossible that all could have been, as no partridge could possibly cover so many, unless the season was an extraordinarily hot one. I have in Texas frequently seen beves of twenty-five, counting the two old ones. The hen, during the period of incubation, becomes quite poor, and undergoes the process of a moult, which provides a quantity of downy feathers to aid in keeping the eggs warm; she also sits so closely as almost to starve herself. The young are very strong when first hatched, and they have often been seen running about with a portion of the shell upon their backs. During the hen's sittings, the male bird is often found perched upon some fence, rail, or low bush near her, repeating for an hour at a time his peculiar whistling cry of *Ah-Bob-white*, as if to cheer his mate. In some instances he has been reported to relieve the hen, and take her place,

* For the information of those who do not understand the distinctions between game birds, I may as well state that neither the partridge nor pheasant is feathered below the thighs, and that all grouse are feathered on the legs, some quite to the claws.

while she sought food. I do not think this often happens. Dry, hot weather is immensely in favor of the newly-hatched chicks—damp or wet weather speedily killing them. As soon as the brood is hatched, the male bird joins the hen, and helps her search for food for their nimble little progeny, and displays great courage in protecting them from danger. When alarmed, the young birds instinctively skulk in the deep grass, and remain perfectly motionless, while the old ones resort to every artifice to ward off the impending danger. If surprised by an enemy before the young are sufficiently fledged to fly, the old birds take wing, and the young hide themselves in the nearest cover they can run into. The hen, after flying a few hundred yards, alights, and returns by a circuitous path to the place she has just flown from, and, gently clucking, she soon gathers her scattered brood, and leads them from danger; the male bird doing all he can during this time to lure the intruder away by tumbling confusedly before him, drooping his wings, and fluttering as though badly wounded. When all danger has passed, he soon rejoins the others.

It is said of the quail that, "where there appears a probability of success, they will not hesitate to attack any enemy that assails them; and it is no uncommon thing for the old ones to be seen flying with all vigor to defend their helpless offspring. Several years ago we witnessed a desperate battle between a male quail and a black snake, which rather singular combat would, however, soon have proved fatal to the former, if we had not so opportunely come to his rescue, as the serpent had already caught the exhausted bird by the wing; and so deadly was the grasp that he even held on to his affrighted, but nevertheless courageous victim, after we had broken his back with a blow from a large stick. On searching the grass around, we discovered two very young fledglings, somewhat mutilated and nearly dead, both of which, no doubt, had been seized by his snakeship as a dainty meal, which he was not, however, permitted to enjoy, owing to the bold attack of the parent bird."

Perhaps the most singular thing about the American quail is a power—possessed by no other game that I know of—of retaining their scent after being flushed when first found. Hundreds of times I have found a bevy of quail, put them up and marked them down to an inch; I have then carried my pointers to the spot. They have hunted it closely, but failed to find the birds. I have then trampled the place foot by foot; and when a bird was touched it would rise, so that I knew they were there. Then retiring for half an hour, till the birds had begun to call, I have taken the dogs back, and they have found them precisely in the same spot they had hunted so fruitlessly half an hour before.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie-hen (*Tetrao cupido*), abounds in Texas and on all the Western prairies, and is found far northward on the Missouri river; in the Middle and Eastern States it has been almost extirpated.

On each side of the neck, and about an inch distant from the head, are the tufts of lanceolate

elongated feathers which have given the bird its distinctive name of *pinnated*. These tufts are much smaller in the hen than in the male bird. The cock has, below these tufts, an oblong bare space of yellow skin, which he can inflate, and in the spring, when pairing, these spaces are blown out to the size, and they have much the same appearance, as two large oranges, one fastened on each side of its neck; and, as the bird droops his wings, spreads his tail into a fan, and swells his feathers—exactly as a turkey struts—it gives the bird a very strange appearance. In Texas, of an evening, after the sun has begun to get low, I have killed to my pointers ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty brace in about two hours' shooting. Like the English red grouse, the broods vary in size from seven or eight to twelve or fifteen, and sometimes more, chicks to a brood.

In April, when they pair, the male bird makes a noise which sounds like the bellowing of a bull at a distance, and this noise is said to be audible three miles off.

The ruffed grouse (*Tetrao umbellus*) is next in size to the prairie-hen. In Canada and the Eastern States it is called the partridge, whilst in the West it is called a pheasant, although no true pheasant exists in all America so far as it has been explored. In the spring the drumming of the male resounds through the woods, and is thus performed:—Selecting a fallen tree, the bird spreads his tail, draws his head back towards it, drops its wings, and struts along the tree after the manner of a turkey. A few moments are spent thus, and then all its feathers are drawn close to its body, then it begins to strike its stiffened wings in short, quick strokes, at first distinct, but presently the sounds of the strokes run into one another confusedly, causing a tremor in the air not unlike distant thunder. The male makes use of the same tree for this purpose through the season. The female never drums. The ruffed grouse, like the wild turkey, is polygamous, and does not pair.

These birds are common from Labrador to Maryland. All the species of this genus indicate the approach of rainy weather or a snow-storm with far more precision than the best barometer; for on the afternoon previous to such weather they all resort to their roosting-places earlier by several hours than they do during a continuation of fine weather. I have seen groups of these grouse flying up to their roosts at mid-day, or as soon as the weather felt heavy, and have observed that it generally rained in the course of the afternoon. When, on the contrary, the same flock would remain busily engaged in search of food until sunset, I found the night and the following morning fresh and clear.

Next to this is the Canada grouse (*Tetrao Canadensis*), or spruce-partridge. It is not so common in the settled portions of Canada as the ruffed grouse, though in the more retired recesses of the forest it is plentiful. It is found in the northern parts of the State of New York, in Massachusetts, and in Maine. This bird has been less shot by sportsmen than any other of the grouse tribe, even fewer than of the willow-

grouse, or willow-ptarmigan, and its habits have only been studied by Audubon and Wilson. The former thus describes it: "The spruce-partridge, or Canada grouse, breeds in the States of Maine and Massachusetts about the middle of May, nearly a month earlier than at Labrador. The males pay their addresses to the females by strutting before them on the ground or moss, in the manner of a turkey, frequently rising several yards in the air in a spiral manner, when they beat their wings violently against their body, thereby producing a drumming noise, clearer than that of the ruffed grouse, and which can be heard at a considerable distance. The female places her nest beneath the low, horizontal branches of fir-trees, taking care to conceal it well. It consists of a bed of twigs, dry leaves, and mosses, on which she deposits from eight to fourteen eggs, of a deep fawn color, irregularly splashed with different tints of brown. They raise only one brood in the season, and the young follow the mother as soon as hatched. The males leave the females whenever incubation has commenced, and do not join them again until late in autumn; indeed, they remove to different woods, when they are more shy and wary than during the love-season, or in winter."

Of the willow-grouse (*Tetrao saliceti*) of America but little is known, less than of the European willow-ptarmigan, found in Norway; but the two are supposed to be, if not identical, very much alike.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ONCE on a time, there was a man who went into the wood to cut hoop-poles, but he could find no trees so long, and straight, and slender, as he wanted, till he came high up under a great heap of stones. There he heard groans and moans as though some one were at Death's door. So he went up to see who it was that needed help, and then he heard that the noise came from under a great flat stone which lay upon the heap. It was so heavy it would have taken many a man to lift it. But the man went down again into the wood and cut down a tree, which he turned into a lever, and with that he tilted up the stone, and lo! out from under it crawled a Dragon, and made at the man to swallow him up. But the man said he had saved the Dragon's life, and it was shameful thanklessness in him to want to eat him up.

"May be," said the Dragon; "but you might very well know I must be starved when I have been here hundreds of years and never tasted meat. Besides, it's the way of the world,—that's how it pays its debts."

The man pleaded his cause stoutly, and begged prettily for his life; and at last they agreed to take the first living thing that came for a day-man, and if his doom went the other way the man should not lose his life, but if he said the same as the Dragon, the Dragon should eat the man.

The first that came was an old hound, who ran along the road down below under the hillside. Him they spoke to, and begged him to be judge.

"God knows," said the hound, "I have served

my master truly ever since I was a little whelp. I have watched and watched many and many a night through, while he lay warm asleep on his ear, and I have saved house and home from fire and thieves more than once; but now I can neither see or hear any more, and he wants to shoot me. And so I must run away, and slink from house to house, and beg for my living till I die for hunger. No! it's the way of the world," said the hound; "that's how it pays its debts."

"Now I am coming to eat you up," said the Dragon, and tried to swallow the man again. But the man begged and prayed hard for his life, till they agreed to take the next comer for a judge; and if he said the same as the Dragon and the Hound, the Dragon was to eat him, and get a meal of man's meat; but if he did not say so, the man was to get off with his life.

So there came an old horse limping down along the road which ran under the hill. Him they called out to come and settle the dispute. Yes; he was quite ready to do that.

"Now I have served my master," said the horse, "as long as I could draw or carry. I have slaved and striven for him till the sweat trickled from every hair, and I have worked till I have grown lame, and halt, and worn out with toil and age; now I am fit for nothing. I am not worth my food, and so I am to have a bullet through me, he says. Nay! nay! It's the way of the world. That's how the world pays its debts."

"Well, now I'm coming to eat you," said the Dragon, who gaped wide, and wanted to swallow the man. But he begged again hard for his life.

But the Dragon said he must have a mouthful of man's meat; he was so hungry, he couldn't bear it any longer.

"See, yonder comes one who looks as if he was sent to be judge between us," said the man, as he pointed to Reynard the fox, who came stealing between the stones of the heap.

"All good things are three," said the man; "let me ask him, too, and if he gives doom like the others, eat me up on the spot."

"Very well," said the Dragon. He, too, had heard that all good things were three, and so it should be a bargain. So the man talked to the fox as he had talked to the others.

"Yes, yes," said Reynard; "I see how it all is;" but as he said this, he took the man a little on one side.

"What will you give me if I free you from the Dragon?" he whispered into the man's ear.

"You shall be free to come to my house, and to be lord and master over my hens and geese, every Thursday night," said the man.

"Well, my dear Dragon," said Reynard, "this is a very hard nut to crack. I can't get it into my head how you, who are so big and mighty a beast, could find room to lie under yon stone."

"Can't you," said the Dragon; "well, I lay under the hill-side, and sunned myself, and down came a landslip, and hurled the stone over me."

"All very likely, I daresay," said Reynard; "but still I can't understand it, and, what's more, I won't believe it till I see it."

So the man said they had better prove it, and the Dragon crawled down into the hole again; but in the twinkling of an eye they whipped out the lever, and down the stone crashed again on the Dragon.

"Lie now there till Doomsday," said the fox. "You would eat the man, would you, who saved your life?"

The Dragon groaned, and moaned, and begged hard to come out; but the two went their way, and left him alone.

The very first Thursday night Reynard came to be lord and master over the hen-roost, and hid himself behind a great pile of wood hard by. When the maid went to feed the fowls, in stole Reynard. She neither saw nor heard anything of him; but her back was scarce turned before he had sucked blood enough for a week, and stuffed himself so that he couldn't stir. So when she came again in the morning, there Reynard lay, and snored, and slept in the morning sun, with all four legs stretched straight; and he was as sleek and round as a German sausage.

Away ran the lassie for the goody, and she came, and all the lassies with her, with sticks and brooms to beat Reynard; and, to tell the truth, they nearly banged the life out of him; but, just as it was almost all over with him, and he thought his last hour was come, he found a hole in the floor, and so he crept out, and limped and hobbled off to the wood.

"Oh, oh," said Reynard; "how true it is. 'Tis the way of the world; and this is how it pays its debts."

ON THE NILE.

V.—ON BOARD THE "LILLA."

WHILE our sailors were absent on leave, bidding good-bye to their wives and children (or hareems, they called them, the domestic circle goes by that name: harem means sacred), we were busily at work provisioning the boat. It took us nearly a week. The Professor and I, laden with sacks, baskets, and boxes, were beating between Boulac and the bazaars all the day long, as industrious as ants. The donkeys had a heavy time of it. Our Philadelphian—for brevity's sake I will in future call him Smith—as chief of the commissariat, took kindly to it. Not insensible to good living himself, he understood better than we how to lay in of that which was toothsome and good.

"What are your flesh-pots," he one day asked, "without the savory addition of leeks and onions?"

Accordingly, a sack of these succulent vegetables was added to our load.

We engaged a Nubian cook with one eye—a wonderful fellow for stews—who suggested what, and how much, in the way of stores, to buy. This was rather a ticklish matter; for to run short would be little less than ruin. Nothing could be got up the river save fresh meat, poultry, eggs, and milk. All else must be laid in before starting. "Surely this and that are unnecessary," we pleaded. But the fellow was

inexorable, and we gave in. Flour for bread-making, macaroni, mustard, charcoal, candles, coffee, we could understand; but such luxuries as one tambourine, one darabouku, two pairs of cymbals, two flutes—musical instruments for the delectation of the sailors—puzzled us fairly. Haroun, however, said it was all right. We confided the difficulty to him. He was always affable in these matters, and argued with you persuasively; he would pose himself gracefully, his head well back, one hand on the hip, the other gently raised to give eloquent effect, and dazzle you with his rings. "You see, sare," he explained, "sailor he sing to you; he make *fantasia* by moonlight. You listen, you no be sad: you laugh, sare. All gentlemen pay darabouku music quite regular." Of course there was no appeal; so the fiddler went on board.

An hour passed in final arrangements. The usual glut of things unremembered pressed into notice at the last moment. We had to clear the deck of our baggage, to unring the awning, to shake loose the sail. Said's wayward sister defiantly climbed on board. Full of little womanish ways, she stuck to her brother under pretence of helping him in his work. Some flitting fancy filled her foolish little head with the hope of being overlooked in the bustle, and so carried off up stream. Smith and the caliph, knee-deep in stores, were struggling with their final bestowment. The Nubian Cyclops, like a grim enchanter, bent anxiously over the fires of his kitchen, stirring a simmering pot. Savory smoke uprose therefrom, wreathing like incense in the evening air. Our turbaned captain, fiery egged, stood at the fore yelling out his orders to the crew—orders which these half-clad gentlemen obeyed with gratifying alacrity.

Everything and everybody was now on board. The steersman went to his post, Fatima had been carried up the bank struggling, for the little woman's lip fell, and her big black eyes glistened the moment they caught her. The plank was pulled in, the cable unloosed; then a fresh breeze came careering from northward, and the "Lilla"—for thus we had named our craft—spread forth her fair wings to it, and gracefully swept out into mid-stream.

This, then, was our starting, our first step over the threshold into Egypt proper, a step, moreover, that would lead us across another frontier, to land us into a new and untried condition of life. Making our bow to civilization, were we not about to retire into the patriarchal quiet of primitive existence? For myself, I am no friend to the worry of great cities, nor to the stifling atmosphere bred within Babels of brick. And so I contemplated the future unappalled.

Not so, however, with my two friends—at least, not in that first hour of starting; they were a prey to misgiving. Indeed, one always feels a little strange at first in a new and untried abode; as with a new boot, you must get used to it before it will become quite easy and comfortable. Our movements truly were confined and awkward enough, for the salient angles of doorways and passages did not give our heads and elbows fair play, an untowardness that brought us to grief

more than once. To say the least of it, our quarters *were* small, and the litter of portmanteaus, as yet half unpacked, made them look smaller.

The Professor, however, set up the first cry; his case *was* rather hard. Being fatigued, he had retired to lie down—to rest for a little till the boat fairly got away. Moans and muffled noises were heard following his disappearance. What could be the matter? Hastening, with some show of concern, we looked in at his cabin door, and found him on the bed struggling desperately to straighten himself. Now the Professor's height was nearly six feet two inches, and the length of his cabin, on measurement, one inch under that mark: thus obviously the bed was too short for the patient. Neither diagonally, straightwise, nor by any moderate slope could he stretch himself fairly to the full—hence this groaning. "It was not," he said, "that he loved Egypt less, but he thought this a bore." However, time softens down sorrow, and with us the rule held good. Ere a week had passed we had become attached to our dwelling.

But we are now afloat on the broad river. The waters are lapping briskly around us. One lofty wing-like sail at the fore, well filled and still rosy with the after-glow of sunset, is carrying us swiftly from Boulac. We are in mid-stream, half a mile from either shore. From the upper deck we have been looking down on our Arabs at their evening meal. Several of them are now at prayer—prostrate towards Mecca. This is their vesper hour. Besides, every true Moslem is bound to recite a *Fathah** on leaving land. Snatches of the wide-spreading city come to us, through leafy vistas, in ever-changing succession, as we glide along. On the eastern bank white palaces gleam in the lingering light, and broad-terraced gardens bend to the water's edge, inverted and trembling in the stream. Opposite, the eye wanders up long, quiet reaches of the river, flanked by green meadows, and fringed with palm.

Over the one bank the crescent moon is riding high and pale, in the deep heaven; beyond the other a crimson haze is deepening, where the sun went down. Through the hush of evening we can faintly catch the Muezzin's call, borne to us over the water on the pulses of the breeze. Here and there little craft are folding in their sails, and making for the shore. Ferry-boats freighted with their last load hail us with a cheery chorus of adieus, and the measured flash of their oars dies away in the distance. The day's work is over. There is a breathing-time of quiet and rest. In all the broad landscape, deepening round to where the solemn

pyramids hold eternal watch and ward, there is but one feeling—that of profound repose. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor till the evening." After that cometh rest.

Egypt is a long valley pressed in between two walls of rocky table mountain: your sky line the Arabian chain on the east, the Lybian on the west. You are in a "garden enclosed," a garden of green graves and fertile fields, but wherever your eye wanders it lights on the barren wall. And how glorious in form and detail is that limestone barrier, how important! The sands from the desert, surging up in billowy wildness, are here stayed. Their proud waves do indeed overcrest the mountain at times, and trickle in pure sand wreaths, like mimic snows and glaciers, adown the rifts and ravines that you see on either hand; but the check is enough. The river flows secure, although a temple is here and there ingulfed.

The scenery is simple and grand. Each day unrolls to you a panorama of wide waving fields, green with corn, and maize, and sugar cane, rich and golden with the yellow-blossoming cotton, tobacco, and lupin, and wooded with mimosa and date—a broad belt of verdure, where, like to islands in a sunny sea, little clustering villages uprise, clear of the summer inundations, and mosques sheltered with thickets of palm; a pastoral country, where the sound of murmuring water comes to you at every turn, and creaking, oxen-turned sarkies are hidden under every spreading sycamore; where, in open meadow, or thick wood-shade by the water's edge, half-naked men and women halt in their lazy working and stare at you; and, lastly, where, on either bank of the calm flowing river, colossal ruins and silent cities of the dead confront you with memories of a lost empire, and solemn temples here and there are mirrored in the stream.

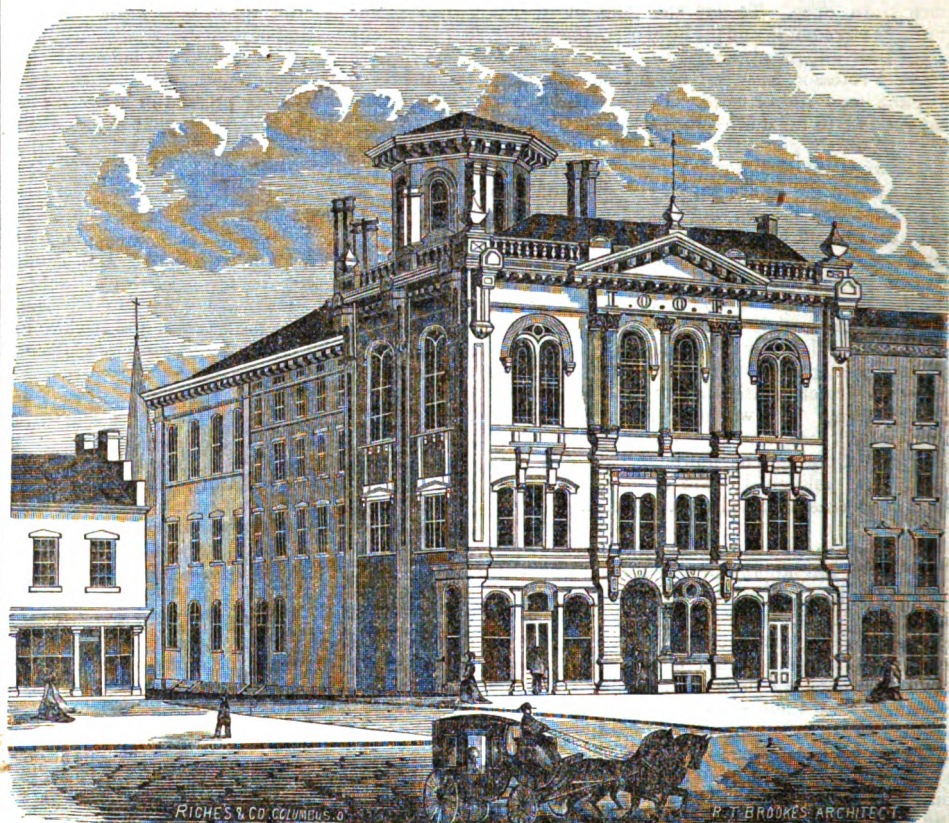
There is a profound charm in this landscape; a beauty that grows slowly upon you. The climate also disposes you not to seek for violent contrasts or excitement, but to fall in with the prevailing tendency to the tranquil and solemn. All seems to harmonize with the inner impression of Egypt on your mind. A feeling of mystery may explain much of this. Looked upon from that point of view, no scenery, save perhaps the awful group of Sinai, can be grander or more sublime; for the element of mystery tinctures everything in Egypt. Somehow you instinctively speak low when the Great Pyramid looms into sight. I have seen laughter hushed in an instant by an unexpected view of the pyramid. For weeks you may sail on and find no material change to the landscape in its outward forms; but in detail the variety is great. The ever-varying play of light and shadow, the bright sweep of blue sky by day, the deep starry heavens sphered in the glassy river by night, the restless coloring of noon, and morn, and eve, that flash and fade in exquisite hues on the desert hills, transfiguring that limestone fretwork of cliff and crag into a dream-country of amethyst and sapphire, wherein your imagination may revel to its full—all preclude thought of monotony.

* Chapter I of the Koran, entitled, *Al Fathah*.

In the name of the most merciful God.

Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful; the king of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art angered, nor of those who go astray.

At the beginning of a journey, or in the commencement of any undertaking, this prayer is to be said.



THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Repeatedly in former years efforts were made to induce the Order in Columbus to undertake the building of a hall. The Brothers have always been quite unanimous in the desire to carry out the idea, but for various reasons the several attempts made to this end have failed, until about one year ago, mainly through the efforts of Grand Representative Joseph Dowdall, a plan for securing the necessary funds was adopted by the joint board of trustees of Capitol Encampment, No. 6; Columbus Lodge, No. 9; Central, No. 23; Excelsior, No. 145; Capitol, No. 334; and Harmonia, No. 358. The plan was submitted to the several Lodges and Encampment, and unanimously adopted. A lot was at once purchased, and the building, as represented by our illustration, is now in course of construction, and when completed, will be a credit to the Order, to the city, and to the architect, Bro. Robert T. Brookes.

The hall is located at the corner of High and Walnut streets, opposite the Union Block. The dimensions of the building on the ground are 140 by 62½ feet. The style of the building is the Italian phase of architecture, so popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which reached its highest development under the direction of the genius of Sir Christopher Wren.

The first story is of lime-stone. The upper portions are of brick, with Lafayette marble dressings, the whole surmounted by an elaborate cornice of galvanized iron, to be painted to harmonize with the rest of the ornamental work.

In the center of the facade on High street is the principal entrance, giving access to the Lodge and Encampment rooms, by a stairway leading to them and the different floors of the building. The ground floor is divided into store and banking rooms. The second story is divided for offices. The third story is divided into an Encampment-room, 40x60 feet, with complete set of ante-rooms, wardrobe, etc. On this floor, also, are two Lodge-rooms, each 30x50 feet, and each having a complete set of ante-rooms, so arranged that should a public occasion make it desirable, they can all be thrown together; yet each set of rooms is in itself complete for Lodge purposes. Over the ante-rooms are two halls, 19x45 feet, with a height of 13 feet. One of these will be fitted up as a Library, the other as a Degree-Lodge-room.

The cost of the building with land and furniture, will be about \$75,000. The corner-stone was laid with the ceremonies of the Order on the fourth of July, and it is expected that the building will be ready for dedication in one year from this date.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

THANKS.—We are under obligations to P.G. Sire Sanders and the several Grand Representatives from Ohio for favors extended and documents sent us. Our thanks are due to the Grand Secretaries of Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Oregon, for Proceedings received.

CROWDED OUT.—The great length of the synopsis of the Proceedings of the G.L.U.S., which we lay before our readers this month, has compelled us to lay over to November several articles and communications intended for the October number.

THE IMPROVED MANUAL.—The revised edition of this "best book on Odd Fellowship," has been published. It is profusely illustrated with steel engravings and wood-cuts, and really elegant in its entire outfit. For particulars see advertisement on back of this magazine.

REBEKAH REGALIA.—M. C. Lilley & Co., Columbus, Ohio, keep on hand three styles of Rebekah Collars. Send for price list.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

REPORTED BY P.G. THOMAS LUCY, A.M.

The session of the Grand Lodge of the United States was the topic of all-absorbing interest with the Order in Maryland this month, and it would seem appropriate, therefore, to substitute a report of the proceedings of that body for the usual Maryland Department.

The Grand Representatives were generally in the city by Saturday, and on Monday morning, the 21st ult., the session was duly opened. The scene was one of deep interest, Representatives being present from all parts of our now very extensive jurisdiction, more prosperously working than ever. A number of visitors were also present, showing the deep interest felt in the legislation of the supreme body at this time. Representatives from all the States and the Canadas were present.

The following communication was received from Grand Chaplain Williamson:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 20, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER SANDERS: I write by an amanuensis, because I cannot write myself. I am sick nigh unto death; have been suffering here upon my bed for nearly five weeks, unable to stand upon my feet or help myself at all, caused by a complication of hay fever, rheumatism and spasmodic asthma. Up to the last moment I had hoped to be present at the opening of the Grand Lodge; but I find it impossible. I still hope and believe that I will be able to reach Baltimore some time during the session. Will start at the earliest moment that my physician will give his consent. My ardent desire is while I live to serve the Order that I have loved so long and so well; and when I die I want to die with the harness on. Please, therefore, do not "count me out" yet; but get some Brother to officiate for me *pro tem.*, until it shall be definitely settled whether or not it will

be possible for me to reach Baltimore during the session, of which you shall be informed in due season.

Please bear a message of love from me to the Brethren who shall assemble at this annual session, and say to them that in the day of weakness and suffering my love for them and for the great principles in the furtherance of which they are laboring is deepened and quickened; and looking back from old age through the labors of a busy life, there is no part of those labors upon which I look with a more calm and deep satisfaction than upon that which has been devoted to the interests of our beloved Order. And if in the course of Divine Providence this should be the last message they hear from me, my last words to them are, "Be ye faithful even unto the end." Yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,

I. D. WILLIAMSON.

By his son, I. D. Williamson, Jr.

Grand Chaplain Williamson did not recover sufficiently to appear at the session; and Rep. Charles Perkins, of Illinois, was appointed Grand Chaplain *pro tem.*

The reports of the Grand Sire and Grand Secretary are lengthy, able and interesting documents.

Grand Sire Sanders, in his report, congratulates the Representatives upon the continued and increasing prosperity of the Order, and tenders thanks to the ever-living God for the many blessings we have received at his hands. He states that over forty thousand members have been received into our Subordinate Lodges during the past year, and that the increase has been a healthy one. The finances of the Order, in Grand and Subordinate Lodges, never were in better condition. He has visited seventeen of the State jurisdictions, and was cordially and warmly received everywhere. The report then continues:

"The 26th day of April, 1869, will be the semi-centennial anniversary of our Order in the United States. It would seem necessary and proper that the day should be celebrated rather more than on ordinary occasions; and I trust that you may take some action in the premises. Let there be rejoicings wherever a Lodge of the Order can be found. Let the world, as far as possible, know what Odd Fellowship is. If we have faith in our principles, let the people know them; and the result must be good. I believe the time has come when we should proclaim our mission to the world.

"I would also call your attention to the fact, which has not heretofore been generally acknowledged, that much of our success in years past has been accomplished through and by the influence of the public press, and it is another evidence of the position we hold before the community, that they give to their readers accounts of our annual meetings and of our proceedings. I would respectfully urge upon our membership the use of these great leaders of public opinion. In every city, town and village, where our Lodges are located, a small amount of money expended yearly, in giving notice of our

place of meeting, of our anniversaries and public meetings, would be the means of keeping our Order before the public, and would repay us a hundred fold. Nor would I neglect our own press. We have our magazines and periodicals, and they should receive from us a generous support. I regard them as great auxiliaries to our cause, and that they have been, and will be for time to come, the means of spreading abroad information that will do much for the welfare of our Order.

"Dispensations have been issued, and the following Lodges and Encampments instituted during the year, viz:

"The Grand Lodge of Colorado, at Denver City, Colorado.

"Oasis Encampment, No. 5, at Brattleboro, Vermont.

"Cheyenne Lodge, No. 4, Dakota Territory.

"Arizona Lodge, No. 1, Arizona Territory.

"— Encampment, No. 4, Brantford, Ontario.

"All of which have commenced operations under the most favorable circumstances.

"At the annual session of this R. W. Grand Lodge held in 1859, our Worthy Grand Secretary reported that he had received from the Grand Lodge of Victoria, Australia, a regular and formal application for a Grand Charter recognizing the Grand Lodge of Victoria as an independent sovereignty in Odd Fellowship, and which said communication was referred at the same session to a special committee, who reported the following resolution, viz:

"That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be instructed to notify the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Victoria, that the Grand Lodge of the United States cannot act definitely on the application made until indubitable evidence of the identity of the work of the Order in Victoria, with that used in this jurisdiction, has been provided, or until this Grand Lodge shall be justified in commissioning a qualified Brother to proceed to Australia and ascertain the actual condition of the Order there; and if found favorable, that he be fully authorized to institute the Order in Australia as an independent jurisdiction, subject only to the limitations and conditions heretofore required in the establishment of the Grand Lodge of British North America."

"This resolution, after ample investigation by this Grand Lodge, was unanimously adopted. This resolution was duly forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Victoria, and no response was received from that body until the 23rd day of January, 1861, and from which communication it appeared that the above resolution of this body had never been received by them. On the 8th day of April, 1861, our Grand Secretary again forwarded a copy of the action and resolution upon the subject matter to their Grand Secretary, which it is supposed duly reached its destination, for in the year 1862 the Grand Secretary reports that he had received two communications from the Grand Secretary of Victoria Grand Lodge, upon the subject of affiliation, and expressing a hope of yet attaining it. Thus the matter rested, until the 29th day of March, 1862. The acting Grand Sire, Milton Herndon, in his report of that year, says, 'at the suggestion of our R. W. Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary,' he had forwarded a blank commission to the Grand Secretary of California, Bro. T. Rogers Johnson, to proceed or send a suitable Brother to Australia, and ascertain the actual condition of the Order there, and if found favorable, invested him with full authority to institute the Order in that far-off land, as an independent jurisdiction, as required by the resolution passed in 1859. The action of the Grand Sire and Grand Secretary was fully endorsed and concurred in by this body. This matter, thus so happily initiated, remained in the hands of Brother Johnson from that time until the past year. That worthy Brother, whose heart ap-

peared to be in the cause, being unable himself to fulfill the mission, and also unable to find any duly qualified Brother to undertake the same, kept the matter in abeyance until September, 1867, when the way was opened. Past Grand Representative A. D. Meacham, of California, accepted the mission of introducing our work in Australia, and, under date of September 23d, 1867, he announced to our worthy Grand Secretary that he was on his way to his field of labor, where he arrived on the 8th day of November, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties. Before this, having heard that the worthy Brother had accepted the mission, on the 7th day of October, 1867, I duly forwarded to him, in accordance with his wishes, full instructions as to his duty in the premises, that in the future no misunderstanding or claims might arise, and that the Brotherhood of Australia might definitely understand upon what terms and conditions they were received into our Order, and especially called his attention to the fact that while our Grand Lodge desired to spread the benign influences of our Order in foreign climes, we could not lose sight for a moment that *our work must be the work used, without alteration of a single letter or sign.* Since then I have received full reports from Bro. Meacham, that his mission has been more successful than could have been expected. He has been acknowledged everywhere, by the Order in Australia, as the missionary from the Grand Lodge of the United States, his instructions received with avidity, and the Order there quite enthusiastic on the adoption of the 'American Constitution,' as they term it. From his reports to me, the field of his labor is a large one. He reports that the Grand Lodge of Victoria has under its charge forty Lodges and one thousand nine hundred and seventy-six members."

Grand Sire Sanders then gives a succinct account of the institution of the Grand Lodge of Australia, published in former numbers of the COMPANION, and continues:

"I congratulate you, Representatives, on this auspicious event. It opens a new field for our action, and I suggest in view of the fact, would it not be proper to commence operations to extend the *American Order* throughout the civilized world, to make of our Order a universal brotherhood? I know in Germany the matter has already been suggested. England we have tried, but with poor success; still, with the present facilities of intercourse and interchange of sentiment, I believe it may succeed. The thought is worthy of your attention, and I leave the matter with you. With this report I annex all communications, form of commission, action and resolutions of Grand Lodge of Victoria, suggestions of Rep. Meacham in regard to printing cards, etc., etc., to which I most respectfully direct your close attention; they are important and worthy of more than mere passing notice.

"The following are the only decisions made by me during the year that require confirmation by you, viz:

First. The seal of a Lodge or Encampment is in the official care of the Secretary or Scribe. They have no right to use the same, except as authorized by their Lodge or Encampment, or in the legitimate business of the Lodge or Encampment where it may be necessary to use the seal.

Second. A certificate to authorize a Brother to receive his Degrees away from the location of his Lodge, can only be granted by application to his Lodge at a regular session. When open as a Degree Lodge the application cannot be made.

Third. A Brother in possession of a traveling or visiting card is not thereby deprived of holding office, or of his rights as a member of his Lodge.

Fourth. Traveling or visiting cards are only in-

tended to be used by a Brother when traveling or visiting beyond his State jurisdiction. The A.T.P.W. cannot be used by a Brother while visiting a Lodge within his own State, and a N.G. of a Lodge within the same jurisdiction would be justified in refusing to admit the Brother unless he has the P.W. of the term.

Fifth. The R.H.S. of the N.G. temporarily occupying the N.G. chair has no right to authorize a Brother to confer the term-word upon another Brother of the same Lodge to enable him to visit other Lodges.

Sixth. There is no such rule in the Order "as to change the place of trial of the Brother." He must be tried in the Lodge or Encampment where he is a member, and where the charges are preferred. No other Lodge or Encampment has jurisdiction in the matter.

Seventh. A D.D.G. Sire has no right, by virtue of his office, to take the C.P.'s chair in an Encampment. He can only take such chair when surrendered to him for installation of the officers.

Eighth. A Brother holding a traveling or visiting card is entitled in visiting to use the A.T.P.W. in force at the time his card was granted.

Ninth. An officer elected cannot be installed in office by proxy.

Tenth. A Special Deputy appointed to institute a Lodge or Encampment, fulfills his duty when such Lodge or Encampment is instituted, and he has made report of the same.

Eleventh. All members of the Order are in duty bound, while in their Lodge or Encampment, to be governed by the well-known usages of the Order, and in case of their refusal, it is proper to prefer charges against them for conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow. No member can claim indulgence on account of his official position in the Order.

Twelfth. It is the moral duty of every Lodge to see that a Brother in distress be attended to, and a Lodge or member would fail in their duty, should they neglect to do so.

"I respectfully call your attention to a decision made at the last session of this R.W. Body, in regard to the manner of balloting for Degrees. The Committee on the State of the Order submitted a resolution, that after performing the work in the Degrees 'they might open in the Initiatory Degree and close in due form,' which was adopted, but afterwards the vote was reconsidered, and finally amended, 'and shall not be open in the Initiatory.' During the past year I have received numerous communications upon the subject, claiming that after the Lodge was duly closed for the evening, it was almost impossible to procure a quorum of members to do the necessary work required, in some cases, the officers of the Lodge claiming that, the Lodge being duly closed, they had no right to officiate further. In all cases I have decided that the Grand Lodge of the United States having decided the matter, there was no other course to pursue but to follow out their mandates. In this connection the question arose, whether it was necessary to have a quorum of members present to transact the business. To which I replied in the affirmative, as no Lodge can be opened for the transaction of any business, unless a quorum as provided by these laws were present. I therefore suggest the propriety of again adopting the resolution as recommended by the Committee of the State of the Order at the late session.

"Since the last session of this R.W. Body, I have received numerous inquiries from late members of our Order, who have been suspended or expelled from their Lodges and Encampments for non-payment of dues, praying that our Grand Lodge may take some action in the matter so that they may again become members of the Order. The subject is one of great importance to us as an Order, and

has repeatedly been brought before our Grand Lodge, but action has been delayed from time to time. From an examination of the annual reports for the past twenty years, it will be found in that time the Subordinate Lodges have suspended from membership no less than 214,990 members, and with but few exceptions for non-payment of dues; no doubt many of these have been reinstated, but the great number are Odd Fellows but in name—having no legal existence. There are, no doubt, in this number many who have allowed themselves to be suspended, because they never were with us in heart, and in some cases where they have joined with selfish objects, and failing to carry out their designs, have followed this course to be relieved of membership. But from general inquiry in the various jurisdictions, it will be found that many have failed to pay their dues on account of inability to do so at the time they were called upon, and before they were able to meet the demands have become suspended; I believe the time has come when we should act in this matter, to throw open the doors of our Lodge rooms for the admission of these very men, and I have no doubt their reception will tend to advance the prosperity of our Order. I therefore trust the subject will be disposed of at the present session, in such manner as may be thought best for the welfare of our Order.

"Since the last Session of this R.W. Body, I have endeavored to find out from the different Secretaries of the Southern Grand Lodges the exact condition of our Order in their respective jurisdictions, how they stood, what their wants were, and their prospects for the future; and on the 12th day of last June I addressed a letter to each of the jurisdictions, a copy of which accompanies this report. In response to the same, I have heard from Virginia, Mississippi, Texas, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas. These reports show a slight increase in membership during the past year. That notwithstanding what they have passed through since 1861, they are doing what they can to carry out the great principles of the Order. That they are resuscitating Lodges that had become dormant on account of the ravages of the war. That the relief furnished them the past year by this Grand Lodge and the Order generally has been gratefully received, and have been the means of cheering the hearts of our Brethren who had been struggling manfully against what seemed to them almost death to the Order, which they revered, and which they had been trying to uphold. I would respectfully call your attention to the correspondence from these jurisdictions, coming as it does from men who are supposed, from their official position, to be well acquainted with the progress and future prospects of the Order in their respective jurisdictions; some considerable light may be gleaned that no doubt will be of advantage to us in our legislation, if any should be required of a special character for our Southern Brethren. I must say, that from my examination of the same I am gratified by the spirit manifested by our worthy Brethren. They show the spirit of men who are determined to advance our standard. Though they have passed through the fires of affliction, they are not wanting in the duties they owe to our Order. That they are determined that they will again take their places in our ranks, and as of yore be again found fighting manfully for the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth."

After referring to an oversight in the legislation of the last session relative to binding Volume V of the Revised Journal, and announcing the death of P.G.M. and G.R. G. L. Townsend, of Connecticut, and P.G.M. and P.G.R. John W. Hodgson, of the District of Columbia, in appropriate terms, the report closes with an appeal to Representatives for

their co-operation, and an expression of thanks for past favors.

From Grand Secretary Ridgely's report we condense the following abstract:

The volume of "Forms" authorized by the G.L.U.S. last session was unavoidably postponed publication in order that these "Forms" may be more deliberately considered and passed upon before giving them to the Brotherhood as a permanent work; besides which the price fixed for the sale of the whole "Book of Forms" was less than was already prescribed for the single form of Public Installation. Hence the printing was deferred, and the whole subject committed to the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Secretary recommends, upon the suggestion of Grand Secretary Earl, of Ohio, such a modification of the "Grand Lodge Returns" as will avoid the names of "expelled and suspended members" for publication, seeing no benefit to arise from the continuance of such publication.

On the subject of the "Periodicals of the Order," he remarks:

"The periodical press of the Order has become a decided institution in Odd Fellowship, and has worked its way upon individual and personal merit alone. So far from the increase in the number of these periodicals operating, as some had feared, to prejudice the mind of the Order against this auxiliary, it has had the opposite effect; it has produced a spirit of laudable competition and rivalry in the editorial management of these works, and hence their decided general improvement. Taken as a whole, our periodical press will compare favorably with the literary press of any other organization in the country, and is beyond doubt not only exercising an influence for good upon the legislation and general administration of the Order, but is also properly vindicating its claim to public consideration, by a forceful exhibit of the merits of Odd Fellowship, and of its work everywhere in behalf of man. I beg very respectfully to suggest that such legislation be had as will place full copies of all these works in the library of the G.L.U.S."

In regard to the "general correspondence" of his office, the Grand Secretary gives lengthy reports of the condition of all the jurisdictions; but as most of these have, in some form or other, been given during the year in the pages of the COMPANION, we need only give here the briefest extracts, to show the progress and present prosperity of each. Of our own Maryland he writes:

"The high degree of prosperity which Odd Fellowship has reached in all its departments is a just source of pride to the Brotherhood; and the success which has crowned their labors, has had the happy effect of stimulating them for still greater distinction and usefulness. The report shows a solid column of thirteen thousand—moving on with a firm and undeviating tread, upon the path which leads to victory over 'vice in all its forms.' Its trophies for the past year will be seen in its disbursements during that period for relief of over sixty thousand dollars. The strength of the State is small, comparatively, with some of the larger jurisdictions, but in no quarter is the work and practical business of Odd Fellowship enacted with greater fidelity. There is, too, a corresponding state of prosperity in the Patriarchal branch."

Of the great State of Ohio, the COMPANION State, he adds: "This great jurisdiction of our Union keeps steady pace with her sister jurisdictions of the great West. Odd Fellowship covers the entire length and breadth of its territory, and its march is ever progressive. In numerical strength and resources, it ranks pre-eminently, holding position in the first tier of States, and the prospect is cheering for such early future acquisitions as to rival the strongest and

most prosperous of our jurisdictions. The ninth annual report of Grand Secretary Earl says, that 'never was the condition of Odd Fellowship in Ohio so good; never did it stand upon so firm a basis, and never did it so thoroughly command respect for its quiet but all-important ministrations, as it does today.' Again: 'I have searched in vain for a good reason for requiring the names of expelled Brothers to be reported. It only encumbers the minutes, and does no good.' Grand Scribe Hubbell writes: 'At our last session, eleven new charters for Encampments were granted. We are moving on our onward march with accelerated speed, gathering force and character as we proceed, and the best of feeling prevails in the entire jurisdiction.'"

British North America.—Only three Lodges at work; forty new members during the year. Total membership, 234.

Ontario (Canada West).—Increased during the year over 33½ per cent., and will be entitled to two Representatives in G.L.U.S.

New Hampshire.—Two Lodges revived; two new ones instituted. Total, 25 Lodges. Net gain in membership, 434. Members, 3,034.

Maine.—One new Lodge; over 300 added to membership during the year. In the Encampment membership doubled since 1866. One new Camp.

Vermont.—Five Lodges at work, three feeble. A new Lodge organized at Rutland. One new Camp, No. 5, at Brattleboro.

Connecticut.—Growth not rapid, but substantial. Twenty Lodges; 2,178 members.

Massachusetts.—Over 1400 new members initiated. All the Lodges, except four, at work. One new Lodge; four resuscitated; two Lodges chartered at last session. Three new Encampments. Motto: "Onward."

Rhode Island.—Net gain the past year greater than for the ten previous. Eleven Lodges, 830 members.

New York.—196 Lodges, 2,591 initiations, 16,271 members. Over \$50,000 for relief. Annual receipts, \$142,086.41.

New Jersey.—Falls short only 152 of having doubled its membership in the last five years. Eight new Lodges since annual report, 4 revived; the greatest increase since 1848, a period of 20 years. Six new Camps, net increase of members, 281, averaging 11 to each Encampment. Three years ago, 602 Patriarchs; now, 1,292.

Pennsylvania.—Onward march colossal. 526 Lodges, 66,247 members, 10,360 initiated during the year. Receipts, \$523,190.26. 133 Encampments at active work, with a membership of 10,000, and the increase still goes on. The Grand Secretary adds: "We have added over 7,000 to our membership, and the day is not distant when every man who professes the proper qualifications will seek admission at our portals."

Delaware.—This little State is vigorous, ever advancing in strength and value, and has 30 Lodges, all working harmoniously.

Michigan.—Increase in Lodges, 8; in membership, nearly 800; in annual receipts, \$6,000. The past year was the most prosperous one since the establishment of the Order.

Illinois.—Increase, 18 per cent. Twenty-nine new Lodges during the year; 268 Lodges and 15,000 members in line. Ten new Camps, two resuscitated; net gain in membership in this branch, 602. Since report, four new charters issued.

Indiana.—Lodges multiplying, membership increasing, treasures enlarging, appropriations for relief extending. 273 Lodges, 84 Camps, 14,737 members.

Kentucky.—Net increase in membership, 418; in the Encampment, 99. Seven new Lodges, two new Encampments. \$18,162 expended by Lodges for relief; \$2,468 by the Encampments. Widows' and

Orphans' Home and College established. This jurisdiction is making a bold effort for pre-eminence by its recent gallant legislation.

Tennessee.—Eighty-three Lodges prosperously at work, with 3,329 members; a gain of 17 Lodges and 694 members, which would be increased if all the returns were in. Twenty-three Encampments, leaving only four to be put to work to make an unbroken line.

Missouri.—Net increase nearly 25 per cent., with 24 additional Lodges at work. 137 Lodges, over 6,000 members. Annual receipts nearly \$60,000; relief, nearly \$20,000.

Iowa.—Reports not all in, but there is a gain of 13 Lodges and 860 members; three Camps and 204 Patriarchs. Two new Lodges since July, and two more applications.

Wisconsin.—Thirty additional Lodges and seven new Encampments; all the old Lodges, with one or two exceptions, partake of a common enthusiasm.

Oregon.—Onward. Seven Lodges; 1,114 members. *Nebraska.*—One new Lodge, No. 11, at Lincoln, the capital. The past year has been one of success.

Nevada.—Thirteen Lodges, with an aggregate membership of 1,000, which have paid for relief over \$6,000.

Minnesota.—The Order continues to flourish, and the indications now are that there will be a sufficient membership to entitle the jurisdiction to two Representatives in 1869.

Kansas.—Thirty-one Lodges at active work, with a membership exceeding 1500, and six Encampments, with corresponding energy laboring in the good cause.

Colorado.—The Grand Lodge of this new jurisdiction is located at Georgetown, a thriving city of 3,000 population, in the heart of the silver regions. Five Lodges, with a prospect in the future exceedingly bright. They ask to have the Lodge in Dakota Territory counted with them.

Arizona.—One Lodge in this far-off Territory.

California.—We have much reason to be proud of this jurisdiction in numbers, resources, and active work; of her libraries, cemeteries, and schools, and of those liberalities and charities which the G.L.U. S. has invoked, she has nobly led the way. To California we are indebted for the adoption of our work in far-off Australia. The Lodges number 106, and over 10,000 members, with a constant increase.

Arkansas.—Membership nearly double what it was last year. Three new Lodges, and three old ones revived.

District of Columbia.—Order in the highest degree prosperous. Thirteen Lodges, with 2,412 members. Four Encampments, with 765 members. Territory very small.

Virginia.—Number of members decreasing over 50 per cent., but reached its lowest stage of depression. Grand Master now visiting the weak and languishing Lodges, strengthening those ready to perish, resuscitating the dormant and defunct, and endeavoring to build up the waste places.

West Virginia.—Progress onward here. The Patriarchal branch exhibits a larger gain this year than ever before.

North Carolina.—Reviving slowly; was perhaps the greatest comparative sufferer in the Order by the civil war. Twenty-two Lodges; have increased during the year 72 members; there is more zeal in Odd Fellowship this year, but poverty and the condition of the country keep all down.

South Carolina.—Numbers so reduced as to only entitle the jurisdiction to one Representative this year, yet hoping for better days.

Georgia.—Compare more favorably than last year, showing some increase of Lodges, initiations, membership, and revenue. The Encampment branch has had a corresponding success.

Florida.—Five Lodges at work, with some indica-

tions of activity and energy in the work, and general administration of affairs.

Mississippi.—Although two new Lodges have been instituted, and four dormant ones revived, there has been a loss of 95 in membership compared with last year.

Louisiana.—Thirty-one healthful Subordinates, with 2,000 members. Five Encampments, all in good condition. Order prosperous.

Alabama.—Lodges negligent in reporting, so as to show, in summing up, a loss, though the Order has increased at least 75. Business generally depressed, and our Order is the first to show its effects, hence the difficulty of holding our own.

Texas.—Twelve defunct Lodges resuscitated; four new ones organized; forty-one at work. The past year has been one of heavy affliction by yellow fever and a destructive storm.

The Grand Secretary reports further that the revenue of the G.L.U.S. is some \$30,000, and exceeds that of the last fiscal year, showing a highly prosperous condition, notwithstanding the very considerable reduction made in supplies; and concludes his report with a most eloquent peroration, which we will give our readers in the next number.

The Chair announced the following standing committees:

State of the Order: Reps. Stokes, of Pennsylvania; Escaville, of Maryland; Stuart, of District of Columbia; Page, of Wisconsin; and Ford, of Massachusetts.

Legislative: Reps. Garey, of Maryland; Fitzhugh, of Virginia; Smiley, of Tennessee; Simpson, of Pennsylvania; and Sprague, of Michigan.

Correspondence: Reps. Mauro, of Missouri; Bancroft, of Massachusetts; Thayer, of South Carolina; Funk, of Indiana; and Adams, of New Hampshire.

Finance: Reps. Terwilliger, of New York; Bailey, of Pennsylvania; Logan, of Kansas; McCarty, of Indiana; and Botsford, of Connecticut.

Appeals: Reps. Lamberton, of Pennsylvania; Carter, of Ohio; Andrews, of Texas; Kingsbury, of Maine; and Shields, of Alabama.

Constitutions: Reps. Dowden, of Kentucky; Driscoll, of Rhode Island; Fithian, of Ohio; Hide, of Tennessee; and Reed, of New Jersey.

Petitions: Reps. Leech, of Iowa; Durham, of Kentucky; White, of New York; Dannels, of California; and Davis, of New Hampshire.

Returns: Reps. Ross, of New Jersey; Mayes, of Mississippi; Strong, of Minnesota; Rogers, of Illinois; and Harris, of Connecticut.

Mileage and Per Diem: Reps. Viele, of Ohio; Ransom, of Kentucky; Force, of New Jersey; Latham, of Virginia; and Havenner, of District of Columbia.

Printing: Reps. McLean, of District of Columbia; Glenn, of Iowa; Foulk, of Delaware; Woodruff, of Canada West; and Duvall, of West Virginia.

Grand Bodies not Represented: Reps. Gunnison, of California; Haupt, of Georgia; Jones, of Nebraska; Oakes, of Michigan; and Hayden, of Massachusetts.

The following subjects were presented and referred to the Committee on State of the Order:

To procure from Lodges statistical information similar to that reported in 1853; to ascertain their expenses other than benefits; and to report a basis on which Lodges can safely work.

To permit the forms given in Grosh's Manual to be used by Lodges who prefer them.

To repeal the law forbidding the initiation of a person who has lost his right arm.

To inquire if a candidate can be admitted with a disabled right hand.

To inquire if a Lodge can confer the freedom of debate upon a Brother of a foreign Jurisdiction.

The following were referred to the Legislative Committee:

To have the "work" translated in the Italian language.

To allow membership to stand in an Encampment one year after taking a withdrawal card from a Lodge.

To dispense with aprons, except in the Initiatory and Encampment Degrees.

To adopt regulations respecting the admission of suspended or non-affiliating members in certain jurisdictions.

To authorize Grand Patriarchs and their Deputies to confer the Encampment Degrees, so as to qualify petitioners for a charter for an Encampment where none exists.

To give power to Grand Lodges to confer the Grand Lodge and P.O. Degrees upon Past Grands of any other jurisdiction.

To devise a plan by which orphans of deceased Brethren can be recognized by the Fraternity, when removed from the care of the Lodge to which they belong.

To allow each Grand Lodge to adopt a funeral ceremony for its Subordinates.

To report a law, limiting the time when a motion for reconsideration of a ballot rejecting a candidate for membership may be considered.

The following resolutions were adopted:

To permit the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania to hold their next annual session at Harrisburg.

To appoint a committee of three to report a collar and jewel for Past Grand Patriarchs—Reps. Rusha, Stuart and Bailey.

To have the Digest revised, and a new one made, to include the decisions from 1863 to the end of the present session.

To appoint a special committee on the Degree of Rebekah, namely: Reps. White, Fithian, McLean, Baker and Dannals.

To visit, this, Monday evening, Washington Lodge, No. 1, the common parent of all Lodges of the I.O.O.F.

To authorize the Grand Secretary to make a settlement with the Grand Lodge of Texas, so as to allow her further time for payment.

To appoint a special committee of five, to take into consideration the appointment of a Special Grand Commissioner to visit the Southern Jurisdictions, to revive and aid the Order there—Reps. Ross, Leech, Johnson, Sloan and Oakes.

To refer the Grand Sire's recommendation of a semi-centennial anniversary to a special committee of five—Past Grand Sires Kennedy and Nicholson, and Reps. Ford, Logan and Smiley.

To refer matters relating to the Order in Australia to a special committee of three—Past Grand Sire Veitch, and Reps. Lamberton and Fitzhugh.

To refer the suggestion of employing the public press as a means of keeping the Order before the public, to a special committee of three—Reps. Venable, Ellis, and Havenner.

To refer the subject of suspended and expelled members, and all suggestions and reports thereon, to a special committee of five—Reps. Hills, Rusha, Cummings, Harris and Clark.

To refer the correspondence on Southern Jurisdictions, and to consider the wants of those bodies, with a view to ascertaining whether anything further can be done for them, to the Committee on Correspondence.

The Representatives partook of a collation at the Gilmor House at noon, by invitation of the Order in Maryland.

Adjourned, to meet to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22, 9 o'clock, A. M.

The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled pursuant to adjournment.

The Corresponding and Recording Secretary presented a supplementary report, showing the total receipts to amount to \$29,630.86.

The R. W. Grand Treasurer submitted his annual report showing the whole receipts from Sept. 17, 1867, to Sept. 21, 1868, including balance on hand at first date, to be \$50,785.17; the total disbursements, \$31,684.35; cash balance, \$19,100.82; United States Bonds, \$10,000.00; notes of Grand Bodies, \$225.00; total assets, \$29,325.82. The Wilsey Monument Fund: cash balance, \$468.11; U. S. Bonds, \$2,000; total, \$2,468.11. The interest from the bonds is sufficient to keep the monument in proper condition, and to make such improvements as may be necessary for ornament and protection.

The fund for the relief of certain Southern jurisdictions amounted to \$14,327; all of which has been distributed except \$642.41.

The Committee on Constitutions made several reports approving the constitutions and by-laws of a number of Grand Bodies.

A proposition to permit Lodges who do not confer the Degrees, to ballot for them without closing in the Initiatory Degree first, was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order.

The hour for the election of Grand Officers having arrived, the Lodge proceeded to the election with the following result:

E. D. FARNSWORTH, of Tennessee, Grand Sire.

F. D. STUART, of the District of Columbia, Deputy Grand Sire.

JAS. L. RIDGELY, of Maryland, Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

JOSHUA VANSANT, of Maryland, Grand Treasurer.

The following matters were referred to the Legislative Committee:

To require Lodges before balloting for Brothers who cannot identify themselves with the Order, to communicate with the Grand Lodge of the State in which the Brother last held membership.

To inquire into the expediency of requiring Lodges to work in the Scarlet Degree.

The following subjects were referred to the Committee on Petitions:

To take into consideration the depressed condition of the Order in Vermont and to appoint a special commissioner to visit that jurisdiction, and assist in making an effort to revive the Order there.

To permit Bro. L. T. Moore, of Michigan, the right to attach the seal of the G.L.U.S. to a symbolical chart and certificate of membership which he has designed and got up.

The following was referred to the Committee on Finance:

To reduce the cost of supplies twenty-five per cent.

The subject of conferring the Degree of Rebekah upon widows of Brothers of the Fifth Degree only; and preparing visiting cards for Daughters of Rebekah, were referred to the special committee on that Degree.

The proposed amendment to the constitution to reduce the representative-tax from \$75 to \$50 was rejected. Yeas 34, nays 68.

The following resolution was adopted:

To appoint a committee of three to provide a suitable design for an Odd Fellow's flag or banner, with the distinctive features of the Order in colors and emblems, that can be furnished upon reasonable terms to Lodges. Reps. Ford, Stuart, and Escavaille.

Adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

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WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23, 9 o'clock, A. M.

The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled pursuant to adjournment.

The Legislative Committee presented various reports as follows, which were laid on the table under the rule:

A report in favor of requiring State Grand Bodies using the privileges of the law of 1865 in regard to suspended or non-affiliating members, to incorporate into their local law certain regulations of inquiry, additional to those in ordinary use, to secure uniformity, and proper protection to the Order.

That any regulation or legislation respecting the care of orphans of Odd Fellows beyond what now exists, or that correspondence between the Lodges concerned can furnish, is impracticable, and inexpedient.

In favor of amending Art. 22, By-Laws G.L.U.S. in regard to regalia, so as to dispense with the apron except in the Initiatory and Encampment Degrees.

In favor of a law empowering Grand Patriarchs and their agents to confer the Encampment Degrees upon a sufficient number of Scarlet Degree members for the purpose of enabling them to petition for an Encampment where none exists.

Recommending a change of Section 9, page 13 of the Digest, by adding "and providing always, that such reconsideration shall be had within the four meeting nights succeeding the rejection."

Against the proposition to have the work translated into Italian, and to permit Lodges to work in that language.

That State Grand Lodges can confer the Grand Lodge and P. O. Degrees upon Past Grands of another jurisdiction, but to prevent all doubt on the subject, they submit a resolution to that effect.

Against any law requiring Lodges to work in the Scarlet Degree.

That each Grand Lodge shall have the power to adopt a funeral ceremony for its jurisdiction until further action by the G.L.U.S.

In favor of membership in an Encampment being allowed to continue for one year after taking a withdrawal card from the Lodge.

A resolution was adopted to visit Baltimore City Lodge this evening.

The 2d proposed amendment to the constitution, to strike out "two Grand Lodges and two Grand Encampments in New York," was adopted.

All the other proposed amendments to the constitution were rejected.

The proposal to change the name of the G.L.U.S. was, on motion of Representative Ellis, of Maryland, referred to a special committee. Ellis, Mauro, Woodyat, Rogers and Adams.

The Committee on the State of the Order presented sundry reports, which were laid on the table under the rule:

In favor of refusing a card to a financial officer who refuses to settle his accounts, or deliver the books and papers of the Lodge to its order.

Against concurring with the Grand Sire in his fourth decision, but confirming all the others.

In favor of the proposition to obtain statistical information similar to that reported in 1853, but in addition to ascertain the expenses of Lodges, and report a basis on which Lodges can work; and requiring the Cor. and Rec. Secretary to forward a certain set of questions on the subject for replies from every Lodge.

That it is inexpedient, if not improper, for a Lodge to confer the freedom of debate upon a Brother of another jurisdiction.

In favor of giving to each Subordinate Lodge, the decision for itself as to the propriety of initiating a person who has lost a limb.

The thanks of the several Southern jurisdictions, for the aid furnished them by the G.L.U.S. and the Grand Lodges of the Northern and Western States, were received and presented to the Lodge.

The Committee on Appeals presented reports, which were laid on the table, under the rule, as follows:

In the case of Grand Master Hyland and the Grand Lodge of West Virginia, it was held, that the decisions of a Grand Master are in full force until reversed by his Grand Lodge—that a tie vote does not reverse a decision—but, that a Lodge interested cannot vote on its own case; hence, there was no tie, and the Grand Master's decision stands affirmed.

In the case of Bro. Lawless and the Grand Lodge of Ontario, it was held, that a Brother who had not served two terms in a subordinate office, as required by the law of that jurisdiction, was nevertheless

eligible to the V.G.'s chair, he having served twenty-six nights, which is the law of the G.L.U.S., and overrules the provincial requirement.

In the case of P.D.G.M. Dean and the Grand Lodge of Michigan, it was held, that it is in accordance with the Constitution of that State, and the principles of the Order, to pay Past Grand Masters mileage and a per diem, while attending the sessions of the Grand Lodge the same as the officers, if the Grand Lodge so desire.

The Committee on Finance submitted reports which were laid on the table, under the rule, as follows:

To appropriate \$27,095.00, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the payment of the expenses of the Grand Lodge for the ensuing year.

Against reducing the cost of supplies twenty-five per cent.

The special committee on the semi-centennial anniversary of the Order, reported in favor of a grand national celebration by the G.L.U.S. at Philadelphia, and for all Grand Bodies throughout the jurisdiction, as they may arrange, on the 26th of April next. The report was considered, and Philadelphia at first struck out and Cincinnati inserted. This was afterwards reconsidered and Philadelphia put back. The committee on the National Jubilee, are Past Grand Sire Kennedy, and Reps. Ford, Garey, Read, and Maris, to whom were afterwards added Grand Sire Farnsworth, and Past Grand Sires Nicholson and Perkins.

The Special Committee on Southern Jurisdictions, reported in favor of the Grand Sire visiting, at the expense of the G.L.U.S., these ten States devastated by the war, to aid and encourage them, with power to call to his assistance such members of the Order as he may deem necessary to revive the Order in the South.

The Special Committee on the Degree of Rebekah reported a number of resolutions and regulations, to institute Degree Lodges of the Daughters of Rebekah, to provide for dues and benefits, the same as in Subordinate Lodges, wives and widows to be members, and to provide for cards for admission to other Rebekah Degree Lodges. All Degree Lodges to consist of at least ten members, five of each sex.

The special committee to whom was referred matters relating to the establishment of the Order in Australia, reported in favor of approving the action of the Grand Officers; returning the thanks of the G.L.U.S. to Special Deputy Grand Sire Meacham and Grand Secretary Johnson, of California; and empowering the Grand Sire to introduce the Patriarchal work in Australia.

The Special Committee on the Book of Forms, being P.G. Sire Veitch, and Reps. Bancroft, Rogers, Sprague, and Doull, reported in favor of the forms referred to them, and also submitted one for laying corner-stones of Odd Fellows' Halls. The price of the book to be \$2.

Adjourned until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24, 1863.

The R.W. Grand Lodge assembled pursuant to adjournment.

The report of the Legislative Committee, in favor of transferring Cheyenne Lodge, No. 1, to the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Colorado, was adopted.

The resolutions requiring Lodges to accept the care of a sick Brother of another Lodge and appoint watchers, were considered, amended to read as the twelfth decision of the Grand Sire, and adopted.

The following reports were submitted by the respective committees, and laid on the table under the rule:

The special committee to design an Odd Fellows' Flag reported, that it be of white material, eleven-nineteenths of the length to be the width, with the three links in the center, and the letters I.O.O.F.

The Committee on Petitions reported adversely to allowing Bro. Moore the use of the seal of the Grand Lodge to his certificate of membership; and in favor of appointing G.R. Dennis, of Michigan, Commissioner to Vermont, with an appropriation of \$250 for defraying expenses.

The Committee on the State of the Order reported, as instructed, to confirm the 4th decision of the Grand Sire.

The Committee on Returns reported in favor of not publishing the names of suspended members, and requiring Lodges not to expel for non-payment of dues.

The special committee on the subject of suspension for non-payment of dues reported in favor of those submitted last session, on page 4,189 of the Journal.

The Committee on the State of the Order reported in favor of amending Art. XV of the by-laws of the Grand Lodge, to give the Grand Sire power to fill all vacancies until filled by election, or as otherwise required.

The Committee on Past Grand Patriarch's Collar and Jewel reported that it be a Royal Purple collar, five inches in width, trimmed with yellow metal lace, with crossed crooks and dove with olive branch. The jewel to be of yellow metal, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, with double triangle and rays extending from rim, and the letters P.G.P. in the center of triangle.

The Committee on Correspondence reported in favor of approving the establishment of the Order in Australia, and the course adopted to aid Southern Jurisdictions.

The report that any regulation or legislation respecting the care of orphans of Odd Fellows, beyond what now exists, or that correspondence between the Lodges concerned can furnish, is impracticable and inexpedient, was adopted.

The following report was adopted:

"Your Legislative Committee, to whom was referred the amendment to article twenty-two of the by-laws of the Grand Lodge, proposed by P.G. Sire Nicholson, (see page 86 and 87, daily Journal,) having considered the same, report, that they recommend the adoption of the following resolution, and ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject:

"Resolved, That article twenty-two, of the by-laws of this Grand Lodge, be so amended that it shall read as follows, to wit:

*"ARTICLE XXII.—*The regalia of the Order shall be as follows, to wit: Collars of Subordinate Lodges shall be white, trimmed with the emblematic color of the Degree intended to be represented, namely, First Degree, white; Second Degree, pink; Third Degree, blue; Fourth Degree, green; Fifth Degree, scarlet. Rosettes of the appropriate colors can be worn on the collars. Plain white aprons for Initiatory Degree.

"The Noble Grand shall wear a scarlet collar; Vice Grand, blue collar; Secretary, green collar; Treasurer, green collar—each of them trimmed with white or silver. Supporters of Noble Grand, scarlet sashes; of the Vice Grand, blue sashes; Warden and Conductor, black sashes; Scene Supporters, white sashes; Chaplain, white sash; Outside Guardian, red sash; Inside Guardian, blue sash.

"Past Grands shall wear scarlet collars or sashes, trimmed with white. The collars or sashes may be trimmed with silver lace or fringe, and those having attained the Royal Purple Degree, may have trimmings of yellow metal.

"The Grand Officers and Past Grands of Grand Lodges shall wear the regalia of Past Grands, as above defined.

"The Encampment regalia shall be black aprons and gloves, and for Patriarchs who have attained the Royal Purple Degree, purple collars, and the aprons and collars trimmed with yellow lace or fringe. Past Chief Patriarchs shall wear purple collars or sashes, trimmed as above defined.

"The regalia for Grand Representatives shall be a collar of purple velvet, not more than four inches in width, with a roll of scarlet velvet, the trimmings to be of white and yellow metal, and the collar to be united in front with three links, to which may be suspended such medal or medals as the member may be entitled to wear.

"Past Grand Representatives and the Officers and Past Officers of the Grand Lodge of the United States shall wear the regalia above described for Grand Representatives.

"The jewel of the Grand Sire and Past Grand Sires shall be a medal three inches in diameter, of yellow metal, on one side of which shall be the coat of arms of the United States, surrounded by an ornamental edging of silver.

"Representatives and Past Representatives shall be entitled to wear medals of the size and style above, with the coat of arms of the State represented."

The report sustaining the decision of P.G.M. Hyland, of West Virginia, was adopted.

The report of the Legislative Committee, recommending the adoption of the following resolution, was adopted:

"Resolved, That the Grand Patriarchs and their duly commissioned Special Deputies are hereby empowered, under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Grand Encampments respectively, to confer the Subordinate Encampment Degrees upon a sufficient number of Scarlet Degree members of a Subordinate Lodge, for the purpose of qualifying them as proper petitioners for a warrant or charter for an Encampment within their jurisdiction, at a place where none exists."

The report from the same committee, recommending that an unfavorable ballot on the application of a candidate for admission can only be reconsidered within the four meeting-nights next succeeding the rejection, was adopted.

The report adverse to a translation of the work in Italian, and to charter Lodges to work in that language, was adopted.

The report in favor of conferring the G.L. and P. O. Degrees on a P.G. of another jurisdiction, was adopted.

The report adverse to requiring Lodges to work in the Scarlet Degree, was adopted.

The proposition to allow Grand Lodges to adopt a funeral ceremony to suit themselves, was rejected.

The following resolution, recommended by the Legislative Committee, was adopted:

"Resolved, That when a member of an Encampment in good standing takes a withdrawal card from the Subordinate Lodge of which he may be a member, his membership in his Encampment shall not be affected thereby for a year from the date of his said withdrawal card. He shall be considered in good standing in his Encampment if he deposits his withdrawal card in a Subordinate Lodge and becomes a member thereof any time within a year from the date of his said withdrawal card, provided, he shall keep his dues paid up in the Encampment during that time."

The recommendation of the same committee, "that section three, under the head of 'Membership in the Patriarchal Order,' Digest, page 92, be and the same is hereby repealed, because it is inconsistent with the foregoing resolution," was adopted.

The following report by Rep. Carter, of Ohio, from the Committee on Appeals, was adopted:

"The Committee on Appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of Past Grand C. E. Peirce, from the action of the R.W. Grand Lodge of Ontario, in the matter of Thomas Lawless, of Excelsior Lodge, No. 44, respectfully report, that having examined the papers presented in this case, find the following facts to exist, viz: Thomas Lawless, a member of Excelsior Lodge, No. 44, was, at a regular meeting of said Lodge held for the purpose of electing its officers, elected Vice Grand. At the next meeting, D.D. Grand Master J. W. Ferguson, being present for the purpose of installing the officers, refused to install Brother Lawless in the office of Vice Grand, declaring him ineligible, on the grounds that he had not served two terms in a subordinate office previous to his election. From the action of the D.D. Grand Master Brother Lawless appealed to the Grand Lodge of Ontario. The Grand Lodge, after consideration of the matter, refused to sustain the appeal, and from this action the appeal of P.G. C. E. Pierce is taken. The following is an extract from the Constitution, as laid down for the government of Subordinate Lodges of Ontario:

"ART. III, SEC. I.

"[Clause 2.] Any Brother to be nominated for the office of G.M., must be a P.G., having the three P. O. Degrees; for the office of N.G., a V.G., or P.V.G.; for the office of V.G., a Secretary, Past Secretary, or a Brother who has completed or is then serving a second term in some inferior office or offices in the Lodge; and no Brother shall be eligible to any of the other elective offices unless he shall have served at least two terms in some appointed office, and shall have attained the Scarlet Degree.

"The Grand Lodge of the United States has, however, legislated upon this subject, and declared 'that twenty-six nights' service as an inferior officer, is a sufficient qualification for the chair of Vice Grand; provided, of course, the Brother has attained to sufficient Degrees, and is otherwise competent.'—Journal, page 1067.

"This is the supreme law, and it appearing clearly that Brother Lawless had rendered the necessary service in an inferior office, has attained the required Degrees, and was otherwise competent, your com-

mittee conclude that he was eligible, and entitled to be installed into the office of Vice Grand, and that the Grand Lodge of Ontario erred in not sustaining his appeal; we therefore recommend for your adoption the following resolution:

Resolved, That the appeal of P.G. C. E. Peirce, from the action of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, be, and the same is hereby sustained."

The report on the appeal of P.D.G.M. Dean, of Michigan, confirming the right of the Grand Lodge of that State to pay mileage and per diem to its Past Grand Masters, was adopted.

The reports in favor of not granting a card to a financial officer who fails to settle his accounts, was adopted.

The report adverse to a reduction in the price of supplies, was adopted.

The report in favor of the Grand Sire visiting the ten Southern States at the expense of the Grand Lodge, to aid and encourage the Order, and giving him power to call to his aid such members of the Order as he may deem necessary to revive the Order there, was adopted.

The following report from the Committee on the State of the Order, was adopted:

Resolved, That the R. W. Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary is hereby directed to have the following questions printed, together with such others as he may deem necessary to obtain a full and complete answer to the inquiries contained in the resolution submitted by Rep. Bancroft, of Massachusetts, the same to be forwarded at his earliest convenience, to the R. W. Grand Secretaries of the several jurisdictions under this Grand Lodge, with a request that they will send them to every Subordinate Lodge and Encampment in their jurisdiction, to be filled up with suitable answers to the questions therein contained:

"QUESTIONS.—When was your Lodge instituted? 2. How many members belonged to your Lodge on the first night of the present term? 3. What is the amount charged for initiation and degrees? 4. What was the value of the Lodge property in stocks, funds, or otherwise on the first night of present term? 5. What are the annual dues of each member? 6. What amount has been charged to each member as assessments, or otherwise than those charged as dues? 7. Does your Lodge pay sick benefits? 8. How much does it pay per week to each member? 9. How many weeks does it pay sick benefits in each year? 10. What amount does it pay for funeral benefits? 11. What amount has been donated during the past year, ending the first night of present term? 12. What were the expenses of your Lodge during the past year, exclusive of sick and funeral benefits?

The report declaring it inexpedient if not improper, to grant freedom of debate to a Brother of a foreign jurisdiction, was adopted.

Adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

FRIDAY, September 25, 1868.

The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled pursuant to adjournment.

A petition was received from Bro. Keller, asking the Grand Lodge to either purchase the copyright of the music composed expressly for the ode, or permit him to furnish it at \$15 per hundred, which was referred to the Committee on petitions, who reported

it impracticable at the present time, which was adopted.

A resolution was offered, instructing the Legislative Committee to report suitable legislation to enable a Brother to visit Lodges or Encampments in the jurisdiction in which he may hold membership, upon a traveling card with the A.T.P.W. The committee reported the following amendment to Art. XXV of the By-Laws, which was adopted:

"The T.P.W. is primarily designed for the use of Brethren who are traveling beyond the limits of the jurisdiction to which they belong; but may also be used in the jurisdiction to which Brothers belong, who have received it in good faith for said primary purpose; and in order that each Brother may be properly instructed in it, and visiting Brethren from other jurisdictions be properly examined, the two highest elective officers of a Lodge, and the Chief Patriarch and Senior Warden of an Encampment, are to be privately put into possession of the word at the time of their installation, that they may be qualified either to give or receive it. The Grand Master and Grand Patriarch of a State and their regular Deputies should also be in possession of it."

A resolution was offered by Rep. Carter, of Ohio, and adopted, to give M. C. Lilley and Co., of the COMPANION, and the publishers of the "New Age", California, a set of the bound volumes of the Journal of the G.L.U.S.

Rep. Carter, of Ohio, moved the following resolution, which was laid on the table:

Resolved, That the necessary qualifications for the office of Recording Secretary shall be, service for one term in some subordinate station, and have received the five Degrees of the Order and the Degree of Rebekah. And to be eligible to the office of Vice Grand, a Brother must have served one term in the office of Recording Secretary, and received the five Degrees of the Order and the Degree of Rebekah."

Rep. Carter, of Ohio, presented the following remarks upon the death of P.G.M. Clark:

"MOST WORTHY GRAND SIRE: Among the many duties that devolve upon us in the varied relations we sustain to each other, and which must be discharged, but few, if any, partake of so painful an interest as those we owe to the dead—no moments so sacred as those which mark the hour of dissolution. The recital of any other event fails to command the same respectful attention that is accorded to the announcement of the death of a friend or a Brother. This duty is now mine to perform; but in performing it there are even elements of pleasure which readily present themselves to the minds of all who had the good fortune to know and enjoy the confidence of him of whom we speak.

"On the second day of June, 1868, after an illness of several months, the eyes of our beloved Brother, HORATIO NELSON CLARK closed in death. I know of nothing more fit, or that will better express his whole character in a single sentence, than to say that when we deposited his lifeless remains in the sepulchre, its doors closed over a man. In all the relations of life he sustained this reputation, and he went down into the grave honored by all who knew him.

"The purity of his character was so conspicuous that he commanded to a very large degree the confidence of his fellow-men. This was manifested in various ways; not only in the Order, by his Brethren, who were bound to him by the obligations of Old Fellowship, but also outside of it by his fellow-citizens, who recognized his fitness for official distinction, and conferred it upon him. He was a man of clear head and warm heart, but his attachments

were never so strong, or his prejudices so great, as to warp his judgment, or prevent him doing justice to all. In his official capacity friend and foe stood upon the same level. He knew naught but his duty, and possessed the courage to discharge it. Brother Clark connected himself with our Order when it was in its infancy, and he a young man, and for thirty-six years he maintained the character of a true Odd Fellow, 'visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, burying the dead, and assisting in the protection and education of the orphan.' These were offices to which he gave a willing hand. The strict performance of his duties soon led him into the path of official honors. After having filled the various offices of Franklin Lodge, No. 4, located at Cincinnati, of which he was a member, he entered the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and soon after became Grand Master of the Order in that State. At the time of his death he was a member of Eagle Lodge, No. 100. In 1844 he was Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States. In 1847 he was Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ohio. In all these positions he conducted himself with great credit, and the Order is to-day reaping the benefits of his wise counsel.

"We to-day mourn his loss, but we mourn not as those without hope, for though his voice is hushed in death, memory will ever cling to the many excellent qualities that endowed his character, and which we are taught will furnish a passport from our earthly Lodges to that higher and grander Lodge above, where, clothed in the regalia of Heaven, we can sing with Moses and Aaron, with Miriam and Rebekah, the songs of rejoicing forever."

Eulogies were also presented by the respective Representatives upon the following deceased Past Grand Representatives: P.G.M. Hodgson, of the District of Columbia; P.G.R. Libby, of Missouri; P.G.M. Townsend, of Connecticut; and P.G.M. Rucker, of Illinois.

A resolution was adopted to authorize the presiding officer of a Lodge or Encampment to give a Brother visiting with a travelling card the S.A.P.W. of the jurisdiction.

Rep. Haupt, of Georgia, laid on the table an amendment to the Constitution, to change the name of the G.L.U.S. to the Supreme Grand Lodge of the I.O.O.F.

The report of the Legislative Committee, in favor of a long series of regulations to govern the re-admission of non-affiliating members in those jurisdictions availing themselves of the law of 1865, as proposed by P.G.S. Veitch, was considered and adopted—yeas, 67; nays, 28; but afterwards reconsidered and laid over till next session.

The report of the Special Committee on the Degree of Rebekah, in favor of establishing Rebekah Lodges, was adopted, by a vote of 69 to 28, as follows:

"The Special Committee, to which was referred the petition of sundry recipients of the Degree of Rebekah, respectfully report, that they have carefully considered the subject referred to them, and, although they find objections to any action in the direction indicated by the petitioners, yet they believe that the benefits likely to accrue to the Order will far outweigh any evils which may result therefrom; they therefore recommend for adoption the accompanying resolutions:

Resolved, That the Grand Lodges subordinate to this R.W. Grand Lodge be, and they are hereby, authorized and empowered to institute Degree Lodges of the daughters of Rebekah, at such places as

they may deem proper, within their territorial limits; to possess the powers and enjoy the privileges following:

"1. To confer the Degree of Rebekah on such Scarlet Degree members and their wives as present a certificate from a Lodge located in the district designated in the charter of such Degree Lodge, and also to confer the said Degree on widows of Odd Fellows presenting certificates from Lodges of which their husbands were members at the time of their decease.

"2. To elect and appoint their own officers in the manner prescribed by their by-laws. The elective officers to consist of a N.G., V.G., Secretary, and Treasurer, and if so provided in their by-laws, a Financial Secretary. The appointed officers to consist of a W., C., O.G., I.G., R. and L.S. of N.G., R. and L.S. of V.G. Any member of the Lodge shall be eligible to any office in the Lodge except that of N.G., which office shall be filled by a P. G. in good standing in his Lodge, and except W., O.G., and I. G., who shall be Scarlet Degree members. All officers to hold their offices for six months or one year, as prescribed by the Subordinate Grand Lodge.

"3. To hold regular and special meetings as provided by the by-laws.

"4. To fix and establish dues, to be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually, as the by-laws may provide, and to provide by by-laws when those in arrears for dues shall be dropped from the roll of members. Any brother or sister within the district designated in the charter may become a member on paying the dues provided by the by-laws; and any Brother may continue such member so long as he remains a member of his Subordinate Lodge in good standing, and pays his dues to the Degree Lodge, and any sister may remain a member so long as her husband is intitled to remain a member, or so long as she remains his widow, and pays her dues to the Lodge. All Degree Lodges shall consist of at least ten members, five of each sex, and all in good standing, shall participate in the proceedings of the Lodge.

"5. To pay and disburse from the funds of the Lodge, for the relief of the sick, the destitute, or the distressed, from time to time, as a majority of the members present shall by vote determine, or as shall be otherwise provided by the by-laws.

"6. To establish such by-laws and rules of Order not inconsistent herewith or with the rules, usages, and general regulations of the Order, as they may deem proper, subject, however, to the approval of the Grand Lodge to which they are subordinate.

Resolved, That the Grand Sire, Deputy Grand Sire, and Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary be authorized to institute Degree Lodges of the Daughters of Rebekah in any territory under the immediate jurisdiction of this R.W. Grand Lodge, and that such Lodges possess the powers and enjoy the privileges of other Rebekah Degree Lodges.

Resolved, That the widow of an Odd Fellow who had not attained the Scarlet Degree, but who was in good standing at the time of his death, may receive the Degree of Rebekah at the option of the Lodge of which her husband was a member at the time of his death.

Resolved, That the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary be instructed to prepare and cause to be printed certificates of membership for the Daughters of Rebekah to be furnished to Lodges at no less than double the cost, and that the sum of \$100 be appropriated for that purpose from any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated."

The report recommending the following resolution, was adopted:

Resolved, That the question of eligibility to membership into the Order by initiation of persons

who have lost a limb, be and the same is hereby remitted to the jurisdiction and disposal of the Subordinate Lodge to which admission is asked."

The report of the Special Committee on the introduction of the Order in Australia was adopted.

The report of the Special Committee on Forms was so amended, as to provide that the recommended Forms shall be printed in the revised edition of the Digest, instead of in a separate book, and the price of the Digest to be \$2.

The report of the Special Committee on an Odd Fellows' Flag was amended and adopted in the following form:

"Resolved, that the R.W. Grand Lodge adopt for an Odd-Fellows' flag the pattern or design presented by the Special Committee appointed for that purpose, to wit:

"The flag to be manufactured of white material—either bunting, satin or cotton cloth—as may be selected by those desiring one. The proportions to be 11-19ths of the length for the width. The emblems to consist of the three links, to be placed in the centre of the flag, with the letters I.O.O.F. and the name of the State, District or Territory using it. To be painted or wrought in scarlet color, and trimmed with material of the same color. Wherever the flag is to be used by the Encampments there shall be added two crooks.

"Resolved, That the R.W. Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary be and he is hereby instructed to procure a flag of suitable size and proportions as above described for this Grand Lodge, to be used for the first time at the celebration of our 50th anniversary, on the 26th of April, and in addition to the emblems add the letters G.L.U.S.

The report on the following subjects were adopted:

Against giving brother Moore the privilege of using the seal of G.L.U.S. on his certificates of membership.

In favor of a commissioner to Vermont.

In favor of confirming all the decisions of the Grand Sire.

In favor of omitting the names of suspended members, and preventing expulsions for non-payment of dues.

In favor of amending the by-laws so as to give the Grand Sire power to fill any vacancies until the next election, or time of appointment.

In favor of the style of collar and jewel for P.G. Patriarchs.

The report of the Special Committee on the subject of suspended and expelled members, recommending substantially the adoption of the report of P.G.R. Griswold at the former Session, was, after considerable debate, laid on the table. This much needed measure is thus once more postponed.

The following report from the Special Committee on that subject was adopted:

"The Special Committee appointed to consider that portion of the M.W. Grand Sire's report in regard to the Public Press, beg leave respectfully to report, that they heartily concur in the views expressed by the Grand Sire, in reference to the employment of the public press as an agency for advancing the interest of the Order. We believe that notices of time and place of meeting published in the local papers, would encourage punctual atten-

dance in the Lodges; would be a standing invitation to visitors, and keep Odd-Fellowship before the public mind. We also believe that a liberal support should be afforded to our own Press by the Brethren of the Order, and in this opinion we are further sustained by the views so well expressed in the report of our R.W. Grand Secretary. We therefore recommend the passage of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Representatives of the Grand Lodge be requested to bring this matter to the attention of their Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, circumstances may arise in the progress and spread of Odd-Fellowship throughout the jurisdiction which might warrant the extension of pecuniary aid and encouragement to those engaged in starting and building up new Lodges and Encampments by the friendly aid and assistance of the older Lodges and Encampments to the petitioning Brothers which would be of incalculable good to the Order; therefore,

"Resolved, That donations made to assist petitioning Brothers or Patriarchs by the parent or other Lodges and Encampments for the purpose of instituting new Lodges or Encampments is allowable, and is in no sense to be regarded as a division of the funds of the Lodge or Encampment.

"Resolved, That in the consideration of such action by the parent Lodges and Encampments, it is recommended that the Grand Bodies or Grand Officers of the jurisdiction be consulted with as to its propriety."

The rules of the Order were amended so as to give Committees on the State of the Order, Judiciary, Legislative, Finance, and Appeals, each nine members, four of whom shall constitute a quorum; the Committees on Correspondence, Constitutions, Petitions, Returns, and Grand Bodies not represented each seven members; and the Committees on Mileage and Per Diem and Printing, each five members.

Adjourned until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.

SATURDAY, September 25, 1868.

The R.W. Grand Lodge assembled pursuant to adjournment.

The following resolution, offered by Rep. Dannels, of California, yesterday, was considered, and after some debate adopted:

"Resolved, That the next annual communication of this R.W. Grand Lodge be held in the City of San Francisco, in the State of California, and that the officers and members of this R.W. Grand Lodge be requested to assemble at Omaha, Nebraska, on the tenth day of September, 1869, to be conveyed thence by the Great Pacific Railroad across the continent to the said City of San Francisco. And that the mileage to be paid to the Representatives by this R. W. Grand Lodge, on that occasion, shall be computed from their respective homes to and from the said City of Omaha, excepting the Representatives from jurisdictions on the Pacific slope, whose mileage shall be computed to and from San Francisco. Provided, that if the said Pacific Railroad shall not be completed and running regular trains through between Omaha and Sacramento City by the first day of August, 1869, so that the Representatives can be conveyed through without change of cars or detention, then, and in that case, the M.W. Grand Sire shall, on that date, issue his proclamation, calling the Grand Lodge to assemble in annual communication in the City of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland."

The resolution being under consideration, Reps.

Dannals and Gunnison, of California, each submitted a special request on behalf of the Order in California, that this invitation be accepted, accompanied with the following telegrams:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 24, 1868.

"A. R. Gunnison: Templar Lodge has unanimously agreed to secure expenses of Representatives, amounting to ten thousand dollars. Invite Grand Lodge.
T. ROGERS JOHNSTON, G. Sec'y."

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 23, 1868.

"A. R. Gunnison: It looks favorable. Resolve to meet here or at Baltimore, as the Grand Sire shall order. Free pass on railroad for Representatives guaranteed us.
CHARLES N. FOX."

The following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That all officers of Subordinate Lodges and Encampments shall wear the jewels of their office during the transaction of business."

The special committee to whom was referred a proposition to change the name of the G.L.U.S., made a lengthy report, and recommended the adoption of the following amendments, which lay over for action at the next session:

"Amend Article I, Section 1, of the Constitution (to go into effect on and after the 1st of January, 1872), by striking out in the second line the words 'Grand Lodge of the United States,' and insert the words 'Supreme Grand Lodge.'

"Amend Article XVII of the Constitution (to go into effect on and after the first of January, 1872), by striking out at the end of the article the words 'the Grand Lodge of the United States,' and insert the words 'the Supreme Grand Lodge.'"

The following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary be, and is hereby requested, to communicate, by circular, to the several State Jurisdictions as early after the adjournment of this Grand Lodge as practicable, the amended article 22d of the By-Laws, upon the subject of the regalia of the Order."

"Resolved, That, the necessities of the case requiring it, the privileges accruing under section 4 of Article XVI of the Constitution, as amended at the session of 1865, are hereby extended to the jurisdiction of Colorado, until further ordered."

The Grand Sire then proceeded to install the officers elect, as follows:

E. D. FARNSWORTH, Tennessee, Grand Sire.

FRED. D. STUART, District of Columbia, Deputy Grand Sire.

JAMES L. RIDGELY, Maryland, Grand O. and R. Secretary.

JOSHUA VANSANT, Maryland, Grand Treasurer.

Grand Sire Farnsworth made the following appointments:

REV. J. W. VENABLE, Kentucky, Grand Chaplain.

JOHN W. ORR, New Jersey, Grand Marshal.

J. W. SMITH, Connecticut, Grand Guardian.

J. CHAMBERLAIN, Maryland, Grand Messenger.

The M.W. Grand Sire, E. D. Farnsworth, on taking the Chair addressed the Lodge as follows:

"GRAND REPRESENTATIVES: In accepting the exalted and honorable position which your partiality has conferred upon me, I do it with a realizing sense of the great responsibilities belonging to it. It is an office which, however much it honors the individual upon whom it is conferred, brings with it a vast amount of care and labor, and calls for the exercise of much patient thought in the discharge of its manifold duties. It requires the cultivation of every moral principal that men might be taught by

precept and example what Odd-Fellowship is, what are its objects and its aims.

"Sincerely acknowledging my many deficiencies, I would earnestly ask the charity of the Brethren for errors in judgment, while I declare my purpose to labor unweariedly for the promotion of the interests of our great fraternity.

"All sections and jurisdictions are entitled to and shall receive due attention.

"It must, however, be apparent to every member of this Right Worthy Body that the necessities of the Order in some of the Southern jurisdictions require particular attention. The ravages of the late unhappy and terrible contest cannot soon be remedied. The misfortunes of our Brethren demand our warmest sympathy, and I trust it will be manifested by word and deed, by the liberal response of material aid and comfort to those who truly need or ask assistance.

"Many Lodges and Encampments in the South have been utterly destroyed, and their records gone, scattered to the four winds. Hundreds of our Brethren have been impoverished, stripped of all available property or means, and forced to commence life anew; hundreds more, (perhaps I should rather say thousands,) have perished upon the battle field or from disease, and multitudes of widows and orphans deprived of their natural protectors, are struggling with poverty in its most distressing forms. Their eager gaze is turned toward those more favored portions of the land which have escaped the desolating consequences of grim visaged war, and were they have been so often told the fruits of Odd-Fellowship are abundantly seen.

"Let us not coldly turn from this mute appeal to our sympathies, but whenever and wherever opportunity offers gladly contribute according to our abilities to the suffering members of our widely extended family.

"Representatives, I deem it quite unnecessary to remind you on this occasion of the individual duties devolving upon you; duties which each must discharge for himself, or fail to receive from his Brethren the plaudit of well done good and faithful servant. That each should do his individual duty is essential to the integrity of the whole. As members of our great family, as legislators, as the chosen honored Representatives of your various respective jurisdictions, you are, of course, well versed in the knowledge of your duties and obligations as Odd-Fellows. I trust that the hours spent together here, in deliberating and legislating for the common welfare of our Order, will have such an influence on your minds and hearts that when you return to the Grand Bodies of your respective jurisdictions you will be prepared to submit to them a true and impartial account of the action of this Right Worthy Body. Give such example and encouragement to those you represent as will stimulate them to new and increased exertions, so that the judgment passed upon your acts in future time shall be creditable to you as the legislators of a fraternity foremost among the charitable institutions of the world.

"Representatives, thanking you from my heart for the distinguished honor conferred upon me in my election to the first office in the Grand Lodge of the United States, I again announce my determination to labor earnestly for the promotion of the great principles we profess, and for the building up of the noble institution so dear to our hearts.

"May I not expect to have your cordial co-operation in the great cause of mercy and humanity?"

The business of the session having been concluded, the M.W. Grand Sire called upon the R.W. Grand Chaplain, who addressed the Throne of Grace.

The hour of twelve having arrived, the Grand Sire declared the Grand Lodge adjourned *sine die*.

Ohio Department.

GRAND SECRETARY W. C. EARL, EDITOR.

WHY IT EXISTS.

The question is often asked "What is the necessity for such an institution as Odd Fellowship?"

The answer is plain. Just so long as human infirmities exist, there will be need of some organization to minister to them. Just so long as want and suffering stalk abroad in the land, and grim poverty stares out upon every side, and the squalid forms of human beings give evidence of a need for relief, will some organized effort be required to meet or to prevent such wants. So long as widows and orphans are liable to be left without protection or the means of subsistence, will our Order find an ample field for the purposes of its mission. In short, until humanity shall have attained perfection, and want and woe—sorrow and suffering shall have been banished, will there exist a necessity for Odd Fellowship and its kindred organizations. Let reasoning, thinking people, then, lay aside such silly questions, and, instead of discussing them, go to work, and with an earnest purpose lend a helping hand to the needy everywhere.

HOW GOES THE WORK.

Turning again to the reports of Lodges for the last term, we note such items as may seem to be of interest.

Before proceeding to particularize, we submit the suggestion that petty differences too often grow into serious troubles, and that Lodges, which might be as prosperous as any, are seriously retarded in their progress by contentions which ought never to arise. We hold that, whilst full liberty of discussion should be allowed to all, yet this freedom should not be abused. Brethren have no right to permit *personal* considerations to control their actions, for these are "evil influences," and are not tolerated by our teachings. Each, therefore, should freely express his opinions, but with kindness and courtesy, and cheerfully yield to the decision of the majority—reserving the right, however, of appeal to higher authority, if need be. Were these rules carefully observed, we feel assured that greater progress would be made.

Elyria, No. 103. The progress of this Lodge is exceedingly variable. At one time it goes ahead with remarkable vigor, and perhaps next term all is stagnation, or members become indifferent and permit themselves to be dropped. Such was the fate of eighteen last term, and yet the numbers remain at a respectable point.

New Philadelphia, No. 107, is one of the active working Lodges, maintains a steady growth, and numbers 96 members.

Invincible, No. 108, is another of the good and sound Lodges, and pursues a very even course.

Western Star, No. 109, has been doing well, and

shows marked vigor, with a net increase last term of 15, increasing its numbers to 72.

Wyandott, No. 110, some few years ago had over 100 members, and now has run down to about half that number. Why this great and constant decrease, we are unable to tell. Is it because the members are not faithful to duty? We hope not.

Fulton, No. 112, runs a steady and even race—never seeming to have much growth, but managing not to recede.

Germania, No. 113, is the oldest German, and the largest Lodge in the State. It now has 590 members, and a fund of \$27,000. It does not strive for rapid increase in numbers, but seeks for good and true men.

Naomi, No. 117, is more vigorous than in years past, and exhibits a healthy increase.

Wadsworth No. 119, has had a good, strong growth the last few years. It has shown great vigor and energy, and now owns a fine hall, which is an ornament to the village, and a pride to the Order.

Bellevue, No. 123, has taken a new start and promises more energetic work in the future. Financially it is well to do—having 44 members and invested and in treasury some \$2,500.

Amity, No. 124, though in quite a strong Quaker region, nevertheless has won a good and strong position, and ranks amongst the sound Lodges.

Clement, No. 129, had been doing poorly, until a visit last year from the Grand Master put new life into it, and now there are indications of advancement. This, with many other similar evidences we might give, testifies to the value of official visitations.

Cadiz, No. 130, does not grow fast, but moves with a firm tread in the onward course.

Ft. Defiance, No. 134, is doing well—better than for some time past.

Batavia, No. 136, too, seems to have received a new impulse, and is going ahead—net gain last term, seven.

Charter Oak, No. 137, shows a small gain and healthy condition.

Social, No. 139, is doing very well. Its net gain for the term was eleven, swelling its aggregate to 60, which is good for a rural Lodge.

Harrison, No. 140, has proved itself in times past a good Lodge, and yet maintains its good standing and has now an accumulated fund of nearly three thousand dollars.

Metropolitan, No. 142, has struggled through various grades of fortune, until at last it has reached a solid foundation, and is apparently prosperous.

Good Will, No. 143, in point of vigor is surpassed by few, and is led by men of intelligence and energy.

Moxahala, No. 144, is always earnest in the work, and meets its work with a will that bids defiance to opposition.

Excelsior, No. 145, for a time struggled away down in the valley, but now rides upon the topmost wave of success. Its present membership is 244, and accumulated fund nearly \$5,000. Its net gain in members for the term was 28.

Ephraim, No. 146, though not so strong pecunia-

rily as some of its sister Lodges, is doing well; net gain, six.

Eden, No. 147, has a fund of nearly \$2,000—a good membership, and is prosperous.

Relief, No. 148, is close akin in progress to its immediate predecessor, and exhibits a good vitality.

Woodward, No. 149, stands well up in the prosperous circle—is well to do pecuniarily—has a good membership of good men, and is a worthy branch of the Order.

Mohawk, No. 150, presents evidences of a fair degree of energy, though its progress the past term has been backward, at least in point of numbers.

Lynchburg, No. 51, during the term made a net gain of eight, and shows a total of 56.

Flag Spring, No. 152, shows a handsome financial condition, but does not seem to have done much.

Canfield, No. 155, gained seven during the term, and shows a total of 102. That is pretty good for such a village.

Ariel, No. 156, has done well, having gained eighteen, and showing a total of 122, with nearly \$2,000 of assets.

Rome, No. 158, has always been a steady and reliable Lodge. It is made up of good men, and directs its efforts to promote the true purposes of Odd Fellowship.

Sharon, No. 159, has been, and is yet, very well managed, and is doing its work with a fair degree of success.

Mystic, No. 160, has begun to exhibit a new life, having, after a long sleep, gained eleven members during the term.

Richland, No. 161, is another of the steady and reliable Lodges.

Fairfield, No. 163, with a membership of only 54, shows a fund of over \$2,600.

Stillwater, No. 165, shows a gain of seven, and is doing well.

Woodstock, No. 167, with 44 members and a moderate activity, has accumulated \$2,000.

American, No. 170, is a good Lodge—well conducted by able men, and strives to promote the right.

Geauga, No. 171, in a rural district, does very well—its gain for the term was five.

Palmetto, No. 175, another of the Queen City Lodges, is in a sound and flourishing condition.

Teutonia, No. 177, is another of the sturdy Lodges—keeps right along in its work—has a good list of members—a good fund, and works for success.

Vulcan, No. 178, has had some mishaps and suffered injury from those who ought to have been its friends, but its energy is equal to the emergency, and its success is assured.

Lilly of the Valley, No. 179, is doing better than in the past, and seems to have a brighter future before it.

Commercial, No. 180, does not for the past term exhibit much work, but is nevertheless in a good condition.

Orphan's Hope, No. 182, shows a gain of six—a total of 58, and funds over \$2,000.

Barnesville, No. 185, stands all right, and steadily maintains the banner of the Order.

Mt. Carmel, No. 190, is doing well, though small—net gain five—total 27. It recently dedicated a new hall, and gives signs of renewed vitality.

FROM THE LODGES.

CONCORDIA, No. 88.—This Lodge, but a brief time since, was slumbering in its grave; and now, having been resuscitated by a few good and true Odd Fellows, its spirit is marching on. Bro. Frost writes me that it is doing well. May it never slumber again, but move steadily forward.

CAREY LODGE, No. 407, was instituted at Carey, Wyandott County, by Grand Master Semple.

MANHEIM LODGE, No. 408, (German,) was instituted at Canton, August 27th, 1868, by Grand Master Semple, assisted by Brothers from Nimisilla and Sippo Lodges. Twelve charter members were present, and four were initiated. The officers are: R. Bauhof, N.G.; Daniel Parr, V.G.; Henry Kehr, Secretary; and Adam Thom, Treasurer. Meets every Thursday night.

CANTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 112, was instituted August 3, 1868, at Canton, by Grand Scribe Wm. M. Hubbell, assisted by Patriarchs from Eureka, Alliance and Salem Camps, with the following officers: H. H. Trump, C.P.; J. W. Goodlin, H.P.; M. L. Best, S.W.; T. A. Ballard, J.W.; S. Slanker, Scribe; W. R. Reeves, Treasurer. Sixteen new members received the three Degrees the same night. Meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

YOUNGSTOWN LODGE, No. 403, was instituted at Youngstown on the 9th of July by P.G.R. Horace Y. Beebe, some fifteen of the petitioners being present. A large number of Brothers of Hebron Lodge, No. 55, a good representation from Canfield Lodge, No. 155, and a few members from Mahoning Lodge, No. 29, were present and assisted in the exercises. Twenty-five petitions were received, eleven candidates were initiated and four received on card. Bro. Beebe says: "Full instructions in the work were given, and I endeavored to give them good, practical advice, which was well received. We continued our session uninterruptedly from eight in the evening until three o'clock the next morning, and a warm night at that. We had a very pleasant time; the Brothers all received me cordially, and seemed anxious to perfect themselves in the work, and make a good start. The Lodge is in good hands, and I have no doubt will be an ornament to the Order."

—Bro. Theodore Giesecke, N.G. of Cartwell Lodge, No. 39, in Brenham, Texas, says in a recent business letter: "Our Lodge has met with misfortune, recently. Within eighteen months our Lodge-room has been burned out three times; and were it not for the Freemasons, who permit us to use their room and furniture for payment of one-third of their rent, it would have been impossible for us to continue at work. This, with a good deal of sickness, makes it almost impossible for us to keep up—but we are still struggling on."

Illinois Department.

GR. SEC. SAMUEL WILLARD, M. D., EDITOR.

P. G. MASTER THOS. J. BURNS.

During the past year one of the P. G. Masters of the Grand Lodge of Illinois has died, namely, Thos. J. Burns, of Ark, No. 16, Beardstown. When the Grand Lodge of Illinois was re-organized in 1842, he was present as P. G. from Sangamon, No. 6, and was elected Grand Secretary. In 1843 he became Grand Master. Soon after the close of his term he moved to Beardstown, and became one of the first members of Ark, No. 16, and represented it in the Grand Lodge in 1846 and 1852. He rarely attended Grand Lodge: we think he was never in it after 1852; nor was he active in the Order beyond his own Lodge.

STATISTICS OF THE ORDER IN ILLINOIS.

The Grand Secretary reported to the Grand Lodge of the United States as follows:

Number of members June 30, 1867	12,191
Initiated.....	2,829
Admitted by card.....	846
Re-instated.....	537

16,403

Expelled.....	86
Withdrawn and resigned.....	820
Suspended for cause and N. P. D.....	974
Deceased	116—1,996

Number of members June 30, 1868.....	14,407
Number of Brothers relieved.....	939
“ Widowed Families relieved.....	146
Paid for relief of Brothers.....	\$13,069.13
“ “ Widowed Families.....	3,053.74
“ Education of Orphans.....	281.20
“ Burying the Dead.....	2,872.58

Total relief.....	\$19,276.65
Total revenue of Lodges.....	\$121,831.64

The increase in membership for the year is 2,316, or over eighteen per cent. The increase of initiations is but seven per cent.; that of admissions by card is twenty-five per cent.; and that of re-instatements is forty per cent. This last item is particularly gratifying, as it is more unpleasant to meet a man who has been in membership and have to regret that he is not still among us, than to meet one of whom we only wish that he would come in.

The items for deduction in total differ little from last year: now, 1996; then, 2020. The most notable increase is that of the number of deaths and expulsions. Expulsions rise from 51 to 86, about sixty-eight per cent.; the deaths from 85 to 116, or thirty-six per cent.; last year they were at the rate of 696 in 100,000; this year, 805 in 100,000. I know no reason for such an increase. The relief items are of course increased: the total relief, seventeen per cent., nearly the same as our increase of membership; the relief of Brothers is fifteen per cent. larger; and the burial relief fifty-four per cent. larger. Of two hundred Lodges

which were more than a year old, and whose reports were found correct by the middle of August, one-fourth (52) had lost in membership; two-thirds (133) had gained; and three-fortieths (15) had remained stationary. The total revenue is increased twenty-eight per cent. The number of Lodges to report June 30th was 286: of others that had not made a term, six—total, 292. Rejections, 270, about eight per cent. of the applications.

The Grand Scribe, Bro. Nason, footed up as follows:

Number of Encampments, 79; gain of 12.

Rejections.....	32
Present membership.....	2,941
Initiations.....	670
Admissions by card.....	138
Re-instatements.....	57—865
Withdrawals and resignations..	139
Suspensions.....	84
Expulsions.....	14
Deaths.....	28—265

Net gain.....	600
Patriarchs relieved.....	69
Widowed Families relieved ..	5
Patriarchs buried.....	23
Total relief.....	\$737.50

In this branch the initiations are nearly the same as reported last year (670); the admissions by card and re-instatements are more numerous, being 138 to 95, and 57 to 41. The increase in membership of Encampments is about thirty per cent. The relief in this branch is less than last year by \$83.60, or eleven per cent. As this does not mean that the Encampments are less ready to relieve, it has the pleasanter meaning that less was needed.

A LAW-POINT.

A certain Grand Master has given the following decision on a question proposed by a Lodge:

“Q. Can we rent our hall to other bodies of any kind?”

“Answer, in negative. The Grand Lodge of the United States forbids it.”

Where is the prohibition by that body? It has escaped our notice. As Bro. Overdier has a good “digestion,” we appeal to him. None of the U. S. Digests or Indexes have helped us.

ITEMS.

—Warrants are issued for Eldorado Lodge, No. 375, at Eldorado, Saline Co., and sent to Bro. J. M. Blades, of McLeansboro. The location of this Lodge is in the triangle formed by Nos. 19, 182, and 238. Six out of its seven members are from No. 182.

—Davis Lodge, No. 376, is authorized; to be at Davis, Stephenson Co., on the railroad from Freeport to Beloit. The petitioners are from No. 146, and Bro. John D. Jackson of that Lodge is to institute the new one.

—Minonk Lodge, No. 377, comes next, to be opened at Minonk, Woodford Co.: a point on the Illinois Central, below Tonica, the seat of No. 298, from which come the majority of the petitioners.

—If No. 377 be the last of new Lodges before the session of our Grand Lodge in October, we shall have added twenty-two new ones to our former number since the last session.

—The Grand Secretary lately visited officially Irwin Lodge, No. 344, at Bement, and gave instruction in the work to this Lodge, and to Bement Encampment, No. 89, which was opened July 30th. In the evening he addressed an audience of gentlemen and ladies and the Lodge in the Methodist church, on the principles and practices of the Order.

—The Grand Lodge meets at Alton, October 13th. It was organized there thirty years ago, but has not met there since 1839.

—Encampments have been taking a special growth in Illinois lately: we have Jackson Encampment, No. 88, instituted July 22d, at Litchfield, by that veteran Odd Fellow, David B. Jackson, of Hillsboro; Bement Encampment, No. 89, at Bement, opened July 30th, by Bro. Ehrman, of Decatur; Mascoutah Encampment, No. 90, at Mascoutah, to work in German and opened ere this by Bro. Amos Watts, of Nashville, our R. W. Deputy Grand Master; and Jefferson Encampment, No. 91, at Mt. Vernon, opened by Dr. Thomas Long, of Enfield. Among the Charter members of No. 91 is Dr. W. Duff Green, Grand Master of Illinois in 1857-8, and Grand Representative for two years thereafter.

—The Brothers of Barry, Pike County, are talking of starting an Encampment at that place.

ST. CLAIR ENCAMPMENT, No. 92.—On last Wednesday evening (Sept. 9th) another Encampment of Patriarchs was ushered into existence by the institution of St. Clair, No. 92, at Belleville, St. Clair County. At five o'clock, P. M., several delegations arrived in our young city of East St. Louis, and in company proceeded to our place of destination, as we supposed by train; but on our arrival at West Belleville, we were captured by the officers and members of Belleville Lodge, No. 338, and Enterprise, No. 369, who had turned out *en masse*, in regalia, with a splendid band of music, to greet their visitors and escort us to their hall. The procession was well gotten up—a credit to them and a surprise to us. After an address of welcome and some responses, we were released by the Lodges, and taken in charge by the applicants for the charter, who had provided for us a splendid supper, prepared by our worthy Brother, Charles Spies, and to which we did justice, feeling satisfied that we had found a good location to pitch our tent. For this purpose we repaired to the selected spot, Odd Fellows' Hall, and after the necessary arrangements and usual work, St. Clair Encampment, No. 92, was declared duly organized and ready for work. The officers elected and installed for the current term are: Dan. Bertholdt, C.P.; B. Krug, H.P.; Karl Beyer, S.W.; F. Reisenberger, J.W.; J. Stitzelberger, Scribe; and Adam Aulbach, Treasurer. Six applications were presented, dispensation granted, and the several Degrees conferred. There were eight charter members, all Germans, and

they intend to work in their native language; but like true Odd Fellows, they thought of their American friends of No. 369, and for their benefit procured an extra set of books in English, so that they can work in both languages, when required. I am well satisfied that this will be a No. 1 working Camp. The charter members are true Odd Fellows, know their duty and perform it. Their selection of C.P. is a good one. Bro. Bertholdt is one of the working men of his Lodge, No. 338, and has interested himself and had everything ready for the journey of life into which they are just ushered. After our work was accomplished, we were again conducted to a hospitable table, where an early breakfast was prepared for us, which received our attention. Delegations from Camps Nos. 1, 8, 38, and 75, of Illinois, Valley, No. 21, of Ohio, and St. Louis, No. 13, of Missouri, were present. The last named, St. Louis, No. 13, turned out almost its entire roll, and I am to them much indebted for their kind assistance in the work. Though I could not understand very well what they said, yet I am satisfied they did their parts well by the motions, and I know they will ever be held in grateful remembrance by their Brethren of Belleville, as well as by myself. Though our labors were arduous, yet all felt repaid, satisfied that the work accomplished will benefit the Order.

Fraternally, GEO. F. ADAMS.

ALABAMA.

MOBILE, September 21, 1868.

Editor Companion: While you and your folks at the head of the beautiful Scioto Valley are luxuriating in a bracing atmosphere by day, and such nights for sleeping as we only read of, down here in Dixie your readers are still sweltering in the heated term, fighting mosquitoes, and dreaming of Yellow Jack—nothing stirring, everything at a dead calm, politics alone excepted—and so far as the Order is concerned, business almost at a stand still. Our Representatives to the G.L.U.S., P.G. W. A. Shields and P.G.M. Barnard, the latter from the Camp, are at their posts in Baltimore, whose "sayings and doings," with that of the other assembled wisdom of the Order, you will doubtless have some one on hand to report.

The great staple of our section, cotton, is, however, on the move, and when that gets fairly under way, its circulation, for it is our life-blood, will infuse new vigor into our now enfeebled body politic—benevolent societies included. So mote it be.

ALABAMA.

IMPOSTOR.

Bro. Geo. W. Trickey, Secretary of Motolinia Lodge, No. 18, at Rochester, New Hampshire, desires us to warn the Order against one Frank L. Otis, formerly a member of No. 18, but now suspended for misconduct. Otis is a bricklayer by occupation, still claims to be an Odd Fellow, and was in Chic.go on the 17th of July.

Pennsylvania Department.

NEW LODGES.

The closing week of August added five new Lodges to our number in Pennsylvania, and one Degree Lodge. At a special session of the Grand Lodge on the 28th ult., charters were granted for Elm Tree Lodge, No. 642, at Plymouth, Luzerne County; Energetic Lodge, No. 643, at Philadelphia; Emlenstown Lodge, No. 644, at Emlenstown, Venango County; Warrior Run Lodge, No. 645, at Turbottsville, Northumberland County; and No. 646, to be located at Saultsburg, Indiana County. The charter for a Degree Lodge was granted to Butler Degree Lodge, at Butler, Butler County. All these have been organized under the most flattering prospects of success. Some might imagine that in our city, where there are scores of Lodges, there was no field for others; this, however, is a mistake, for though we exceed in the city twenty thousand members, there are tens of thousands yet without our pale, and room for many Lodges more. Energetic Lodge has been started in the true spirit of progress, the charter members being from many Lodges, not separating themselves because of disappointed ambition, or discontent, but simply withdrawing with a desire to extend the Order; and those who know them, have no doubt of the entire success of the new Lodge, as its organizers have the true spirit, which they will ere long make manifest by building up a model Lodge.

OFFICIAL VISITS.

On the first of September, the Grand Officers left the city to pay an official visit to some of the Lodges in the interior. They first visited Perry Lodge, located at Liverpool, in Perry County, where they were met by the members of that Lodge in full force, and large delegations from Lilly of the Valley Lodge, of Pottsville, Greenwood Lodge, of Millers-town, and Buffalo Lodge, of New Buffalo, the latter not quite two months old, and numbering over forty members. The Lodge-room being entirely inadequate for such a gathering, the Methodist church was kindly tendered, where the Brethren met, and spent a profitable and agreeable time. The Grand Officers retired to their hotel, satisfied that Odd Fellowship was safe in the hands of the Brotherhood of Perry County. Next morning the party started from Liverpool for Selin's Grove, about thirty miles distant. On their arrival, they were welcomed by the Brethren of Selin's Grove Lodge, and delegations from Beavertown, and Casco Lodge, of Fort Treverton. This was an extremely pleasant meeting and proved very conclusively that the Order in this section, as in fact it is everywhere, is drawing to it the best class of citizens. Here, in the Masonic Hall, for the Lodge-room could not contain all entitled to admission, was congregated a body of as intelligent men as could be found anywhere, every one manifesting the deepest interest in the success of Odd Fellowship,

as not only one of the most respectable, but as one of the most useful institutions of the age. On leaving Selin's Grove, the party proceeded to Bedford, to visit Bedford Lodge, No. 202, where they were met with open arms by the Brethren of that Lodge, and a delegation from Cove Lodge, of Woodbury. The Lodge-room at Bedford is a remarkably neat room, displaying the interest the Brothers take in having every thing as near perfection as can be possibly attained. Let me here state that I have never required any other information as to the prosperity of a Lodge of the Order, than the general appearance of the Lodge-room. If that is tastefully fitted up and kept, one may safely infer that prosperity has a habitation there; and as the members assemble, you will soon perceive that master-spirits are by, guiding and directing for good. There all the work will be well done, and the true spirit of the organization carried out in its minutest details. In such places the weekly meetings are agreeable re-unions and places of instruction, and when the members separate, it is with longing for the return of the weekly meeting-night. There no jarring discord disturbs the harmony, and when men differ, as differ they will on many questions, it but brings out the hidden intelligence that lies concealed in many a brain, and men learn to know themselves.

SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

On the 11th of September, Leipersville Lodge, No. 263, of Chester, Delaware County, celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. The history of this Lodge deserves to be recorded as an example of persevering energy. It obtained its charter and was organized at Leipersville, some miles west of its present location, the petitioners being mostly hard working men, and many supposed they would be unable to bring the Lodge up to a healthy condition. Though poor men, there were some noble spirits among them, most of them what some men would call "carpet-baggers," men "not to the manor born"; but who had come there for employment, hoping to better their condition, and one of the early means adopted for this end was the organization of a Lodge. They obtained a room in the upper part of a tavern, the only place that could at the time be secured; there the Lodge was organized. It was, however, soon discovered that the road they had to travel was harder than they anticipated. Temptation met the young members at the door as they entered and retired; the landlord of the building seeing, or supposing he saw, the advantages the tenant must reap from the weekly meetings of the Brethren, raised the rent on him, and he in turn raised it on the Lodge; this, with the evident injury done to the members by the temptations of the tavern, determined the more thoughtful to do one of two things, either to remove to some other place, or surrender the charter. To the more far-seeing, Chester seemed the proper place to secure success; but two Lodges already existed there, and from them came the most determined opposition to removal. The

application for permission to the Grand Lodge was met by the two Lodges with all the arguments that could be advanced, and it was refused. At the next meeting of the Grand Body, the application was renewed, with the offer, if permission was granted, to build a hall. Permission was granted to remove when the hall was finished, which many supposed could never be. The foundation stone was laid, and the building rapidly finished (and a spacious building it is), and dedicated to the purposes of the Order. Stock sufficient to finish it was taken, mostly by members of the Lodge, some of them raising the funds to pay it by mortgaging their little dwellings. On the day of the dedication of this hall, predictions were neither concealed or few, that within a year the sheriff would sell it, but these prophecies of evil have not been fulfilled. Well might the Lodge celebrate its twenty-first anniversary with gratitude and gladness, and they did. A splendid supper was set out in the elegant and large Lodge-room, at which were the members, their families and friends, and they had the proud satisfaction of publicly announcing that the Lodge that day consisted of two hundred members, many of them the prominent citizens of Chester, that the spacious and substantial building in which they met, with the valuable store-rooms below, and the ground on which it stood, belonged to Leipersville Lodge, every dollar of which had been paid, or they had the means to pay every dollar of outstanding stock, whenever they could get it at par; the building and its appurtenances being at the most moderate estimate worth *fifteen thousand dollars*. What Lodge is there that need be without its own room? not one of a few year's standing, if proper energy, and enterprise, and faith in the righteousness of the work get possession of the members. It is true that a hall will not grow in one night, like Jonah's gourd; yet there is no well conducted Lodge in a proper location, that may not, at a small individual sacrifice, be the owner of its own hall, which may be made a perpetual bond of union among the members, and a source of profit to the Lodge, who set about its erection determined to succeed. Instead of beginning the work and waiting for donations from other Lodges to help to finish it, or waiting for them to furnish the means to begin, let every member enter on the undertaking, every shoulder to the wheel, and the hall will be finished, and none be the poorer. This has never failed yet when rightly undertaken, nor is it destined to fail.

PRESENTATION TO P.G. JOHN G. MONEY.

The other evening a very pleasing incident occurred in Morning Star Lodge, No. 4, meeting in Philadelphia. P.G. John G. Money, an energetic member of No. 4, and for many years past the efficient chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee of Superintendence, met an agreeable surprise. P.G. Money has unfortunately been sick for some months, and necessarily absent from his Lodge, during which

time it was resolved to present him a testimonial of the Lodge's appreciation of his constant attendance and valuable services. On his recovery and return to the Lodge, the other evening, he was completely taken by surprise by the presentation to him of an elegant and valuable gold medal, finely executed, and appropriately inscribed. There are few men more deserving of such a testimonial than P.G. Money, if a life of devotion to the Order, and labor in its cause and for its uniformity of work in Philadelphia is remembered; and instead of its being the gift of his Lodge only, it should have come from the united Order in the city. Were its value intrinsically approximate to his labors for years past for the good of the Order, it would require to be valuable, indeed, to be at all a compensation; but our Grand Lodge, in some things, has curious notions. A Grand Master retiring is sure of an appropriation of one or two hundred dollars, to procure a testimonial, while a liberal appropriation is made for traveling expenses. Yet the Committee of Superintendence is expected to visit all the Lodges in our extended city, at least a dozen miles apart, and a paltry fifty dollars are refused them, to pay car-hire to distant Lodges, which by virtue of their appointment they are expected to visit at least once a year. I should like to see an account of the sums P.G. Money has disbursed for himself and associates, or which they have paid for themselves during several years past. Lavishness on one hand, and parsimony on the other, in the same cause, is inconsistent, and not in keeping with the principles of Odd Fellowship; yet it sometimes happens. None who know the recipient of the gift of Morning Star Lodge will consider it unworthily bestowed, and long may he live to wear it.

LODGE ATTENDANCE.

Notwithstanding our city for the present is a cauldron of political excitement, the attendance on our Lodges is generally good, though initiations are not so plenty as they were before the remarkably hot weather of the past summer set in; but "there is a good time coming."

PHILADELPHIA, September, 1868.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Bro. F. O. Alleman writes September 23, from Saxton, Pennsylvania: "A sad calamity has befallen us. A few days since a camelback engine blew up, and tore to pieces the engineer and the fireman, Brother Jas. Clark. Bro. J. L. Prince, our Asst. Secretary, had been on the engine, and had gone but a few feet from it when the explosion took place, and he, too, was killed. There was another man with him, who was thrown about one hundred feet by the explosion. All four were instantly killed.

"Bro. Clark was buried by the Order in full regalia; but Bro. Prince was not buried by the Order, as his good lady objected to it.

"The Lodge adopted resolutions of respect for the deceased Brothers, and of sympathy for their bereaved families."

Indiana Department.

REV. T. G. BEHARREL, P.G.H.P., } EDITORS.
P.G. JOHN W. M'QUIDDY,

EARLY RECORDS IN INDIANA—NO. THREE.

Editor Companion: Here were laid the foundations upon which has been reared the 'social fabric of Odd Fellowship, and by such acts of Brotherly kindness and deeds of charity, as indicated in the practices of the membership related in a former number, were inculcated among the people the teachings of Odd Fellowship. Men outside of our mystic circle, judged the tree by its fruits, and gave the Order credit for honesty of purpose at least, if they did not unite with them. From this small band of true Odd Fellows has widened the broad expanse of universal Brotherhood that encircles and permeates the Hoosier State.

Among the founders of New Albany Lodge, No. 1, will be recognized by the fathers the two first Grand Masters of the Grand Lodge of Indiana. P. G. M. Jos. Barclay, the first Grand Master, was originally a member of the Manchester Unity; but when the American Order was first established, he at once allied himself with the broad philanthropy that marked the Order, and became a champion of its tenets; and he permitted no occasion to pass without inculcating its principles by precept and example. His zeal for Odd Fellowship was most extraordinary, and his Lodge was rarely opened without his presence. If clouds appeared to settle around the Order, none were more prompt to assist in dispelling them; if discordant elements came in conflict within the Lodge, he was ever the first to advise conciliation, and an adjustment of the subject of the controversy. To him the Brethren looked, as the child to the father, and their confidence was never misplaced. When death came to Bro. Barclay, it found him with the harness on, and he died, as he had lived, an apostle of Odd Fellowship. Such is the record of the man as it comes down to us, who are striving to perpetuate the institution, and to carry out the work marked out by this pioneer and his associates.

The second Grand Master of Indiana was Brother Richard D. Evans. Bro. Evans was a native of New Brunswick, but at an early age removed to Philadelphia, where, soon after the Order was introduced in the Quaker City, he was initiated. The precise date of this occurrence I have not the means of ascertaining. In 1834 Bro. Evans moved to this city, and immediately, upon a proposition being made to establish a Lodge here, attended that meeting, and every subsequent one, until the Lodge was fully organized; and afterwards it was noted of him that he was never missed from the Lodge-room when in the city and able to reach it. In the organization of No. 1, he was appointed as the chairman of all the necessary committees, and guided and directed the business. He drew up the application for the charter,

and forwarded it to the Secretary of the G.L.U.S. There are still living many of the older members of the Order in this city who remember his cheery voice, as it rung out in the opening and closing odes. He was the life and soul of the Lodge-room. To say that he was universally beloved by the Odd Fellows in New Albany, is but to repeat what is well known among the Brethren. His experience in the Order in Philadelphia was of great benefit in the organization of the Lodge, and he was ever ready to assist in any work to be done.

After the term of P.G.M. Barclay expired, the Grand Lodge at once proclaimed Bro. Evans as their choice to the chief office, and to his active exertions the Order is indebted for the establishment of several of the earlier Lodges in the State. Brother Evans died of dropsy, on the 12th day of February, 1849. The attendance at his funeral was the largest display of Odd Fellows that had ever been known upon any similar occasion. Many members of the Order from Louisville, Kentucky, and Jeffersonville, in this State, were present at the ceremonies. He was buried in the Northern Cemetery of this city, and his grave is pointed out to stranger Brothers as the last resting place of a true Odd Fellow.

The second Lodge in the State was established at Madison, under the title of Monroe Lodge, No. 2, in 1836. In this Lodge many of the most prominent Odd Fellows were admitted to the privileges of the Order, and some of them advanced to the highest positions in the State jurisdiction. Several of the Past Grands of old Monroe have also been elected Representatives to the G.L.U.S., and served with distinguished ability. I regret that I have not the records of this Lodge at hand, from which I might call many interesting reminiscences. Monroe Lodge increased very rapidly in membership, proving that the good seed of universal Brotherhood was sown in good soil. The zealous efforts and faithful adherence of the members of Monroe Lodge to the precepts taught in our ritual, gave the Order a standing unequalled by that of any social organization in that city. In those early days, the Brethren of Madison and New Albany frequently interchanged visits, which were the means of cementing the fraternal ties that should exist among those who bow around the same altar, and pledge allegiance to Friendship, Love and Truth.

The two Lodges petitioned the G.L.U.S. for a charter for a Grand Lodge, and in accordance with said petition, on the 14th day of August, 1837, it was instituted at this city, and continued to hold its sessions here until 1842, when it was removed to Madison, and in 1845 was removed to Indianapolis, where it has continued to meet to the present time.

J. W. Mc.

OUR ENEMIES.

They say that the objects of our association are superlatively selfish, because we are bound together for mutual care, mutual relief and mutual improvement. And is there anything wrong in that? Is that objectionably selfish? Or is anything more in-

volved in that, than is enjoined on man by the God who made him, and to whom he is accountable? If mutual care, relief and improvement, as practiced by Odd Fellows, the one towards the other, is selfishness, why not bring the same charge against the votaries of the Christian religion and the members of the Christian churches? For they are especially bound to care for one another, relieve one another when in need, and bear one another's burdens, and thereby fulfill the law of Christ. Christians are required to help one another to the attainment of a knowledge of a theory, the doctrines of religion, and assist one another to the practice of the principles of Christianity. The members of the Church, like the members of our Fraternity, are required to "do good to all men, and especially to them who are of the household of faith."

Our enemies sometimes boldly declare that we are engaged in our Lodge-rooms in that which is dishonorable. They say our Order is "Nazareth, and no good thing can come out of it." What evidence have they to justify this declaration? certainly not the practical workings of Odd Fellowship; for they go to show plainly that we care for our fellow-men, are ready in times of sorrow with sympathy, in times of necessity with help. And though we are bound together in strong, meaning rites and symbols, to the practice of the principles of refined humanity, the one toward the other, yet the great world before us is the field for our operations, and all humanity is to share in our benefactions.

So far as the internal workings of our Order are concerned, to say the least of it, it is inconsistent for our enemies to declare against us, for the simple reason that they know nothing about our Order internally. There was quite as much consistency in the teachers of Infidelity declaring against the Christian religion, and asserting that experimental religion is a wild delusion. Infidel as they were, they had never experienced it. They had never learned the science of salvation, or become acquainted with the philosophy of pure religion. The carpet on which the Great Ruler of the Universe has drafted and painted the plan of salvation in the high and living colors of inspiration, had never been faithfully and with an honest heart looked at. No wonder that they were in error—deep, dark prejudice has blinded the eyes of our enemies, as it did the eyes of those who asked concerning the Son of Mary: "Can any thing good come out of Nazareth?"

Some of the most earnest opposition we have as an Order, is from professed Christians—nay, more, from convocations of Ministers of the Gospel of peace; and you have made a reference in past numbers of the COMPANION to some of them. Let me relate a fact that transpired recently, as it has been related to me. It deserves a record among the events of 1868 of this kind in the State of Indiana. A few weeks ago—sometime in the month of July—a conference of ministers met in their annual convocation in the town of Hartsville, Decatur County, Indiana, only a few miles from this, the residence of your

correspondent. In this village of Hartsville, then, is a seat of learning which is an educational center for the State for the denomination represented. A part of the business of that convocation of ministers in conference was the examination of the character of that class of its members who were engaged in the regular and exclusive work of the ministry. The conference was composed of such as are described above, viz., itinerants, and the lay or local preachers within its bounds. Many of the latter are comparatively illiterate, and nearly all of them are bitterly opposed to all secret societies—especially to the Fraternity of Masons and the Order of Odd Fellows—while many of the itinerant ministers are not only too sensible to have opposition to these societies, seeing what they are accomplishing, but they are uniting with them, and giving their influence to them—they are actually members of one or the other, and some of both.

It was proposed, shortly after the organization was effected, that the question should be settled in each case, as the names of the regular ministers were called, whether or not they were members of any secret society, and particularly of the Masons or Odd Fellows; and if any were found to be members, as their church had always been anti-secret-society, the fact developed should be a bar to the passage of their character. In this way they purposed to strengthen their feelings and faith against these Orders, and make a record that they would be proud of in all time to come. But some of these estimable ministers were not to be thus treated and submit tamely. They met the assault upon them and us, and fought it nobly, and in a good degree succeeded. The order and harmony of the session was disturbed throughout, and I have been informed that several of the most prominent members of that conference have withdrawn, or purpose to withdraw, from them and from the church; and they will seek employment and position in some other branch of the Church. A Church that will take such a position, and maintain it in this day, must fail, and it ought to fail, for the practical workings, I will say, especially of Odd Fellowship, are seen and admired by all who will open their eyes and hearts to see and receive the truth.

T. G. B.

A MISTAKE.

Our Order wars against vice in all its forms, and especially against the vice of intemperance. This is manifest in our instructions to advancing Odd Fellows, and in our discipline, which shows that there are more expulsions and suspensions, year after year, caused by intemperance, than by all other things combined. But the mistake I was about to refer to, is as follows: There is a Lodge in this jurisdiction that is now in working order, the owner of a beautiful hall, and that hall has been dedicated to "Friendship, Love and Truth;" the hall is situated in the same building with, and immediately over, a liquor saloon and ten-pin alley, and the Lodge is associated in the ownership of the beautiful building,

which is an honor to the city, with the proprietor of the saloon. I know this to be a mistake, for there are persons who have been active Odd Fellows in the past, who would have given moral tone and extensive influence to the Order, who, because of these things will not affiliate; and in the estimation of many it casts a degree of odium upon our Order. Let those who are about to construct a retreat for Odd Fellows, be careful to avoid this mistake. T. G. B.

ITEMS.

A VISIT WITH THE GRAND MASTER.—On Saturday, the 29th of August, we had the pleasure to accompany, with a party of Brothers, Grand Master Sanders on a visit to Gregg Lodge, No. 235, at Corydon, Harrison county. Bro. Sanders has done considerable visiting during his term of office, and has spoken before most of the Lodges in this part of the State. The visit referred to was to a new Lodge, and the Grand Master gave them some good advice, which, if followed, will not fail to do the Lodge great good. The Grand Master's term of office is drawing to a close, and it gives us great pleasure to testify to his devotion to the Order. He has labored faithfully and earnestly to promote the best interests of the Order, and he will receive the grateful thanks of his Brethren for his fidelity. J. W. Mc.

AN IMPOSTOR.—We are advised in all the Lodges of this jurisdiction by our Grand Secretary, under date of August 25th, that a man, who has been published before under the name of Hilt, as an impostor, has assumed other names, and is attempting to impose on other Lodges under these assumed names. T. G. B.

We cull from the "Talisman":

GRAND ENCAMPMENT LAWS.—The revised edition of the General Laws of the Grand Encampment has been issued, and is kept for sale by Grand Scribe Barry.

WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 313, at Waupecong, Miami County, was instituted on the 11th of August by Bro. J. W. Williams, of Galveston, the Lodge being named in honor of that good and zealous Odd Fellow. During the first meeting five new members were initiated, a Past Grand admitted on card, and twenty-five Degrees conferred.

WALTON LODGE, No. 314, was instituted on the 14th of August at Walton.

WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 89, at Ligonier, Noble County, was instituted on the 18th of August by D.D.G.P. McCallister, assisted by the Patriarchs of Freeman Encampment, of Goshen.

LOSANTVILLE.—On the 12th of August the members of Losantville Lodge, No. 232, with visitors from the Lodges at Blountsville, Winchester, Farm-land, Hagerstown, Economy, and Cambridge City, altogether from three or four hundred, met at Losantville to listen to one of the able addresses for which Grand Secretary Barry is noted. The numerous visitors were hospitably entertained by the mem-

bers of Losantville Lodge, and everything passed off pleasantly.

ROCKFIELD.—Rockfield Lodge, No. 301, at Rockfield, Carroll County, on the 20th of August dedicated their new hall to Odd Fellowship. Brothers from Galveston, Delphi, Camden and Logansport took part in the ceremonies. Grand Secretary Barry delivered an address in a beautiful grove adjoining the town, after which all present, whether members of the Order or not, partook of a bounteous dinner, provided by the members of No. 301.

KNIGHTSTOWN.—The hall of Knightstown Lodge, No. 99, and Blue River Encampment, No. 48, was, with all its contents, destroyed by fire last year; they have again furnished a pleasant room in good style, and are going ahead with vigor and energy; before another year passes, they expect to meet in a hall of their own.

BOSTON.—Rinehart Lodge, No. 310, at Boston, held a picnic on the 29th of August, which was well attended. Grand Patriarch French delivered an able address.

ON THE ROAD.

On the evening of August 18th I once more had the pleasure of meeting with the brothers of Racine Lodge, No. 8, Racine, Wisconsin, and found the hall well filled with a live set of Odd Fellows, fully up to the need of the hour. As to their honor, I would say that I never have met with a better working Lodge. My large list of subscribers that I sent you, testifies they feel the necessity of sustaining the literature of our Order. This Lodge is crowded with work—new members coming into its retreat every meeting. No. 8 has now 140 members, and will soon be one of the most prosperous Lodge in the State. Guarding well the outer door, they get none but the best of material. Since my last visit here, one year ago, a new Lodge, No. 147, now numbering some 40 members, has been instituted. Would return thanks to that genial Odd Fellow, D.D.G.M. Edmund Hollister, for the many kind favors received from him. To Brother Ed. I would say:

"Then give me your hand—here's an Odd Fellows grip,
With heart in the grasp, and truth on the lip;
The chain that now binds us
Shall ne'er part in twain,
While Charity, Friendship, and Truth shall prevail."

After a pleasant ride (accompanied by Ed.) of two hours on board the splendid Steamer Manatiwooc, I reached the city of Milwaukee, a growing city of 95,000 inhabitants. Our Order here is highly prosperous, its members being composed of the best citizens of the place. Two splendid halls attest to their enterprise. Met with several of the Lodges, and was highly pleased with the work. Cream City, No. 139, was organized in March last, and now has a membership of over 100. The old Lodges are also highly prosperous. The membership in the city is about 900.

In the year 1836, Milwaukee had a population, all

told, of 275, now it numbers nearly 95,000. It has one of the best harbors in the United States, and is destined to be a large city. Its wholesale trade is very extensive throughout the North-west. The best hotel to stop at is the Kirby House. The steamer's whistle toots forth its notes of departure, and bids me haste "On the Road."

Fraternally, JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

ODD FELLOWSHIP NOT IRRELIGIOUS.

BY REV. A. B. GROSH.

Certain opposers harp much on our Order as being absolutely *opposed* to religion—not only unchristian, but anti-christian—because it admits to membership not only those whom some Christian churches deem heretical, but also Nothingarians, Deists, Jews, and even Mohammedans. They forget, in their zeal, that we are not an ecclesiastical organization—not a sect or a church in any technical sense—any more than any other humane or business organization, and that therefore their censure is either misapplied, or is too sweeping.

Banks, Insurance Companies, Railroad, Manufacturing and other associations, admit all these classes as members—are they, therefore, opposed to Christianity? Temperance and other moral reform societies admit all of any sect and of no sect to membership—are they, therefore, irreligious? Societies for the aid of orphans, disabled soldiers and sailors, the aged and infirm, admit all who choose to enter, without regard to creed—are they, therefore, Anti-Christian? Our public schools admit all, of every faith—is it, therefore, "Christless" in any one to enter them, or to aid in their support?

But it is argued that our Lodges and Encampments are opened and closed with prayers to God in which the name of Christ is not inserted, and therefore our very prayers prove us "Christless," and opposed to Christianity. I fear that this charge involves Jesus himself, in their hasty condemnation; for in no prayer of his on the record has he introduced his own name in recognition of his position or office. Even in that admirable summary of petitions which he taught and commanded his disciples to use as a model—even in the "Lord's Prayer," Christ is not named, nor even referred to! Will these hasty (and often uncandid) opposers dare to characterize that prayer as "Christless" and irreligious? And is he who uses it, therefore a "Christless" man—opposed to Christianity? Shame on the bigotry and prejudice that can lay down narrow premises, that inevitably reach to such wrong conclusions! Do they not know that as there are those that cry "Lord, Lord," whom Christ will not own as his, so there may be those who *name* him not with their lips among his beloved and cherished, because he is named in their hearts?

But would these *candid* and *conscientious* opposers be any better pleased with Odd Fellowship if we removed their objections—if we excluded all but professors of Christianity, and united members of all the various Christian churches into one Brotherhood

of humanity? Unitarians and Trinitarians, Baptists and Pede-Baptists, Episcopalians and Congregationalists, Old and New School and Associate Presbyterians, Catholics and Protestants—would such an Odd Fellowship please them any better? By no means—for each regards some of the others as heretical, and their tenets dangerous, and would require creed, and prayers, and ceremonials, in which such could not unite. Even a Presbyterian Odd Fellowship must not admit Geo. H. Stuart (of the Christian Commission), to sing Watts' Hymns, or the Associate Presbyterian Church (to which our specially strenuous opposer, Rev. Joseph T. Cooper, of Philadelphia, belongs) would not remain in it! The truth is, the only Odd Fellow Church that could endure in *peace*, must be composed wholly of one sect—if even that could!—and thus we would have to organize an Odd Fellowship for each Church, ere we could show the world how these Anti-Odd-Fellow Christians love each other!

Fortunately for us, whom these opposers term "Christless," Odd Fellowship is not a religion—our Order is not a sect—our Lodges and Encampments are not churches, in the ordinary meaning of those words. True, we have a religious test, and use forms of prayer, and no Lodge or Encampment can be opened without a Bible being present—and we frequently read valuable lessons from that sacred volume, and draw from it our moral code, and the peculiar instruction which unfolds our obligations to God and to mankind. In so far we are a religious body—have a religious creed to unite us in one—are bound by religious truths and obligations, and unite in religious worship and duty. But we are religious, each one for himself, uniting in heart and in form only so far as judgment, conscience and the affections recognize it as worship—as a man of one sect worships in the congregation of another sect. And we hold our religious creed only as a basis of the great truth which is our foundation-principle—the Fatherhood of God, and consequent Brotherhood of man—to which every one for himself may add, in mind and in heart, what ever else he deems it necessary to believe. And our moral and religious duties are those to our country and our neighbor which are acknowledged to be binding on every one, by all men of all churches and of all creeds.

Hence—we re-iterate this position, that it may not only be clearly understood, but be distinctly remembered—we are not a church—not a sect, as religious denominations constitute sects and form churches. Nor do we belong to, or form portions of, such churches or sects in our capacity as an Order; nor yet are we in any wise opposed to, or arrayed against, any church or sect as such—though much of their work is our work, and much of our work is their work. Many of our members are church members, belonging to various sects; but we do not receive them in *that* capacity, any more than we receive them in the capacity of Democrats or Republicans, or Radicals or Conservatives. When they became Odd Fellows, they were expressly assured that there

should be no interference with their convictions of truth or duty—no loosening of any tie uniting them with church or state—no weakening of any obligation they owe unto God or man. And no Odd Fellow has ever yet found this assurance falsified. Not one has ever complained, so far as I ever heard, that the Order moddled with his faith, or required ought contrary to his duties, religious or political, social or domestic. Can I state this point stronger or more clearly; for I wish to cover this objection with a positive denial, in length and breadth, and in every shape and form.

The truth is, there need be, and there *can* be, no conflict between the duties and obligations of Odd Fellowship, and those of any enlightened religion; for the simple reason that we require no faith *opposed* to any Christian faith—and no duty *opposed* to any precept given by Moses, or the prophets, or Jesus of Nazareth. We may not require any one to believe *all* that another believes, but we teach no *contradiction* of it—no *opposition* to it. So of duties. Odd Fellowship may not require a man to do *all* that his church requires, but it certainly does not *forbid* his performance of those duties.

And *exactly here*, we believe, lies our offense in the eyes of these, our intolerant opposers. They oppose Odd Fellowship *because it does not incorporate every item and tittle of their creed* in its ritual, and *will not ban and bless precisely every custom, form, and practice* which they have banned and blessed! To be a full and true Christian, you must not exceed, or fall short, in any degree or measure, of *their* creed and *their* practice! In fact, there are few churches that do not require faith or practice in conflict with the faith or practice of other churches. But all may enter an Odd Fellows' Lodge without giving up any article of faith, or abandoning any act of religious duty. **WHY THIS GREAT DIFFERENCE?**

It is in the principles on which, and the purposes for which, they are respectively founded and organized.

A church is based on certain doctrines concerning God's nature, purposes, and government, and the relation man bears to these in his nature, duty and destiny. And its aim is to spread these doctrines, and enforce compliance with these relations. These doctrines and duties being differently understood by different minds, each difference becomes an element to divide men into sects, each tenacious of its own views and practices, and therefore requiring unity in faith and conformity in practice from its members.

But every man, otherwise qualified, who believes in God as the Father of all men, may become an Odd Fellow. Our Lodges are instituted to encourage and carry out the duties man owes to his fellow-man as his Brother—first, to those of his Lodge and his Order; and, finally, to all men. All his obligations to God, to his church, his party, his family—all his faith, religious and political—remain as they were before he united with us. He joins us on the broad basis of *humanity*;—we receive him *as a man*—our fellow and our brother-man. He may be a Christian,

a Jew, a Mohammedan—with him, *as such*, we have nought to do, and no right to interfere. It is *the man* (not the partisan or the sectarian) who becomes an Odd Fellow, without ceasing to be what he *was*, but by becoming what he *is*. In becoming an Odd Fellow, he enters into a representation of a family in the human family—a fraternity representing the great human fraternity—whose great aim is, by the amelioration of human suffering, to elevate human character. And all the instructions, by lecture, ritual, emblem and regalia—all the exemplifications, by visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, burying the dead, aiding the widow, educating the orphan, are designed to make him more of a man to his Brethren, his family, and his race. And this is why Odd Fellowship never conflicts with or opposes any religious truth or duty. It may not teach that truth; but it *does not deny it*—it may not inculcate that duty; but it *does not forbid it*. It is *not*, therefore, Anti-Christian, or irreligious. So far as it requires any faith, it is Christian; for Christianity requires the same—and in all its duties, it follows the precepts of Christ; for however the world may be divided in doctrines, all enlightened religionists are agreed in regard to the Christian precepts.

In like manner it employs the general spirit of the Bible, and the emblems furnished by that Book. But in no sectarian sense, but as inculcating instructions, and enforcing duties, and illustrating lessons and principles received by all. So far as all *can agree*, without violence to any Brother's faith or conscience, we believe, and walk, and work *together*—no further. When we *differ* in faith and duty, each Brother goes his own way, in his own manner, according to his own faith and his own conscience—and no one molests, or hinders, or assumes to demand, "What doest thou?" or, "Why doest thou thus?"

We conclude this long defense by summing up thus: Odd Fellowship is not a religion—the Order is not a sect—its organizations are not Churches; but, *based on humanity alone*, it embraces all of all religions, sects and churches, who acknowledge God as the Father of all, and humanity as a Brotherhood. Though at first confined in its labors to the fraternity in the great human family, yet, its basis extending out beyond all organizations—wide as vast humanity itself—it embraces all mankind as objects of interest and sympathy; and entitled to every Brother's aid, consistent with his duty to self, to family, and to the household of faith.

If such an Order is "Christless," "Anti-Christian," or "irreligious," then is every business, humane, social, literary and moral association disconnected from the Church—every public school—the same! Hold the scales even, and apply the square, the plumb, the level and the rule fairly and impartially, and Odd Fellowship will unshrinkingly abide the test.

—Teutonic Degree Lodge, No. 4, to work in the German language, was instituted in San Francisco on the 26th of June by P.G.M. Charles N. Fox, assisted by D.D.G.M Charles Moening.

LIFE INSURANCE AMONG ODD FELLOWS.

BY JOHN O. RAUM, GRAND SEC. OF NEW JERSEY.

While we cannot too highly recommend the subject of life insurance among all classes of men, we think among the members of our Order it has a peculiar claim. As a general thing, our Order is composed of the solid, substantial laboring class of our country, men who depend upon their daily labor for the support of their families; and he who is true to the teachings of our Order, will sacrifice his own comfort for the good of those he loves even better than life itself.

Our Order was established for the benefit of the wives and families of our members, not only in a pecuniary sense, but also in a moral view. We will speak at this time only of its pecuniary benefits, which are but a tithe of its intrinsic excellencies, for we seek to improve and elevate the condition of our race, to imbue our fellow-man with a just conception of his capabilities for good, to enlighten his mind, to cultivate his affections, and to teach him that, as we all came from the hands of a common parent, so are we bound to cherish and relieve our fellow-man.

Every true Odd Fellow feels that his family has a claim upon him for support, and that it is his first duty to accord them that support. This he is enabled to do, so long as his life is spared and his health continues. If he feels it a duty to provide for his wife and little ones in health, how much more is it a duty to provide some means for their support after he shall have been taken away from them, and they deprived of his strong arm to support them. A small sum laid by weekly, which any man who has steady employment can easily do, will secure a competence for his family, when he is taken away from it by death. While it is the duty of all to make such provision for our families as our means will admit, to afford them support in case of death, it is the especial and imperative duty of every Odd Fellow to provide for those he shall leave behind him.

He contributes his means for the benefit of his family in case of sickness; so should he also contribute his means for their benefit in case of death. There are very few men of our Order but could lay by a small amount weekly for this object, and at the end of the year would be no worse off, pecuniarily, than if the same amount were expended for other things—in some instances, things that they could very easily do without, and which even in other instances are injurious to them. I hope every member of the Order will ponder over this matter and profit by it, and that those whose attention is called to it in this article, will make it a point to call the attention of others, who may not be fortunate enough to see it, and urge upon them the necessity of at once attending to the matter in question, and insuring their lives for the benefit of those who are near and dear to them.

We have in our Order one of the very best and cheapest systems of life insurance in the country, perfectly safe and self-sustaining, managed by the

Brotherhood themselves, and for their benefit and that of their families alone. There are no stockholders to divide the profits, but all the benefits go directly to the family of the assured, are paid to them immediately upon the fact being known of the death of the assured; the family do not have to wait forty days as is the case in many life insurance companies, but the insurance is paid over to them at once; there are no yearly premiums to pay, and consequently no forfeiture of benefits, as is the case in insurance companies, where regular yearly premiums are paid. It is established by Brothers of the Order purely for their benefit and that of their families. The societies formed under this system are designated and known as "Odd Fellows' Aid Associations," and are becoming pretty generally disseminated in our Order throughout the country, and in every place where Odd Fellows' Lodges exist, they should have an association, and every member of the Order, with his wife, should immediately connect himself with it.

In Trenton we have four Lodges, numbering about 700 members, and our association, a little more than a year old, has a membership of about 300; and we are taking them in at the rate of 30 at each meeting of our board, which occurs about twice in each month. We started with the intention of running up the membership to 500, and I think from present appearances, we shall do this before the end of the year. Our plan is this, we admit members of the Order by the payment of \$2.25, and their wives upon the payment of \$1.00. The 25 cents are used for contingent expenses, and the balance for payment of losses upon the death of a member, in which event his family receives one dollar for each member of the association, which, with our present membership, will amount to the snug little sum of \$300.00; and this amount is secured by the payment of the nominal sum of \$2.25, in the case of males, and \$1.00 in the case of a female.

This I consider one of the very best speculations a man can enter into, and for which he will realize a heavier premium on his investment than in any other way. We trust every Odd Fellow in the land will try it.

FAITH AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Brethren: Do we think often enough of the first grand essential to membership in our Order—Faith in a Supreme Being, Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all? True, as Odd Fellows, we have nothing to do with churchism; we take no part in the religious controversies which agitate the world, and which have been, in all ages, a source of prolific wretchedness to mankind. But equally true, we are as firm, unquestioning, settled in our belief of the existence of a Supreme Being, Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all Lodges, nations and men; but do we often enough meditate upon what is really embraced in the faith which we profess? Whatever may be our own private convictions of religious truth, as Odd Fellows we can properly know no dis-

inction between Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Calvinist and Armenian. We do insist upon a distinction between Theism and Atheism. As Odd Fellows, we do not and cannot prescribe in what manner a man shall worship God: we leave that question to be determined by his own conscience and judgment; but we do require that he shall not be an Atheist or a Heathen: we do require that he shall have faith in God. But do we often enough reflect upon what is really embraced in the faith which we require—that is, faith in God as Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all?

We propose, in this discussion, to undertake to give some reasons why Odd Fellows should endeavor to have the idea of religious duty and dependence, as that idea is taught in our Order, more decisively and firmly fixed in the understanding than in many cases it appears to be. For if God is our Creator, we do not exist by chance, nor by natural law merely, but by the creative act or energy of God: if He, also, is our Preserver, we do not exist by chance or fate, but by His will, and an idea of Providence is contained in the word "Preserver," which we are bound to recognize; and if God is our "Governor," rightfully so, we owe to Him steadfast faith and allegiance. In the discussion of this matter, we shall, of course, avoid all merely private views, or sectarian positions, and shall endeavor to show that the faith of Odd Fellowship rests upon higher grounds than any mere sectarianism or churchism can occupy. If we shall differ with any Brother in the Order, let him refuse to adopt our views; but let him, also, remember that we desire to speak the truth in fraternal love, and to be judged accordingly with charity.

We will first endeavor to prove that *faith*—faith in God, faith in man, faith in goodness to be done, to be sought after, to be enjoyed, is a natural and necessary part of the human constitution.

We take the high ground that *faith* is not only reasonable, but that it is natural and necessary: that it may not only reasonably fix on those things which we regard as the results of thought and reason, *i. e.* knowledge, but that *faith* *precedes* knowledge, and is a higher, more necessary faculty than reason itself. We are fully aware of the existence of an atheistic formula in the heart which denies this position; we are fully aware that there are sophomores in the world who boldly say that there are things which we cannot know, and that we ought not to believe anything except what we can know, who, therefore, ridicule the idea of faith as if it were fit only for women and children, and beneath the dignity of intelligent manhood. But we say to all such philosophers, that they begin on a false principle, and argue from a false statement of facts to improper conclusions.

O, mocking skeptic, we say that you *do believe* what you cannot know; you do it every day and hour; you do it in reference to all the more important facts of your own life and experience, and you act on the belief of what you cannot know, every day and hour. Suppose we investigate the facts first,

and then attempt to discover the theory which should be deduced from them.

You are now a man, perhaps, of trained and cultivated intellect; you are rejoicing in the full maturity of all your glorious intellectual powers; you are ready to cast the whole universe of things material and immaterial into the fierce alembic of your thoughts, and to deny the existence of all that you cannot reduce in those supernal fires to perfect consistency and harmony with some petted and favorite theory of your own! Were you *always* so, o friend? Were you not once a babe in arms, when all the glory of these wondrous worlds was but a sealed volume to your eyes? Was there not a day when the letter "A" was to you an unmeaning symbol, as occult and unintelligible as the hieroglyphics which Champollion failed to decipher? Was there not a time when you knew *nothing*, when you were,

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry!"

Verily, you did not know the letter "A" of your own mother-tongue!

Now in this very void and bathos of knowledge and of thought we shall find without much difficulty the germ of a very important truth. O friend, that believest naught but what thou dost and canst know, how did'st thou learn the letter "A"? Lay aside thy petted theories of things, with their costly trappings of learning and thought; let the great spheres that wheel through highest heavens of truth glide away on their radiant paths unnoted for awhile, and let us go back to Genesis—let us search among little things, in the very beginning of thy conscious being. Tell me, proud philosopher, how did'st thou learn the letter "A"? Now I know that some one, I care not who, showed to thy childish eyes a certain symbol, and did say, "*that* is the letter A;" and thou did'st *believe* what was told thee! Yea, thou did'st *believe*. And so thou did'st learn not only "A", but "B", also; and, finally, by the exercise of *faith*, thou did'st master written language, and did'st hold in thine own hand the key which unlocks the whole treasure of the thoughts of men, and all their living wisdom! Observe, that if thou had'st *refused* to believe him who told thee of the letter "A", or if thou had'st been born into the world without the principle of faith as a natural and necessary part of thy mental and moral constitution, *thou never could'st have learned the first letter of the alphabet*, and thou would'st know nothing now.

Is this not true? Is not the first law of intelligence just simply *faith*? Is it not true that belief (*faith*) *precedes* all knowledge? And is it not, also, true, that he who believes nothing (if such a man there be), cannot possibly know anything? Is not the law of human nature this: that the first, essential, necessary element of all knowledge is *faith*? "Believe, and thou shalt know."

O Brethren of the Order, hear me! Have ye learned all the wisdom of this world? Do you know how to read the stars upon their courses? Do you

weigh the sun, and calculate the parallaxes? Have ye unearthed the records of the geologic ages, to read the history of the world there written in her stony breast? Have ye sounded all the depths of science and learning and art, and have ye witnessed this material universe until ye have made her lips reveal the very last of her secrets, and bring forth the occultest treasures of her heart?—Stop!—Faith is the key with which you have unlocked the treasure-house of all this wisdom! Faith is the key that has given you the power to gather the garnered wisdom of all the ages, and to learn new truths in every lane and avenue of human life, and in every field of thought. Without faith as a principle of your nature, and as a fact in your daily life, you could never by any possibility of thought have mastered the letter “A”.

But above this world, around us, about us, in us, intangible, invisible, but intensely real, there is another, higher world of *spiritual* truth, of whose divine alphabet some of ye, O my Brethren, have not yet learned the letter “A”. All its beauty, all its holiness, all its happiness is awaiting to be yours; but you refuse to take, use, and enjoy them! You refuse to use the key which your own nature offers you. You say “faith” cannot open the everlasting doors: you will not believe, and so you *cannot* know! And yet, is it any more unreasonable that faith should be the condition on which you are to acquire some knowledge of the spiritual world and the alphabet of everlasting life, than it is that faith should be the condition on which you have acquired your knowledge of earthly life and of earthly languages? Faith *precedes* knowledge, both in material and in spiritual things, and in both worlds the sure truth is, he who *will not* believe, cannot know!

Ah, what do I care, although the tongue of man or of angel shall preach any other doctrine than this! Does not every intuition of my nature, every more noble desire of my heart, every aspiration of my soul, every whisper of my own consciousness tell me evermore that because I am man, I am the child of faith? O my Brother, if you will shield your vision for one moment from the flaunting and delusive lights, if you will stop your ears for one moment from the clash and clang of worldly interest and this strife for material success and this conflict with material wants; if you will dive down into the purer and deeper recesses of your own being and drink from the clearest fount of thoughts that bubble up around the very basis of your own nature, and there, in silent communion with your own heart, ask yourself what is real? what is true? Must not the response of “the Divinity that stirs within” assure you evermore that faith—faith in God—faith in good to be done and to be enjoyed, is the ultimate truth? If you cast your eye upon the tide of human life as it shrieks and bubbles and groans along the channels of the ages, what lesson is taught with every heart-beat, and uttered with every throbbing pulse? Is it not faith—faith in God—faith in good to be done and to be enjoyed, now and forevermore? Look at our own

Order. What is the meaning of our ceremonies, from initiation unto death? What is the language of every lecture and of every symbol in the written and unwritten work of the Order? of our creed of charity? of our noble labors in the field of Friendship, Love and Truth? Is not *all* of the system of Odd Fellowship based upon faith—faith in God—faith in good to be done and good to be enjoyed? Is it not natural and necessary to our hearts that we have faith? Is it not natural and necessary that we believe in something higher, better, purer, more powerful than ourselves? Is it not natural and necessary that we believe in the possibility—that we have faith in the possibility of doing good for men, or obtaining good for ourselves, and of pushing onward and upward the whole range of human life to a higher moral position—nearer to goodness and to God? Is not faith in God—faith in man—faith in goodness to be done and to be enjoyed a natural, necessary, and inherent element of the human understanding?

N. C. K.

“OBJECTIONS ON BOTH SIDES.”

Editor Companion: Bigoted clergymen and sectarian demagogues condemn Odd Fellowship because it does not acknowledge the supremacy of their cherished creeds or favorite systems of church policy. They seem to forget that it has its *own* peculiar mission, and that no worthy man is debarred the privileges of the Order in consequence of *his* religious tenets, be they what they may. No good Odd Fellow ever asks whether an applicant for membership belongs to any particular church, or not; but, on the contrary, will he make an efficient and faithful member? It is not the peculiar prerogative of Odd Fellowship to *Christianise* the world, nor to extend the ecclesiastic boundaries of *Israel*, nor to sustain and uphold the *Crescent*. These various duties belong *exclusively* to their special votaries.

Communicants of every sect and creed, who desire to co-operate with the Order in the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity, are admitted into its sacred courts, if found *worthy*. No religious test is demanded of any applicant for the rights of our mystic circle. It leaves this matter wholly to the unbiased judgment of each member. The Universalist, the Unitarian, the Trinitarian, the Humanitarian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, the Congregationalist, the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Mormon, and all other sects, have been, are, or may become, Odd Fellows.

Amid such an array of antagonistic religions, is it possible, I ask, for Odd Fellowship to be a religious society, and still hold, in its sacred shrine, all these discordant and unharmonious elements in sweet accord? It is palpably manifest that Odd Fellowship is not a church, nor a sect, nor a creed, nor a substitute for any of them. Its peculiar mission is to draw men into a closer bond of union; to “war against vice in all its forms;” to cultivate charitable and humane dispositions; to make men less selfish, less avaricious, and more considerate of the rights

of others; to dispense its bounties to the needy and destitute with a loving and lavish hand; to cheer the broken-hearted; to dry the tears of the widow and orphan, by administering such consolation, sympathy and aid, as their several necessities may require.

In many instances its teachings may be similar to those enunciated from the Pulpit—the Synagogue—the Cathedral, or the Mosque; but who will contend from this co-incidence of opinion, that there is any *Odd Fellowship* in any of these bodies? or the converse, that there is any Christianity, Judaism, Catholicism, or Mohammedism in the Order as an institution, without regard to the personal piety of each member?

It is a peculiar feature of the Order, that it has no creed of its own, either in religion or politics; and that it will not tolerate sectarianism in any form whatever. It is not identified with any of the churches, or sects, or creeds, or political parties of the day, and cannot therefore be prostituted to any partisan or sectarian purposes. The religionist, who decries the Order because its power may be used for political or sectarian ends, publishes his own ignorance to the world. Under no circumstances whatever can such a thing occur. It is physically impossible. The great contrariety of opinion, to say nothing of the positive prohibitions of the Order, will ever prove an insuperable barrier to such an undertaking. He who thinks differently, has failed to comprehend the nature and designs of *Odd Fellowship*. Away with such phantoms! They consist only in the minds of mad fanatics. No other institution is half so well guarded against religious or political fanaticism. Disappointed ambition and overweening vanity have given rise to such unwarranted and unwarrantable attacks. But, the religious fanatic exclaims, the Order is *sinful*, because it takes up the time which should be given to the church, the family or society. This may be true in a few instances; but that does not affect the institution, as such. By a parity of reasoning, the church itself may be pronounced *sinful*, because many of its members neglect their families to attend places of social pleasure, and commit offenses against the laws of the land, as well as the laws of God.

As it is wrong to condemn the church for what a few of its members do, so it is equally wrong to condemn the Order for the faults of its members. Let every sect or church purge itself of improper persons, before it prefers charges against a merely human society, which does not profess to much purity. "Let him that is clearest of sin cast the first stone." Perfection is seldom found in *divine* institutions, much less in those of human origin.

No church or society should be condemned on account of the bad conduct of its individual members. Hypocrites and corrupt men are found everywhere. Every virtue has its counterpart. But the good should not be confounded with the evil. A doubting Thomas, a blaspheming Peter, and a traitorous Judas were among the twelve disciples of Jesus Christ.

From that time to the present, wicked men have insinuated themselves into every good society, in order to perpetrate black crimes under the guise of doing good.

There is no evil in *Odd Fellowship*. As an institution it will stand the test of the severest criticism. The thousand and one objections that have been urged against it, could be made with equal propriety against any of the popular assemblies of the country. It should not be censured for the ignorance, folly or imprudence of its friends, nor the animadversions or imputations of its enemies. Let it receive that meed of praise which is commensurate with its real merits, and, my word for it, there shall be no room for complaint by any one. Let every one who has crossed its threshold and taken upon himself the name and style of *Brother*, be careful to discharge his full duty towards all concerned, so that he may not bring a reproach upon the cause of humanity. Poor suffering humanity is the recipient of innumerable acts of kindness, bestowed in the name of Friendship, Love and Truth.

The whole fabric of *Odd Fellowship* rests upon Faith, Hope and Charity, as the main pillars of the temple. The superstructure is supported by the cardinal principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, which are connected with the daily duties of life as closely as the warp and woof of the finest textile fabric.

Religionists urge as an argument against *Odd Fellowship* that it casts a reproach upon the church, by appropriating to itself the merits which rightfully belong to the latter, in the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity. Such contend that all the good which it accomplishes justly belongs to the church. They acknowledge that much good is effected through the instrumentality of the Order, and that it detracts from the church; and nothing which does that should be sanctioned by lovers of the church. Thus, you see, we are condemned, on the one hand, because we belong to a wicked association, and on the other, because we cause the church to blush for shame in consequence of our good deeds. How is it possible to please parties who are so diametrically opposed to each other? I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that ignorance is the chief element of all this opposition. Those who have not entered into the sacred shrine of our Order, must necessarily know very little about it. Prejudice is the creature of ignorance. All prejudiced parties are therefore more or less uninformed as to the real nature, design and scope of *Odd Fellowship*. If you desired to learn the truth of any proposition, would you consult its enemies, or its friends? Surely no one would be so destitute of moral honesty as to profess that an enemy would be more likely to impart the truth, than a devoted friend. Believe those who have had an opportunity to test its real value, and you will have no cause to regret a misplaced confidence in after life.

All who have a right to speak for *Odd Fellowship*, bear willing testimony to its intrinsic merits. Their

united testimony should forever silence the incessant croakings of disappointed ambition and sectarian prejudice. The strongest opposition always emanates from sectarian bigotry. Many sectarians oppose Odd Fellowship because it will not support their peculiar views of theology. Others condemn it because they have once knocked for admission and the door was not thrown open to them. Among the numerous opponents of our Order, I never yet knew one whose opposition did not vanish into thin air, whenever his mind became thoroughly disabused of its unwarranted prejudices against it.

So much for the open enemies of our Order. I desire now to say a few words to its professed friends. And right here I remark that ignorance within does as much, if not more, injury, than ignorance without the Order. Every Odd Fellow is supposed to understand the tenets of our institution. Hence Odd Fellows should be careful not to let their love for the Order induce them to praise it beyond its just merits. Enthusiasm, like ignorance and prejudice, often leads the friends of a cause into unprofitable discussions. Many excellent causes are brought into disrepute by the unjust claims of its professed friends. In their eagerness and zeal to do justice to their favorite enterprise, they fail to keep within proper bounds by claiming for it more than legitimately belongs thereto; consequently, the enterprise suffers in the esteem of the public. Such, however, is rarely the case with Odd Fellows. Very few of them have a zeal beyond their knowledge. But unfortunately for the success of our cause, these too often wield an influence against, instead of for us. Our cause is really injured by making it a rival, instead of the *hand-maid* or auxiliary of religion. I repeat, of religion, and not *sectarianism*, for our Order is *radically opposed to sectarianism* in every form or shape in which it presents itself. The principles of Christianity, which are held in common by all its professed followers, without regard to the doctrinal differences, are received and acknowledged by the good Odd Fellow. None but Atheists are excluded from the pale of Odd Fellowship. Non-professors of Christianity are admitted on the same footing as members of the different churches. Hence it is perfectly apparent to all, that church membership cuts no figure whatever in Odd Fellowship. Who, then, but an enthusiast, would claim that Odd Fellowship possesses any divinity at all? Some deny that it possesses any of the divine attributes of Christianity. Others contend that there is *Christianity* in Odd Fellowship. Both cannot be right. The Mormon, the Jew, the Mohammedan, and every other class or sect known among men, may become Odd Fellows without renouncing a single religious sentiment peculiar to their faith. How then, I ask again, can there be any Christianity in an association which receives into its bosom individuals whose lives and conduct are diametrically opposed to each other, so far as church polity or a system of faith is concerned? In the face of all these facts, who will contend that there is Christianity in Odd Fellowship, or the con-

verse? The Order has its *own* mission, and how well it executes it, is known in every community where a Lodge is established. Some churches have denounced it, because it exceeds them in good works. This is not the fault of the Lodge. It does not accomplish *more* good than it should. The church is derelict in its duty. It should do better. It should not suffer a merely human institution, the creature of the present century, to excel it in deeds of human beneficence. The Order does not claim a *divine* origin, nor a *divine* commission, nor the exercise of any *divine* prerogative or *divine* power whatever. Therefore the Odd Fellow who claims that it is superior to, or a substitute for, religion, does great injustice to both causes. He brings discredit upon each, and stultifies himself before the world. Each has its own proper mission and peculiar sphere. There is no antagonism or conflict between them. The one relates mainly to the practical duties of this life, while the other requires a change of heart and a corresponding change of conduct, with a view to that which is to come. The former is earthly, while the latter pertains mostly to an eternal existence beyond the grave. Exhortations are made and illustrious examples cited from the Holy Bible, calculated to teach the broadest philanthropy and most extended charity, in the Degree work of the Lodge. But, notwithstanding all this, the Order does not profess to have the power to forgive sins—or to reconcile God and man. This belongs exclusively to Omnipotence. God alone can change the heart and make us new creatures in Christ Jesus. Let none be deceived as to the power inherent in the Order in this regard. Let all who desire to gain admission into the Celestial Lodge above, apply in time to the Grand Master of the Universe, who alone has the right to communicate the password which will admit them into His presence, where they will be permitted to remain forevermore. Let none forget that all badges of honor and distinction in this life will avail nothing in that which is to come, and that he who possesses the proper passwords and tokens, will be admitted into the society of the patriarchs, while he who has failed to realize the requisite change of heart, will be cast into outer darkness. Odd Fellowship, in itself, has no power to save the soul. This power belongs to God. All who desire eternal salvation must look to God, the Author of their being, for it, as he alone has the issues of life and death in His hands.

Fraternally, • J. C. WELCH.

NICHOLASVILLE, KY., Sept. 14, 1868.

O B I T U A R Y.

DIED—At Eaton, Ohio, September 3, 1868, Bro. P. R. MINOR, P.G. of Eaton Lodge, No. 30, aged about 50 years.

The remains of Bro. Minor were followed to their last resting-place by a large number of Brethren of Eaton and visiting Lodges.

P.G.M. JOHN D. GRAFF, of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, died at his residence in Baltimore on the 9th of September, 1868.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Continued.				No.	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No.	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
No.	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.								
				99	Spr'g Garden	Philadelphia	Th	174	De Kalb.....	Philadelphia	Sat
				100	Chosen	"	Tue	175	Ch'mbersb'g	Chambersb'g	Tue
					Friends	"		177	Orionto	Attleboro'gh	Sat
31	Manayunk	Manayunk	Sat	101	Jersey Shore	Jersey Shore	M	178	Wissahick'n	Flourtown	Sat
32	Duquesne	Pittsburg	Th	102	Newport	Newport	Wed	180	Shicksbiny	Shicksbiny	Sat
33	Decatur	Philadelphia	Wed	103	Symmetry	Hamburg	Th	182	Iron City	Pittsburgh	M
34	United St'tes	"	M	104	Empire	Philadelphia	Th	183	Pers'ver'nee	Millersburg	Sat
36	Columbian	"	Th	105	Salome	Reading	Tue	185	Farmer's & Mechanic's	Marcus Hook	Sat
38	Monroe	"	Fri	106	Guttenberg	Philadelphia	M	186	Justice	Philadelphia	Wed
39	Wyoming	Wilkesbarre	Wed	107	Presque Isle	Erie	Th	187	Prospect	"	Sat
40	Benevolent	Village Green	Sat	108	Cussewago	Meadville	M	188	Fraternal	"	Fri
41	Southern	Philadelphia	Tue	109	Montour	Danville	M	189	Francia	"	Wed
43	Hancock	"	Fri	110	Crystal F'nt	Philadelphia	Wed	190	Star of	"	M
44	Hayden	Pottsville	Tue	111	Fatherland	Easton	Sat		Bethlehem	"	
45	Wm. Tell	Pittsburg	M	112	Lycoming	Williamsport	Th	191	Conemaugh	Johnstown	Th
46	Excelsior	Philadelphia	Fri	113	Oriental	Philadelphia	Th	192	Lykens	Berry'sberg	Sat
48	Birmingham	Birmingham	Th	114	Covenant	"	Fri	193	Aquetong	Doylestown	Tue
49	Allegheny	Pittsburg	Th	115	Olive Branch	"	Fri	195	Shenango	New Castle	Sat
50	Greensburg	Greensburg	Fri	116	Brady	Muncy	Sat	196	North'mb'r land	Northumberland	Sat
51	Brownsville	Brownsville	Th	117	Juniata	Huntingdon		197	Selin's	Selin's Grove	Sat
52	Star of America	Philadelphia	Wed	118	Iris	Bethany	Sat		Grove		
53	Girard	Pottsville	Fri	119	Hollid'ysburg	Hollid'ysb'rg	Wed	198	Clearfield	Clearfield	Sat
54	Northern Star	Addisville	Sat	120	Carroll	Schuyl Hav'n	Wed	199	Star of Hope	Coatesville	Sat
55	Independ'ce	Philadelphia	Fri	121	Lebanon	Lebanon	Fri	201	Enterprise	Philadelphia	Sat
56	Social	Minersville	Wed	122	Bernville	Bernville	Tue	202	Bedford	Bedford	Fri
57	Mont'mery	Norristown	M	124	Gettys	Gettysburg	Tue	203	Sunbury	Sunbury	Sat
58	Cambrian	Carbondale	Sat	125	Mo'n't Tabor	Shamokin	Tue	204	Centre Sq're	Cent'r Square	Sat
59	Mont'mery	Reading	Th	126	Gen. Warren	Philadelphia	Tue	205	Evergreen	Duncannon	Sat
60	Concordia	Catawissa	Sat	127	Paradise	"	Th	206	Cincinnati	Philadelphia	Wed
61	Adam	Philadelphia	M	128	Eliz'beth town	Elizabeth't'n	Th	209	Old Monongahela	Elizabeth	Tue
62	Beaver Meadow	Beaver Meadow	Sat	129	Donegal	Marietta	Tue	210	Merion	Merion Sq're	Sat
63	Hand in Hand	Frankford	Sat	130	Industry	Manayunk	Wed	211	York Spr'gs	Petersburg	Th
64	Gomer	Pittsburg	Sat	131	Mifflintown	Mifflintown	Fri	212	Phoenix	Phoenixville	Wed
65	Hazleton	Hazleton	Sat	132	Orphan's	Darby	Sat	214	Manatawny	Pottstown	Tue
66	Roxborough	Roxborough	Sat	133	General Harrison	Philadelphia	M	215	Mechanicsburg	Mechanicsburg	Tue
67	Lancaster	Lancaster	Th	134	Fort Penn	Stroudsburg	Sat	216	Gratitude	Conshohocken	Sat
68	Harrisburgh	Harrisburgh	Wed	136	Anthraxite	Minersville	Fri	218	Oley	Pleasantville	Sat
70	State Capitol	"	Tue	137	Monroe	Monroeton	Sat	219	Waynesboro	Waynesboro	Tue
71	Allen	Allentown	Sat	138	Fidelity	Philadelphia	We	222	Eagle	Huntingdon Valley	Sat
74	Mount Zion	York	M	140	Van Camp	Bloomsburg	Sat	223	Phil'delphia National	Philadelphia	M
75	Columbus	Chambersb'g	Th	142	Shiloh	Philadelphia	Th	224	Minerva	"	Fri
76	Mauch Chunk	Mauch Chunk	Th	143	St. Vernon	Shrewsbury	Sat	225	Shawnee	Plymouth	Sat
77	Brotherly Love	Mtutown	Sat	144	Fourth of July	Philadelphia	Tue	226	Taylor	Ashland	Sat
78	Keystone	Bethlehem	Th	145	Frodonia	"	Tue	229	Welcome	Philadelphia	M
79	Howard	Honesdale	Wed	146	Southwark	"	Wed	231	Macungie	Foglesville	Sat
80	Susqueh'nna	Columbia	M	147	Metamora	Reading	Wed	232	Radiant Star	Philadelphia	M
81	National	Washington		148	Pine Grove	Pine Grove	Sat	235	Mount Airy	Mount Airy	Sat
82	Charity	Halifax	Sat	150	Metrop'olit'n	Philadelphia	Tue	237	Mercantile	Philadelphia	Tue
83	Lehigh	Allentown	M	151	Montrose	Montrose	Tue	238	Tacony	Bridgesburg	Tue
84	Mutual	Milton	Sat	154	Green Hill	Philadelphia	Fri	239	Curtis	Norristown	Th
85	Friendly	Millerstown	Sat	155	Vigilant	"	M	240	Richmond	Philadelphia	Wed
86	Harmony	Tamaqua	M	156	Olive Leaf	Carbondale	M	241	Twin City	Allegh'y City	Fri
87	Hopkins	Bristol	Wed	157	Grace	Orwigsburg	Sat	242	Monterey	Lancaster	Fri
88	Freedom	Honesdale	M	158	Germania	Reading	M	243	Protection	Hestonville	M
89	Good Samaritan	Philadelphia	Fri	159	Golden Rule	Womelsdorf	Sat	244	Lehicton	Easton	Tue
90	Cumberland	Shippensb'rg	Tue	160	Dauphin	Harrisburg	Th	245	Tremont	Tremont	Fri
91	Carlisle	Carlisle	M	161	Pequa	Paradise	Sat	249	Berwick	Berwick	Sat
93	Hope	Philadelphia	Wed	167	Bradford	Towanda	M	248	Peters Creek	Finleyville	
94	Doylestown	Doylestown	Sat	169	Emblematic	Reading	Tue		Blue	Steinsville	Sat
95	Schiller	Philadelphia	Wed	170	Capouse	Hyde Park	Sat	251	Forest	White Haven	Tue
96	Lewisburg	Lewisburg	M	171	Walhalla	Philadelphia	Th	252	Clarion	Clarion	Fri
97	Lewistown	Lewistown	M	172	Mt. Demps'y	Landisburg	Sat				
98	Clinton	Lock Haven	Tue	173	Conodoguinit	Newville	M				

One page of this Directory of all the Lodges of the I. O. O. F. will appear each month.

THE COMPANION

A Monthly Magazine

FOR ODD FELLOWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

No. 4.

MOTHER'S WORK.

CHAPTER III.—TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

I HAVE classed together truth and justice as elements of character. It is difficult to separate them so as to bring either under notice as a distinct quality, because truth is justice in speech, and justice is truth in action. They are also found together. Where there exists a strict regard for truth, there will be a strict regard for justice; and were justice is faithfully maintained, there will be truth. It will equally be found that laxity or carelessness about one, will manifest itself, as occasion may serve, in carelessness about the other.

Simply considered, nothing can be more positive than truth; but when carried out into action, truthfulness consists in guarding against falsehood. It is only speaking of and dealing with things as they are, and that under all inducements to speak of and deal with them as they are not. Justice also is the acting out of that which is strictly due and right, under all temptations to do otherwise.

The temptations which operate against both these methods of doing simply right, arise out of selfishness—that first principle of our common nature. It is not likely that any one would speak falsely rather than truly, unless in the first instance it should be to gain something which is desired, or to escape from something which is disliked or feared; although when the habit of being false has become established, it is an undoubted fact that persons do sometimes grow to prefer speaking falsely, and that with them a lie is often told from choice.

In the same way, injustice is generally done because of some selfish object to be gained, some purpose carried out, or some step taken towards a desired end. Self-serving, under some plea or other, is the cause of deviation from the line of rectitude in both cases. The peculiar form taken by temptation in both will depend upon the prevailing character of the society in which a person moves.

The peculiar temptations by which truth and justice are assailed in the present day, and in ordinary life, arise chiefly out of the increased demand for luxury and indulgence in our modes of living; the great facility with which the luxuries and elegancies of life can be obtained, rendering it a kind of stigma upon individuals to live in these respects below the grade of society in which they mix.

In conversing with persons who have these matters much at heart, we not unfrequently find them proposing to lessen the temptation by beginning, as it were, at the wrong end of the stream, by attacking the flood instead of the source. They even lament over this excess of luxury and self-indulgence; while, on the other hand, we hear persons who are equally anxious to promote the welfare of their fellow-beings, rejoicing over every improvement of trade, or extension of commerce, or ingenuity of invention that will increase the facility by which luxuries are obtained. Altogether there are moral perplexities in connection with this subject sufficient in number and complication to confuse the wisest and the clearest heads amongst our philanthropists and politicians.

Let us turn again, for relief, to the nursery, the home, and the mother's holy work. Happily for her, she is not called upon to disentangle the knotty questions of the political economist. But she is called upon to prepare her child, as well as she can, for that great battle against temptation which he will have to carry on throughout his after life. As already said, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain what these temptations will be, socially considered—in other words, what will be the nature of those temptations most likely to assail him from without, as the inevitable result of mixing in society as it is. He will still go forth with his own peculiar temptations, springing from within himself, and what these will be neither mother nor child will probably know until the hour of trial.

In our day there are facilities for deception, treachery, and secret crime, which are supplied by that material prosperity in which we so often exult. To guard against these facilities, we require, year by year, a stronger moral power, a stricter integrity, a firmer hold upon the principles of truth, as well as honesty, in order to withstand the temptations by which age as well as youth is surrounded, and, with terrible frequency, is overcome. This preventive and preserving power must come from within—from the heart; and if the heart is treacherous and false, not all the restraints in the world can make the actions which it dictates true, and right, and noble.

But the memory of his mother may reach the tempted one; the example of his father; the moral purity of his home; the heart-lessons of his childhood; the practical uprightness of those who suffered in that home, and bore their trial of privation as sent from God, and who would

not, to save their lives, have laid their hands upon a loaf of bread that was not their own. He may not be able to recall any direct precept on the subject, because integrity of principle was rather a part of that moral atmosphere which he lived and breathed in during childhood, than a distinct thing to be set forth in lessons or even in words.

Invaluable in amount is the weight which a strict regard to the claims of property would throw into the right scale of that balance which a wise mother has to hold in her hand. Loose, vague notions about mine and thine, about property in general, are always dangerous to youth. It is better that a child should possess little, but that little should be as truly its own as the father's property is his own. Indiscriminate taking, using, and appropriating in a family, may wear an agreeable outside appearance of unselfishness and liberality, but it is often far from being so in reality. Out of such confusion of property there will arise confusion of claims, and then will follow disputes and quarrels. Neither is there any true generosity in the giver where all is held in common; and it is most essential to the cultivation of a true and noble generosity that a child should learn to give, and should delight to give out of that which is really its own; the smaller that is in amount, the larger will be the generosity of heart with which it is freely given.

Strictness in regard to borrowing and returning, is another guard which the judicious mother may set around her child; also a scrupulous care to repair any injury which a borrowed article may have sustained, and to replace it, if lost or destroyed. It is surprising how careless the children—yes, even the grown-up children of respectable homes—are sometimes found to be on these points, and how grudging they show themselves when restitution is required. Had the education of these individuals in very early life been such as to inspire within them a high sense of the *rightness* of such acts of justice, and the *wrongness* of an opposite course, they would in all probability have grown up ashamed, as they ought to be, of failing in the minutest particular as regards absolute rectitude on such points.

It is not that the merit of being just is so great as to demand much commendation, because, as already said, to be just is only to be right; it is only the avoidance of wrong. But the shame, the condemnation, should be all the greater for having deviated from the line of right so far as to appropriate another person's property, to injure it, or to fail to make restitution for its loss.

The prompt and cheerful payment of all just money-demands, where made the habit of a family, has great influence in the formation of character upon a true and honest basis. Teaching a child to feel that that money is absolutely not our own which is owing to another person for anything we are using or have used, is of great help here; and I think the payment of such debts might be cultivated as a pleasure to the child, at a very early age. As, for example, it might be made a privilege to the child to go

with its mother or its nurse when they pay for the new shoes it has just put on, and with which, as in most cases, it is highly delighted.

But in whatever way the strict line can be drawn between what is honest and dishonest, no opportunity should be neglected for making it a heart-work with the child to be true and honest in these matters. It is of no use setting the head to calculate upon them. Such calculation will be more likely to lead to this result than any other—that on such a day a certain thing shall be restored; that it will not be wanted earlier; that it is not worth much to anybody; or that the owner will most likely never think of it again. This is all natural, and it seems innocent enough in a child; but it is the way a child should never be trusted to go, because it is in reality one of those little by-ways of life, by pursuing which so many find themselves upon the great high road to ruin.

"I am only borrowing this money. I shall restore it long before the day when it will be wanted," said the wretched victim of crime on the day when he first laid his hands upon the money which he had in charge. "I will risk all that I have, and twice as much, of my father's, or my friends on this hopeful venture," said the eager speculator on the time when a promising investment was proposed to him, little thinking that a day of ruin for those friends, as well as for himself, was at hand—a day when nothing would be left for restitution. In all these cases, and in the thousands of others of a similar nature which stain our public annals, and wreck the happiness of families, and undermine the foundations of confidence and esteem, the stern work of rectitude should have been done at once; the conscientious scruple should have been at work for years before the day of temptation; the mother's influence should have been upon that heart, and her careful skill should have guarded it, as by a wall of fire, against the assaults of this enemy.

Out of the heart must come the strong impulse to avoid all dishonesty as an abominable thing. There must early be implanted in the heart of the child an absolute hatred of every species of dishonesty—a hatred of its meanness, as well as of its wickedness. All children can easily be made to despise; nothing, in fact, is more easy. The little lip will curl, and the haughty head will be tossed with ineffable contempt. Here, then, we find another instrument which, in the hands of the mother, may be used with wonderful effect against whatever is touched with the least taint of dishonesty, only the instrument must be applied, not so much to the conduct of others, as to the little dishonest acts of the child itself.

When I say it is natural to speak the truth, I mean only until some inducement stronger than the love of truth itself shall come across the purpose of a child to tempt it to tell a lie; and alas! this comes too soon. I only mean that if we should ask a child if it had learned a lesson, had been out, or had seen a bird, it would be in accordance with the first impulse of nature to say yes, if it had, unless some motive should be in immediate operation to prompt a lie. And,

perhaps, it is in this way that parents are lulled into security concluding that *of course* their children will be truthful; it is so very wicked to tell lies, and they have seen no reason to consider their children wicked.

How shall we convince the fond and partial parent that this is not sufficient? It may be sufficient while the child is free from temptation; but, when the hour comes in which there will be some terrible thing to fear in consequence of speaking the truth, or some delightful thing to gain by a falsehood—when other people tell such falsehoods, and no harm is thought of them—when it seems as if some particular falsehood would prevent mischief and pain, nay, actually do good—when nobody need ever know—then will be the time for the child to be saved, humanly speaking, by its intense and habitual hatred of a lie, indeed of everything false, by its remembrance of how falsehood was regarded in the parental home as a base and abominable thing, and how truth was acted there, as well as spoken, independently of all calculation of consequences, simply because it was truth.

In the constant and habitual acting out of truth as a principle lies the great secret of influencing the character of a child, so that truth shall be loved, and falsehood hated. Perhaps few of us are aware, until we look faithfully into the subject, and examine it well, how frequently we fail in this consistent acting and speaking, and how we fail so as that a child can easily detect our failures.

I think one of the great points on which we fail is this—we too often substitute anger for sorrow in our treatment of the misconduct of children. Take, as an example, the telling of a lie, or perhaps more than one. Fearful judgment is sometimes visited upon children for this, so fearful that the next time they tell a lie, perhaps inadvertently, they become so terrified that in all probability they tell another, or a succession of lies, in order to sustain or cover the first.

It seems to me that we work with a mean instrument when we attempt to work upon the *fear* of a child, and whatever we do, we must not degrade or debase the character. There will be degrading influences enough in the world to meet him at every step; but the mother's work should be exalting, noble, always tending upward. Surely then sorrow would be better than anger in the case described; and if we ourselves are deeply impressed with the importance of truth and falsehood, there will be cause enough for grief and real sorrow in the falsehood of any child in whom we are deeply interested.

I have often thought that a solemn grief pervading a household, when a child has done wrong, would have more effect in preventing a recurrence of the fault than all the anger in the world, or even the severest punishment. And yet there are cases, not very rare ones either, when a child is punished, perhaps left to sit alone in a room, because it has told a lie, while the rest of the family may be heard making merry as usual, laughing, it may be, with their guests, and certainly evincing no sign, which the culprit can detect, of the least feeling of sorrow on their

part. A child so treated will know that it has personally offended or vexed those who inflicted the punishment which it is enduring, and this it will probably charge upon their ill-temper rather than its own fault; but it can learn very little by this mode of heartless treatment of the awful nature of falsehood, as it ruins the character, and stains the life.

Opposed to this we have the beauty and the value of a truthful and upright character. We have the holiness of the law of God, in nothing more visibly pure to our perceptions than in its maintenance of truth and justice—the just man and the perfect being always placed in the clearest opposition to the liars and the father of lies. We have also the *kindness* of truth in contrast to the *cruelty* of falsehood; nor can it be difficult to show to a child how cruel falsehood really is, that having been deceived once, or twice, or three times, we cease to be able to believe when we would, and so turn a deaf ear to the cry of real suffering, or refuse the petition of the needy, or withhold our confidence from those who are really deserving of our trust.

Truth admits of no qualification. It is simple truth, as day is day, and night is night. Thence it may be made clearly intelligible to a child. Justice is more difficult, involving, as it does, so many relative circumstances, and so many complications arising out of social life. There are, however, cases occurring frequently—perhaps in the nursery, from which a child may be so taught as to derive useful lessons. And, after all, it is not so much the discrimination of a clear case which the mother has to teach, as how to feel about it when clearly seen. Discrimination of cases belongs especially to the head; and, although both head and heart should be included in the great work of education as it moves on, the business to be done in early life is chiefly to work upon the heart, so that it shall love truth and justice, and hate their opposites. A desire will thus be established to follow after, and hold fast by, that which is beloved and approved, and to reject the other with dislike and contempt. According to this mode of educating, a child may be brought to love and admire justice, long before it can have attained any great amount of power in judging correctly for itself as to what is just or unjust in the general transactions of mankind.

For this reason—that a child can really be no judge in transactions of business, or in worldly matters generally—the great mistake is made of leaving all considerations about justice, as well as many other moral questions, until the mind is mature, and the character to a great extent established. This fearful and often fatal mistake is chiefly attributable to the almost universal notion, that little or nothing can be done in such matters except by the education of the head, that all these things will come right if the child is sent to what is called a good school, and that if properly taught, according to the accustomed routine of scholastic teaching, that the character of the future man or woman will be as good as human instrumentality can make it.

Does the mother ever think, when she consigns her child to this method of preparing it for

after-life, that even if the thing was stipulated for, which it seldom is, there could be neither time nor opportunity for educating the heart of her child as she could have done that work at home? That the head will be constantly practised at school in the lessons it is learning, the learner sent back again, perhaps a hundred times, until he is thoroughly grounded in his lesson, and so on from step to step, each lesson made the groundwork for another, but all impressed, and made as sure as incessant labor, stimulated by competition, can make them? While the heart all the while is only *told* a few uninteresting truisms, and not practised at all, or with any method in its education?

Does the mother ever think, when she walks in her garden on a fine spring morning, and watches the fair blossoms unfolding on the boughs, and calculates upon her autumn and winter fruit, that the most critical time of all the year as regards the produce of the garden is just when those blossoms are beginning to *set*, as the gardeners call it? With blossoms a thousand times more beautiful, with the promise of fruit a thousand times more precious, she has the setting-time, as it were, in her own hands. It may be long before the casual observer will see what she has done. The blossoms of the fruit-tree fade and fall, and the small germ of promise makes no show for some time after this critical period; but amongst the many secrets hid in the bosom of nature, there is none more sure than this, that unless the fruit has set, there will be none upon the tree.

So, deep within the mother's bosom may lie this precious, this soul-sustaining truth, that her young blossoms have been cared for, nourished, and guarded in their setting-time; that nothing has been wanting on her part to secure a rich supply of after-fruit; and that amidst her toil—*toil* sweetened by her love—she has constantly prayed for that blessing on her work without which she could have no hope of its success. The care, the watchfulness have been hers, and hers, too, the skilful turning to account of those ever-changing circumstances of nature which belong to shade and sunshine, storm and calm. Beyond this, there must be the breathing of the breath of life, the inspiration of God's own spirit, to complete the work, for which she can only wait, and trusting in his promises, still work, and pray.

FAST AND FIRM.

It was at the Marseilles railway station; why I was there, or where I was going, I don't exactly remember, so much having happened since, and I, just at that time, having no special reason to go to one place more than to another.

The express train from Paris had just come in.

She was standing a little aside, just out of the crowd and bustle, looking on, scanning every face as it passed and repassed: mine among others, and, as I fancied, with more interest than others. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were

anxious, but she looked calm and self-possessed—her manner had no bashfulness, no hardihood.

Was she waiting for her fellow-passenger to rejoin her?

People hurried to and fro, each one intent on his or her business. No one approached this little lady.

By-and-by I saw her speak to an elderly woman, who, for a few moments, stood near her, a matured specimen, apparently, of the genus "unprotected." Of her I think she asked some question. From her she received, I fancied, a hurried, a not over-courteous answer. I saw a flush rise to her face as she turned away.

By this time the platform was almost clear. Such passengers as were by-and-by going on, had departed to refresh themselves; others had gone to their resting-places; the railway officials began to regard this solitary figure curiously. Raising my hat, speaking to her in French, with as formal a courtesy as I could command, I ventured to ask if she were waiting for anybody; wanting any information; if I could be in any way of any service to her. A shade as of perplexity or disappointment crossed her face when I thus addressed her.

She answered in better French than mine, while her eyes seemed to read mine with something more than curiosity—with interest.

"I was to have been met here. I see nobody who is looking for anybody. I am disappointed. I must wait here; some one will, perhaps, come yet. Thank you very much for your kindness, but I must wait."

Again lifting my hat, I left her; but only to pace the platform and think about her. Wait! what had she to wait for? Any one meaning to meet her would have been there when the train came in. Alone there, and, most likely, strange to the place, what could she do? Meanwhile, there she stood, waiting, composedly, patiently.

As the minutes passed by, I thought she looked paler and paler; at last, as I approached her nearer than in my other turns, she came a few steps towards me.

"Will you be so kind," she began in English, then, correcting herself, she spoke French.

I smiled. "I am English, as you are."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said quite childishly. Then she added, "I can offer no excuse for troubling you, but will you tell me what to do? I am come direct from London. I am going to my brother, who is ill in Rome. Some one was to have met me at Marseilles, and I know nothing about the route beyond this. My brother is very ill. I must travel quickly, or—" here she paused, or rather her voice failed her.

"Were you to go by land?"

"Yes; my brother forbade me to travel by water. Sea-traveling half killed him, and he won't let me try it."

"But," I said, quite angrily, "it is an impossible journey for you to undertake alone by this route, or, indeed, by any route. What were your friends thinking of?"

"I was to have been met here, you know. I quite depended upon that."

"But you have no business here at all. If you

want to go by land, and quickly, you ought to have gone by Chambery, across Mount Cenis, by Susa, Turin, Milan——

She turned so pale that I paused. She looked about for some resting-place; I gave her my arm, led her to the waiting-room, got her a glass of water and a cup of coffee, begging her to drink the latter.

She obeyed me, and as soon as she could speak, it was, "You will tell me what to do now? My brother is very ill, perhaps dying. Will it be best to go back to—the place you spoke of, or, as I am here, to push on by this route? Which way is the quicker?"

"Where is your luggage? The train starts for Nice in five minutes. I am not sure what better you can do than push on by this route now you are here."

She rose directly. "I have no luggage but what is in that bag," pointing to one I had taken from her when I gave her my arm.

"What a charming traveling-companion she would make!" I thought to myself.

She added as we hastened towards the platform, "I left London at an hour's notice, in consequence of a telegram." As I hurried her along, she asked, "Are you going any further by this route?" "Yes."

"Would you kindly, while you are traveling the next stage, write me down directions?"

"Certainly."

The ladies' carriage into which I looked was full; so I handed her into another, and got in myself, and as that small hand rested in mine, a curiously strong conviction entered my mind, and rested there.

I seated myself opposite to her, and having said, "We shall have plenty of time to talk it over before we get to Nice," I feigned to be fully occupied with route-books and maps in order to leave her quiet time to recover herself.

All the while that I seemed thus occupied, I was thinking intently. I was not very young or "green." I had heard of bewitched and bewitching widows and of childish-looking little adventuresses lying in wait, at such places as the Marseilles railway station, for men's hearts to ensnare them and men's purses to make use of them, and I considered myself a man not likely to be imposed upon. Many a calm, investigating glance of mine rested on my opposite neighbor's face, her dress, her *ensemble*.

She did not speak to me: she turned her face to the window. I thought her earnestly interested in the fascinatingly romantic scenes past which we were flying—the rocky heights, castle-looking rocks and rocky-looking castles, the blue bays and grey olive-hoary plains, which she was seeing now probably for the first time. By-and-by, a gentle, stealthy movement of hers, a little hand slipped into her pocket, and then her handkerchief lifted to her face assured me that she was crying.

I am always afraid of a woman who is crying. A man is a brute who can speak a harsh word to a weeping woman, and a kind one often changes a mild trickling of the salt waters to a deluge, so I left her alone.

She kept her hand, and her handkerchief in it, over her face, and her face turned towards the window as much as possible. I began to hope she would fall asleep. I believe I myself did fall asleep for a few moments. By-and-by I was roused by the falling of a book from my hand; when I opened my eyes I found my opposite neighbor's fixed upon me, with a look of waiting for the opportunity of addressing me. She had left off crying then: that she had cried a good deal her face told; her lids were reddened in tiny spots; she was looking very wan and ill.

She had her purse open in her hand.

"Shall I have enough money?" she asked me, holding it towards me, when I gave signs of being fully awake.

I took the poor little poorly-furnished purse in my hand. "Oh, yes, if you don't get cheated; and as I am going to Rome by this route, I will see to that, if you will allow me."

"You are going to Rome?" Such a light in the eyes, and such a pretty transient flush over the delicate face. "You are going all the way that I have to go?"

"Yes." It was the state of her purse that had finally decided me.

She put the purse I returned to her back in her bag. After that, and when I pretended to be looking in another direction, I saw her small hands folded together, and was confident that her lips formed the words "Thank God!" Somehow I was more touched than I could have told reason for by this.

"Have you slept at all on the road?" I asked presently.

"No; I have been too anxious."

"Try and sleep now, or you will be utterly worn out. I am going to do my best to take care of you. Try and fancy I am the friend your brother sent for you. I will try and take as good care of you as if I was." It was not a case for half-measures, you see; I leant forward, not to be overheard, and spoke earnestly.

"You are very good," she said, and her eyes filled.

I put my hat-box for her feet, and threw my wrapper over her; then I immersed myself in my books again.

Two old ladies and one gentleman were nodding in the other compartment of the carriage. For a long time I did not stir hand or foot or look at my neighbor, hoping that, her mind more at ease, she might catch the infection of their drowsiness. She did: when I did venture to look at her she was asleep. Her hat lay on her knee: her head was leant back in the angle of the cushions. The light of the carriage-lamp—it had grown dusk now—slanted down from the bright hair, threw a shadow of long lashes on the pale cheek, fell on the pretty round throat: but it did not look easeful sleep; the mouth retained lines of anxiety and depression. I did not look at her long; I was afraid of disturbing her, and besides it seemed to me that it would be a piece of unchivalrous audacity and profanity to take that advantage of the unconsciousness of one so strangely thrown upon my protection. Her hat slipped off her knee and fell to the floor

of the carriage: I picked it up reverently and laid it on my own, which was on the seat beside me. I fell to considering it: it was a modest little hat, pretty, but not in a coquettish way; simple, tasteful, and free from any of the grotesque and unsuitable excrescences (I can't call them ornaments) I have wondered at on other women's head-gear. Her whole dress had struck me, as I first noticed her at the station, as having a special appropriateness, a neat completeness, an absence of all superfluity, and yet no absence of feminine gracefulness.

"Who is she? What is she?" I pondered, and as I pondered my eyes, for the first time, fell upon a card fastened to the handle of her bag, which I had put on the seat beside me, to give her more room, when I begged her to try and sleep.

The name—not a common one—was not unfamiliar to me, and yet the familiarity of it carried me far back into the past.

"Harkness?" I kept repeating. I questioned and perplexed myself to no purpose, but, by-and-by, when I had given up, or imagined that I had, thinking about the matter, it all came to me.

Harkness was the name of an old drawing-master of mine. Harkness was the name of a young school-fellow of mine. Harkness was a name that for two or three years I had seen in the Royal Academy's Catalogue as the painter of pictures which had struck my fancy—mostly scenes in the country round Rome, cattle and peasants of the Campagna. For the sake of the name as much as for the pictures themselves, I had purchased some two or three, I forget which, of these works (I bought up many more of them afterwards, for her sake) at that time, wondering if that young artist Harkness was my young school-fellow Harkness.

I now determined that the two should certainly be one, and that one the brother of my little companion, who must as certainly be the "sister Ruth" of whom he had often talked, a baby girl then and the object of his almost idolatrous affection.

While she slept I furbished up my memory as to all matters regarding the two Harknesses, father and son; it was some time before I could remember the son's Christian name, much to my vexation; but, at last, that came too, Harold—Harold Harkness. I was triumphant, almost anxious the tired little sleeper should wake, quite resolved that Harold Harkness should have been my very dear friend. I should remember, happily, that I had sometimes been of service to him; that I had been fond of the boy; that he had been a bright, beautiful-faced, fair-haired little fellow, who had nourished a romantic and grateful regard for me.

My charge, so I now regarded Ruth Harkness, moaned in her sleep in a faint, distressful sort of way.

I bent towards her: we were stopping at a station, Cannes, I think. She roused herself.

"Could you give me a glass of water?" she asked; "I am so sorry to give you trouble."

"You feel ill, faint? I'll be back directly." I sprang out: I brought her a glass of water

into which I had put a little cognac. "You needn't be afraid, it's not too strong, it will do you good. I'm a sort of a doctor."

She took it with a grateful, confiding look, and drank it. Having paid a porter to return the glass, I was lingering on the platform, near the carriage door, regardless of warnings to get in, amusing myself by watching the eager hurry of others, wishing in that manner to show myself an old, experienced traveler, perhaps, when she looked out.

"If you should be left behind, or get hurt in getting in in a hurry," she said. I was in the carriage before she had finished speaking, her anxious face was enough. It was new to me to feel myself of paramount importance to anybody; a very novel and pleasant sensation.

I brought her a small nosegay, of Provence rosebuds, jasmine, and violets; but I took it away from her almost directly, saying, "The perfume is too strong."

She let me do as I pleased, but she looked at the flowers lovingly.

"You are better now?"

"O yes, thank you! I had been dreaming painfully about Harold, my brother."

"I wonder when you ate anything last."

"I have eaten some biscuits I had with me; they told me I should have plenty of time to get refreshment by the way, but I was afraid to lose my place, and the bustle confused me."

"Then you have lived on biscuits since you left London?"

"I have not been hungry."

"I have made a very pleasant discovery while you were asleep, Miss Harkness," I said, pointing to the card on her bag. "This is your name?"

"Yes."

"It is a well-known name to me. A favorite schoolfellow of mine was called Harold Harkness, a favorite artist of mine, whose works I have greatly admired, is called Harold Harkness. Now don't tell me you are not the "little sister Ruth" he used to talk about."

"I am only too glad and proud to tell you that I am."

"You don't ask who I am, or seem surprised at my discovery."

"No," she answered, slightly smiling. "I knew before."

"Knew me?"

"Yes; Harold used to talk to me about you enough to make me remember the name very well; and while you were walking up and down the platform at Marseilles, I read your name upon your luggage."

"But how did you come to associate the luggage with its right owner? I did not go near it."

"By instinct, I suppose partly, and partly, because Harold once tried to paint a likeness of you from memory, and you are still enough like his picture to have made me notice your face before I noticed the name on the luggage."

When we reached Nice—how wonderfully lovely under the moonlight some parts of that route looked!—the sharply-lined sea alps against a clear, large-starred sky, the smooth, flashing little bays, the crystalized slopes of olives, the roman-

tic and significant looking black files of cypresses, like a mournful, mourning, funereally-draped procession—when we reached Nice, I wondered what it would be best to do with Miss Harkness. I studied the faces of the old ladies, our traveling companions, but they had a sour, grim way of looking at me and my charge: they spoke together about us, and shook their heads. I did not venture to ask them to be charged with the care of her till morning, as I did not wish to own to them that I was not her legitimate protector—her brother or her husband.

As I handed Miss Harkness from the carriage, I felt that she was trembling.

"You cannot go on till the eight o'clock diligence in the morning. I shall secure a room for you at a hotel where I can rely upon your being safe and comfortable; I shall engage your place in the diligence to-night, and call for you in the morning." This as I led her to a cab.

"How can I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"It is nothing. I am a very idle, unoccupied fellow, at anybody's service—especially at the service of your brother's sister."

"If only he is alive to thank you! You think I cannot go on to-night?"

"I know you cannot." I did not know it, but I knew she ought not.

The mistress of one of the Nice hotels was well and favorably known to me. I committed Miss Harkness to her care, explaining in few words the object of her journey.

Then I ordered—and I remember I took great pains with its selection—a little dinner for one, of soup, game-cutlets, sweets, choice fruit and coffee, to be served as soon as possible to No. 99; and after I had done that, I went about my own business. I secured the coupe of the diligence and one place in the banquette as far as Genoa. I sent a telegram to Marseilles to request that my luggage, which I had left unowned there, should be taken charge of till further notice. I dined at a hotel close to the diligence office, drank coffee, smoked, lounging on the esplanade and looking towards the windows of the house where I had left Miss Harkness, and wondered dreamly what would come of this very strange adventure of mine.

Suppose a wife should come of it?

Pshaw! Most unlikely! What probability was there that a sweet girl like this should be disengaged.

To what sort of a fellow, however, if he lets her run such risks as these? Suppose she had fallen into bad hands as completely as she had fallen into mine—which shall be harmless for her, God knows!

She would not have fallen into bad hands.

There is judgment, discernment, wisdom beyond her years in that sweet little face, with its serene brow and clear eyes, its firm, rather sad mouth.

I was sorry she had seen my name, otherwise I could have laid the flattering unction to my soul that it was my face which had inspired her with confidence.

But what on earth could she have done had I not been there? What in the name of heaven

would have become of her? Well! heaven guards its own. Heaven knows what would have become of her.

When I tired of my moonlight rambling by the shores of that wonderful Bay of Nice, and went to my hotel, I found it was too late to be worth while going to bed that night, so I watched till morning.

I was at her hotel pretty early, anxious to settle her account before she should be troubled about it. I ordered breakfast to be taken to her in her room, and sent a penciled message to her, telling her I had arranged everything.

I shan't easily forget the earnestly grateful look she gave me when we met. As I tucked her up snugly in the coupe—

"Had she been comfortable?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; I had thought of everything. I had been most kind," she answered, her eyes full of tears. And then—"where was I going?" with a half alarm in her tone and her face, as she found I did not take my place beside her.

"To the banquette, up above; I am your courier, mademoiselle: one sees better there, but this is fitter for a lady."

It was an early February morning: the sun and sky as bright as only a Riviera sun and sky could be; the Mediterranean blue, as only the Mediterranean could be.

That wonderful Cornice Road! I had often traveled it before; but that only made me better able to admire it then. Now high on the hills, where you seemed to have glimpses of a whole Switzerland of snow-mountains; where you had below you bay after bay of glittering azure or violet, town, village, and tower, and distant expanse of sea; where you looked upon little castled cities sitting on their natural fortifications, secure, impregnable:—then down to the shores, through the queerest and quaintest of small ports, past new-built and building fleets, between boughs loaded with lemons, through orchards of lemons, past the palm-groves of Bordighera—what an enchanted world it seemed! Mediæval and romantic, nothern strength, southern grace; but it is not of these things I care to talk now.

We did not stop more than a few hours at Genoa. How long we were upon our route altogether I cannot distinctly remember. We had bad weather at one time, cold and rain, snow, wind, and hail; that was, I think, in crossing the Apennines between Sestris and Spezia. She never complained, though she got so benumbed with cold that she would have fallen, but that I caught her in my arms, one evening as I was helping her to alight—that was at Spezia—she never complained.

Caught her in my arms! yes; and before I knew it had given her a sort of compassionate hug, exclaiming, "You poor, tired, patient child!" I couldn't help it.

Rail from Spezia to Leghorn; past the marble quarries of Carrara, past Pisa; rail and diligence to Civita Vecchia, rail to Rome. Our journey was not long since, you see.

When we reached Rome, in the full brightness of a sunny morning, she *did* look travel-worn, fagged, and jaded. The night before, in a

crowded diligence—I had not been able to secure a coupe for her—she had slept great part of the night, her head upon my shoulder—a sleep of such profound exhaustion as had half alarmed me. I had ventured to put my arm round her, to draw her to me, in order to support her better—what a slight, fragile-feeling form it was! As I held her thus, and she slept this dead sleep, my eyes never closed, and my mind was very busy.

What would be the end of this journey?

Should her brother be already dead?

Friendless, moneyless, homeless, alone!

When we stopped once, she half roused; she looked up in my face as I bent down to her.

"I am afraid I weary you," she said. "I can't help it; I'm so tired!" she was half stupefied with fatigue: almost before she had finished speaking her head drooped on my shoulder again.

I pressed her closer for answer—that was all.

"Your wife, poor young thing, seems quite worn out," said a kindly, half quakerish-looking lady sitting opposite. I had noticed how pleasantly and compassionately she glanced at Ruth. A few days ago I should on this have told Ruth's story, and claimed a woman's protection for a woman; but now—well, I was jealous and selfish. I wanted her all to myself, wanted her to be cared for with my cares—all mine, only mine.

I answered simply, "She is worn out; she has traveled from London almost without stopping: she has a brother dying in Rome."

"Poor, poor young thing! But she is happier than many; she will meet sorrow with one by her who loves her with more than the love of a brother."

My conscience was roused: none of our other fellow-travelers could hear us; I briefly told her Ruth's story, and finished by asking, "Are you going to stay in Rome?"

"Yes, friend, and shall be glad to be of service to the young lady."

"You may perhaps be of the greatest service."

I gave her my card and she gave me hers, penciling on it her address in Rome.

"This your brother's address?" I asked Ruth, as we approached Rome, reading a card she gave me.

"Yes; you are surprised. Why?"

"This is such a miserable quarter."

"Oh! he is very poor, and always saving, saving, to be able soon to give me a home," she said. "He says I never shall be happy as a governess, nor he to know me one."

"Ruth," I said, taking her hand as we drove through the streets. "Let me call you so. I am not a stranger now; I am a brother to you, wishing to be to you more than any brother; but I am not going to speak of that now. Are you prepared for a great shock? Can your physical system bear it? I know that brave mind will. I mean if your brother should be very, very ill, dying—dead."

She shuddered. "You have said the word; I could not. I have been thinking day after day that he is dead: that is why—"

"Why no one met you?" "Yes."

"I fear, poor child, you may be right. You will try to bear up bravely; and—you will let me be a brother to you till—"

Now our cab stopped.

"This street is enough to have killed him," she said. "Surely it is not here?"

We had stopped in one of the narrow, filthy, as a matter of course foul-smelling streets of which there are plenty in Rome.

"It is here," I said, as the cabman opened the door.

I gave the word, "Wait," and lifted her out.

Up the dank, chill, dirty stair, up and up. At last we reached a door on which the poor fellow's card was nailed.

She seemed to gather courage now. She led the way, through a small dark ante-room, in which I paused.

I listened.

I heard a smothered exclamation from her; from him a cry so shrill as to be almost a scream—"Ruth!"

I walked to the head of the staircase and waited there, perhaps half an hour; then she came to me; came close up to me and laid her hand upon my arm—the expression of the piteous eyes lifted to mine told me there was no hope.

With a caressing word I drew her to me: she leant her forehead against my arm a moment, then—

"Harold wants to see you; Harold wants to thank you," she said, in a scarcely audible voice. I followed her into the room.

The full light of a small square window, from which one could see the Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the line of Mons Janiculus, was streaming on a low couch where my poor young schoolfellow lay.

I saw directly that life with him was a question of no more than days, perhaps of only hours.

Yet what a beautiful bright face it was still! what a light streamed from those radiant eyes as he, without rising—he was past that—stretched both hands towards me.

Ruth was crouching by him; one hand soon clutched her again, the other grasped mine as I sat down by him.

In this strange world how often are simple deeds, that cost nothing to the doer, most richly rewarded! What had I done? And how they thanked and blessed me! He with his difficultly-spoken, faint words; she with her blessed eyes confirming his praises.

A few words explained the case.

He had rallied after sending the first telegram, and had thought it needless that Ruth should come: he had not calculated on the possibility of her starting as immediately as she had done; and the second message which bid her not come had not reached her.

A few days after—two days since now—he had broken a blood-vessel, and had been pronounced beyond hope.

"If only I had known of all this sooner!" I thought, as I looked at the miserable room, and thought of my idle hundreds and thousands.

When, by-and-by, Ruth for a brief while absent,—a woman living in the rooms below, who had been very kind to Harold, had taken her away to give her some refreshment,—I stammeringly expressed something of my regret, he answered—

"It is better as it is; for myself I am well content. I believe in another working-world, where there will be a better light, a truer sight, more beauty to perceive, and purer senses to receive it."

"Is your sweet sister free?" I asked; "free from any engagement—free-hearted?" I spoke low and hastily, and felt in all my being how much hung upon his answer.

"My little Ruth?—oh yes: as far as I know; and she has never had any secrets from me."

"I love her," I responded. "If she can love me, I will do what a man can to make a woman happy as a wife."

He did not immediately answer: he lay with closed eyes; but I felt the tightening pressure of his hand.

"I may tell her, by-and-by, that I had your good wishes?"

"You may tell her," the radiant eyes unclosing on me, "that in my last hours I drank a full cup of happiness, believing that my darling, my little Ruth, my ewe-lamb, my pet sister, would be happy among happy women as your wife."

"You have not lost your generous-hearted enthusiasm for a very unworthy fellow," I answered.

"Nothing I have heard of my old friend, my protector, my benefactor, has tended to lessen those feelings," he said.

"One word of yours in your sister's ear will make me—"

She came in at that moment. I was going to leave them together, but he begged me not to go; and while he spoke a mortal faintness surprised him.

It passed, however. He asked to be lifted up: the recumbent position was painful to him: he lay with his head on Ruth's shoulder, bright hair mingling with bright hair.

The doctor came and went, and the woman who had nursed him: they both foreboded that the last hour was near.

It was an afternoon not to be forgotten. He said he did not suffer much: now and again he talked; and when he talked, wisdom not of this world was in his words.

Ruth did not shed a tear: she seemed absorbed in him beyond consciousness of self or sorrow: she moistened his lips or wiped his brow continually, and her eyes seemed to cling to his.

The sunset entering the room touched those two. She was watching him intently: his eyes closed, half-opened, seemed to look at her dreamily, like the eyes of one who dozes off to sleep. The light faded; the dusk gathered: we did not stir, believing that he slept.

By-and-by through the gloom, the near hush and the distant noise of the great city, Ruth's voice, low and awe-struck, reached me, asking for light. I had fallen into profound thought—life, love, death and immortality, failure, success,

the world's vanity,—I do not know what I did not think of as I sat motionless in that dusky room.

I procured a lamp: I set it down on the table, where the light fell on those faces. I found that Ruth had sunk lower and lower as the head on her shoulder grew heavier. A glance told me the truth: he was dead.

She saw it: she knew it. She sank down lower yet, till his bright head was on the pillow, hers beside it: She moaned softly, lying thus cheek to cheek. I heard a few words:

"Brother, take me, take me with you; I have none but you."

Then she lay quite still, half on the couch, half on the floor, face to face with the dead.

What did I do?

I stood and looked at them.

As I stood and looked at them, I went through one of those experiences that it is no use to try and record; that are written in the life of life, upon the heart of heart, for ever.

By-and-by I found that she was lying in a dead faint.

I disentangled them then, and laid her on the floor on as good a couch as I could make of my wrapper and of the cushions of an old chair. I had told her the truth when I told her I was a sort of doctor. That had been the profession I had not loved well enough to follow, after a large fortune left me had made the pursuit of a profession needless. I could treat her as well as another. I did what I could for her, and saw her revive. My entreaties prevailed on her, after a time, to leave the room for a few hours, going with the woman of the rooms below: but before the night had half passed, she was back again.

"Do not be angry with me. I want to sit and look at him. I won't cry. Soon I shall lose him forever."

She took her station by him: she begged me to go away somewhere to get some rest. I pretended to yield, but found myself too anxious to go beyond the ante-room: she was not in a state to be left alone.

The dawn brought the harrowing and horrible business—of putting away, out of sight, out of reach, the mortality that has been so dear, that we have clutched so close, and never could keep too near—to mind.

I talked to her as little as I could and as gently. Gently! if words could have floated on the air like eider-down, or touched her with gossamer-like touches, they would still have seemed to me too rough to be cast at her then. Still I was forced to try and ascertain her wishes.

"You know what is best, you will do what is most right," she answered me gently; "but don't ask me to leave the house while he is in it. Think of the long years that I have not seen him, think of the long years that——" There she paused and burst into violent weeping—she had not cried before—"Oh, I feel as if my heart was breaking!" she said, pressing her hands over it.

I clasped her to me; I comforted her as well as I could, reminding her, as well as I knew how, of how well things must be with her beloved brother. I spoke, too, of the place where we

would lay him to rest, of the country quiet among the roses, the violets, the cypresses.

She lay quiet in my arms, and by-and-by lifted up her face to listen. To see that sweet, sad face resting against my breast, to look down upon it, and meet its trustful eyes, filled me with overmastering emotion.

"If you can love me," I said then, "you need never feel alone or unsheltered, never more while I live. This is no unfit place or time to tell you this, for he knew I loved you, and was glad in knowing it; but I do not ask or expect or desire any answer, not now."

I hardly know that she then took in the sense of my words; sorrow and exhaustion had drained her life. No tinge of color came to her cheek; she just listened.

"How good you are! how good you are!" she said. "What could I have done but for you?"

I arranged everything for the best as far as I knew; I tempted her from the room to go with me to the Protestant grave-yard beyond the walls, to choose where he should lie. She seldom spoke; she said afterwards it was all like a dream, from which she expected at any moment to awake.

The next day we buried him.

When all was done, we lingered near the place. A spring-breathed soft wind was blowing; spring-voiced sweet birds were singing; the cypresses were swinging to and fro; the mild spring sun was shining; the place was very soothing and peaceful—towered over by the great monumental tomb of some forgotten great one, with the wonderful city of the dead, of memories, and of surviving art lying in sight.

That was a day to be remembered.

I promised her that the grave should be cared for better than any other in the place; that flowers should always blossom on it, and its headstone never be moss-encrusted.

When we went away, I took her to the care of that motherly, kind, quakerish lady of the diligence, whom I had prepared to receive her.

I did not see her again for some days; she was too exhausted, when the re-action from long over-tension set in, to leave her bed.

I called every day, and always found some gentle-worded, grateful message ready for me; but day after day I did not see her.

At last a bright day came when I did.

She was more altered, more broken-down-looking than I had anticipated; the meeting me agitated her very greatly; her black dress, too, increased the delicacy of her look. Mrs. Norrison stood by her, smoothing her hair and petting her with loving deeds and words till she was calmer; then, good woman, she left us together.

I had no idea what lay before me. Our interview was a long one. More than once I left her side, and paced the room in despair, stood at one or another of the windows that looked down over the city, and pondered how I could convince her of my love, that is to say, of the selfish and interested nature of it.

She met my definite offer of my hand and heart (as the novelists phrase it) with the most meekly, humbly firm refusal.

Her gratitude was so full and so lowly, her agi-

tation so great, that I could not be angry with her; but I was greatly irritated, and turned my irritation against myself; cursed myself that I could find no words strong enough to convince her. She had set me on a pinnacle, and she would keep me there, and I wanted to be no higher than the level of her love.

It was just like me, she told me. Just like what she had always heard of me. She would always love me with the most grateful, reverent love, always remember me in her prayers, but be my wife—no.

It was long before I could get a reason why; but at last I tortured it from her. She believed that I was sacrificing myself, that I loved her because she was friendless and alone; but she was not worthy of me, she told me; she had not the accomplishments, the education, the talent, the beauty, the anything that my wife should have. As for her future, I need not be anxious, she assured me. Mrs. Norrison had told her that here, in Rome, she could procure her a suitable situation.

At last, when I had exhausted every argument, or thought I had, and despaired, at all events, of present success, I grew hurt and angry; I turned from her to a window, and stood looking out. A veil of blackness gathered between me and all I looked on. I was ill with anger, disappointment, and thwarted will.

I don't know how long I had stood so, (but I believe it was a long time,) when the softest of small hands entered mine, which hung down beside me. I started and looked round. She was looking up into my face so wistfully, her own face strained with pain and earnestness.

"You look so pained, so displeased," she said. "I must seem to you so thoroughly heartless and ungrateful. I cannot bear it."

Before I knew what she was going to do, she was kneeling beside me; before I could prevent her, her soft fingers were raising my hand to her softer lips.

I lifted her up; holding her by the shoulders, I asked her, I am afraid almost fiercely: "Can you tell me that you do not love me?"

"No, I cannot; I do love you: I love you very dearly." Her tears began to fall, and she, tottering towards me, shed them on my breast.

I held her there, fast and firm, and never since has she disclaimed the right to be there.

A DAYBREAK SCENE.

THE mild May-night is gone; the martins greet,
With twitterings of wakeful joy, the dawn,
Noiselessly stealing, with white misty feet,
O'er fern-sprinkled glen and cedared lawn.
Thro' the cool atmosphere, sweet scents are borne
From dripping rose-cups under the broad eaves,
Clinging among their moisture-loaded leaves;
Gray vailing vapors shade the smile of morn;
And softly, through the casement's open pane,
Sounds the low steady rushing of the rain.
A tender dream-like peace is over all
The dim-seen view; and from the distant copse,
Mellow and clear, the cuckoo's ceaseless call
Blends with the patter of the ceaseless drops.

ON THE NILE.

VI.—MUSIC ON THE STREAM—THE CHORUS OF THE CREW.

Gradually, as you travel on, you come to perceive whence spring the first glimmerings of Egyptian art. The relation of art to nature is nowhere so strongly marked as here. It was the landscape, ever rich in tropic beauty, the sweep of the majestic river, the eternal silence of the desert hills, that engendered in the minds of the early Egyptians feelings which were developed in their art. Most of what you now discover of mysterious yearning, of calm power, of pathos, of stability, as suggested in the paintings, sculpture, and architecture of Egypt, was first mirrored on the artist's soul by a contemplation of what he saw around him. This is manifest even in respect of outward form. The grand ideal of the Egyptian temple is to be found in the stratified cliff. On that fantastic wall we may define pylons, porticoes, pillared arcades without number. A very dull imagination might there build up temples grander than Karnak and more colossal than the pyramid. A chamber cut in the rock, vaulted as the heavens are vaulted, and sown over with golden stars on a field of azure—that was the beginning of all architecture. The very earliest column known is a twisted sheaf of water-lilies, of which the closed flowers form the capital. Then came combinations of all manner of flower-like forms, the paper reed, the lotus, the palm for the capital, while the shaft was wreathed with paintings of the same. Lastly, by the pillar side, the artist placed man, the master—or rather his representative, Osiris—shrouded and silent, bearing in his folded arms the symbols of power and judgment, but speechless. Nature could tell no more. That sceptre of power—so the early Egyptians believed—would one day triumph over Typhon (evil); and judgment would follow what men called death. That was the limit of their light. But even that could not *all* have come from nature. Their intense reverence for nature, and the yearning for something higher than earth—often so affectingly put forth—could hardly have led them thus far. "The primeval revelation of a Supreme Being never wholly perished out of the educated mind. The great struggle of the inquiring soul was still to find out God; but its searchings were in vain. Reason could never repair the ravages of sin."* To that primeval light, then, more than to nature, must they have been indebted for those lofty lessons imaged forth in their art.

You can never detach the Egypt of the past from the Egypt of to-day; neither, indeed, can you ever quite exclude it from sight. Temples, scattered ruins on the plain, tombs sown thickly along the mountain cliff on either hand, arrest your eyes in succession. And with every thoughtful mind this under-current of feeling must tincture the landscape with colorings of its own. It is a background never lost sight of. The incidents of the near landscape, these may

change, but *that* travels on with you. From the pyramids—which stand as man's handwriting upon Egypt, his autograph which Time cannot obliterate—onward to far Syene.

We Nile-travelers had not been a week on board ere our friend Smith had gained our suffrages; and not ours only, but those of all the crew, from Haroun the Magnificent down to Selim the Sly. Smith was a hearty good fellow—a "brick," if you will—blessed with an ever-bubbling flow of spirits, which is a gift, and an unselfish benevolence, which is not only a gift, but a virtue. Thus we voted him—what shall I say?—"King of the Castle"—"Commander of the Faithful"—any title you may please, to indicate supremacy on board a dahabeeyah. It was at his instigation that we proposed to hold festival on the evening of this last day of the old year. Where should it be? was the question, for we were determined to anchor in as pleasant a spot as could be found. The caliph was consulted.

"Sowadee, sar, be good place," said he, pointing to a thickly-wooded bank in a distant reach of the river. "Look you," and he took our friend by the button-hole, and with the other hand proceeded to direct his glance—"that little white village under de palm. Gentleman love Sowadee."

By which last he meant to say that he, Haroun, was agreeable to the spot in question. It turned out, in fact, that arrack was to be bought there: besides which, boatmen love to stop near a village, for there they can all sleep in peace, fearless of robbers. Each village on the Nile is bound by law to set a watch over any foreigner's boat which settles near it.

We had already been more than a week on the river, and had come nearly two hundred miles from Cairo, when the foregoing took place. The wind was fair, and we were sailing leisurely over the sparkling waters, between high-wooded banks in the silent noontide.

Of the country through which we had passed in those days, and of the fair sights we had seen, I will say nothing. I must, perforce, be silent upon much. Our boat was slow, but, indeed, that is rather an advantage, for it is pleasant to loiter a little in this land—pleasant to take your ease. Not that we had had much chance for loitering; for favorable winds had kept us so much on the move that no time had been given for land-wanderings. Most of what we saw had been seen from the ship. We had made one or two hurried excursions in the country, taking advantage of sharp bends of the bank, and running a kind of steeplechase when the tall lateen sail, with its long scarlet streamer, hove in sight; and we had moored under the palms twice in an evening lull; that was all of our experience of land. But we surveyed it no less with longing eyes. We agreed from the first that it would be more prudent to make as much way as possible during the upward journey, for the north wind was fickle, and we should be greatly at its mercy. In coming down, the current would always stand us in good stead. *Then*—so we flattered ourselves—would be the time for idling and sightseeing.

* Trevor's "Ancient Egypt."

Nevertheless, on this last day of the dying year, it was determined to stop the boat, wind or no wind. And our crew were not a little pleased with the thought of making merry. "It was not altogether a *fantasia*," so the caliph told them, "but a milder kind of indulgence they were to prepare for—a little extra tobacco, some coffee, and so on." *Fantasias* are very grand affairs indeed. They only occurred two or three times in the whole journey. Still, this was enough for a song, and so our Arabs testified their approbation in the usual way. Pipes and cymbals were brought out: the darabouka, and all kinds of music. The men squatted in circle in the shadow of the sail on deck, and struck up some wild melody. They are always singing, morn, and noon, and night. The ploughman at his plough, the reaper as he cuts down the yellow grain, the self-complacent traveler on donkey-back, pricking along under the shade; the buffalo-driver, plodding weary rounds to the splash of his water-wheel; the maiden wandering abroad from pasture to pasture with her flock, or driving home her goats at sunset to fold; trains of damsels on the river bank, bearing pitchers of water—all sing, and heartily too, for sometimes the land is vocal with their wailing voices. One can hardly designate it otherwise than as a wail, though often there is an ineffable sweetness in the song. It is always a plaintive minor. Even at a *fantasia*, where the spirit of holiday and revel presides, the choruses are in a minor key. This strikes you continually; you are puzzled why it should be. Perhaps, as has been suggested, all primitive music of nature is so. The melodies of the winds, the sea, the waterfall, birds, and the echoes of bleating flocks among the hills are in a minor. Sure it is that now and then one of these songs will stir your heart as by some strange undercurrent of feeling, even as a reed is stirred by the play of the stream. Its rhythm or cadence will stay by you for days. Some of the melodies of Egypt remain probably unchanged since the days of Moses; so that the chant you now listen to may have been one that Israel sung, if he could sing, while toiling under his taskmasters.

Our sailors, too, were singing all day long; they were never quiet, in fact. Like the girl in the fairy tale whose speech was diamonds and pearls, they did nothing but sing. In any combined action, indeed, such as tacking or punting, they performed a kind of antiphonic chorus or litany, Abdallah, or the reis, acting as fogleman. But the present proceeding was indicative of unusual gratification. The hubble-bubble—they call it goozeh—first went round the circle, each man taking a good pull at the weed by way of refreshment, and then the chorus began.

And now, while they thus sit in a circle, making pleasant music—for it is pleasant and dreamy too—and the big bellying sail above, which is carrying us with a fair breeze over the sunny waters, casts its shadow down on them, let me stay to pick out one or two of these our companions in travel for introduction.

Abdallah, whom I spoke of as fogleman, was a big awkward Egyptian, one of the brawniest of

the band, and, as you could see by the twinkle of his eye, a good-natured fellow. He looked all arms and legs, and, although these dusky appendages were strong and shapely enough, he seemed at a loss as to where to bestow them. In spite of his ungainliness, however, Abdallah was a wit, and quite irresistible in his droll gravity at times, from a monkeyish way he had of screwing his face into whimsical contortions. Abdallah was a favorite with all, as much for his persistent kindliness as from a talent the man possessed for story-telling—in the way of narrative. I mean. He would get the crew around him of evenings, and then, in the deep twinkling twilight of stars, recount with animation weird tales of goblins and djinns till he had set them trembling at every shiver of the night wind. His auditors would edge nearer and nearer—for warmth, of course—and you could now and then, by the aid of the goozeh light, or of a flickering lantern that usually hung at the mast, catch fitful glances at these awe-stricken listeners to the wonderful tale. Abdallah's voice was impassioned, and he clutched and gesticulated in so accomplished a manner that you might almost fancy the man believed what he was saying. A prolonged sigh of relief running round the circle marked the end of his tale. And then, with a muttered "Wallah," "Billah," or "Marshalla," and a timid glance round upon the night of waters, and the ghostly line of the palm-crested bank, one and another would wrap himself cosily from head to foot in a blanket, and deposit himself like a living parcel on the dewy deck for sleep. It was no easy matter in going out late, as I sometimes did, to pick a path from stem to stern among these prostrate sleepers.

Our captain, or reis—who, by the way, should have taken precedence—was a Nubian, a little fiery-eyed fellow of thirty, with a very dark skin, and an aristocratic cast of face. His hands and feet were small and delicate as a girl's; and every gesture, even to the lifting up and baring of an arm in giving orders, displayed a native grace. His dress—and there was no distinction among the crew—consisted of a loose outer robe of camel-hair fabric, called "zaboot," reaching to the ankles, a coarse linen shirt beneath, and a scarlet turban; and, on grand occasions, a parti-colored scarf completed the costume. For dignity and grace nothing can beat the zaboot. And when the loins are girt for work or travel, and the loose sleeves thrown back, nothing is more easy and comfortable. On festal occasions "eeres," or cotton drawers, are donned, and a more sumptuous turban worn. Although outwardly he was as one of them, our reis had his crew well in hand. He would dip his fist with them into the dish, take his pull at the goozeh, and shiver with the rest at Abdallah's tales; but the man's word was law all the same. This goozeh, or hubble-bubble, is made of two reeds stuck into a scooped-out cocoa-nut, half full of water. To the top of one reed a pipe-bowl is fixed, filled with a tobacco called "tombac," and crowned with a nugget of live charcoal; the smoke is pulled through the other by the way of the water.

For the rest, our sailors were a various crew—Arabs, Egyptians, Nubians—frolicsome as children, cheerful all day long. Our steersman was a hadji. Having made the great desert pilgrimage, he was not a little proud of his piety. Thrice, so he confided to me, had he walked round the Caaba at Mecca, and kissed the black stone in that holy place. Hadji Mohammed—he always took the prefix he loved to be called of men, hadji—stood, or rather reclined, at his tiller from morning to night. Go when you might to the helm, so long as a breath of wind fluttered in the sail, you would find him there: a rusty man with a venerable beard, bundled in wraps and keeping a keen look-out on the river and the shore. The hadji was given to much smoking, and to a rigid observance of outward religious ordinances. The amber-tipped end of a chibouke was usually embedded in his beard, and in his favorite position of rest, a slouching squat, you might have taken him for some grotesquely-shaped Japanese chimney-cowl emitting smoke in fitful puffs. At stated times in the day one of the crew would bring him the goozeh (for the quality of smoke in a goozeh is different from that of the chibouke), and, after a silent pull or two by way of change and refreshment, he would relinquish the tiller to the new-comer, stretch his limbs, and shake himself. Hadji Mohammed never forgot, three times a day, to spread his little square carpet on deck, and say his prayers. However, the time to take the measure of a man is in unexpected emergencies. You should have seen the hadji when he had run us aground! First there was a dry grating of the keel, then a dull shock, then the boat would quiver and reel—we were stuck on a sandbank. At this critical juncture, casting off his upper garments, our friend would start forward and yell out like a wild dervish, urging every man to his post.

The sailors, well alive on such occasions, strip and are overboard in an instant, bringing their bare brawny shoulders to bear on the timbers. "Ya ho, Haylee, sar! Ha, Haylee, sar!" Such a shouting and pushing, such a chorus in the water! And then the reis and the caliph, and every man-Jack on board, lay hold of a pole and push as hard as they can, while our hadji friend stands erect on the prow, a scant petticoat fluttering about his loins, acting as fogleman; and so the boat is got off to the sound of a song.

Selim, on the contrary, was a young, soft-eyed Egyptian, shapely of limb, feminine in aspect, and desperately cunning. He would dip into the dish out of his turn, shirk his share of work, and get a good many sly pulls at the goozeh. When caught in a peccadillo, his innocent looks disarmed your anger; thus he usually escaped with a pull of the ear on the part of his fellows, or a dig in the back which sent him flying across the deck. His business was to scrub the deck, clean the knives, and keep kettles and pipes in order. Selim was very fond of coffee and other good things, and paid much court to Cyclops the cook, from sinister motives, carrying water for him, bringing in handy pieces of wood, and so

on. I used sometimes to watch Master Selim of an afternoon, squatting in the lee of the kitchen. There he would lurk, gazing enviously toward the spluttering viands, and snuffing with ludicrous gravity at the savory steam. I believe he got many a toothsome morsel on the sly. Selim was lacking of a fore-finger. That was not a singular want, for two others of the crew were thus mutilated. Neither was the Nubian singular with his one eye, for we numbered another Polyphemus on board. This maiming, so common in Egypt, is done to escape military conscription. Sooner than serve as a soldier, a man will cut off his digit or pluck out his eye. For the latter mutilation, though, he is mostly indebted to his mother; she squeezes, so they say, some herb juice into the orbit and the eye withers up. As to the former, it is an old custom—old as the palmy days of Rome, when men were wont to cut off their thumbs from the same motive. A thumbless man was useless as a soldier, he could not wield a sword; hence the word "poltroon" (*pollex truncatus*, or *pollice truncus*).

One other of our crew I cannot well omit—Halil, from the Soudan—a lusty-limbed fellow of eighteen, black as a berry, and as muscular as a young Hercules, who persisted in wearing a white zaboot (scanty as a tunic), by way of contrast, I suppose. He and Said used afterwards to accompany us on our rambles on shore, to pick up fowls the Professor had knocked down, and keep wild dogs off. He carried a long pole in that intent. Halil was a broth of a boy, full of frolic. His eye would kindle and his white teeth glitter at the very thought of a joke. He had thick lips, but not the features of a negro. On each cheek three deep gashes, given him in babyhood, and now, of course, healed, indicated the tribe of his people. Halil's black limbs were developed in the very mould of strength, and were as such often useful to us, for he would plunge alike into thick grasses or hurrying river for birds, and climb lofty trees for palm-nuts at our bidding. One day in after times, in the waters by the cataract not far from Philæ, Smith pointed his gun aloft and brought down a heron that was sailing over the boat. It fell a hundred yards away, slap into the middle of the stream, which was here hastening on to the great rapid, a quarter of a mile distant. Quick as an echo was the answering plunge of Halil. The man's white tunic had flashed over his head before the bird had fallen, and we, ere the smoke was well curled away, were watching the arrowy strokes of the swimmer, hand over hand, cleaving a course through the tide, and leaving an ever-lengthening pathway of ripples in the rear. We marked the swiftness both of swimmer and stream, and feared lest he should be drawn into the eddy. The little felucco was sent off in hot haste; but, in less time than would have drowned a man, mighty-limbed Halil had climbed on board and stood there before us on deck, dripping and triumphant, shiny in teeth and skin, holding the big bird aloft as trophy.

These, then, were some of our crew—not the best, perhaps, but those we got most intimate

with. They, with their brethren now in circle under the sail on deck, were deep in the song. The timbrel, the daraboka, the pipes, and cymbals were in full play; and the upturned faces of the singers—some of them wonderfully handsome—would have made, with the wooded bank and gliding river for a background, a picture such as a Venetian would have loved to paint. They were most serious, too, over the matter—serious as a boy over his kite, or a girl dressing her doll. And why not? Truly we are most of us children in some things. Perhaps, indeed, our path would be all the smoother if we had more of the child-like about us, not only in our hearts—that we know—but in the circumstances of our everyday lives. Might it not, for example, be better to live in a less feverish atmosphere than some of us do, with more simple environments? At all events, might it not sometimes be worth while to try the experiment? Thoughts like these often flitted across my brain as I sat watching the pleasant faces about me, and they deepened, too, week by week, as the onward journey brought me into better acquaintance with the men. Poor fellows! they lived simply enough, in all truth, on their twopence a day. They had no very grand stake in this world's fortunes. Yet they were full of trust and contentment; that is, they always seemed as happy as children, and content with as little. I know all that you, philosophical reader, will set in array against this; but it will not silence the feeling those scenes produced, nor unteach me the lesson, that the simpler and more primitive the way of life, the happier the wayfarer. If to the absence of care about this passing world were added a right feeling about the world to come, what could be wanting for true happiness?

VIL—PALM-BEST AT EVENING.—NEW YEAR ON
THE NILE.

"They shall drink at noon
The palm's rich nectar—shall lie down at eve
In the sweet pastures of remembered days,
And wake to wander and to weep no more."

The music and the great heats of noon were alike over. Sowadee was still two miles up the stream, and the wind had fallen. We were obliged to track.

"Wallah!" muttered the reis, shaking himself up from a doze, "there is no wind;" and he glanced aloft at the great lateen sail flapping idly on its long yard; then took a survey forward—the faint breath that came languidly up the river scarcely stirred the plummy palms along its shore; backward—there, down the stream, sundry other white-winged craft, merchant cangias and the like, paralyzed in the same lull wherein we were becalmed, were folding in sail and making for shore.

No encouragement could our reis find in any quarter, so "Yallowh!" he shouted, lifting up an arm, "take in sail and track!" Whereupon our Arabs, issuing from their lurking-places, yawned, put aside their pipes, and girded up their loins for action. Four went, hand over hand, up

the mast, and got astride of the long yard, where, with arms and feet working monkey-fashion in concert, they grappled with the broad sail, and took it in by puckers. The boat being then near the western bank, we punted it ashore, and the rest leaped out and began tracking. When the wind falls, your only way of getting on is either to punt the boat, where the river is shallow enough, or track along the bank, bark fashion. You cannot row against the stream. The oars are reserved for the downward journey. Tracking is slow work; but, as we intended mooring at Sowadee, this was our only chance. We could see the place plainly enough across the waters. There were its low mud walls, in a wooded reach, glistening in the afternoon sun; a mosque and a fretted minaret peeping above the trees; a cluster of small tower-like dwellings, low on the bank, embedded in thick masses of green, trembling and inverted in the sparkling tide which flowed at its feet. Such was Sowadee. The great rocks of Kom Achmar bent over the river further on, but the desert mountain chain, here very close, rose up loftily behind the groves of palms outlying the village—a fantastic background to the picture.

It was a dreamy afternoon, slumberous with summer airs. We lay on deck watching our bare-legged boatmen plodding along the unequal bank, towing at a rope. Each man had knotted to it a loop of his own, which he slung over his shoulders. It was not fast traveling; your Arabs are averse to any violent work. They filed along the shelving shore, amid narrow terraces of flowering lupins and rich patches of crimson opium poppy and wheat—terraces fertilized by the summer inundation. Overhead mimosas grew, and date-trees crowned the higher bank. "Haylee-omm-Sowar—Haylee-omm-Sowar!" that was the refrain, a sort of litany, a slow march, regulated by Abdallah, the fogleman. The whole proceeding, indeed, made an exact counterpart of a picture we afterwards saw on the walls of a royal sepulchre at Thebes. Pharaoh's artist had there depicted a sumptuous pleasure-boat, at which twelve men were tracking in this identical way, loops and all. Said caught at it in an instant. "Look, sar!" said he, in high glee, holding a light to the wall of the tomb, "men track dahabeeyah! There Abdallah—there Selim—there Halil!"—and he put his finger, child-fashion, upon each of these painted men in turn.

For more than an hour, the tide lapping feebly at our prow, we thus quietly glided on. Flowering bean-fields flung their fragrance over the stream, and palm shadows fell across us, alternating on deck with gaps of golden sunshine.

"Do you know," said I to Smith, "that this is winter?" for he lay, with his hat over his eyes, dozing in an undress much more easy than elegant.

"Eh? What, old fellow? Winter? There's no winter here!"

From a little straggling village sheltered in a cove of dates at our side, a number of small rustics, utterly unclad, looked down upon us from the edge of the bank as we floated along. They followed, calling "Backsheesh! backsheesh!"

and some of the dusty pickaninnies were too young to manage the *h* in that hideous word. Such, however, were none the less energetic in their way; for they toddled in the fore rank, lisping "*Backsees! backsees!*" and thrust out their little fists in eagerness. Fellah women, too, under the trees, lounged on an elbow and looked up from toying with their babes to take a lazy survey of the passing boat.

Now a sheltering palm-grove ran far along the bank. Dove-cots—square towers of mud, honey-combed with earthen jars, and studded thick with perches, where doves and pigeons, who live in the trees by day, settle at night in thousands—were there. We passed a droning sakia or two. A blinded buffalo plodded round a worn path in checkered shade; a rustic wheel, coggled and creaky; an endless and dripping string of earthen vessels, splashing out their crystal gatherings into one leaky and common pool; a moss-clad shaft sprinkled by an unceasing rain; and a little babbling rillet of pure water flowing off on a bounteous errand "mid sunnyspots of greenery" to freshen the thirsty soil—such is the sakia. We passed a shadoof or two—primitive water-lifts, the long pole and bucket of skin, where a group of animated bronze statues, (so fancy might have feigned them,) in the guise of Ethiopians, were toiling at their buckets, and whiling away the sunny hours with a song. Then we came to a shady spot where the white dome of a sheik's sepulchre showed above the bank. It was guarded by an overshadowing sycamore, itself an intruder among the palms of the grove. This was a sacred enclosure; and the mud divans built around the sycamore's sinuous roots afforded rest to the solemn old sheiks of the village. Here, evidently, was the haunt of the village gossips—a kind of market-place where women giggled and chatted, and naked children played and piped, and tumbled about in hopeless confusion.

Thus we glided on as through the scenery of a dream—without effort, peaceably, silently. Silently, for nature in its happiest moods has a silence of its own, at the same time articulate and musical. There is a silence made up of all the stray notes in the broad landscape—the song of birds, the murmurous hum of summer insects, the distant lowing of oxen, the rippling of the stream—a kind of invisible harmony, if you will, like those deep organ notes you seem to feel rather than hear.

For more than an hour we tracked along the shore, the shadows lengthening over us. Across the water, that broad, wooded bank of green was still flooded in gold. But the blaze of coloring on the purple cliffs behind had already begun to deepen in the deepening light. The sun was slanting to the west. Already arrowy flights of birds, in undulatory and straggling clouds, at times almost spanning the sky, were passing homeward. Lanky cranes, too, and spoonbills, congregated in groups on the sandbanks, which here and there cropped up in mid-stream, were holding solemn conclave as to what should be done for the night. And on the distant cliff eagles and cormorants, tired of planing in mid-air, perched on salient crags and peaks.

In these regions twilight is brief, the battle between day and night sharp and decisive. A precipitate descent of the big rounded sun amid a vortex of crimson mists in the Lybian desert: ten minutes of gorgeous afterglow girdling the horizon with zones of color—rosy at first, and changing from shade to shade like the cheek of Iris—an interregnum of pale green light, delicate as the chrysoprasus, wherein that line of tropic foliage fringing the glassy river stands spectral ere it fades away and is lost—and then starry night lords it over all.

We tracked rather higher than Sowadee, in order to steer an oblique course across the stream; so, by punting across the shallows and rowing over the current, to drop cleverly down on our moorings.

If any one enjoyed himself at these times, it was Said. Said flattered himself that the troubles of life were now over, for good and all. This journey was slowly opening to his view a vista of unfathomable delights. He already resented the being called "donkey boy."

"No, indeed; he was the effendi's servant."

"You will have to buy back your donkey, Said, when we return."

"No, sare!" the boy would reply. "Me be dragoman then; go to Catarak with gentleman. Plenty piastre!"

Thus at every halt he made a point of giving himself airs with the villagers, and these good people certainly looked upon the comely youth with unbounded admiration. "Was he not fresh from Musr-el Kahera, the great city?" Yes; and I suppose, indeed, there is a pride of town lads over country folk in other lands besides Egypt.

Said leaped out as we hit the shore, and hammered the stake into the yielding bank, catching a rope thrown to him to loop on it. We made fast in a little wooded nook, a sling's cast above Sowadee, and there prepared to lay by for the night. Fortune befriended the lad even here, for we had no sooner arrived than he got invited to a wedding. It happened thus: there was a posse of young urchins hovering near who caught his notice. They watched the approach of the boat with big, eager eyes, and were in the act of shaping their mouths to shout the usual "*Backsheesh*," a word he knew we could not abide, when he fell upon them and drove them into the recesses of the wood. Having scattered the troop, he sauntered into the village hard by, where, as was his wont, he began to reconnoitre and thrust himself into everybody's privacy as if the realms of the Sultan were his own. Here, chancing to hit on a rustic bridal party preparing for the festival, he confided to them, that he, Said, was attached to the suite of three mighty infidel pashas journeying to the Cataracts, who had letters for the Pasha of Upper Egypt (which was fact), had charge of some great embassy (which was fable), and who were otherwise very big people. He came in while we were at dinner full of all this and told us that the bridegroom "prayed peace might alight on our path, and would we honor his humble feast with our august presence?" After that Said added a request of his own, and then we sent him away.

The sun went down ere we had finished dinner; we saw it from our little cabin burning through the palms on the opposite coast. Our sailors were taking their meal *al fresco* on the bank under the trees: they were unusually noisy about it, too. It was a red-letter day in their calander. They had somehow become possessed of a sheep's head, and the thing had been boiled in their broth; hence the excitement. I had noticed Selim purloining some young leeks and other vegetables earlier in the day from a plantation we had passed; he cut them up before tracking, and flung them into the pot with the mutton; and somehow, so it appeared, this mess had been ill managed.

The sailors' meal was usually prepared after the following simple fashion: a broth of red lentils, a leek or two by the way of savor, and some coarse bread crumbled into the mess to thicken it. This was daily boiled up in a big iron pot over a fire on a kind of tripod by the mast. I used to watch the sailors' cook poking at the fire and stirring away most diligently by the hour together. Then, after much seething, the thick mess was baled out into the pan, and cookey served it up. This was not our one-eyed Nubian, but a lad the sailors had brought from Cairo—a chubby-faced urchin a little taller than the pot he was perpetually stirring, who wore an apron to his knees, and usually begrimed himself. This was the young gentleman who, at the right hour every evening, baled out the well-stirred mess into a huge pan and set it forth in a clear space on deck.

"Bismilleh, Allah be praised!" the urchin would cry; "dinner is ready!" "Allah be praised!" was echoed by one and another of the hungry crew, as they gathered up from here and there, and dressed themselves on their haunches around the festive pan. The meal was hot and smoking—a mess of pottage, very similar, I suppose, to that Esau sold to his brother Jacob—and, each in turn, the bismilleh said, would (with due regard to his fingers) dip his fist into the steaming dish, and feed himself by handfuls at a time.

Such was the usual course of things as happening each sunset; but now, as I have intimated, there was disorder at the repast. A sheep's head was in question, a succulent and savoury morsel of mutton! A mountain of meat, swelling gently out of the rosy swamps of lentil pottage surrounding it in the pan. How delicious the very color of so dainty a dish! How provoking to the appetite! But, somehow, wretched little chubby-face had forgotten to divide the joint; thus it was difficult to begin—difficult because of the bone—and so the murmuring raged fierce and loud. However, a knife and a chopper settled the difficulty, and silence soon fell over the boisterous scene. Irritable tempers, as well as inner cravings, are often alike quelled by a good meal. It was so here. A deep sigh of satisfaction passed round, and ere long I saw copious clouds of smoke from that calumet of peace, the goozeh, wreathing aloft as incense among the palm-fronds overhead, where now the bright stars shone through.

HUGH CARMICHAEL'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADRIANA."

CHAPTER XIV.

At length Mr. Lynn raised his head, and his eye fell upon the last paper. He took it up mechanically and unfolded it. It was written at a much later period than the others, and in a trembling hand:—

I told you how that agony fell upon me, until distress of mind brought me to a bed of sickness, and then how weak but conquering I arose from it, and tried to go on with my everyday duties.

O John, it was harder to do that, than to lie in the angel's arms at rest. Then I was too weary to rebel; but when I had to bear the monotony of the long days, with each trifling event that made up the sum of them, it seemed as though the burden were too heavy for me.

Each morning I longed for the night, that I might lie still and passive, and sometimes in a transient dream forget the work-day world and all its troubles. And at night I longed for the morning, that I might be at work and in active labor wear the time away.

So nearly a year passed by, and then a wild desire came over me to see you once more. I thought if I could look upon your face again, it would enable me to bear what I had determined to bear for your sake. I felt that I could die in peace if I could but see you in life once more. The longing came upon me like a power I could not resist. It seemed to influence me against my will. I must go; nothing should hinder me.

I strove to put away the wish as idle; but it gained upon me. I heard a voice forever saying "Go." Day and night it never ceased.

Ah! it was but the utterance of my own heart, and yet it pleaded so mightily with sense and prudence that they gave way before it.

A hundred and fifty miles! It was a long journey, and I was very poor.

But no impediment daunted me. Had it been a thousand miles, and I had had every mile to journey on foot, I should have gone. A supernatural strength had come to me, all feeling of fatigue had vanished, and I made my preparations.

I left Doris in the care of a trusted though humble friend, a woman superior to her station.

I will not weary you with the details of my journey. I arrived on the evening of the second day at Craythorpe.

It was Saturday, for I had planned that I would see you in church on Sunday. I could watch you then, and you be in ignorance of my presence.

At a cottage, tenanted by a poor widow, I obtained a lodging for the night. She saw how worn and tired I was, and had compassion upon me, and then, too, from my mourning weeds she believed me to be like herself, a widow.

Alas! I was more than a widow.

She had lived all her life at Craythorpe, so as we came to talk, she told me all I wanted to

know, little imagining how I hung upon her words.

She told me how you had come to Lynncourt, and what a fine place it was. It was worth a stranger's going to see, if I were not too tired after I had had a cup of tea. Too tired! my strength had all returned. I was rested.

And so I went and saw the place wherein my husband dwelt. I trod the stately avenue that he daily trod. I touched the handle of the gate, because I knew it had often yielded to his touch. I lingered beneath the trees as if I thought they had some message for me.

And then we turned and wandered through the church-yard, where she showed me a little grave with a stone cross at its head, whereon were engraved the names of Ellen and Teresa, the beloved children of John and Teresa Gresford Lynn.

O John, you had not forgotten me; I knew it. I could have fallen down beside that cross and poured out a flood of thanksgiving for that one word, "Ellen."

It was as a draught of cold water to the thirsty traveler in the desert, it revived my fainting heart. I knew that in your happiness I had not been absent from your thoughts, in that you gave your lost wife's name in love and sorrow to the elder child.

Now, on my death-bed, I thank you for that kindly thought, and may it comfort you to know the consolation it was to me.

I dared not stay, lest I should betray how deep the interest that I felt, and so I begged the woman to return. I passed the night beneath her roof, but not to sleep. Long, long, I communed with myself through the night hours, and prayed for strength to bear me through the day.

At length the morning dawned, the cold grey light stole into the room, and I was still awake. I closed my eyes, but there was no sleep for me, and so I watched and watched until the rosy light should chase the grey away.

At length it came, and looking to the east I saw the sun in all his splendor unclothe his eyes upon the world.

A glorious day!

O sun! thou shinest with equal light upon the joyous and the sorrowful, the good and the evil, the just and the unjust, and yet each seeing thee with his own eyes, beholds a different image in the heavens.

For me it seemed too bright, the light but mocked the dark cloud hovering over me and did not dispel it. It made the shadow sharper and more palpable.

It is strange how accurately I remember the most trifling event of that day, and every sensation that I experienced.

As the sun rose the birds began to sing. A gentle song, and yet it gave me rather torture than pleasure, I wished for everything to be quite still, to be hushed as my heart was.

Then the church bells began to chime, sweetly, cheerily, waking up the sleepers and telling them it was God's day. But they smote upon me like a funeral peal, sad and dirge-like.

As church-time drew near, I became more agi-

tated, I trembled in every limb, and was thankful that the poor widow had so much to do that she had not time to notice her guest.

Had I miscalculated my own strength? O John, could I without betraying myself look on your face again?

I clenched my teeth, I drew in my breath, I clasped my hands, I tried to quiet myself, for I felt that I must spring up and rush from the cottage to the mansion, there to declare,—

"I am thy wife; oh, take me home!"

John, I had nearly done it—nearly brought misery within those peaceful walls, but that the little grave, the stone cross with the word "Ellen," rose up before me, and gave me strength, and gave me better thoughts. I would not harm thee or thine. My love should conquer still. "O love, O love, help me to conquer love through love itself!"

I was not afraid of being recognized. In my coarse stuff dress and homely shawl and widow's veil, I was sufficiently disguised; besides, none would trace in the faded bent woman the Ellen Carmichael of so many years ago.

I know not how I reached the church. I found myself there among the poor people in the aisle, and the widow sat next to me. She touched me when you entered, but she need not have done so; I knew it already. I knew it the moment that your shadow fell across the threshold, though I was not looking. I felt your presence, and I knew that you and I were in spirit still united.

As you passed up the aisle, you brushed against me, and for a moment I touched your hand. You did not perceive it; and as I touched it, a thrill ran through me, and I trembled violently. My neighbor thought I was going to faint. But I was not.

The service began; and I remembered that I was in the house of God; that his presence was around us, filling all space, and that you and I were shadowed beneath the Almighty wings, and folded within the everlasting arms. And deep peace fell upon me. It was no human peace. No human peace could so have inspired me, and so raised my soul.

And then for the first time I lifted up my eyes and looked upon you. You were less changed than I, yet still I could trace the signs of a great sorrow forgotten, and I knew that I was in your memory still. I saw you smile as your wife looked up at you; it was a kindly smile, but not the one that I remembered; that was for me alone.

I wonder how I was so calm—unnaturally calm, it seems to me now; but the strength was given to me that I might bravely fulfill my purpose.

I looked upon your wife, a frail and fragile being. I wished her no harm; she had done me no wrong. Perhaps—O John, I thought perhaps she might die, and then—and then, I might tell you all, and Ellen might come back at last. I did not wish it, John, I only thought it; but the voice from the altar seemed to speak to me alone in clear condemning tones, "Thou shalt do no murder," and I started like a guilty thing.

And so the service passed, and I sat as a statue, calm and still, taking my last look of you on earth. And I seemed not to belong to this world, but already to have ascended into heaven.

And as the organ played, I heard the heavenly harps sounding, and angelic voices singing in chorus, "Peace, peace."

Still in my waking dream I followed down the aisle and through the porch, and along the narrow path leading to the churchyard-gate. And there, in helping your wife into the carriage, a rosebud that was in your coat dropped. I picked it up unobserved. I have it now, and it will lie with me in my coffin.

I saw you drive away, and then I told the widow that I would rest awhile in the churchyard, and follow her presently.

And so she left me, and the people went away all joyful to their homes. I saw my brother pass; his wife was leaning on his arm, a kindly woman, one whom I could love. She little knew that within a few yards of her stood her husband's broken-hearted sister.

When all were gone away, I sought out the little grave, and there I sank down, my strength, my inspiration, my bravery were all gone. Earth had returned to earth, and I wept bitterly.

It was over now; I should never see you more. Never!—never! oh, cruel, bitter word! Never! I could not go away—I could not.

But a voice within me said chidingly:—"O thou weak woman! where is thy boasted love?" And still I wept, and as the tears fell down, my selfish heart grew patient. My love had won the victory,—my love for you had conquered all of self within me.

From the river-bank I gathered a bunch of blue forget-me-nots, and laid them on the grave; and then I went on my way home. I did not dare to trust myself to go back to the widow's cottage. I must see no one in Craythorpe, or even yet I might betray my secret.

And so she thought me thankless; but I was not. I have blessed her night and morning for her kindness to me in my sore distress; and in the last great day I shall rise a witness to her gracious deed, when the Great Judge shall say unto his wondering servant:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

* * * * *

And now the end has come. I have not many days to live, and my thoughts go back to the happy past, and I think of the days, John, that you remember as well as I, and all sorrowful memories fade away. There seems to have been a dark bridge connecting that time with this. I traveled over it; but it is swept away now, and I see it no longer. I am happy; my thoughts are of you; and I die blessing you with my latest breath. I commit my Doris to your care, if for her sake it should ever come to pass that these papers should be placed in your hands. For my sake, John, take care of Doris.

My blessing!—my last blessing! John, beloved husband, my blessing!"

And here ended the poor wife's story.

The strange past came like a flash of lightning to Mr. Lynn's recollection. He remembered the bent and tottering stranger, he remembered the bunch of flowers upon his children's grave, and how he had wondered who had laid them there.

O Ellen!—Ellen!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Eastern Counties line runs through a rather desolate display of landscape. Essex is certainly not a favorable specimen of English scenery, though here and there one finds a pretty village with picturesque lanes, and a river winding through it. But such villages are not on the line of railroad, but lie away from it; and let us hope they may long be spared the effect of its progressive influences, despite the seeming illiberality of the sentiment.

Passing from the Shoreditch Station, through, or rather over miles of houses, the railway takes its way through suburban retreats, and out into more decided, though flat and uninteresting country.

But Doris, as she traveled through the winter evening, pondered upon none of these things.

It was too dark to see anything beyond the high white walls that the snow-covered banks occasionally reared on either side. At the stations the lights fell upon the white bushes, and Doris saw that the snow was beginning to acquire some depth. The train moved more slowly and the time dragged very heavily, should she ever reach her journey's end?

At every station she looked out eagerly, and at last she saw the name she so desired to see painted up in large letters,—and the porter passed along, calling out the name of the place.

Doris got out with her little bundle.

"Any luggage, ma'am?" inquired the porter, instinctively.

"None; I want to go on to Linton, can I get a conveyance of any kind?"

No, there were none at the station.—How far away was Linton?—A matter of three miles or so. And it was beginning to snow again. Doris was perplexed. Still, if she knew the way—she was used to the country, and did not feel afraid; she should not meet many people, and it was not late.

She inquired whether it were a good road. A good road all the way, and tolerably direct. So she thought she could manage it. The snow was falling very gently indeed, she hoped it would leave off. And she set out on her way to Linton.

She walked for more than a mile without meeting anyone but a solitary laborer going home after his day's work. He said "Good-night," as he passed her, and she, accustomed to country ways, bade him "Good-night," too.

Then she went on. She was a little puzzled now, for she came to a point where the road divided, and could not determine which way to take. She looked round for a sign-post, but there was not one to be found.

Then she strained her eyes in hopes of discovering some dwelling near, where she might

make inquiries. But it was too hazy for her to see far; she must make up her mind to go one way or the other, and take her chance of meeting with some one to set her right if she were in the wrong path.

So she took the turn to the left, which fortunately proved to be the one that led to Linton, as she soon afterwards learned from some children whom she overtook, and who were trudging contentedly along towards the village.

"How came it they were out so late?" Doris asked.

"They had been spending the day with their grandmother; their holidays had just begun."

"Where did they go to school?"

"To the school in the village."

"To Mrs. Howell's?"

"Yes."

The children were surprised that a stranger should know the name of their teacher.

"Is Mrs. Howell at home now?" asked Doris, for a sudden fear fell upon her lest she might be away for her holidays.

"Oh, yes; it was too cold for her to go away at Christmas."

Doris started. Christmas! She had forgotten that it was close upon Christmas.

"Will you show me where Mrs. Howell lives?" she said, as she entered the village.

"Yes, they should pass the house on their way home."

Since leaving the station, the road had gradually ascended, and raised above the valley stood the village of Linton, with its grey church, whose unfinished tower was perhaps more beautiful than if it had been in a state of completion; an air, too, of interest attached to it in consequence of the legend that with its founder's fall, it, too, was doomed to remain a partial ruin, over which the twining ivy has crept, as though nature had had pity on the work that men had ceased to care for. The children stopped at a small garden gate.

"You must go up to the house and knock; Mrs. Howell is in, for the light is coming through the cracks in the shutters."

And the children went away, and Doris, following their directions, knocked at the cottage door.

It opened into a good-sized room, half-parlor, half-kitchen, with a square of carpet on the tiled floor, and a thick cloth hearth-rug, the work of Mrs. Howell's own hands, before the fire-place. The fire was blazing brightly, and sending a cheerful flickering light upon the polished oak dresser, and making the plates and dishes glitter; and it shone upon Mrs. Howell's tea-caddy that stood as a centre-piece in the front of a gorgeous tray, flanked by a large Bible and work-box, both in green-baize covers. There was a curious old table, almost as black as ebony, with carved legs and a couple of drawers in it, and a high-backed chair of similar date and pattern. A wide sofa covered with chintz stood underneath the window, the kettle was singing on the hob, and a large tabby cat sat meekly purring upon the hearth-rug.

Doris peeped in through the half-open door

and shivered for the first time, for the warm pleasant picture within made her feel how cold it was outside. She stood pondering how to make herself known.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Howell, seeing a figure in dripping garments standing in the half-light.

"Have you forgotten me, Mrs. Howell?" said Doris.

"I can't see you where you stand," replied Mrs. Howell, "so I can't tell in that way; but I seem to know your voice. Come in," and as she spoke she drew Doris into the house and closed the door, for the night air was blowing in so keenly that the large tabby cat looked round reproachfully, as if to intimate that she was by no means accustomed to the cold wind pouring in upon her sleek sides in that manner.

"I declare it's Miss Carmichael," said Mrs. Howell; "but how you've grown since I saw you. And—" here her eye fell upon Doris's black dress and then upon Doris's pale weary face,— "you're in trouble, my dear; come, sit down."

And Mrs. Howell drew off the wet cloak.

"Oh, but you're wet through; your boots are soaked with snow."

And Mrs. Howell, placing Doris in the great arm-chair before the fire, began to busy herself in making her guest comfortable.

"I'll bring you down a pair of dry shoes and stockings, and some wraps, for you must have your dress off," and Mrs. Howell disappeared up the staircase that found its way into the kitchen-parlor.

Presently she returned with an assortment of garments, in which she arrayed Doris, and made her lie down on the sofa, rolling it closer to the fire.

"There, don't speak," she continued, as Doris made one or two ineffectual attempts to say something, which ended in a fresh burst of sobs. For Doris's courage, which had borne her up bravely through the perils and difficulties of her flight, had forsaken her now that she had safely reached the haven. After the fatigue and excitement through which she had passed, came a reaction, and the more she tried to restrain her, tears, the faster they flowed.

"Never mind, dear, don't try to stop crying, it will do you good. You shall have a cup of tea to warm and comfort you, and then you'll feel better, and you can tell me what's the matter."

Mrs. Howell was a good nurse, and well knew what refreshment there is to both body and spirit in a good cup of tea. So she set about preparing the homely meal.

She opened a corner cupboard, and took therefrom a little black earthenware tea-pot, two delicately washed china cups and spoons, a loaf of bread, and a pat of butter.

The kettle was already boiling, the shining tea-caddy was in requisition, and the tea was soon made up and put to stand whilst Mrs. Howell toasted a round of bread; and then, all things being ready, she poured out a cup of tea for Doris, and one for herself. True, she had had her tea long ago; but what woman is there to whom a cup of tea ever comes amiss? Besides,

she knew that Doris would enjoy it more in company than if she were taking it alone.

Nothing was said; but Doris, lying on the sofa, sipping her tea and looking into the cheerful fire, left off crying and began to feel revived. She ate the toast heartily, for she had tasted no food since morning.

"What a comfortable place this is," said Doris, looking round.

"Yes, comfortable enough," returned Mrs. Howell, surveying her parlor-kitchen with satisfaction; "but you've been used to grander rooms than this of late, or I'm mistaken." Mrs. Howell's quick eye had noted the texture of Doris's dress and cloak, and she had drawn inferences therefrom.

"It's a better room than my mother had, so I ought to be content with it," sighed Doris, and again the tears were on the point of bursting forth.

Mrs. Howell poured out another cup of tea for Doris, and sat watching her. She did not like to ask the questions that were uppermost in her mind; for one she felt was already answered by Doris's black dress.

But Doris, having finished her tea, laid back on the sofa pillow. Her eyes involuntarily closed, and in a few minutes she was fast asleep.

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Howell to herself, as she took away the tea-things, "she's regularly tired out."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. CARMICHAEL, or rather Mrs. Gresford, had been Mrs. Howell's lodger for many years, and it was in her care that she had left Doris when she went on her sorrowful journey to Craythorpe. Mrs. Howell, too, had nursed her through the illness that came upon her after receiving Mr. Carmichael's letter. In fact, Mrs. Gresford's two friends, each a true friend in her respective sphere, had been Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Howell; so that Doris's first thought in her perplexity and distress was to flee for refuge to her mother's humble friend, who had known her all her life.

It was five years since they had not seen each other, for, after Mrs. Gresford removed to another village "for work," as Doris had told Joyce, Mrs. Howell was persuaded by some relatives in the eastern counties to take up her abode nearer to them. And there she had been ever since, her little school flourishing, and herself living in greater comfort than she had been able to do in the south.

Mrs. Howell had been up for some time, and breakfast was on the table. She looked at the clock, and finding that it was half-an-hour beyond her usual breakfast-hour, she went softly upstairs to the best bed-room, a sort of state apartment, where Doris lay fast asleep beneath a canopy of white dimity, pure and spotless as the snow outside. And counterpane and pillows were as white as the curtains, and so was Doris's pale face, quite white enough to earn the name of the "snow child," that Mr. Chester had given her.

"Poor lamb," said Mrs. Howell, gently disposing the curtain so as to shade her face from the

light, "she looks scarce older than she did five years ago. I won't disturb her, better let her sleep on a bit."

And Mrs. Howell descended to her breakfast, and ate it wondering where Doris had come from. And then, still meditating upon the subject, she took up her knitting, and knitted away, every now and then listening if she could hear sounds betokening the appearance of her guest.

At length Doris's footstep was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Howell bade her good morning. Doris was refreshed and sobered by her night's rest. She had accomplished her flight, she was tolerably safe in her hiding-place, and now what was to be her next step? She had acted so far entirely from impulse, and now she must sit down quietly and consider how far she had been right and how far wrong. And still, though she felt doubtful of the course she had taken, she felt that her impulse was true, that she had fled from something that was in some way false, though she could not understand it. She shrank from the false element, though she could not define it; she knew not what she disbelieved, but she had an intuitive perception that somewhere truth was wanting. She had however, entire confidence in Mrs. Howell's good sense, so after breakfast, seating herself, as she had done many a time as a child, at Mrs. Howell's feet, she told her story.

She told her of the last five years; of her mother's death; of her Uncle Carmichael, of Aunt Lotty, of Joyce Dormer, and of the strange revelations of the last few days. And Mrs. Howell listened attentively.

"Child," she said, "are you sure that you have done right in leaving those that are kith and kin to you?"

"I don't know," answered Doris, sadly; "they didn't know me as you do, and you were my mother's friend."

"And they are your mother's relatives."

"Relatives," said Doris: "of what use are such relatives as Uncle Carmichael. How he can be my mother's brother I do not understand. for never were two people more unlike."

"He has taken good care of you since her death."

"And why? Because he has found out about my mother's marriage; and having some spite against Mr. Lynn, he wants to revenge himself by getting the fortune from little Archie Lynn for his sister's child."

"And Mr. Lynn?"

Doris shivered. "I don't feel like a daughter to him," she said, "I can't help thinking of my mother and what she suffered. I never saw Mr. Lynn till a few months since, and people can't get up filial love on the spot. I don't believe in it, and I can't go and live at Lynncourt. I should never be happy, I should be thinking all the time that it ought to have been my mother's, and if it had been she wouldn't have died. It would be like dancing upon her grave to go and live there in ease and luxury. No, I could not do it. I'd rather go back to my old life and work for my living as I used to do. Oh, Mrs. Howell! let me stay with you and help you to teach or to do anything. I have been used to

work, you know." Mrs. Howell shook her head. "I'm afraid that won't do. We must think it over."

"But you won't betray me, Mrs. Howell?" exclaimed Doris, impetuously; "you won't turn me away? you'll let me stay till I've thought it all over, and feel right about it?"

"Turn thee away!" said Mrs. Howell, fondly stroking Doris's hair. "No, dear; stay as long as you like; only, couldn't you send word to them, they must be so anxious about you?"

"I might write to Joyce," said Doris, musingly; "but, then, they would know where I was from the postmark."

"I have a sister in London; she would post the letter from there."

"That will do; and I must write to Mr. Chester also. He will help me, if any one can."

"Ay, that he will," returned Mrs. Howell; "that's well thought of. Mr. Gabriel is as wise as a judge, and he'll know just what ought to be done."

"Wiser, perhaps," thought Doris. And she wrote her letters: one to Joyce, that told of her safety without disclosing her place of refuge; another a longer, fuller one, to Mr. Chester, telling him of all that had happened, of her doubts and difficulties, and begging him to come to her; "for, you know, dear old Gabriel," she said, "that my mother made you a sort of guardian, and, as you have plenty of money, and can go where you please, do let it please you to come to the poor 'snowchild,' who has fled out into the snow, and is shivering all alone in the cold world." This latter clause was purely metaphorical, as Doris was sitting comfortably by the fireside, with Mrs. Howell blandly contemplating her from the opposite corner, and meditating, like Aunt Lotty, on the possibility of a wedding, with Mr. Chester and Doris for bridegroom and bride.

Mrs. Howell was decorating the dresser and the mantel-shelf with sprigs of holly, for it was Christmas-Eve. Christmas-Eve! What would they be doing at Green Oake and Lynncourt?

Green Oake and Lynncourt had amalgamated. Aunt Lotty was sitting in her arm-chair listening almost as eagerly as the little Lynns themselves to the stories that Joyce was telling them. The younger child was seated on Joyce's lap, whilst Archie, on a footstool close by, was leaning his elbows on his knees, and gazing earnestly with his large dark eyes into her face. He was as one fascinated. Gradually he edged himself nearer and nearer, and then removing his elbows from his knees he held tight by Joyce's dress, as though he feared she would escape, and his large eyes seemed to grow larger and larger as the interest of the story increased.

And where were the heads of the houses? In the small inn of a remote village in Devonshire sat Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael; they had just arrived after a hard day's traveling. The two men who had not spoken to each other for more than twenty years. Both were intent now upon the same object—the recovery of a lost relative. Had the old feeling passed away? Had they forgiven each other their trespasses? Had, at last, the daily prayer been uttered aright?

Calm, stern, determined, with his thin lips more compressed than ever, Mr. Carmichael took the lead; whilst his companion, upon whose haggard countenance traces of the emotion of the past night were visible, passively assented to all his arrangements. They had been, after some difficulty, accommodated with a private sitting-room, for the resources of the inn were not great. And hither the landlord was summoned to be cross-questioned as to the events of the week, it being supposed that he would be well up in all village gossip.

"Did he remember Mrs. Carmichael and her daughter?"

"Of course he did; every one in the place knew and respected them."

"Then he knew Miss Carmichael by sight?"

"Yes."

"Had she been in H— during the last few days?"

"He thought not, or he should have known of it."

"Was he quite sure that she had not been there?"

"He could not say; he had been a good deal occupied, and had heard nothing of such a thing. It was just possible, he wouldn't say for certain, that she had not been."

Mr. Carmichael hesitated; he looked at the landlord, who was a great overgrown man, with a somewhat stupid but honest countenance. Mr. Carmichael decided to make use of him.

"The gentlemen had come down on a matter of importance. The landlord could be of use to them. Might they depend upon him?"

The landlord of the small inn suddenly became great in his own eyes. Certainly, they might rest assured that their confidence would not be misplaced. And the landlord, swelling with incipient dignity and curiosity, listened.

"The stout gentleman, in the glossy broadcloth and massive gold chain was Mrs. Carmichael's brother."

"Like enough; he had always thought she belonged to gentlefolk. And now that he came to look more attentively at Mr. Carmichael, he had a vague recollection of having seen him before. Yes, he remembered now, it must have been at the funeral."

"He, the landlord, might remember that, after Mrs. Carmichael's death, her daughter went to live with some of her mother's relatives?"

"Yes; the landlord had heard it, and he had heard say what a fine thing it was for her, and he hoped she was well and happy, for she was too tender a young lady by far to go on living as she and her mother had been living. They'd had a deal to suffer, they had."

Here Mr. Lynn shrank further back into a corner of the sofa, and pressed his hands to his forehead; and Mr. Carmichael observed, somewhat sternly, that they did not wish to hear anything of that nature. Whereupon the landlord bowed obsequiously, and begged pardon.

"All they wanted was present information. Miss Carmichael had suddenly left her relatives, and it was believed that she had returned to some of her friends in Devonshire."

"They'd no friends of their own sort here," said the landlord; "they'd only been here four or five years, and there was no one about that she'd be likely to come to unless it was Widow Wilson at the Heath Farm; she used to be very kind to them, and it was many a fowl or a new-laid egg Mrs. Carmichael had had from there, to say nothing of new milk."

Mr. Lynn groaned in anguish. And he had been living in such luxury. And again Mr. Carmichael found it necessary to check the landlord's reminiscences.

How far was the Heath Farm?

Not over a quarter of a mile; he would step up himself, if Mr. Carmichael pleased; he should be more likely to find out if the young lady had been there than Mr. Carmichael would, if so be as she had any reason for not wishing him to know.

The force of which argument Mr. Carmichael appreciated, and accepted the landlord's offer accordingly. And the landlord went on his fruitless errand, for no Miss Carmichael had been there or had been heard of. And inquiries in other directions had been equally unsuccessful. However, Mr. Carmichael determined to see Mrs. Wilson himself the next day; and discovering that she had really spoken the truth on the previous evening, determined to go to the village where his sister had settled on her arrival in England. And so he spent Christmas-Day in vain endeavors to find the lost sheep. Miss Carmichael had neither been heard of nor seen, and so he returned to H—to rejoin his companion. Mr. Lynn had felt that business matters might be safely entrusted to his brother-in-law, and so had remained behind. His Christmas-Day was spent in wandering through the little village where his wife had lived, in picturing her life, her trials. He had seen the room in which she died, and now he stood beside the humble grave wherein she rested from all her sorrow. Yes, it was all over now,—

All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing.

All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience;

And he could never tell her what he too had suffered, for the dead hear not. As they left us, so they lie, and the tomb has closed upon their griefs, their wrongs, their agony. None can make reparation to them for injustice done, none can be forgiven by them or forgive in turn. For the battle is over; and the Death Angel, sounding his trumpet over the hard-fought field, proclaims a truce—a truce that ends not until a louder trumpet sounds, and the dead, small and great, are summoned to their last account.

CHAPTER XXVIII. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

My story still runs on. It is a fortnight since Doris went away, but I feel no uneasiness about her now, since the letter I received assures me that she is safe and with a friend. Who can it be? Can Mr. Chester know? It is so strange that I have had no answer to my letter. I ought to have heard from him before now.

Mr. Carmichael is possessed with the idea that I know where Doris is; though I have told him over and over again that I am quite ignorant of it, and have answered all the questions he has thought fit to ask me, with the most perfect equanimity. Yet, still he doubts me. He has not much faith in the truthfulness of others. Perhaps because he is not particularly truthful himself. Possibly this is the reason why truthful people are oftenest deceived; they judge others by themselves, and believe others (until they find themselves mistaken), to be of their own standard. But people can't go on trusting for ever. Trust and distrust require an exercise of discretion, and blind trust is a weakness productive of much evil in spite of a certain halo of faith that hovers over it. Once upon a time Mr. Carmichael's trust in his neighbors might have been upon a larger scale. And then, I don't trust him. But I have grounds, and he has none. He's told me several untruths, and, of course, after that one can't quite go on believing in people. Oh dear! I hope I shall always be truthful; I *know* I am at present. Still, Mr. Carmichael does not thoroughly believe me, though he pretends to be satisfied at the present time. I showed him Doris's letter. The postmark was London: but London is a wide place. Mr. Carmichael is there now, and is employing detectives; but, so far, without any result.

Aunt Lotty mourns first over her husband's sister, then over Doris, then over Mr. Lynn. Her tender heart is torn, and she goes about with a gentle depressed air. Poor Aunt Lotty! how much capacity there is in her for love and tenderness, and how little it has been drawn forth. The little Lynns have already become quite attached to her, and it is pleasant to see how quickly she understands them. Truly the evening of her life promises to be its happiest time. She cannot get over the mention of herself as one whom the poor wife could have loved.

"It will make me doubly fond of Doris when she comes back," said she, "and to think, dear, that the poor thing saw me there in the churchyard, and I never to have known it, and she Mr. Carmichael's only sister. We're surrounded by wonders, dear. Never did I think that I should come to be connected with such mysteries. Everything was so straightforward and unromantic in the Dormer family; but one never can tell what one may marry into. Marriage is a lottery!"

Though how Aunt Lotty intended her last remark to apply to the subject under discussion I cannot say. It was one of Aunt Lotty's staple quotations that linked itself on with matrimony, as a word rather than as an abstract idea.

Two days later. I was in the drawing-room alone yesterday afternoon, Aunt Lotty having gone up to Lynncourt. (What a blessing Lynncourt is to her!) I had opened the piano, and my fingers were lazily rambling over the keys. Now I played a bit of one of Mendelssohn's wordless songs, then a mysterious snatch from Beethoven, and then I strayed into a voluntary of my own, wherein I seemed to hear voices

striving to utter their thoughts, but I could not understand them. Now a deep, unexpected chord of wonderful beauty soothed me so inexpressibly that I struck it again and again, now soft, as though I would make it speak and tell me all its message. But in vain: I could not interpret its meaning. So, disappointed, I rushed into a wild melody, wherein, alternately, the treble and the bass took up the strain as though they pleaded against each other; and yet, though seemingly at variance, the cause they pleaded was the same. And still they called to me, and still I listened, and my heart strove to understand, but all in vain! What was their meaning? Portent of joy or sorrow?

Suddenly the door opened, and a gentleman entered. It was too dusk for me to see who it was. I thought from the height that it must be Mr. Lynn; but I was soon undeceived when a voice said,—

"You see I have brought my own answer, Miss Dormer."

Then I knew it was Mr. Chester. I was thankful that it was dark so that he could not tell how glad I was to see him, and I tried to steady my voice as I replied,—

"I was afraid that my letter had not reached you."

"It did not reach me as soon as you expected, for I had gone away from Rome for a few days; and when I returned and found it awaiting me, I thought the best thing I could do was to set off to England immediately, especially as there was a letter from Doris also, begging me to come to her."

How foolish I am! My heart sank down in a moment, and gave no more leaps. It was quiet enough now. It was not *my* letter that had brought him, but Doris's; what could be more natural? I ought to have thought of it. I think I should have done so, only I was so glad to see him that I thought of nothing else.

"Then you know where Doris is?" I asked, after a little pause that I made in order to recover myself.

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"That is Doris's secret," returned Mr. Chester, with a smile.

And then I was vexed; so I said, in, I am afraid, a little tone of pique,—*"And yours too."*

"And mine too," replied Mr. Chester, gravely; then he added, "do you think I ought to betray my trust?"

Just what I had done about the drawing! Mr. Chester would not think me improved. Why will my impulse be ever getting the better of me? All I could do was to say,—

"No." And then I added, "Perhaps I ought not to have asked; but I am very anxious about Doris."

I meant it as a little apology for my hastiness, and he understood it.

"Miss Dormer," he replied, "how long will you continue to think that I am finding fault with you?"

There was such a cordial frankness in his tone, that I could not help being impulsive again.

"As long as I have a conscience, I suppose; for when my conscience accuses me, I feel that people must accuse me also."

And this time impulse succeeded better.

"You need not fear much fault-finding, as long as you listen to so good a mentor."

It was pleasant to hear a word of appreciation from him, though I knew he was thinking of Doris all the time; and then for the first time it flashed upon me that possibly he had already seen her; so I asked him whether this were the case? But he answered,—

"No; I came straight to you, for I wished for your advice."

He had come to Green Oake first! Hush, thou foolish heart! It is only because he is so anxious to do everything for the best of Doris.

"I think Doris should return to us—to her father," I said. "If she knew how much he is suffering, how ill he looks, she could not stay away. It is her duty, too. Her mother appears to have looked forward to it, and to have wished it. And yet, Mr. Chester, there is something I don't quite understand. It seems that, under certain circumstances, the packet would never have been given up. That it was not sent as a last bequest from Mrs. Gresford to her husband, but that his receiving it depended upon some emergency arising in which Doris needed a protector. It is this point that has so startled Doris: and the only way in which I can account for her objection to going to Lynncourt is, that she thinks her mother did not intend her to go if it could be avoided; and so she has determined, as long as she has health and strength, to render Mr. Lynn's assistance unnecessary."

"I partly gather the same idea from her letter," returned Mr. Chester; "but stronger than this feeling seems to be her distrust of Mr. Carmichael and her determination not to take advantage of anything that he has a hand in. She tells me she cannot define this feeling, nor give any reason for it, but that it has weighed upon her mind ever since she came to Green Oake."

"It has, I know," I replied. "The very first night she was here she told me of it."

"And you have had a similar feeling, and so have I," said Mr. Chester. "So I suppose there is something in it, though it seems rather uncharitable, since we've none of us any grounds to go upon."

"Mr. Chester, I think—I believe—"

And there I stopped.

"Well, what do you believe?"

"I don't know—I—perhaps—I—" And again I paused.

"Not very lucid," said Mr. Chester, laughing. "What is it, Miss Dormer, that so perplexes you?"

I laughed, too, and yet I wished I had not begun my sentence, for what right had I to be bringing an accusation against Mr. Carmichael without any proof? And yet in my own mind I was convinced that he had opened Doris's packet.

"I think," I said, "that I ought not to have begun my sentence. Will you consider it unspoken?"

"Certainly, if you really wish it," replied he.

And then I inquired if he had yet opened the packet that Mrs. Gresford had given to him.

"Yes; but it is not for me. The outer envelope was addressed to me, but enclosed I found a letter for Doris, as you see."

And he put his hand into his coat-pocket. He started; the letter was not there.

"I could have been certain that I had it with me, but I suppose I must be mistaken, and that I put it back into my portmanteau. Yes, it must be there," as if trying to assure himself of a fact that he wished to believe.

But I could see that he felt uneasy. At any rate I did, for I felt that on this letter probably depended the happiness of the two involved in this sorrowful affair. Doubtless it was an appeal from the mother to the daughter.

"Oh! it cannot be lost," I exclaimed.

"I trust not," was Mr. Chester's rejoinder. "I think it would, after all, have been safer with you."

"Oh, no; then it would have been certain to—"

What was I thinking of?

"Oh, surely Mr. Chester you will find it—you must find it; everything depends upon that letter." These last words I spoke very earnestly, for suddenly a flood of light poured into my brain, and I was dazzled and confused, and knew nothing plainly but the one idea that stood out clear before me. "The packet must not be lost." Mr. Chester looked at me in some surprise.

"Miss Dormer, will you not trust me?"

"I have nothing to trust you with."

"Pardon me, there is something."

"Nothing tangible. It is so indefinite. I have no right—I dare not—I ought not to speak."

"For Doris's sake," pleaded Mr. Chester.

But I was firm.

"No, Mr. Chester, not even for Doris's sake at present, though the time may come when I can speak more freely."

I saw by the firelight, for the fire that had been smouldering had suddenly blazed up brightly, that Mr. Chester looked disappointed. But I could not help it. I was determined that he should not draw my thought from me. For it was but a thought, an inspiration, perhaps a revelation; but it was too vague to shape into words just yet.

So I only shook my head when he was going to say something more about it, and then I asked him about his journey, and when he thought of returning.

"Not until I have settled this matter about Doris."

"I am afraid," said I, "that I have not helped you much."

"Yes," he answered, "you have satisfied me that my own view on one point is correct. Doris must be persuaded to return to Craythorpe. Lynncourt of course must be her proper home."

"And her inheritance," said I.

"That need not follow."

He had evidently considered the point. I knew he would not care about the fortune, in spite of what Mr. Carmichael had said. But he did not know how the property was settled.

"It is so willed," I answered, "that the eldest child *must* have it."

"And this is Mr. Carmichael's way of making an heiress of Doris."

"Yes; and I believe she would have been far happier without it. And yet but for this fortune I don't believe that Mr. Carmichael would ever have brought her here."

"I don't either."

And then we talked on, and our subject naturally was Doris, until quite suddenly he said,—

"Have I found my way into your story yet, Miss Dormer?"

I was by no means prepared for the question; yet I managed to answer it readily.

"You have, Mr. Chester. You and Doris are my hero and heroine at the present crisis."

And if I had been discomposed by the abruptness of the question, I think he was surprised at my reply, for he looked a little confused. He saw that I had discovered his secret. I was glad to let him know that I had.

"You see," I went on, "that Doris's talisman has worked successfully if you still desire to be a hero."

He did not speak at once, but after a little he said,—

"I thought you did not believe in talismans."

"But you see this one is beginning to make me credulous. I suppose Doris is an enchantress, and has fascinated me to do her bidding."

"Are you sure that it is Doris's work?" asked Mr. Chester eagerly.

No, I was sure of nothing of the kind; but I was not going to tell him so, therefore I replied, evasively, (alas! is my truth going?)—

"Who else could have done it? Did she not insist upon having the hair to twist together, and who knows what spells she may have used?"

"I thought you gave the lock freely."

"So I did; for Doris wanted it, and what use to me was a lock of hair that could not be fastened on my head again?"

Oh dear! where is my truth ebbing to? Had I not given it because he had asked for it; and I, like a simpleton, had fancied that he wished to have it?

Mr. Chester made no reply; but he opened a large locket that was attached to his chain, and took therefrom the curious knot that Doris had so deftly twined. He carefully untied the fastening that bound the ends of the hair; then, with a skill that surprised me, he separated the dark hair from the light; the dark lock he replaced in the locket, the light one he held towards me.

"I have never felt satisfied about keeping it," said he, "and now I restore it to its rightful owner."

My cheeks burned with mortification; I knew he had never cared for it, he preferred having Doris's alone. Mine was forced upon him, and he could not well have refused it. I took the piece of hair, and was about to fling it into the fire; but he held my hand back.

"No, not that," he said.

But with a great effort I wrenched my hand away, and throw the hair into the flames.

"There," said I, "that is the best place for it."

He sprang forward, but it was too late; the flames had devoured it.

Then I stood silent; all my passion was gone; and I wished that I had said nothing about the talisman. But it could not be helped now. And Mr. Chester turned to go away.

"I will write when I have seen Doris, and I will try to persuade her to come back to Craythorpe."

I asked him if he would not wait to see Aunt Lotty, she would be at home before long; but he said his time was limited, and he must go. Then we shook hands, and said "Good bye" to one another. But when he reached the door he came back to where I was standing.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I have been very foolish. Will you pardon me if I have caused you any annoyance?"

"You have not annoyed me," I replied, in a low tone; "it is I who have been wrong."

"No, no," he returned, "you misunderstand; it is I who am to blame. But we must not quarrel," he added; "we have still one interest in common—Doris."

"Yes;" and I felt the subtle imp that I so tried to withstand knocking at the door of my heart. But I shut it fast; it should not enter.

"We part good friends?" and he held out his hand.

"Quite good friends," I replied, giving mine in return.

So we shook hands again, and Mr. Chester went away. And I threw myself on the sofa, and burying my face in the cushions, tried to think over quietly his visit.

I recalled all I had said about the talisman, and thought of the day when Doris had made it; and putting the two together I began to be afraid that Mr. Chester would have reason to think me untruthful as well as hasty.

But what does it matter what Mr. Chester thinks? Probably he never thinks at all about a person he so little cares for. Nevertheless, I felt very miserable. And then Aunt Lotty came in, and seeing me lying down, she thought that I must have a headache.

"And you have been crying too, dear," she said, "and that is the worst thing in the world for a headache, though I could have cried over and over again with one."

But I told her that I had no headache, that I felt a little tired, but that none of us need cry now for I had good news for her. Mr. Chester had been here, and he had had a letter from Doris, and knew where she was, and was going to persuade her to come back to Craythorpe.

"And he'll do it," responded Aunt Lotty; "but she won't stay long at Craythorpe, for that wedding is sure to come about. And Joyce dear, you'll make a very pretty bridesmaid."

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOYCE DORMER went to her bed that night repeating Aunt Lotty's words:—"That wedding is sure to come about." Of course it was: had

she not been prophesying it to herself ever since Mr. Chester's first appearance; so what need was there for it to cause her so much consideration? She would dismiss it from her thoughts. She ought to be very glad that Mr. Chester was going to marry Doris. She thought she *was* glad, she tried to persuade herself of it, and then she fell asleep.

Mr. Chester traveling in the night-train had also his reflections, and they were as follows:—"She does not care for me, that is plain enough. What a fool I have been to think of such a thing. I will go back to Italy, and stay there until I have forgotten Joyce Dormer."

He rang the changes on these few sentences as he lay back in the carriage endeavoring to go to sleep; but in vain, sleep would not come, or if it vouchsafed its presence for a moment it would not stay, and he woke with a start, muttering,—

"She does not care for me."

As he passed from Shoreditch he saw not the miles of houses any more than Doris had done; neither did he indulge in musings on the city and its inhabitants. It was in comparative darkness as he whirled along; the lights were out in most of the windows, and the street-lamps alone stood as sentinels through the night watches.

And still in darkness, Mr. Chester reached the station, at which Doris had arrived about a fortnight before. He found, as Doris had done, that there were no conveyances to be had; so he walked to the little town near, and there procured a bed for the remainder of the night, and early the next morning drove over to Linton. He made his way to Mrs. Howell's. The good woman uttered an exclamation of joy on seeing him.

"Oh, sir! but I'm glad you're come; here's Miss Carmichael drooping like a snow-drop, and I can't do anything to raise her spirits, and I don't know where her friends are, so I can't send to them, and we thought the letter could not have got to you, or surely you'd have answered it."

"I've come myself, and that is better, is it not, Mrs. Howell?"

And at that moment Doris, who had caught the sound of voices, flew down stairs, crying out,— "Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel, I am so glad to see you."

"But I'm not glad to see you looking so ill and so very unlike yourself, my poor child," said Mr. Chester, looking compassionately on Doris, who was whiter than ever, and her large, dark eyes seemed unnaturally large and lustrous.

"You'll tell me what to do, Gabriel?" and she clung to his arm. "I cannot go back to Craythorpe; you don't think I need go there, do you?"

"We must talk it all over, Doris," he answered; "and then you will be ready to do what is best."

Doris did not know; she could never feel that it was best to go back to Craythorpe and take poor Archie's property from him, whatever Gabriel might think.

"Perhaps we could arrange that the property may be left as it is."

Her face brightened.

"Could we? Uncle Carmichael said that nothing could be done to prevent my having it."

"I thought," returned Mr. Chester, smiling, "you told me that you did not trust Uncle Carmichael; that you did not believe in him; that you had a feeling that, whatever he said must be false, and now you are turning round and are inclined to doubt me, and to believe in him."

Doris looked up; one of her old smiles came over her face, and she laughed.

"Now, dear old Gabriel, that is just what you used to do, making me turn round against myself, whether I would or not. But I don't think I should ever be happy at Lynncourt, even if I could get rid of the fortune and so disappoint Uncle Carmichael. It's just to spite Mr. Lynn, and not on my own account, that he wants me to have it."

"I have guessed that much myself, Doris. But nevertheless, Lynncourt is the proper place for you. You ought to be with your father."

"But I can't feel as if he were my father," said Doris. "It is so strange. Besides, my mother was not there, and I feel that I cannot live in a place where she ought to have been."

"But, Doris, this is childish. Consider the circumstances. How could it have been otherwise. And if your mother suffered, Mr. Lynn has suffered also, and still suffers. Think what a terrible revelation this has been to him."

"Is he ill?" asked Doris, abruptly. "Have you seen him?"

"No; but Miss Dormer tells me how changed he is."

"Then you've been to Green Oake and have seen Joyce. What does she say? What does she think?"

"She thinks that you ought to return at once to Craythorpe. We agreed entirely upon that point."

"Then you've been quarrelling about something else?" and Doris looked up inquiringly.

"I hope not," answered Mr. Chester, somewhat evasively.

"But something like it," pursued Doris. "I wish Joyce would learn to like you, Gabriel. I've tried my best to make her."

"You see she does not," he returned quietly. "I think you had better leave off trying."

"Perhaps, if you liked her a little better," suggested Doris.

"I do not think that would have any effect. But we will not discuss Miss Dormer's likes and dislikes. I want to settle your affairs. What do you say to my taking you back to Craythorpe?"

"I cannot go," said Doris.

"But, Doris—"

"No, I cannot live at Lynncourt. I shall never be happy there, and I don't want to see Mr. Lynn again."

"Nor Miss Dormer, nor Aunt Lotty?"

"I wish you would call her Joyce, Gabriel. It seems to me that you dislike her as much as she does you."

"Joyce, then; don't you wish to see her?"

"Yes, I do. Oh, how I wish that you and I and Joyce could go far away and leave all those people, and live together somewhere. Oh, why did my mother let Uncle Carmichael know anything about Mr. Lynn; she would not have done so had she known how unhappy it would make me."

"Doris," said Mr. Chester, remembering the packet, "I have a letter for you. Your mother gave it to me some years ago to take care of for you. Will you promise to abide by what she tells you to do in that letter?"

Doris sat for a few moments without speaking, with her hands over her eyes.

Then she said, very slowly, "I will."

"It is in my portmanteau," said Mr. Chester. "I ordered the man to drive to the best inn he could find in the village, so I suppose I shall find it there."

Mrs. Howell directed Mr. Chester to the principal inn in the place.

"And what about Miss Carmichael, sir?" she asked, as she followed him to the garden-gate.

"I think she ought to go back to her friends, Mrs. Howell."

"So do I, sir, and I hope you'll persuade her to do it. I don't wonder she feels as she does, poor thing, when she looks back upon her mother's sorrows and hardships. I'm fain almost to side with her in one way, and yet I can't help seeing that the right course is for her to go back to her own kindred." And Mrs. Howell opened the gate.

"I shan't be long before I'm back again," said Mr. Chester. And away he went.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOYCE DORMER had sent up a note to Mr. Lynn to tell him of Doris's visit. And the next morning brought Mr. Lynn to Green Oake to hear all that Joyce could tell him.

But Joyce could not tell him where Doris was, only that she was with a trusty friend, and that Mr. Chester would bring her home as soon as possible.

"And who is Mr. Chester?"

And Joyce set herself to explain, Aunt Lotty adding notes and comments as she went on, and finally taking up the subject herself.

"Mr. Chester is the most charming person I ever met with," said Aunt Lotty; "and I'm sure you'll like him, and you will not object to him in the least; that is, I'm sure I hope you won't, for he and Doris have set their hearts upon each other, and I should be sorry to see them disappointed. It's a sore thing to disappoint people, you know."

Joyce thought Aunt Lotty premature, as Mr. Lynn was evidently quite unprepared for such a phase of affairs.

To gain and lose a daughter in so short a space of time was what he had not calculated upon. However, he said nothing, either for or against, and Aunt Lotty rambled on, and Mr. Lynn appeared to listen, but his thoughts were far away.

Then the post came, and there was a letter

from Mr. Carmichael. He had been harassed and hurried, and worn to death almost, and had failed in all the attempts that had been made to find a clue to Doris. She certainly was not in London, or he should have discovered her, and in what direction to try he knew not. He had inserted an advertisement in the Times, which was not to be withdrawn without notice from him. He did not see what further steps could be taken at present; therefore he intended returning home by that afternoon's train, as he felt quite ill and knocked up.

"And he'll hear news that will make him well again," commented Aunt Lotty.

But Joyce was not so sure of that when taken in connection with Mr. Chester.

And in the afternoon Mr. Carmichael did arrive, and he did look very ill; his complexion was very leaden, and there was a wandering look in his eyes that was by no means natural to them. He was not in the best of tempers, for Mr. Carmichael was not a man who liked to be beaten. He was mortified at having to give up finding Doris. There was something ignominious in being outwitted by a mere girl.

His temper was not improved by Aunt Lotty's burst of information, for Aunt Lotty had scarcely been judicious in her commencement—but, then, she was not a judicious person, and she usually contrived to act unadvisedly with the best of intentions; therefore, she had greeted Mr. Carmichael on his entrance as follows:—

"Well, I have good news for you. Who do you think has been here?—Mr. Chester! And Mr. Chester knows all about Doris, and where she is, only he would not tell Joyce; but she's all safe, and he's gone away to bring her back."

Now, if there was anything particularly unpleasant to Mr. Carmichael, it was the connecting of Doris's name with Mr. Chester's. So he became irritable at once.

"What business has Mr. Chester to know anything of Doris. Besides I thought Mr. Chester was in Rome. Doris isn't *there*, I suppose?" and Mr. Carmichael looked at Joyce.

"No," said she; "Doris wrote to him, and he came over to England."

"Oh! Doris wrote to him, did she? And why need Doris have written to a stranger?"

"But Mr. Chester is not a stranger; she has known him all her life," replied Joyce.

"He is neither her father nor her uncle," retorted Mr. Carmichael.

Which facts being so self-evident, Aunt Lotty was emboldened to put in an observation.

"Of course he is not, or he would not wish to marry her."

Mr. Carmichael was exasperated: he turned angrily to his wife.

"If you can't say anything pleasant, don't say anything at all. Mr. Chester will never marry Doris if I can help it."

Joyce thought that Mr. Carmichael could not help it; but being more judicious than Aunt Lotty, she did not say so. And again Mr. Carmichael addressed her.

"When was Mr. Chester here?"

"Yesterday evening."

"He came to tell you that he had heard from Doris."

"Yes."

"Had he seen her?"

"No."

"Why did he come here first?"

"To ask what I thought Doris ought to do."

"And what did you advise?"

"That she should come back to us."

"And what might Mr. Chester's opinion be?"

"He said that Lynncourt was the proper place for her."

Mr. Carmichael struck his hand violently upon the table

"Lynncourt?" he repeated. "Yes, that is it—I knew *he* was after Lynncourt. I told you how it would be when he came to know that Doris was an heiress. A man does not often come careering home from Italy for nothing."

"But he seemed to think that Doris needn't take the property if she did not wish it."

Mr. Carmichael laughed, sneeringly.

"Oh! and so you believed him? No, no; he's too cunning for that. He's doubtless found out that the property is secured against any romantic sentimentality of that kind."

Joyce felt convinced that Mr. Chester had found out nothing of the sort, and that he, moreover, had never given a thought to the property, and would not care about it; still, Mr. Carmichael would not believe her if she told him so, so she made no answer.

"What else did Mr. Chester say?"

"He said that he had in his possession a letter given to him by Mrs. Gresford many years ago, that he was to keep until Doris was in need of assistance. This letter he intended to give to her now."

Joyce was watching Mr. Carmichael intently, to see what effect her communication would have; but she was not prepared for the change that came over him. His face turned livid, and he stared at her fixedly. She could see that he was greatly agitated, though he endeavored to control himself. Joyce went on.

"He had not this letter with him: indeed, I am half afraid that he has lost it."

And still she watched Mr. Carmichael attentively. The fixed look in his eyes relaxed, and a momentary gleam of hope shot into them. Still, his hand shook visibly as he rested it upon the table. He leaned back in his chair.

"I am not well," he said, faintly.

Aunt Lotty rose hastily.

"Dear, dear, he has overdone himself in London. Joyce, dear, see! can he have fainted?"

No, he had not fainted; but he was very heavy and languid, and seemed to have very little power left.

"Joyce, ring the bell."

And Mr. Carmichael was conveyed to his room, and a doctor sent for.

Was it anything dangerous? Would he get over it?

He would get over it; they need not be alarmed about this attack, though another might be feared.

Aunt Lotty was indefatigable; she sat up all

night watching her husband. In the morning she knocked at Joyce's door.

"He is better, but his mind wanders about some letter that is lost. I did not quite hear what you were saying last night, for I had fallen asleep; not but that I heard a good deal, for I can hear people talking when I'm in a doze; but that just happened to escape me. What was it? But if you would come and speak to him yourself, I think he'd be easier, for he's asked for you once or twice."

So Joyce went into the darkened room.

"It's Joyce," said Aunt Lotty.

Speaking slowly, and with some difficulty, Mr. Carmichael contrived to say,—

"You think the letter is lost?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid Mr. Chester thinks so."

"Thank heaven!" muttered Mr. Carmichael, and he sank back on his pillow.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. CHESTER searched his portmanteau carefully. He took out everything; he examined everything; he opened every package; he scrutinized every letter and paper; he turned out all his pockets? but no letter was to be found. Could he have lost it? He had it before he started from Rome; of that he was certain. He remembered also putting it into the pocket of his coat. And then—and then—No, it was of no use; he had not the slightest recollection of it afterwards. Again he searched the portmanteau, examined the lining, but all to no purpose. He must return and tell Doris that he had lost her mother's letter.

Doris was sitting where he had left her. Her eyes were closed, her mouth firmly set, and her hands clasped. She did not move when she heard Mr. Chester's step; neither did she open her eyes. She was communing so earnestly with herself that she could not be interrupted in her meditations. So Mr. Chester sat down on the sofa beside her, and did not speak.

Presently, without unclosing her eyes, she said, "Give it to me."

And she sighed, for she felt like a criminal about to receive sentence. She was going to hear a decree from which there was no appeal; indeed, her own promise had rendered it irrevocable.

"Give it to me," she repeated, in a tone that was almost inaudible.

"Doris," said Mr. Chester, "I cannot find it. I am afraid that it is lost."

The girl opened her eyes and sat erect with her earnest gaze bent upon him.

"Then I am free. I may do as I please. It seems like some mysterious dispensation to leave me to my own free choice in the matter. This is no accident; I do not believe in accidents; everything is designed for some end or other. If that letter is really lost, I shall know that I am right in not returning to Claythorpe."

"But suppose it should be found, Doris?"

She looked perplexed for a moment, and then answered,—

"I shall still believe that there was some rea-

son for its being lost. I shall know that my steps are guided by circumstances over which I have no control. I must accept facts as they stand."

"But this is mere fatalism——"

"Perhaps so; but, Gabriel, I am so tired and so bewildered, that I am glad even to have fatalism as a guide."

And she looked up at him with such a weary look, that Mr. Chester felt he could have stooped down and kissed her, as he had done many a time when she was a little child; but, Doris would be nineteen in a day or two, though he could scarcely believe it. And a feeling of compassion stole into his heart. Poor little Doris, how unhappy she seemed; and he himself was not particularly happy at the present moment. How glad he would be to get away to Italy, and not see any of the Green Oake people again. Which Green Oake people he might have reduced to one person, Joyce Dormer, but so he chose to word it. And Doris would be glad to get away too.

"I have decided what I am going to do, Gabriel," said Doris, shaking back her hair, that had escaped from its fastenings, whilst a change came over her face and she suddenly lost the weary look.

"Well?"

"I have a talent for drawing, you know."

"Don't be conceited," replied Mr. Chester.

"I'm not conceited. I know I have a talent; and, besides, you have told me so often and often."

"And you intend to be an artist and paint away at Linton."

"No, I don't. I'm not quite so aspiring as that. I'm going to do wood-cutting. I should succeed well enough, and make quite enough to live upon. I think, Gabriel, that I am not suited to live without any work, after having worked all my life till now. I think I shall miss getting my living as I used to do: it will separate me so from the past."

"And what will Mr. Lynn say to this? Remember, Doris, he is your father. You are not free to act in this matter."

"Surely after so many years he would let me do as I pleased. What can he care for a daughter whom he has never known? He has done nothing for me so far, and I don't wish him to do anything now."

"Has that been his fault? And, Doris, he does care for you; he is grieving over you now. Can you not love him for your mother's sake? Can you not follow her example, and sacrifice your own feelings to spare him?"

Doris hid her face.

And again Gabriel felt the same strange compassion for the girl dart into his mind. And he thought of her words, "If you, and I, and Joyce could live somewhere together." But Joyce was out of the question; besides, he wished to forget her; but he and Doris, they seemed to belong to one another. He took one of her hands.

"Doris," he said, "do you think me worth caring for?"

"Worth caring for?" asked Doris in amazement; "to be sure I do. I care more for you,

Gabriel, than any one in the world. What should I do without you? There is no one who knows so much about me as you do, no one that I have known so long. Of course I care for you."

"You don't quite understand me, Doris. Do you think you care so much for me that you would be willing to leave every one else and go with me to Italy?"

"Oh yes, Gabriel! I should like it above all things, and you could teach me as you used to do. But it would have been pleasanter if you could have liked Joyce, and Joyce could have liked you, and then you two could have been married, and I should have been as happy as the day is long with both of you."

She did not understand him yet; she had looked upon him so long as her guardian and protector, almost as a second parent. So he said gravely,—

"That is not what I mean. I have no one to care about me now, and I feel rather sad and lonely sometimes. Will you be my wife, Doris?"

It had never entered into her head. His wife! Gabriel's wife! She would have laughed at the idea if Joyce had suggested it to her. But she did not laugh now, she was so perplexed, so astonished.

"Gabriel!" was all she could say.

"I am in earnest, Doris."

"But what can have made you think of it? I never should have thought of it."

"Can you not think of it now?"

"I don't know, Gabriel."

"Do you love any one else, Doris?"

"No."

"Well then, listen. This is the only way in which I can help you. I am a lonely man in the world. My mother is dead, and I have but few relatives. Those I have are all scattered, and have interests of their own; so there is no one for me to care for but my little snow-child, whom I have known and loved so long, and who links me with the past. And you, Doris, cannot bear to be torn from that past and planted anew in a fresh soil, in a fairer garden it may be, but without any of the old props to cling to. We are both in a manner desolate; can we not make a home far away from all these troubles, and keep the past as a precious memory that will dwell painlessly with us throughout our lives. Remember how your mother begged me to take care of you the last time I saw her. Can I fulfil her wishes better than by being your protector through life?"

Doris sat listening earnestly. There was no flush upon her face; she was considering calmly Mr. Chester's speech. When he had ended, she spoke.

"Do you wish it on my account, Gabriel? Are you thinking of me?"

"I am thinking of myself, Doris," he answered.

"Are you quite sure you wish it? Are you sure you like me better than any one you have ever seen?"

Her eyes met his without flinching.

"I am quite sure that I wish it."

He did not answer her other questions.

"I should not have supposed I was the sort of

person you would care for, Gabriel," she continued.

"Why not?"

"Because it never entered into my head that you would. That seems a foolish reason, perhaps; but I cannot help thinking that I should have had some sort of idea, some perception in all these years, if I had been the kind of person to suit you. I am afraid it is on my account that you are thinking of this."

"No, I am not, Doris."

"It appears stranger almost to me than everything else," she replied. "I think you must be mistaken, Gabriel. If you really think, if—"

"If what?" said Mr. Chester. "Tell me honestly, Doris, anything you like to say."

"If I were quite sure that I liked you well enough; in that way, I mean—but I'm afraid I don't, Gabriel—I would try. But I never thought about it, and I should not wish you to be unhappy."

"I could not be unhappy, Doris. We used to be happy enough together in the days gone by."

"But I was a child then," she returned, seriously. "I am older now—I am a woman, Gabriel. I have grown very old in these last few weeks. I was growing very old before that, Gabriel. For we had such a struggle those last few years. Oh, Gabriel! and poverty makes one feel so old—so very old."

Mr. Chester took both her hands in his and looked sadly at her.

"And you never told me, Doris."

"My mother would not let me. I would have written again and again to you, for it would not have been like charity to be helped by you. But she would not let me. She asked Uncle Carmichael to help her, and he would not—he would not, Gabriel; and do you think I can ever forgive him? I don't and I never shall. You don't know what I've felt since I've been at Green Oake. Something like a tigress kept in a cage. I've been wanting to spring out all the time and get away. But Joyce was such a gentle keeper that I had not the heart to leave. If Joyce could only go with us I would go at once, Gabriel; for now I am away it seems to me that she reminds me of my mother, though it never struck me before."

"She bears a strong resemblance to your mother," answered Mr. Chester. "I always wondered that you had not perceived it. It is one of those strange chance likenesses that one does sometimes see between people who are not related."

"Yes, I see it now. Oh, Gabriel! if it had only been Joyce that you had liked instead of me!"

"But then I should have had no claim to help you out of all your difficulties."

"No," said Doris, meditatively.

"But you have not answered my question yet, Doris."

"I do not know how to answer it. Are you quite, quite sure that you are in earnest, Gabriel?"

"Quite sure."

Doris closed her eyes as if to shut out everything, and once more to commune with herself.

She was silent for a time: than she rose, and putting her hand on Mr. Chester's shoulder, she said softly,—

"Gabriel, I have made up my mind. I will go with you."

(*To be continued.*)

CAST-OFF SKINS.

EARLY in May the thought occurred to me, which is labeled by this somewhat strange title; strange it may seem at least to those of my readers who have failed to notice in themselves the phenomenon to which it alludes. And yet from vegetable, through insect, reptile, even up to the highest animal—the human—life, you shall find this episode of casting skins one of constant recurrence. It may interest some to have their attention drawn to a state of things so remarkable. For very many people do not observe, do not mark and study life. It is a book of deepest and most abstruse philosophy, over which they are content to skim; perhaps indeed idly or busily to turn page after page, reading with thought only of each block of words, but with little or none of the purpose, the sustained plan, the systematic whole which underlies them. So they fall asleep when the last page is reached without ever having mastered, or tried to master, the plan of the book. They have but a confused, dim, often utterly erroneous idea of its intention and meaning; they have been occupied merely with the parts; they never set themselves to consider it as a whole. Some pages were interesting, some feverishly exciting; some were dull; a good many were sad; but they read on superficially, never finding out, perhaps never inquiring for, the plot of the poem, the scheme of the treatise. And so when they come to the end of life, the fact is, in short, that they know nothing about it. Hence it comes that they call themselves shrewd, and prosperous, and far-seeing, and happy, and in need of nothing; and know not that in fact they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; and this just because they do not understand life, nor its plan, nor its purpose, nor its grand object. I have a small dog, very eager after stones. Not seldom, if I have unbent so far as to throw one for him down a grassy slope, he waits not to see it leave my hand, but turns off in quite another direction from that in which the stone is flying. He runs hard:—but there is nothing to show for the running at that end. This seems to me a quaint parallel with the life of many an energetic worker. There is a hasty setting out to run the race, with no thought to seek the Master's guiding as to the really profitable course; but when life ends, lo! the running has been all in the wrong direction: there is nothing attained. So much for men's little observance of life: its inner meaning, its whole plan, its object and end. So much for men's disregard of the phenomena which nevertheless meet them and act on them as they pass through this life.

And now for these cast-off skins.

I think the notion first came into my mind, or was, at least, fixed there and assisted, by a walk

that I had in May of this year. I was walking with my wife in a quiet lane, leading only to fields, under a canopy of beach leaves. The long, slender, lady-like branches slanted upwards over the palings, and quite across the lane, and the clean glad shiny leaves, all just new from God's hand, refreshed and rejoiced us by their cool shade, by their shimmering green, glinted through here with sun-light and darkened here with segments and patterns of leaves above them. But my wife drew my attention from the roof to the pavement of our cloister walk. This was quite over-strewn with a sienna carpet, lying thicker in the wheel ruts, but thinly over all. And we perceived at once that this was composed of the numberless sheaths of the liberated beach-leaves above us. They were cast-off skins.

I must play with some more instances, before I come to the slight human parallel, which seems to me to run side by side with them. There are myriad cases (I do not intend a pun) of these cast-off skins, which it is pleasant to watch, possibly even to read about. And if my moral be of the feeblest, the way by which we walk to it may be made interesting.

Up from the hairy drooping leaves rises the thin hairy stem that bears the bud. Many a one may be seen, bending earthward, and clad in dull downy green. Across this, however, a mouth splits, from ear to ear, and a hint is given of the concealed splendor within that sober case. And so gradually it pushes forth, the resplendent scarlet, forcing its way all sideways and awry, like a sleek shining silk dress, but crumpled sadly, you would think, past remedy. But it squeezes its exit more and more, and now you think it more like a doctor's scarlet hood, as it bulges and develops, not yet enfranchised. At last, out it flares, vivid, glowing, magnificent, and then you change your mind again, and settle that it is—well—a scarlet poppy. And the two sober discarded cups slink humbly out of sight behind the broad, black-enhanced glare.

There is the beautiful grain family, brothers and sisters; the wheat bursting its sheath and standing up erect and proud above its leaves on its tall stock; the silly silver-green threads of the barley squeezing out, all bent and tumbled, but straightening themselves and stiffening into a martial bristling array; the straggling oats slipping out one by one, and scattering themselves, spike after spike on its thread stem, in an ever-falling, never fallen rain; the bold maize, with its many tiers of squared, dull-yellow grains, showing themselves through the sides of the great buff envelope, dry and withered, and needed no more. There are—well, a plenty more instances of cast-off skins, in flower and grass land, with which I need not worry the reader. Only it must be said of the brave petals, white, scarlet, orange,—over which we have rhapsodized, that even these are in turn cast aside as were their calyxes, for further developments. The corn, too; further husks have to be, with much pain and *tribulation*, removed from the grains, before the white final condition is attained.

Snakes and newts and toads: these are all frequent casters of skins; but none of these develop

in a way which we at present want to consider, so we pass on to the caterpillar. You find these, first, in writhing heaps; naked tumultuous bodies, exaggerated black heads; and so they remain awhile, cast their skins, and separate. Somewhat bigger now, but not beautiful, nevertheless you are amused to watch the little creature on its leaf, cutting segments of circles on the edge: body quiescent, black head moving with busy fangs, going regularly on, round after round, to widen the neatly-cut gap. And so it casts its skin again; and again; and again. And now it bustles on with long undulating body, over its nettle or across the path, or up its stem; and at last it creeps up a wall or behind a shutter, or into the mould; or slings a hammock from some forked twig:—and grows sick;—and dies?—no;—casts its skin again. And under this last caterpillar-skin is found a ready-made coffin,—sometimes yellow-grey, prickly, speckled: sometimes red-brown, smooth, armadilloed (but always able to wag its tail)—in which coffin for the present we will leave it lying. Especially may we select for our purpose the chrysalis of the sphinx-moths. These we leave lying in their coffin, buried many (caterpillar) feet under the ground.

No doubt we men and women have our share literally in this skin-casting process; you gradually peel, as your coat or black dress will tell you, in little flaky bits. After a fever, the process is observable enough. All this, however, has little to do with my present thought. I am not concerned now with your physical, but rather with your metaphysical skin. Let us see how, at the end, say, of each seven years, this is cast.

A little writhing baby, with top-heavy head and leg-of-mutton arms, your ideal of happiness, at first, to swill milk from certain convenient lactucts; to stare vacantly and to be sick, to be bounced at by energetic mother and nurse, and have all sorts of fearful sounds made at you; to be tossed up and down, and to subside into tranquillity with your thumb in your mouth, like Noel Paton's "Changeling." Later, to grab at everything near you, father's nose, your own pink ribbons; especially anything breakable on the table or mantelpiece: and, when at all possible, to ram the article into your mouth. You develop, no doubt, into higher and nobler pursuits: into an appreciation of yellow woolly birds, of rattles, of sodded crusts in net; even aspiring (raised by the help of chairs, and sliding along them to the table) to land the table-cloth (with the ink) upon the floor. And thus you progress, and cast your first skin.

A boy now: turning (with something of a Colenso spirit) in contempt even from Noah's arks, bricks, large particolored balls (that shrivel so deliciously for the moment, within their net, when pricked), carts for timber, and donkeys with nodding heads. You despise these; are impatient with your little brothers, who (not having cast their skin) still care for them; you are a base-baller now; a ship-builder, and (to your mother's much anxiety, and your nurse's deep disgust) a ship-sailor also; you have bow and arrows and

a small target; and become a very Esau, in trouble with every one. Your mother (at least your father) does not like your legs on the table at meals; the washerwoman cannot see the wit of your shooting with dirty arrows (however blunt) at the white linen that swings from her lines in the wind; the gardener does not sympathize with your raids after these same arrows, or after your ball, among his potatoes, or across his fresh-raked beds; your sisters think you a tease; your brothers, a bully. In fact, perhaps there is little lamentation and some relief, when the second skin is cast, and (after a short period of nakedness and rawness, in which you of course feel uncomfortable enough) you merge the young man.

Other playthings now; human playthings, edge-tools. 'Tis sentiment now; and love, and fierce hunting after shy, elusive, vexing, fair-skinned game. Two or three hunts generally before the right one is run down, and time has come for casting the next skin. Fire and energy, and a look abroad, as of Moses, from your hill, into a promised land of perfection, nobility, loveliness,—that you shall not enter until a certain river be passed. And through all, you chafe and weary to quit this skin (though it be beautiful) for the next. I suppose an instinct within whispers that this is still imperfect; that the perfect state lies somewhere and somewhen beyond. And so you are impatient; unsatisfied with the abundant leaves about you; always wandering off to the edge of one, and rearing on your hind legs and staring and swaying, and weaving pictures and dreams to yourself of the unknown;—of what may underlie the next skin, in fact.

And so this skin is slipped; and manhood comes, and you are married and settled down in life. Some bright hues are lost; you are a little sobered; but (often) looking downward, rather than upward, you find on a sudden how many leaves surround you, how much good practical, substantial eating has to be done in life.

"'Tis looking downward that makes one dizzy."

But you think not so; you care more for cabbage leaves than for spinning dreams in the air with restless head; and certainly, if we look at the thing from a business point of view, it may be more useful. Still,—still,—what shall I say? There grows upon you what I call a loss; yes, certainly I shall venture to call it a loss. An increasing forgetfulness of that old restless instinct; a lower satisfaction with the present:—an absorbed thought of that on which you stand and which you eat;—a lack of that (now and then) going to the edge of it all; and staring, and rearing, and twisting, and wondering, and longing,—after what? beyond. Life's purpose seems too much merged in the present; too much bounded by the evanescent and limited sphere in which you are living; in many that divine instinct dies out; they perceive no more those hints of how this state is still imperfect; of how there are other skins yet to be cast: of how there is a strange, unfathomed future beyond the buried chrysalis,—eyes fixed intently on the leaf, unconscious of, or unheeding, the wide wings that flash above them on the flower.

Now the flowers which we stopped to examine on our way to these thoughts reached their acme of perfection at the point at which we left them, and they then fell, the fair petals, without a future.

"No second life have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more."

This teaching, however, they have for us; that their life is one of development through each stage; one of increase in loveliness, in spirituality. They do not deteriorate, each change adds a beauty, they go on to perfection. At least they do so, unless some egg, implanted by an enemy in the earliest bud, and not removed, shall develop, and grow to an ugly grub, and so eat out the heart of the flower, inasmuch that, if the case be opened, a black vile maggot writhes out of the ruin, instead of the loveliness that should have been disclosed.

We need not go on with our version of the seven ages, or (as we put it) skins, of man. Remembering that the skin is metaphysical, you will perceive that he also may (as he should) go on developing, improving, to the end; also that he may be advancing backwards, developing downwards, losing, with no corresponding or compensating gain. And so on to the chrysalis condition, and the burial in the mould. You will then agree that, metaphysically, we do cast our skins periodically; swelling, developing, growing too large for the last, which tightens, shrinks, splits,—and is left behind in life. One's self every seven years; what a series of different beings! What we were, and what we are! Some preserve their old skins; some, on the other hand, put them out of sight and remembrance as effectually as does the toad, which (you know) pats its cast skin with hands and feet into a comfortable ball,—and takes it like a camomile pill! But this lesson of *development* all through life's different stages, this intended growth (metaphysical) towards something more perfect, more beautiful, as skin after skin is cast off;—men lose sight of this. And many have a hazy notion that they shall somehow be able to cast half-a-dozen skins all at once, at life's end, and so come out that perfect thing which all life's years were meant to lead to. The process is one not patent to the eye; thus they do not perceive how that inner thing, the Self, is shrinking and dwindling, instead of plumping out and shedding skin after skin *towards* perfection of character. They eat busily at the leaf they are on, and miss the purpose and intention of life.

Such men would, I doubt not, sneer at my vagaries and (they might think) impertinent analogies. It does not occur to them that there is any need of study to understand this mysterious thing, this mortal life of immortal beings; nor that to the intent heart and the observant eye it is surrounded by parables, hints, and indistinct, yet grand suggestions. They take it in a matter-of-fact way,—dealing with it as though there were nothing below the surface. Yet in truth,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

And many a poem is being wrought out, in the processes and existences around and beneath us,—poems full of solemn sweetness, profound meaning, echoes of revelation. And as to the present theme, I need not do more than hint at the well-worn, but ever-new and beautiful analogy, joined with the last skin-casting of our friend the caterpillar whom we left in his coffin, and under the mould. Ah, how much of glorious anticipation seems offered to those who will accept it, when we behold the last change of the creeping insect!—the transfiguration, the radiancy and beauty, the power to soar! In what variety of loveliness, out of so many hiding-places; nor only from the earth, but out of the waters, springs that new and glorious life. I must remind those who need such reminding of one famous description of this latter resurrection:

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew."

But I must just note down a curious and even startling counter analogy, described by Archbishop Whately in his annotated edition of "Bacon's Essays." I must quote from memory, as I have not the book by me. He describes there how an egg may be deposited in the earliest stage in the body of the caterpillar by an enemy fly; how this egg shall hatch into a parasite, which shall live on in the grub through all its growth and changes, not at all interfering with the outward present life; so that the creature eats and grows, and goes through its existence much, to all appearance, like its fellows; even, like them, passing into the last stage but one, and sleeping in its coffin. But here an end. The hidden enemy had been all through its life feasting on the inner self, the spiritual thing within the creeping grub;—and the dark coffin lies silent, unopened. *There is no butterfly within!*

EDUCATION.—That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

BUSYBODIES.

PRY is first cousin to What's-up. Pry and his like were the causes of the foundation of an excellent society, called the Anti-poke-your-nose-in-to-other-people's-business Society. The rules of that society cannot be here given, but it is believed that one of them enjoined upon the members the duty of putting up all their bristles against any of the family of Pry. And Pry and his family are certainly enough to turn the most amiable of human beings into a "fretful porcupine." Pry never seems to have any business of his own; or if he have, he thinks nothing of it in comparison with his neighbor's. Pry would probably rather submit to any degradation than be ignorant of his neighbor's affairs. He may be able to bear cold, hunger, thirst, and nakedness; but he can not bear not to know how his neighbor lives. It is said that everybody has a skeleton in some cupboard somewhere in his house; and Pry is constantly trying to ferret out that skeleton. He makes his way into the house; he creeps about the rooms, and he peeps into the cupboards; or, if they happen to be locked, he puts his nose, his eyes, his ears to the keyhole, in search of smell, or sight, or sound; in case there should be still a little putrid flesh on the skeleton, or the skull of the skeleton should stand out white and distinct, or the bones of the skeleton should rattle. If, therefore, you find Pry with the skin off the end of his nose, or with a cold in the eye, or with the earache, you may make up your mind that he has been at somebody's skeleton-cupboard.

Pry is, generally speaking, a mean-looking creature. He may occasionally reach a great height; but he is then pretty sure to resemble those giants who are exhibited in caravans and elsewhere; who are knock-kneed to such an extent, that they nearly always wear a petticoat or some sort of skirt reaching down to the middle of the leg; who are narrow-shouldered, who are weak-voiced, and whom an ordinary school-boy of sixteen could thrash. Pry's chief and best features are his eyes, of which he has no more than two, but which are equal to half a dozen of the common kind. They remind you forcibly of gimlets; they seem calculated to pierce through a deal door. Pry's manner is brisk and cheerful; he has no hesitation about speaking first to strangers; and in whatever circumstances you meet him, he will take the greatest interest in you; will try to get out of you who and what you are; how much you make a year; what sort of health you enjoy generally, and whether you are suffering from any particular ailment just at present; whether you are married or single; whether you have any parents or children, and how they all are, and what lines of life they are in; what business you are about just now; and what your politics are. If you snub him, as very likely you will, he takes it very good-humoredly, and merely sidles off to somebody else, to ask who you are, how much you make a year, and so on. It is very rash to ask Pry to do any little piece of business for you. He will do it with pleasure, but he will make it the means of getting a sight

of your skeleton. For Pry has a way of doing far more than you ask him. If you propose to Pry to walk with you as far as the store, and expect to get rid of him at the store, you are a very sanguine person, and will find yourself greatly mistaken. Pry will stick to you until he knows all your movements, at least for that day. Pry, being a stranger, will carefully mark your outward appearance, and, from something which strikes him, will begin his questions. Perhaps you wear a mourning band upon your hat. Pry will commence with a few remarks about the prevalence of some epidemic, and will then say, inquiringly: "Lost a relative, sir!" Or you may walk lame, and Pry will ask: "Met with an accident, sir?" You may answer gruffly: "No, I haven't;" but Pry will continue, heartily, "Ah! gout then, I suppose?" And he will go on to "Rheumatism, perhaps?" or "Only corns, then?" until you lose your patience, and tell him "a piece of your mind;" when he will reply, quite affably and cheerfully, "Oh! no offense, I hope, sir; I meant no offense, sir."

Pry has a very near relative called Officious, who is, perhaps, even more objectionable than Pry himself. For Officious is not content with finding out all about you and your skeleton; he will offer you his advice, unasked, as to the best way of getting it buried out of sight. Officious will astonish you sometimes by interfering, when he is not wanted, with a knowing look and an "Excuse me, sir; I know you—you're Mr. So-and-So;" or a "Permit me to arrange this matter; I know that gentleman—he is Mr. Such-and-Such;" and he will look as important as a bantam rooster. Officious, moreover, will undertake, on his own account, to answer for you to others; will assure them that he knows perfectly well that you will or will not do or suffer this, that, and the other; and will often cause you serious loss or inconvenience. Officious may never have learnt the first elements of cookery, and yet he likes to have a finger in every pie that is baked; and, consequently, many pies come out of the oven in a frightful state.

You may now and then, as you walk along a street, see, with chin rested upon the top of a blind, a yellow face, in which shine two restless eyes. The face is that of a woman who knows everything which has happened for the last fifty years, not only at "over the way," but at every house in the street, and is never so happy than when she can communicate this knowledge confidentially to a neighbor. She knows what time the people of each house got up, get up, went to bed, go to bed; what they did, do, ate, drank, eat, drink; and how they employed themselves and employ themselves every day in the week; and the knowledge does not seem to have made her any wiser, or better, or happier, but yellower, and uglier, and sorer. And the woman is Mrs. Pry. Mrs. Officious has a little the advantage of Mrs. Pry; for Mrs. Officious makes use of *her* knowledge, and can lay her head upon her pillow with a proud consciousness of having caused several marriages to be broken off, and several quarrels between man and wife, and several disagreements between parents and children.

HOW WE ESCAPED FROM THEM.

YES, it was but too true that we were on fire; the wool must have been either over-closely packed while damp from recent exposure, or some of the miscellaneous cargo (of which we had a small portion on board) must have given rise to it. Whatever the cause, the effects were but too evident. I don't know how it was, but a sentence I have often heard, "For all that travel by land or waters we beseech thee, O Lord," rushed into my mind. There was a terrible need of such a prayer now.

Not to cause unnecessary panic amongst the crew, I went and reported it quietly to the captain. He immediately called all hands, and, having summoned them aft, thus addressed them:

"You all know, my lads, I'm a man of few words. Well, I'm sorry to tell you that the wool appears to have caught fire by itself, and if we let it go on there won't be a man Jack of us alive by this time forty-eight hours. We are more than a thousand miles from New Zealand, which is the nearest safe place to make for; but we must try it. There are some islands nearer, but they are uninhabited, and, if the ship can't be saved, we shall be left there for life. So all I have to say is, that the strictest obedience to my orders is the only hope you have; and further, that I will shoot the first man that disobeys me, because he will risk the lives of all. It's no use trying the boats, for they are both leaky; so let us work together, my lads, and we may save her yet."

He then ordered the carpenter to stand by to open the main hatchway, and placed the crew so as to hand up buckets of water as quickly as possible. A hose was also led from the head and bilge pumps, (for she always had a deal of water in her bottom). Having made these preparations, he ordered the hatchway to be opened.

Such a sight as we then beheld was calculated to strike terror to the boldest heart. As soon as the hatchway covers were removed, a jet of flame and horrid black smoke darted upwards, some ten or twelve feet into the air, with a mighty roar, accompanied by a stench from the burning wool which beggars description. The cheeks of the most daring grew pale as they gazed, while the captain shouted out in a voice of thunder—

"Down with the water you have, and clap on the hatches; it's our only chance. Quick, I say; down with them at once."

Roused from our momentary trance by the stentorian voice of Captain Ray, we seized the covers and pressed them down into the loamings. They ignited as we replaced them, but delay was certain death, and in two or three minutes they were barred down.

"Keep the water going," said the captain. "Starboard watch forward, port watch aft; and you and your mate, Evans," he added, turning to the carpenter, "plug the scuppers and hawse-holes at once; we may have a chance when we can get a few inches of water on the deck."

His orders were obeyed, and in about half an hour we had the upper deck well afloat. He then

directed that we should cut small holes in the deck here and there, and keep emptying water down them as fast as possible.

By one o'clock we had so far subdued the upper portion of the fire that we could approach the holes without running the risk of suffocation. But we knew only too well that it was physically impossible with the means at our command to check the ultimate progress of the fire. Our crew only consisted of twenty souls, all told, which, without the officers, steward, and cook, left but fourteen, or seven in each watch, including the carpenter, and—fire or no fire—they must have needful rest. Two long days passed away with unremitting exertions on our part to get the fire under. On the third I spoke to the captain when handing in my day's work, saying—

"Don't you think, sir, it will be almost better to make one of the Kermadu islands than risk this much longer? The fire is gaining ground rapidly, although the deck is pretty cool. The foremost bulkhead was quite warm about an hour ago; and if the men are driven out of the fore-castle, I don't know what we shall do."

"Well, we will hold on till this time to-morrow, at all events," said the captain. "If we are no better then, we must up helm and run, I suppose, for one of those islands. We'll try all we know first, though," added the captain in a cheerful voice. I should mention that our cargo was not insured, nor, indeed, the ship herself; and the captain was part owner, which accounted for his unwillingness to run her aground or desert her when there was no chance of recovery. It's not a comfortable feeling to turn in with, I assure you, the idea that you may be driven out at any hour by the flames; and, as you may imagine, we didn't get too much sleep, any of us, at this time.

Next day the fire had increased. The bulkhead in the fore-castle had become so hot that the men refused to stop there any longer. So the captain had to give up his state cabin to them, only keeping his sleeping berth. That afternoon we put the helm up, and shaped our course for the Kermadu. We now kept the water going continuously. If we could but reach the island, our lives would be, at all events, safe for the present. For two days we held on our course. Our only fear now was lest the wind should fall light; but happily we were spared this additional horror of our situation. On the afternoon of the sixth day since the discovery of the fire, land was reported by the look-out man, and at eight o'clock that evening we ran the ship aground on a reef about a mile from the island of Garcia, the principal of the desert group known as the Kermadu islands.

The captain directed me to take the carpenter and six men, and with the longboat (which had been patched into a seaworthy condition within the last day or two, as a last resort in case of absolute necessity) endeavor to land and find out if there was anything on the island capable of sustaining life; also to ascertain whether there was a tolerable landing-place.

Having with great difficulty launched the boat

overboard, we stepped into it. The sea was fortunately almost calm, and we were therefore free from apprehension on that account. As I turned to wave a temporary adieu, I noticed that the flames were already visible from the fore-castle hatchway, and I judged that no time was to be lost. "Give way men," said I; "the sooner we are back the better, for the flames are showing now."

The men obeyed in silence. We reached the shore, and I lit a fire, as previously agreed upon, by a slow-match we had brought with us, and by its light found that the island was thickly covered with vegetation, amongst which palms were conspicuous. I was rather astonished at this, as we had always imagined these islands to be barren rocks. On turning round to take a view of the ship, I was startled to observe that the flames were ascending the foremast, and casting a lurid light on the surrounding sea. Unable to master the uneasy feeling which possessed me, I shouted out to the men to return to the boat, and on reaching it said—

"I am getting afraid that they will be in danger on board. The other boat won't swim, and I think we had better return immediately."

The carpenter agreed with me; so we got the boat afloat again and pulled for the ship.

Suddenly a dull booming sound broke upon our ears, and a fierce jet of blood-red flame sprang up into the air, succeeded by a dense smoke which entirely obscured the hull. "What is that?" I exclaimed in terror.

"I'm afraid that the gunpowder has exploded," said the carpenter; "if so, there's little left of the poor fellows on board."

"What, gunpowder? I never knew we had any on board."

"Why, no, it was a sort of secret," answered the carpenter, "but we had some six or eight large barrels right aft; and depend upon it that's it."

The carpenter's prognostication was but too true. The captain had, it appears, as I afterwards learned, brought out with him from England a quantity of gunpowder for the Chilian Government. His motive for concealing a knowledge of this fact from me and the crew I could never learn; but I fancy that, on the discovery of the fire, he had been unwilling to frighten us, and trusted moreover to the fact that it was well down in the bottom of the after-hold, with a thick covering of planking over it, and therefore comparatively safe from anything but a universal conflagration—this very fact of course rendering the effects of the explosion more terrific. The scene which met our eyes on gaining the deck was one which I would rather leave undescribed. The furiously-burning hull, the blackened and mutilated corpses of those who had not been blown into the air, amongst which was that of the poor captain, and the horrible fætor which was produced by the mixture of burning wool, gunpowder, and bodies in the after-part of the ship, produced on our minds such a feeling of horror and terror that for some moments we were incapable of moving or withdrawing our eyes from the scene. At length, knowing that our

own lives were in momentary danger, I turned to the men and said, "We had better save our own lives now. Jump into the boat as you are, for we can save nothing."

All obeyed save one, who, exclaiming that he *must* fetch his money, ran to the fore-castle hatchway. The smoke must have choked him, for he seemed to roll or fall downwards, and scarcely had he disappeared than another forked tongue of flame shot upwards from the fore-castle. and the whole hull, fore and aft, seemed to burst into a sheet of fire. I felt the burning glow on my face, and, dazzled, scorched, and almost suffocated, threw myself into the boat, in which the carpenter and the other five men had already seated themselves. To have attempted to save the other would have been sheer madness. We pulled in frantic haste from the ill-fated vessel, and rested on our oars when we had reached a safe distance; and in mournful silence we watched the burning hull till, in about half an hour, she gave a sudden lurch backwards off the reef, and all that was left of the "Amazon" on the surface of the water was a few blackened and charred fragments of her timbers.

It is difficult to express the sense of utter desolation that stole over our minds as we watched the final catastrophe of the ship which had so lately been our home. All was gone—money, clothes, papers; and, far worse, our captain and second mate, together with two-thirds of the crew, had died a violent and sudden death. I am not ashamed to say that tears sprang into our eyes as we reflected on their fate. We did not, however, spend much time in useless lamentation; before making for the shore, we pulled over the spot to see if perchance any might yet survive the effects of the explosion, an idea which had not before struck us. Our search was, however, vain—not a soul beside ourselves was saved.

It was a beautiful starlit night, such a one as is never seen in the northern hemisphere. The moon was in her first quarter, and by her light we could see in the distance the long low line of surf beating against the reef, which, at about half a mile nearer the shore, rose above the surface of the water. After our unsuccessful search, the men had almost unknowingly rested on their oars, listening to that indescribably plaintive moaning sound which in calm weather is produced by the rise and fall of the water on the rocks; while I, too, felt the influence of the same, and was lifting up my heart in thankfulness to Him who had so providentially preserved us from the fate of our unfortunate shipmates. I was suddenly startled by the carpenter grasping my arm and saying, "Hush, what's that? Listen."

We all turned our faces towards the island, which the carpenter was regarding with an intense gaze.

"A boat, as I live!" exclaimed he. "We're saved men yet."

There was no mistake; the smooth water conveyed a sound that could only be that of oars. We heard the alternate "thud" as they struck the sides of the rowlocks, and we gazed over the blue surface in indescribable amazement.

I do not know which sentiment possessed us most—that of thankfulness at the probable succor we should receive, or wonder at there being any living souls in such an out-of-the-way part of the world. Some of the men inclined to superstition would have it that no good could befall us from hearing such a sound; that it was some spiritual visit foreboding death to us; and made other remarks of a like nature. As for myself, I was not afraid of its being a visit from anything save of flesh and blood, but was considerably puzzled to account for any one being in the neighborhood. Aborigines I knew there were none; so I supposed that some others, equally unfortunate with ourselves, had been cast away here also, and, impelled by pity, had come off to see if they could render assistance in case of there being any survivors of the explosion which they doubtless had witnessed from the island.

Meanwhile the boat approached, and loomed larger and larger every instant. Presently she was within hail, and a voice broke the silence of the night.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Hallo; who are you?" was our reply.

"I guess you'll soon find that out," was the audible response from some one in the boat, which had now got sufficiently near to enable us to distinguish its occupants.

"Way enough," added her coxswain, "and you, Pete, hand up the lantern and let's have a look at our friends."

In obedience to his order a lantern was produced and held up to enable him to take a survey of our forlorn selves. The scrutiny seemed to satisfy him, though I cannot say that the appearance of himself and companions was equally gratifying to us. There were eight men, each possessing a most villainous countenance, the greater part with wild shaggy beards and uncouth clothing. Two of them were negroes, dressed in striped calicos, whose aspect was even worse than that of the others. The coxswain was a fine-looking man of about forty-five years of age. He would have been handsome but for a scar across his cheek which rendered his face perfectly hideous. A pair of old-fashioned ship's pistols were stuck into his waist-belt, while in the bottom of the boat lay a heap of cutlasses and muskets, which did not speak well for their pacific intentions.

After gazing at us for a few moments, he lowered the lantern and burst into a hoarse laugh. "Well," said he, "I calculate this beats cock-fighting. And pray, stranger, may I ask how you came to be here?"

I detailed in as few words as possible the loss of the vessel, and our own escape; and then added, "You, I suppose, are living on the island. I can assure you we are as much surprised to see you as you are to find us here."

"Ay, my lads, and you'll be more astonished yet before we've done with you. But come along, we'd better be moving; you'll follow, I suppose, if we show the way. Out oars," he added, turning to his crew.

They gave way, and we followed them astern, wondering who our new-found acquaintances

might be. They led us round a point of the island, where, to our great surprise, we beheld, when sufficiently close in, a number of huts surrounded by shrubs, etc. In a few moments we touched a sandy beach, and getting good way on the boats drove them high enough up to step out dry-shod.

It was soon evident that there were other inhabitants besides those already seen; some half-dozen men came down to receive their companions, and we were presently the centre of a curious group, who insisted on our relating our story in full. We complied with their request, and then inquired how it happened that they had also found their way to the island of Garcia.

"Well, I guess it's jest as well to tell you all about it," said the spokesman, the same who had addressed us in the boat. "The fact is, strangers, we're just no better and no wuss than gentlemen of no particular profession. When we're short of anything, we take it from those as has got it to spare. We never kill any one except in self-defense; and that's fair, you know, all the world over. This is the lieutenant," he added, turning to one standing by, "and when I'm away he carries on. Now, stranger, I don't see as how you can do better than jine us; for you must be either messmates or prisoners. As to how we got here, why, the less said about that the better. What do ye say to it? Will you join?"

What could we say? I turned to my men, and was about to speak, when the carpenter drew me aside and said, "It seems to me, sir, that the best thing we can say is to tell them that we'll obey them. They fix no time, and no work in particular, so we don't bind ourselves to much; and though to be sure we shall be watched, it won't be quite so strictly as if we were prisoners, and then we may find a chance to escape."

This was shrewd enough advice. "But how?" said I. "It doesn't seem that they have anything bigger than a boat."

"Ah, your eyes then weren't as sharp as mine, sir. If I didn't see the masts of a schooner over the trees of the point yonder, I'm a Dutchman; and there may be a chance that way. Anyhow, it's best to say yea."

My mind revolted from giving any countenance even for a moment to such a gang of scoundrels as those into whose hands we had fallen. However, there seemed no help for it; so I approached the captain (as I will hereafter call him), and demanded permission to speak to my men for a few minutes apart to talk over his proposition.

"Very good," said he; "but remember," he added, with an oath, "that you'll all be watched, and if you ever play us false, you'll be quieted by a leaden pill in no time."

Having called together the boat's crew, I repeated what the carpenter had said: they unanimously approved of his suggestion, and further promised to implicitly obey any orders I might give them. So we rejoined the others, and (Heaven forgive me for the action!) I told the captain that we would join his band. He repeated his warning, and then led us to a hut, and gave us a plentiful supper.

I must now give a slight description of the pirate village—for such I may almost call it. Some seven or eight huts fronted the beach, overshadowed by tall palm-trees, which appeared to have thriven on the sandy soil with remarkable success. It is a peculiar and useful circumstance that all species of this tree flourish in a soil which would support scarcely any other description of vegetation; thereby enabling the coral atolls and reefs, which from year to year rise above the surface of the water, to produce natural landmarks for the benefit of the navigator. The central part of Garcia island, however, was covered with a richer soil, which produced bananas, mangoes, guavas, oranges, and other fruits in abundance—some indigenous, and others planted by the pirates, who, in spite of their lawless profession, seemed by no means indifferent to the comforts of neatly-kept gardens and well-furnished huts. At some little distance from the others, beneath the shadow of a hill which traversed the island, and partially concealed from view by the thick foliage, was situated the cottage of the captain, which only boasted a superior collection of arms by way of distinction from its companions. The furniture of all was alike rude, save a few articles plundered from passing merchantmen.

When we had finished our supper, the captain assigned us a couple of huts to live in, at the same time informing us that, as soon as we had “settled down a bit,” we should have to construct new ones for ourselves. Strange as was the company into which we had fallen, and fraught with weighty events as the last four-and-twenty hours had been, partly from nautical habit of sleeping under disturbing circumstances, and partly from sheer fatigue, we were soon buried in slumber. I, for my own part, though fully realizing the danger of our new position, felt only too thankful to the Providence which had preserved my life to give way to despair for the future.

In a few days we had made the intimate acquaintance of our new companions, and had learned from the more communicative something of their past history. The captain, lieutenant, and nine others had formed part of the crew of a merchant vessel bound from Sydney to China in ballast. They had been but a few days at sea when their captain discovered himself to be a brute, devoid of common humanity. Roused by his tyranny to acts which they had long since repented, they had murdered him and such of the crew as would not join their party, and, seizing the ship, had endeavored to make one of the island groups in the South Pacific. Driven by a storm to the southward, they were drifting about in the latitude of these islands, when they accidentally came across a schooner bound from Fiji to Sydney, laden with yams. Knowing that they would inevitably be regarded with suspicion if overhauled by any passing man-of-war or other vessel, they determined to seize the schooner and make for the island in the Kirmandu group, which the lieutenant had once visited and watered at, although its character was known but to few people. They accordingly placed the schooner's crew of five persons in their own vessel, and then scuttled her; thus for the second time commit-

ting murder. We all know how swift is the downward progress in crime. It was with no intention of turning pirates that they had in the first instance been guilty of mutiny; yet, having got so far, there was no retreat. They made the island safely, and, retaining the schooner, had ventured out occasionally to plunder any passing vessel, but too often sacrificing the lives of the unhappy crew if they deemed that there was any danger of their giving information which might lead to discovery. The captain, lieutenant, and five of the men were Americans, the remaining four English convicts, whose term of transportation had expired, many of the original crew having deserted for the gold-diggings. The remainder of the pirates, five in number, including the two negroes, were part of the crew of a captured vessel, who, like ourselves, had purchased life by consenting to join the band. Four of them appeared to enjoy their lawless life, but one seemed to speak regretfully of by-gone days, when he was unstained with crime, and looked forward to a happy return and meeting with those who now mourned him doubtless as lost forever.

It would occupy me far longer than time will permit, if I were to enter into details of our life. On two occasions the schooner left the island, and, remaining absent about a fortnight or ten days, returned with booty of no great value, but useful enough to men in our position. On the second occasion she brought back three Fijee women, who were rapidly appropriated as wives by one of the Englishmen and the two negroes. Happily they did not consider us sufficiently trustworthy to be sent on these expeditions, and thus saved us the terrible alternative of shedding blood or being put to death in case of refusal. I must now hasten on to tell how we effected our escape. Six months had passed away, and I had become very intimate with the man whom I before mentioned as apparently dissatisfied with the life he was leading. His name, by-the-bye, was Palmer. By the carpenter's advice I had also succeeded in ingratiating myself to a considerable extent with the captain and his lieutenant by my apparent acquiescence in their villainous plans; so much so, in fact, that one night he informed me that I might consider myself as third in command of the gang, and that he intended to send me away on the next cruise. How utterly sick at heart I felt whilst smiling and joking with the ruffian I can hardly describe, but it was necessary to show compliance with everything to lull suspicion; and, besides, my men took their cue from me. However, we were carefully watched, and always interrupted if seen conversing together for any lengthened time. Every night at sunset a watch of two men was set to look after the schooner, which lay in the creek before mentioned, which creek could only be left with an easterly wind. A few days after I had come to the conclusion that, at all hazards, something should be attempted to seize the schooner, and, if possible, to escape in her. Palmer and I happened to be watchmates: I insensibly led our conversation to his past life, and he confessed to me that he was as desirous as myself to escape, but did not see how to manage it. Turning round,

I suddenly said, "Would you stick by us if we were to attempt it?"

"Indeed I would," was his reply.

"There's no time like the present," said I, "as the wind has come round to the eastward; and if we could leave to-night we might get away undiscovered. Are there any provisions on board the schooner?"

"Plenty," was his answer; "they took them on board three days since."

I quietly made my way to the huts and roused the carpenter, and getting him to wake three of our party (who occupied a separate hut), proceeded to that in which the other two were sleeping. To rouse them was a matter of no small danger, for two of the original band slept in the same room; and, if they were awakened, almost certain death awaited us. Having gained the hut, I gently shook the man nearest the door, who I believed was one of our own party. He turned round and asked with an oath "who I was rousing. It wasn't his watch." It was one of the others! Terrified at the mistake I had committed, I made no answer, and remained perfectly silent, hidden by the dark shade of the wall. Apparently satisfied that it was merely fancy, he turned round to sleep again. In about ten minutes I tried again, and fortunately touched the right man. Whispering him to be silent and wake his companion, I got him to turn out, wondering what could be the matter. The other man sprang up and was about to speak, when I checked him with "Silence, as you value your life;" and then, bidding them to follow me as gently as they could, I gained the open air and drew breath more freely. When we got into the shade of the trees, I found the carpenter and the other men, and then in few words told them all of my intention. One of the men refused to have anything to do with it, and would doubtless have given the alarm but for fear of the others. I said, "Very well; we must bind you then for our own safety;" and in a few moments he was accordingly secured by the waist-belts of his companions; and to render him less able to frustrate our flight, I gagged him with a piece of wood and my pocket-handkerchief. There was no time to be lost; we launched the boat (fortunately the only one on the island, our own having been lost some time previously), and in another minute had reached the schooner, which lay but fifty yards from the shore. Fortunately an axe was to be found, with which the mooring hawser was immediately severed. I then ordered the boat to be scuttled, for she was too large to take with us, and we had to pass so close to the point of the creek that I feared, in the event of an alarm being given, it might possibly be recovered by a bold swimmer, for we were unable to discover in our hurried search any fire-arms, and we had all forgotten to attempt bringing any.

We made sail, and in a short time we had gathered good way. Palmer, who knew the ground, took the helm, while I anxiously listened for any sounds of alarm. I could hear no noise, and began to congratulate myself on our good fortune. In ten minutes we should be safe.

Suddenly a yell rang through the silent night

that resounded far and wide. It was the man we had bound calling for assistance. The gag had given way. In five minutes we heard the whole shore re-echoing with the shouts of the pirates, as they became aware of the trick we had played them. As I expected, they made for the point which we had to pass within biscuit-throw. Foremost among them was the figure of the captain telling some to search for the boat, and ordering those who had muskets to reserve their fire till we came closer. As we approached the entrance, I turned to Palmer and said, "Drop on deck when I give the word." He promised to obey. The crew I sent below. Closer and closer we came to the point. I saw the deadly band ready to pour forth their contents, and turned to the helmsman with "Drop now," throwing myself on the deck as I did so. It was too late; the volley came as I uttered the words, and poor Palmer fell with a bullet through his head. The schooner nearly broached to as she felt the swell. I seized the helm, and in another instant we had glided from beneath the shadows of the point. Volley after volley was sent after us by the furious and baffled pirates, fortunately, in their haste, harmless. In half an hour we were free.

We were free of the island, undoubtedly; and, in the transport of joy at our deliverance, we did not reflect on our actual situation, which was, after all, full of peril. Pursuit there was no danger of, but another enemy, almost as remorseless, was about to assail us. There was not a morsel of food or more than a small beaker of water on board! It was but too true; trusting to Palmer's account, I had neglected to attempt any provision in the way of food. Perhaps it was fortunate that I did not, for delay would have been fatal. Yet the dreadful thought that we were doomed to perish by famine almost caused us to regret our precipitancy. No human aid seemed likely (unless, indeed, we returned to the island, and even that, in the present state of the wind, was impossible). The men behaved nobly; instead of blaming me, they voluntarily stated their readiness to suffer and, if needs be, die in company. None breathed a word of complaint.

Two days passed away. We had drunk the small quantity of water, and, to increase our sufferings, the third day brought a calm. The hot sun poured its relentless rays on us as, faint and parched, we dragged ourselves wearily along the deck. How we prayed for rain—for, neglectful as we had been, we were not ignorant from whence alone could come our help. On the fourth day one of our men went raving mad; he had insisted on drinking salt water, and the usual effect followed. The next day I and two others were utterly exhausted. I threw myself on the cabin deck and prayed—yes, prayed—for death—and then I slept.

In a few hours afterwards I was awakened from an almost death-like sleep by the voice of the carpenter feebly calling me through the hatchway. "A breeze has sprung up, and there's a sail in sight bearing down to us," were his words. I heard no more. Animated by renewed hope, I tried to rise, but fell fainting on the deck, and lay unconscious.

The stranger boarded us; and her officer stopped amazed as he stepped up on our deck. Two of the men lay upon the hatchway in the last stage of emaciation, unable to speak, while the carpenter feebly grasped out a welcome. We were taken on board the ship and tended with every care. One poor fellow never rallied, but found a watery grave on our passage to Valparaiso, whither the "Amelia," as she was called, was bound. The others, with myself, recovered, and reached port in safety, whence we returned in a homeward-bound ship; and so ended one of the most eventful voyages I ever made.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Some of the smaller cities in Germany still cling to primitive customs, that have long passed from life in the larger European cities, and that we know in this country but from books and hearsay. Among these is that of the Watchman's Song. The few policemen that pervade the streets of these cities by day, are gone home to their beds at ten o'clock like the rest of the world, and their place is filled by some dozen feeble old watchmen, who, in huge capes and felt boots, plod their rounds,—a horn in one hand and a swinging lantern in the other. As one clock after another booms out the passing hours, the watchman blows a blast on his horn, and then sings the verse of a hymn to a slow, pathetic melody.

HEAR, my masters, hear me singing,
Ten the minster clock is ringing:
Ten just laws gave God to man—
Friends, obey them all ye can!

Chorus—

Human arms no help can yield ye,
God must watch ye, God must shield ye;
Lord of mercy and of might,
Give us of thy grace. Good night!

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
From the clock eleven is ringing:
Christ's Eleven were leal and true,
Grant that we their steps pursue!

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Twelve the minster clock is ringing:
Twelve the hours of every day,
Till the day that lasts for aye.

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
One the minster clock is ringing:
One—one only—God adore,
May He guide us evermore!

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Two the minster clock is ringing:
Man a choice of two roads hath:
O! to choose the narrow path.

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Three the minster clock is ringing:
Three in One the God we boast,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Four the minster clock is ringing:
Four ways fell the grain we read;
Man, how grows in thee the seed?
Gentles, wake! refresh'd and cheer'd,
For the night has disappeared;
Thank our God, who while ye slept,
Like a father watch has kept!

ODD FELLOWS.

ODD FELLOWS, when together met,
Are not perhaps so *odd* a set
As many people say;
Unless, indeed, it *odd* may be,
That they should meet for charity,
With conscience clear for pay.

Odd Fellows!—surely *odd* they are!
The sick, the naked, have their care;
The hungry, too, are fed;
So *odd*, that they, without reproof,
The houseless stranger give a roof,
And where to lay his head.

DEDICATION ODE.*

BY REV. A. C. THOMAS.

AIR—"Bannockburn."

Trickling far among the hills,
Tinkling in the cheerful rills,
Flowing till the sea it fills—
Water, evermore!

FRIENDSHIP—void of wordly art,
Baptism of the faithful heart,—
To our souls thy grace impart—
Blessed evermore!

Bursting in the early Spring,
Beauty to the earth to bring
Fragrance all abroad to fling—
Flowers forevermore.

LOVE—that in the blossom glows,
Breathing in each wind that blows,
Ours be lily† and the rose,‡
Blessed evermore!

Buried 'neath the wintry sheen,
Springing, clothed in living green,
Golden in the harvest-scene,
Wheat forevermore!

TRUTH—of heaven's own glory born,
'Reft of thee, how sad, forlorn!
Welcome waving, vital corn,
TRUTH forevermore!

Thus in *Water*, *Flowers*, and *Wheat*,
FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH repeat,
All the virtues here we greet,
Banded evermore:
• Yet in CHARITY shall men
Sound the noblest praise again,
And the angels shout AMEN,
Blessed evermore.

*The above beautiful Ode was written expressly for Rev. Bro. A. B. Grosh's excellent work, the *Odd Fellows' Improved Manual*, from which we copy it.

†Purity.

‡Affection.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

NOTICES.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*We desire short stories, elucidating the practical working and the teachings of Odd Fellowship. Will pay liberally for good stories of this character.*

RE-PRINTING.—The Brothers have subscribed for the "COMPANION" so much more liberally than we anticipated, that our edition is exhausted. We have commenced re-printing the first three numbers of the current volume, and in a few weeks will supply these numbers to new subscribers who have ordered them, but have not yet received them.

JEWELS FOR LODGES.—We are prepared to supply Lodges and Encampments with Jewels for their officers. See list of prices on third page of cover.

THE IMPROVED MANUAL.—We call attention to the Table of Contents of this excellent work, which will be found on the fourth page of the cover of this magazine.

LEGISLATION OF THE G.L.U.S.

The legislation of the G.L.U.S. at the session just passed has been of great importance, and, we think, satisfactory and judicious in the main, in the opinion of the great bulk of the membership.

The act that will be soonest and most perceptibly felt by the membership at large is P.G.S. Nicholson's amendment of the 22d article of the by-laws, providing for the abolition of the use of aprons by the officers and members of Subordinate Lodges, except of the plain white apron of the Initiate. As we understand this amendment, it does away with all aprons in the Subordinate and Grand Lodge, with the above-mentioned exception. This is a decidedly judicious measure, because it materially lessens the expenses of Lodges—the cost of regalia being reduced about one-half.

The adoption of an Odd Fellows' flag we regard as a much more questionable measure, for it will lead Lodges and Encampments to the expenditure of money for something that is totally unnecessary, answering no purpose except the fostering of a love of display which proves costly enough now. The use of the flag is left optional with Lodges and Encampments; when used, it is to be manufactured of white material—either bunting, satin, or cotton cloth. The proportions to be 11-19th of the length for the width. The three links, with the letters "I.O.O.F.," and the name of the State, District or Territory using it, to be painted or wrought in scarlet color on the center of the flag, the trimmings to be of the same color. When to be used by an Encampment, two crooks are to be added.

The adoption of the distinctive regalia and jewel

for Past Grand Patriarchs is not so objectionable, because the expense will fall upon the Brother who may desire to wear the regalia, and it is optional with him, whether to obtain it or not. The regalia will consist of a Royal Purple collar, five inches in width, trimmed with yellow metal lace, with crossed crooks and dove with olive branch; the jewel to be of yellow metal, 2½ inches in diameter, with double triangle, and rays extending from rim, and the letters "P.G.P." in the center of triangle.

The action authorizing the granting of charters for Rebekah Degree Lodges is of very great importance, and a long step in advance in the right direction. The Degree of Rebekah has proved itself an invaluable auxiliary in the work of the Order in many places, and the establishment of Lodges or legalization of those already existing will still further increase the usefulness of the Degree.

It has long been plain to thinking members of the Order, that most of our Lodges were working entirely too much at random in their financial system; that almost nothing is known as to the proper relation which ought to exist between dues and benefits; and that frequently the expenses of carrying on a Lodge are entirely too large. To remedy this want, it is proposed to submit a series of questions to each Subordinate Lodge—not nearly full enough, in our opinion—and thus obtain statistics that will assist in solving the problems above alluded to. Undoubtedly experience will show, wherein these questions are incomplete.

It was ordered that the Digest be revised and completed, so as to include the decisions and laws up to the session of this year; that the forms for public ceremonies of the Order, etc., be added to it, and the whole work sold for two dollars.

It was recommended to Grand and Subordinate Lodges to appropriately celebrate the 26th of April next, as the semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of Odd Fellowship in the United States. The G.L.U.S. resolved to hold a grand national celebration at Philadelphia; it is understood that Grand Secretary Ridgely and P.G.S. Nicholson will be the orators of the day.

Heretofore Grand Patriarchs and their Deputies were authorized to confer the Encampment Degrees on Scarlet Degree members, to enable them to petition for a charter for a Subordinate Encampment, only when no Encampment existed within thirty miles of their Lodge. A law was passed at this session, authorizing them to do so anywhere within their jurisdiction where no Encampment exists.

The law on the reconsideration of an unfavorable ballot on an application for membership, enacted at the session of 1857, was amended by requiring that the reconsideration must be had within the four meeting-nights next succeeding the rejection, if at all.

State Grand Lodges were authorized to confer the Past Official Degrees upon the Past Grands of other State jurisdictions upon presentation of proper certificates.

A resolution was adopted, enacting that when a member of an Encampment takes a withdrawal card from his Lodge, it shall not affect his standing in the Encampment, if he deposits the card within a year from its date.

An appeal from the Grand Lodge of Ontario called forth the decision, that Subordinate Grand Lodges have no right to add to the qualifications for office required by the G.L.U.S.; that it is illegal, therefore, to require that only a Past Secretary is therefore to the office of V. G., as is the law now in Ohio and other jurisdictions.

Grand Sire E. D. Farnsworth was authorized and requested to visit, at the expense of the Grand Lodge, the jurisdictions of Louisiana, Virginia, Mississippi, Texas, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas and Florida, for the purpose of aiding in the revival of the Order there, and to call to his aid such members of the Order as he may deem necessary.

Article 25 of the by-laws was amended so as to allow members to visit Lodges in their own jurisdiction on traveling cards and the T.P.W.; and by resolution it was made the duty of a presiding officer of a Lodge or Encampment, when a member of a Lodge or Encampment in the same jurisdiction presents to him a current visiting card, to communicate to such Brother the pass or check of the jurisdiction, after ascertaining that the person presenting it is the legal holder of the card.

The question of eligibility into the Order by initiation of persons who have lost a limb, was remitted to the judgment of the Subordinate Lodge concerned.

At the request of the Grand Lodge of Vermont, Grand Representative B. W. Dennis, of Michigan, better known as "Father Dennis," was appointed as a Special Commissioner to visit Vermont and labor for the revival of the Order there. This is a most judicious appointment, Father Dennis having shown by his indefatigable labors in Michigan what he is capable of doing.

A report was adopted in favor of not publishing in future the names of suspended members, and prohibiting expulsion for non-payment of dues.

Power was conferred on the Grand Sire, to fill any vacancies among the elective or appointed officers of the G.L.U.S., the appointees to serve until the next election or time of appointment.

Donations by parent Lodges or Encampments, made to assist petitioning Brothers or Patriarchs in the institution of new Lodges or Encampments, were authorized.

None of the proposed amendments of the Constitution were adopted.

The report of P.G.R. Griswold on the best mode of dealing with delinquent members, was again recommended for adoption by a special committee, and again tabled.

P.G. Sire Veitch submitted a series of regulations to govern the re-admission of non-affiliating members, which were first adopted by a vote of 69 to 28, then the vote was reconsidered and the subject postponed till next session.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Complaints have reached us, that the September number of the "COMPANION" was not received by some subscribers. We take the greatest care, in mailing, that the magazine is sent to *every* subscriber on our books; but mistakes will occasionally be made, although the fault usually is with the mails. But we hold ourselves responsible that subscribers for the "COMPANION" receive all they pay for. Therefore, if any number of the "COMPANION" fails to reach a subscriber, he need but notify us, and we will at once send him another, free of charge.

In future the addresses will all be printed, and will be attached to the magazine by an addressing machine, making mistakes in mailing next to impossible.

PRICE OF CHARGE BOOKS IN OHIO.

"An Odd Fellow" writes, inquiring why it is that the Lodges in Ohio must pay \$3.25 for Charge Books, when in Pennsylvania they pay but \$2.00 for them, the G.L.U.S. having reduced the price to that figure.

ANSWER.—The price at which the Grand Secretaries sell Charge Books and other supplies, is fixed by each State Grand Lodge. Hence the prices vary in different States. See Ohio General Laws, page 20.

WISCONSIN DEPARTMENT.

It affords us pleasure to announce that we have secured the assistance of Grand Secretary L. B. Hills, of Wisconsin, as editor of a Department, in which the special interests of the Order in Wisconsin are to be represented. It will be commenced in the next number.

CHANGES IN ODD FELLOWS' PERIODICALS.

We note several changes among our cotemporaries this month, and all, we are glad to say, for the better.

Bro. Escavaille's excellent weekly, the "Mystic Tie," seems to have met with the success it so abundantly deserves. Its publishers have improved their publication, with its 15th number, by an embellished title page, and have added four pages of advertisements to each issue.

The "Lodge-Room," published at New York City, by Peck & Winchell, has doubled its size, also with its 15th number, and now presents to its readers, for \$1.50 a year, eight quarto pages a week. It is a very

neat, attractive paper, and its editors deserve the most abundant success.

The "Western Odd-Fellow," heretofore published at Mason, Michigan, has changed its place of publication, and now hails from Detroit. It comes to us in a new dress, and is now one of the neatest, as well as one of the best of our periodicals.

The "Olive Wreath," published by Chaplin & Cowgill, at Chicago, has appeared regularly upon our table, being a welcome visitor. Rev. W. J. Chaplin and Grand Representative Jona. Sprague are its editors, and they make it a readable magazine.

"OATH-BOUND."

BY REV. A. B. GROSE.

I have no objection to the word, used truthfully and in a good sense; but I object to it when misapplied, and used merely to prejudice the public mind unjustly. Though we have repeatedly published that we do not require oaths of those we receive into the Order, yet there are those among our opposers who disregard these assurances, and continue to charge us with being banded together by "oaths" as a "secret society;" and that we are thus "oath-bound" to aid each other contrary to good morals, good government, and social welfare. Nor are these charges always ignorantly made. Those who have read and heard our solemn assurances that no obligation is administered to our initiates and those who take our Degrees, save a pledge of honor, continue the charge without pretending to disprove our denials. Among these are several whose standing in the Christian ranks, as ministers of the gospel, should have withheld from such unfairness—and among these is the Rev. J. T. Cooper, of the Associate Presbyterian Church, a most prominent actor among the banded enemies of so-called "secret societies."

Mr. Cooper in his Lectures on Odd Fellowship quotes from the O.F. Manual—"Our obligations are not oaths—no jurist would call them such—but simply solemn pledges, wherein our yea is yea and amen"—and then proceeds with jesuitical craft to disprove the declaration, and repeat the false charge. He quotes Webster's definition of an oath—which we admit—(but he divides it into two parts, the better to suit his purpose,) and the definition of the Westminster Confession of Faith. He then quotes from page 306 of the Manual, where, in treating of the Grand Encampment Degree, it says—"The receiver of this Degree appeals to heaven and earth to witness the fidelity with which he will represent the interests of his subordinate," etc. The words "appeals to heaven" furnish him materials for considerable special pleading, and suspicious and evil surmises and assumptions, after which he concludes that he has proved that *all* our obligations are really *oaths*, and asserts that he "might refer to other statements of similar character to be found in the book." Ah, indeed! and why did he not quote at least one more such statement? Because he could not—for there are none!

Well—the single statement he does quote is the author's—it is not the obligation itself—and it is the *only* statement of that kind, and was made in reference to *that* degree only. And on that solitary instance, strangely strained and twisted so as to bring it within his construction of Webster's definition, he assumes that every obligation, of whatever grade, degree or branch, is an oath, and hence that our whole Brotherhood is "an oath-bound confederacy!" Admirable logician—wonderful expounder and jurist!

But his wonderful skill and candor does not end here. In his great charity and honesty, he not only assumes that our obligations are "oaths," but that they do not relate to such lawful "matters of weight and moment" as would justify us in taking them; and that those who thus pledge their honor do not "consider the weightiness of so solemn an act." Such is the wonderful insight of this man in reading the hearts and minds of our Brethren! Does he judge us *by himself*?

The following piece of logic is peculiarly rich—"Not only is it necessary that the thing to which he binds himself *be* good and just, but he must *believe* it so to be. This belief implies knowledge; and this knowledge he cannot, from the circumstances of the case, be supposed to possess." That is—although the candidate is assured by his Odd Fellow friends and the Lodge, that the obligation will not conflict with any duty which he owes to himself, to his family, to his country, to his race, or to his God—that it is one which all Odd Fellows have taken (many of whom he well knows as his fellow-members of the same family, party, church, etc., with himself)—yet (says Mr. Cooper) he can not *believe* it, for he has not and cannot have any such knowledge as belief implies! He cannot know the duties of Odd Fellows—"to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, to bury the dead, and educate the orphan"—to "be good and just"—because "belief implies knowledge and this knowledge he cannot be supposed to possess!" His lectures are full of such wonderful specimens of candor, truthfulness, honesty and logic. He twists, screws, pulls, hauls, perverts, suppresses, and strains words and phrases in almost every possible way to force his assumptions and conclusions on the reader, that Odd Fellows are "oath-bound"—that the oaths are without warrant of reason, morals or religion—that they bind us to conceal wrong doing, to screen and clear a brother right or wrong, and to favor him to the injury of "outsiders"—to falsify our duty in casting a ballot, and commit perjury in rendering a juror's verdict, if a Brother's interest so require. Such is the *candor* of this professedly Christian, charitable, impartial opposer of "secret societies." Does he judge us *all by himself*? Does he suppose that we, one and all, assure our families, our friends, the world, that our obligations are *not* oaths—that they do not conflict with any domestic, social, patriotic or moral duty—when (if this man may be believed) we all know that our obligations are oaths, and *do* thus conflict with our duties? If he *does*

suppose us capable of such fraud and falsehood, *why* does he suppose it? Would *he* be thus guilty, if *he* were in *our* place and condition?

I ask this, because this same Rev. J. T. Cooper is "oath-bound," according to his own definition—at least, it is probable, if not certain, that he entered into Church covenant before "God, angels and men," vowing to abide by certain mutual conditions between him and his fellow Church-members; and that he assumed certain obligations to submit to the Church government and discipline on entering its ministry, and took upon him certain ordination vows of fidelity to the same at his induction into office. All these he, undoubtedly, considers as solemn and binding as oaths, and *as* oaths according to his definition and logic. And as his church, by its doctrines, government and discipline is opposed to all "secret societies," so-called, he and it are "oath bound" to oppose them, so that (to use his own words) "in this society (Church) we have an oath-bound confederacy!"

An Odd Fellow may speak and write freely in advocacy of, or opposition to, any sentiment in our lectures, or measure in our policy, or law in our government, or practice in our general usage—as hundreds have done, (see our periodicals and published legislative proceedings) and no expulsion or censure will be visited on him therefor. But this Mr. Cooper dare not write and speak in favor of Free-Masonry, Odd Fellowship, or the Orders of the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, or Rechabites, under penalty of severe ecclesiastical censures, if not suspension from the ministry, or even expulsion from the Church! Who, then, is "oath-bound" in "an oath-bound confederacy," if he is not? And, *judging him by the same rule by which he judges us*, may we not say that he feels compelled by that oath (or oaths), and that "oath-bound confederacy," to oppose "secret societies," whether good or bad, right or wrong—and to screen his guilty brethren from justice, as judge or juror—and to advance their welfare at the expense of the rights and interests of "outsiders," in disregard of truth, right, patriotism and justice? This is his own judgment, measured back unto him again. A pretty Judge, he, of his fellow-men—so free to examine, so candid to expound—so impartial to decide, concerning "secret societies," and their members! He, who dare not pronounce in their favor, except at the risk of deposition from the Ministry, and of excommunication from his Church—at the certainty of being "delivered over to Satan," with a terrible and awful "ANATHEMA MARANATHA!"

Let the reader decide what such a man's opposition springs from, and what his judgment on us is worth.

—Everybody loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarce love one another. Upon the same subject an Arabian happily observed that he learned virtue from the bad, for their wickedness inspired him with a distaste to vice.

THE ABUSE OF OUR BENEFIT SYSTEM.

Like all else that is good and useful, the benefit system of our Order is liable and subject to a great deal of abuse. The members of our Order, unfortunately, are not all Odd Fellows, are not all true to their obligations never to wrong their Lodge or a Brother to the value of anything. Nor is it reasonable to expect that all who are admitted to membership in our Order should become or try to become Odd Fellows indeed. Many, too many, are Odd Fellows in name only, and do not hesitate, when tempted, to violate, not only their obligations to the Lodge, but their duty to themselves and to their fellow men, by acts that, if done by others, they would condemn as mean and dishonorable. This is a severe charge; but it is true. And being true, it is better that it be honestly admitted and a remedy for the evil sought after, than that it be ignored or regretted in silence.

How many Brothers, in our city Lodges, at least, are there, who have regularly attended the meetings of their Lodge, for but three or four years, that do not know of at least one instance where a Brother received sick benefits which, had he been a little more honest, he would not have received? And these cases of fraud—for it is nothing more or less than fraud—are much more frequent than many honest Brothers think. They are so frequent in some Lodges as to seriously embarrass their finances—unquestionably some Lodges have been entirely broken up by this abuse.

But does it not seem very uncharitable to assert that we have a considerable number of Brothers in the Order, who are so utterly depraved as to rob the Lodge of what it accumulates for the needy, the widow and the orphan? Who would ask for and accept benefits when they have no claim whatever for them? Yes, it would be uncharitable as well as unjustifiably wrong to make such an assertion. The cases are rare where there is not an appearance of justice in the demand. The evil presents itself in a more insidious form. The cases here referred to quite frequently are of such a nature that the Brother himself is in doubt whether he ought or ought not to apply for benefits; doubts that he would very easily and positively decide in favor of the Lodge, if he were not himself an interested party. Self-interest in too many cases convinces him that he ought to have the benefits. To illustrate: a Brother is too unwell to go to work on Monday morning. On Tuesday he is worse. His Lodge meets on that night, and he is reported sick. He is a little better on Wednesday, and on Thursday he has so far recovered that he debates with himself whether he had best go to work again or not on the following morning. But finally concludes that it is better not to risk a relapse, and stays at home the balance of the week. This Brother may have satisfied himself that as he was sick for a week, he is justly entitled to a week's sick benefits. But is it not very probable, that the prospective benefits assisted him in coming to the prudential conclusion that he had better remain

away from his work for two days after he thought himself sufficiently recovered to resume it? He perhaps did not say to himself: "if I go to work I will earn but two days wages; but if I remain at home for these two days, I will receive a week's benefits from the Lodge, a week's benefits from the Camp, and a week's benefits from the Redmen, and this together will be as much as my wages for the entire week. So I think I had better not risk a relapse." The Brother probably did not make the case quite as plain as that to himself; but was not the knowledge that he would receive these benefits in case he was not well enough to work during the remaining two days, a temptation to decide that he is not able to work—to do what he would condemn as wrong if done by another? Most assuredly it was, and a temptation, too, so eloquent that it would convince some otherwise pretty good Odd Fellows, if placed in a similar position, that it was not prudent for them to risk a relapse by going to work during those two days.

Every Brother who pays attention to the workings of our benefit system, must know that cases of this kind are quite frequent. Thousands of dollars are annually paid to Brothers who have been sick for but one week. And who will say how many of these would have resumed work on the third, or fourth, or fifth day, had they not lent an ear to the eloquent tempter referred to above?

There is but one remedy for this evil. Remove the temptation. Not by reducing the benefits, for they are little enough for those who really need them. But remove it, by abolishing benefits for the first week of sickness. This would entail no hardship, for it is very rarely the case that a member of our Order is so poor that being out of employment for one week will seriously inconvenience him or his family. The money accumulated by our Order, is primarily intended for the benefit of the needy; but we cannot say, "you have enough of the world's goods, you do not need the aid of the Order, when sick; but this Brother is not so fortunate, we will give to him five dollars every week while he is sick." Our laws very wisely forbid this, for many good reasons, that are generally understood. But we can say, "a Brother who is sick but one week, is not likely to be in need of pecuniary aid, we will not, therefore, pay any benefits to him; but if he is sick for two weeks, he is more likely to need assistance, and we will, therefore, pay to him benefits for every week, after the first one, that he cannot work."

It is true that the abuse may be practiced in the second and third week, as well as in the first; but the modification here advocated would stop the most serious part of the abuse, and save thousands of dollars to our treasuries for the benefit of the needy, without doing a wrong, or entailing a hardship upon any one.

C.

—St. Paul Lodge, No. 2, of St. Paul, Minnesota, dedicated their new hall on the 22d of September. P.G.M. David Ramaley delivered the address.

"A HARD CASE" AGAIN.

We publish below two additional communications on the "hard case" mentioned by Bro. Willard in the Illinois Department for August. The case has attracted a good deal of attention, and we think its mention, and the discussion of the principles involved, has done good, if only to call the attention of the Brotherhood to a defect existing in our organization, which should undoubtedly be remedied. The case has now been viewed in all its bearings, and we desire to close the discussion with this, stating that from our knowledge of the Brothers at C——, we have no doubt whatever that Bro. D., if he had been in need at any time, whether a member of the Lodge or not, would have been assisted by them to the utmost of their ability.

THE OTHER SIDE OF "A HARD CASE."

C——, September 16, 1868.

Editor Companion: I had intended answering the "Hard Case" communication of Bro. Willard in the September number, but neglected it until too late; but as several other Brothers have taken our part, I will merely state the case.

Bro D—— came to our city several years ago, and up to the time he sent in his petition, he never visited our Lodge, did not attend any funerals, celebrations, or any gathering of Odd Fellows, in fact, never identified himself with the Order in any manner whatever.

Bro. D—— had the consumption, and at the time he drew his card and sent it to our Lodge, he was just able to attend to his business. The writer of this, being one of the investigating committee, went to Bro. D——, and told him that the committee could not report favorable on account of his health, and advised him to withdraw his petition, which he refused to do. The Lodge, not wishing to black-ball him, referred it back to the committee, and on next Lodge night Bro. D—— withdrew his petition, and returned his card as stated by Bro. Willard. A short time afterward he took to his bed, and died in the spring. A few days before his death, he requested one of our Brothers, who was with him, to have our Lodge write to his Lodge in Illinois, and have them return his card and letter, as he was sorry for the action he had taken; but as he died before our next meeting, no action was taken.

JUSTICE.

Bro. J. H. H., Jr., of Charleston, S. C., in his attempt to exonerate the Lodge from all blame for refusing to admit or accept a Brother for the simple reason that he is now suffering from a disease which may at times disable him, although that same Brother may have spent the energy of his whole life for the good of the Order, does not meet the issue fully.

The Brother, having pulled up stakes in order to seek a new home, it was natural enough to draw his final card, in order to become a member of a Lodge near his new home. I am fully convinced that had he thought for a moment that any Lodge would reject him, he would never have drawn his final card;

but having done so, and having been refused membership in a new Lodge, how can he again become an active member of the Order? For after twelve months from the time of drawing his final card, he can no longer claim the right to the S.A.P.W. or A.T.P.W.

A Lodge may not be wrong in refusing to accept or admit a Brother who holds a final card, because he is advanced in age or suffers from some disease, for fear that Brother might be entitled and draw out occasionally his weekly benefits; but to my mind there arises another question: "Will the Lodge and the Order in general gain more by his rejection under the above circumstances, keeping their funds and losing his services and influence, than to accept him—although at the risk of having to assist him pecuniarily, should he be unfortunate enough to need their assistance—and receive his services, which are of considerable value to any minor Lodge, especially if the Brother is bright in the work of the Order.

Then, also, comes up the question, whether every Brother, needy or not needy, will call upon his Lodge for his weekly benefits, because he is entitled to the same? I take the ground that over one-half, if not more, of our beloved Order never draw out the amount, but donate it to the W. and O. Fund, thus really not depriving the Lodge of a cent.

The mere fact that a Brother is sickly or advanced in age, is, to my mind, not sufficient ground to reject him from the Order; for I can call it by no milder term, and it is not carrying out the principles we profess to carry out, and which we are taught to practice, namely, *Charity, Benevolence and Friendship*.

The argument that any Brother might draw a final card and hand the same to another Lodge with application for membership, because the latter is better situated in a pecuniary point of view, holds not good, from the very reason that Bro. J. H. H. gives himself, that no true Odd Fellow would be guilty of such an act. And we are certainly not able to pass such laws and restrictions, but that advantage could be taken of the same. But to punish the innocent with the guilty, is anything but consistent with the teachings of Odd Fellowship. E. G.

NEWS OF THE ORDER.

Grand Patriarch Turner visited Preble Encampment, No. 54, at Eaton, recently, and we are informed did a great deal of good. We are told that he expects to visit every Encampment in the State during his term.

Bro. J. A. Schaber informs us that on the evening of the 20th of October Lasalle Lodge, No. 51, in Bucyrus, Ohio, had one "of the nicest Rebekah meetings ever held there. Six ladies took the Degree. The ladies had prepared a splendid supper, which was partaken of after the meeting. The D.D. G.M. was present. The best of feeling was manifested among the Brothers and Sisters. Our numbers are rapidly increasing."

FRATERNAL VISIT.—Bro. J. W. O'N. writes from Oregon, Ohio: "According to previous arrangements, the members of Morrow Lodge, No. 116, and Churchill, No. 275, paid a friendly visit to Clarksville Lodge on last Saturday evening. Although the night was cold and blustering, quite a goodly number of both Lodges were present, so that each visited as a Lodge. After conclusion of the Lodge business, remarks were made by Bros. Thompson, N.G. of No. 116, Cunningham, Ludlum, O'Neil and others. The visitors having to ride ten miles in wagons and buggies, left Clarksville at an early hour, well pleased with the visit, and satisfied that it will result in good. The three Lodges will soon meet again, at Churchill, when you shall hear from us again."

We are advised by Bro. J. M. Brown, one of our Traveling Agents, that the Order in Indiana is in a very flourishing condition, indeed. Many good men are enrolling their names under the banner of Odd Fellowship.

Lincoln Lodge, No. 180, of Syracuse, N. Y., is fitting up a new hall at an expense of about \$1,500. The four Lodges in the central part of that city have secured a location near the City Hall, where they will expend \$2,500 in fitting up handsome rooms.

Lincoln Lodge, No. 126, of Jersey City, New Jersey, were, on the 6th of October, made the recipients of a magnificent pitcher, salver and goblet, presented to them by the Union Association of Rebekahs. A very pleasant re-union concluded the evening.—*Lodge-Room.*

The Odd Fellows' Library in Virginia City, Nevada, now numbers about 3,000 volumes. Libraries belonging to Lodges also exist in Gold Hill and Carson City, Nevada.

San Lorenzo Lodge, No. 147, was instituted at Santa Cruz, California, on the 19th of August.

Excelsior Encampment, No. 3, at Carson City, Oregon, was instituted on the 24th of August.

Harilah Lodge, No. 148, was instituted in Kern county, California, on the 1st of September.

Silver Lodge, No. 22, was instituted at Silver town, Oregon, on the 5th of September.

LOUISIANA.

Grand Secretary Josiah Folger will please accept our thanks for a copy of the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana from September 3, 1867, to September 9, 1868, with an appendix containing the proceedings of the same body from its first session to 1846.

The last session of the Grand Lodge began on the 28th of July and ended on the 5th of August.

Grand Master E. M. Rusha reports a gradual resumption of prosperity among the Lodges. Columbus Lodge, No. 24, of Algiers, was re-instated by him. That portion of the Southern Relief Fund, which fell to Louisiana, was divided by giving \$600 to the Grand Lodge and \$500 to the Grand Encampment. The Odd Fellows Hall Association are pressing forward the work of the new hall. The contract with

the builders requires it to be done by the end of August, and two months later it is expected to be ready for occupancy.

From the report of Grand Secretary Folger it appears that Louisiana now counts 31 Lodges with 1671 members. 206 Brothers and 95 widowed families received for relief the sum of \$12,255.26.

The report of the delegate to the Odd Fellows' Rest shows that the organization has assets in excess of liabilities to the amount of \$9,381.47, the value of the grounds being estimated at nearly \$12,000.

The General Relief Committee reported the following statement of cash account:

On hand Jan. 28, 1868	\$1,143.82
RECEIPTS.	
Donations	\$379.00
Returned by Lodges	220.00
Interest	40.00
Regalia sold	32.00— 671.00
Total	\$1,814.82
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Relief	\$225.00
Investments	970.00
Insurance	13.00
Expenses	83.95—1,291.95
On hand July 28, 1868	\$522.87

The assets of the Committee on that day amounted to \$5,487.87.

Special acknowledgment is made by the Committee of a donation of \$50 by the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin.

The assets of the Widows' and Orphans' General Association now amount to \$9,546.89, nearly the capital required by the charter before operations are to commence.

The Directors of the Widows' and Orphans' General Relief Association submitted a plan for accumulating a so-called "Burial Fund," which was referred to the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, with instructions to report at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge. It is proposed to raise the fund in question by an initiation fee of five dollars and dues of six dollars a year. One half of the dues received during each of the first ten years is to be divided among the heirs of the subscribers who may die during that year. Subscribers to be life members after having paid dues for ten years, and seventy-five per cent. of the interest realized from the sinking fund created by the initiation fees and one-half of the dues—is to be divided each year among the heirs of life members who may have died during that year.

The officers of the Grand Lodge are:

E. M. RUSHA, Grand Master.
 JACOB M. HUFFY, Deputy Grand Master.
 E. H. FAIRCHILD, Grand Warden.
 JOSIAH FOLGER, Grand Secretary.
 F. W. DELESDEBNIER, Grand Treasurer.
 LUTHER HOMES and J. G. DUNLAP, Grand Representatives.
 J. G. DUNLAP, Grand Chaplain.
 JOHN B. HENO, Grand Marshal.
 A. MAZUREAU, Grand Conductor.
 J. REIMER, Grand Guardian.
 J. N. LITTLEJOHN, Grand Herald.

KENTUCKY.

The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment met in annual session at Louisville, and were very fully attended. The proceedings were harmonious and interesting. Our talented Brother, Dr. J. C. Welch, has placed us under obligations by furnishing a list of the new Grand Officers, etc., and kindly promises a full report of the proceedings for the next number. The Grand Officers are:

GRAND LODGE.

J. D. TRAPP, Lexington, Grand Master.
 THOS. J. REED, Lancaster, Deputy Grand Master.
 GEO. A. YATES, Covington, Grand Warden.
 WILLIAM WHITE, Louisville, Grand Secretary.
 GEO. W. MORRIS, Louisville, Grand Treasurer.
 J. C. SAYERS, Crittenden, Grand Representative.
 J. J. COOKE, Harrodsburg, Grand Chaplain.
 J. D. ARNOLD, Louisville, Grand Marshal.
 E. O. HARE, Louisville, Grand Guardian.
 W. E. BUSH, Lexington, Grand Conductor.
 J. B. HENKLE, Louisville, Grand Messenger.

The following candidates were put in nomination:
 For Grand Master—E. W. Turney, of Richmond;
 G. R. Ellis, of Henderson; S. S. Fry, of Danville;
 J. C. Welch, of Nicholasville.
 For Deputy Grand Master—V. Shinkle, of Covington.

For Grand Warden—F. A. Richardson, of Glasgow; E. Whitesides, of Frankfort; H. W. Mayers, of Louisville; W. Maxwell, of Covington.

For Grand Secretary—W. White, of Louisville.

For Grand Treasurer—Geo. W. Morris, of Louisville.

For Grand Representative—M. J. Durham, of Perryville; Z. Gibbons, of Lexington; J. M. Armstrong, of Louisville; J. D. Pollard, of Frankfort.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

A. RAMMERS, Louisville, Grand Patriarch.
 J. W. COMBS, Winchester, Grand High Priest.
 THOS. AULSBROOK, Louisville, Grand Senior Warden.
 W. H. HOFFMAN, Mt. Sterling, Grand Junior Warden.
 WM. WHITE, Louisville, Grand Scribe.
 GEO. W. MORRIS, Louisville, Grand Treasurer.
 M. T. CURRY, Harrodsburg, Grand Representative.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Grand Secretary Chas. D. Cole has placed us under obligations by copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Massachusetts, at their August session.

The Grand Lodge, which met on the 6th of August, was very fully attended.

The reports of the officers represent the Lodges as in the most flourishing condition. On the 1st of July there were 64 Lodges in the State, with 7,971 members. The total receipts of the Lodges amounted to \$69,060.18, and the expenditure for relief—to 512 Brothers and 200 widowed families—to \$17,992.02. The re-instatement of two Lodges is reported.

Charters were granted for two new Lodges, to be located respectively at Georgetown and Somerville.

At this session the report on benefits to sick members was made, which called forth the action of the G.L.U.S. in regard to statistics.

The Grand Officers are:

LEVI F. WARREN, Salem, Grand Master.
THOS. C. PORTER, Boston, Deputy Grand Master.
CORLISS WADLEIGH, Boston, Grand Warden.
CHAS. D. COLE, Boston, Grand Secretary.
CHAS. HAYDEN, Boston, Grand Treasurer.
A. ST. JOHN CHAMBER, Stoughton, Grand Chaplain.
E. DANA BANCROFT, Groton Junction, and Wm. E. FORD, Boston, Grand Representatives.
SAM'L. B. KROGMAN, Portland, Me., Grand Instructor.

HORACE F. MACE, Boston, Assistant Grand Instructor.

N. S. KIMBALL, Haverhill, Grand Marshal.

JOHN SAGER, Lawrence, Grand Conductor.

L. B. TAYLOR, Lowell, Grand Guardian.

JOS. SWASEY, Salem, Grand Herald.

The Grand Encampment met on the 5th of August. Grand Patriarch Charles Hayden reports it "in a most prosperous and healthy condition—never so prosperous, never so healthy as now." The membership has increased from 734 in 1861 to 1774, divided into 14 camps, but one with less than 50 members.

Charters were granted for new Encampments at Lawrence, Boston, and Lynn.

The Grand Officers are:

Geo. H. STICKNEY, Haverhill, Grand Patriarch.
CHAS. E. PERKINS, Chelsea, Grand High Priest.
CALEB RAND, Charlestown, Grand Senior Warden.
CHAS. D. COLE, Boston, Grand Scribe.
THOS. C. PORTER, Boston, Grand Treasurer.
JAS. I. WINGATE, Boston, Grand Junior Warden.
W. H. PIERSON, Boston, Grand Instructor.
AMOS JOHNSON and CHAS. HAYDEN, Boston, Representatives to the G.L.U.S.
CHAS. J. NOYES, Haverhill, Grand Sentinel.
HORACE F. MACE, Boston, Deputy Grand Sentinel.

WEST VIRGINIA.

NEW HAVEN, October 22, 1868.

Editor Companion: Seeing but very little in your excellent publication from our young State, we came to the conclusion that we would send you a few lines from New Haven Lodge, No. 35, to cheer the Brothers in the good work of Friendship, Love and Truth; and to let you all know that—in the language of the immortal Webster—"We still live," and are earnestly laboring to promote and spread the beautiful teachings and sublime tenets of Odd Fellowship.

Our Lodge is situated in the village of New Haven, Mason County, West Va., which contains a little less than six hundred inhabitants, and is located in the rich coal and salt valley on the banks of the beautiful stream which separates you from us, in a wordly sense, but which, I assure you, the mystic chain of three links can easily span.

This Lodge was instituted on October 18th, 1867. It began work with five members. We are now one year old, and number sixty; forty of whom have reached the Fifth Degree. Can any of your new Lodges surpass that? On the finance question we are sound—taking in all we can get. During the year we have received about fourteen hundred dollars, and still have on hand, in bonds and greenbacks, about five hundred dollars. We have been very fortunate in

one respect. We have had but little sickness, and no deaths. The only misfortune we have met with, thus far, was in one of our Brothers having his dwelling burned down; but the Brothers have assisted him liberally, thus saving him from being in needy circumstances. Our officers are as follows: George W. Rohrbough, N.G.; George Wilding, V.G.; George C. Wilding, Secretary; Henry L. Chester, Treasurer; Samuel W. Chapman, Chaplain.

We are still initiating others, and are continually swelling our force. We are in good working order, good feeling among the Brothers, and none of that dissension and discord, which is so certain to alienate and estrange Brothers; but the wheels of our Lodge move smoothly along, without any clatter whatever, every spoke being firmly fixed in its proper place. The prospects around us are flattering. We have many firm friends outside the pale of our Order, and but few enemies; and they are becoming less rampant, as they see our workings around them. The Rebekah Degree has due attention paid to it, and its meetings are fully as entertaining as the regular Lodge meetings. The Sisters are fully alive to the interests and benefits of the Degree, and there is almost invariably a full attendance when it meets. With our best wishes for the success of the COMPANION and the Order, I remain,

Yours, fraternally, GEORGE C. WILDING, Sec.

GRAND BODIES OF TENNESSEE.

The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Tennessee were in session at Nashville during the last week of October. We are obliged to P.G.R. Wm. Chidey for a report of their proceedings, but have only room in this number to note the names of Grand Officers for the ensuing year. They are:

GRAND LODGE.

M. R. ELLIOTT, of Gallatin, Grand Master.
JAMES RODGERS, of Knoxville, Deputy Grand Master.
S. E. H. DANCE, of Fayetteville, Grand Warden.
R. H. BARRY, of Nashville, Grand Secretary.
ROBT. THOMPSON, of Nashville, Grand Treasurer.
W. G. HENSLEY, of Cornersville, Grand Chaplain.
HERVEY BROWN, of Jackson, Grand Representative.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

E. O. H. P. SEHUN, of Murfreesboro, Grand Patriarch.
PETER T. PHILLIPS, Grand High Priest.
GEORGE F. FULLER, of Nashville, Grand Senior Warden.
R. H. BARRY, of Nashville, Grand Scribe.
ROBT. THOMPSON, of Nashville, Grand Treasurer.
— CONMEYGES, Grand Junior Warden.

IMPOSTORS.

Beware of a man calling himself W. B. Smith, of Claysville, Washington county, Pennsylvania, and claiming to be a member of Friendship Lodge, No. 385 I. O. O. F., located at Claysville. There is no such Lodge in existence, and this man Smith is one of the vilest of scoundrels who has for months traveled through the West, working on the sympathies of Odd Fellows by plausible and well-told lies, and has thereby succeeded in swindling scores of over-credulous and tender-hearted brethren.

ENCAMPMENT REGALIA.

We are informed that the Legislative Committee of the G.L.U.S., revised their report on Regalia, so as to dispense with aprons in Encampments as well as Lodges, except in the P. and the G.R. Degrees. The Law now reads: "Encampment Regalia: Black Apron and Gloves; Patriarchs who have obtained the R.P. Degree, Purple Collars, *only*."

The following resolution, was also adopted, but was omitted in our former report:

Resolved, That hereafter, in the designation of the name and rank of Brethren of the Order, the title or rank of the Brother shall be placed after instead of before the name, as has hitherto been practiced.

WATCHING.

This feature of Odd Fellowship is one of great importance. It has always been a custom for members of the Order to watch with each other, taking turns, as called on by the Sick Visiting Committee. No other feature commends itself more strongly. I well remember the interest which was excited when the Order first came into our community, by the announcement that the members of the Order volunteered to watch with each other. Nothing contributed so much to dispel the doubt and suspicion which greeted the Order when first introduced.

The custom of watching with each other is still kept up in the smaller towns, but in the cities it has mostly given place to the custom of employing men who make watching a business, which gives the patient better attendance than an inexperienced person can. This is paid for by a tax levied equally on all the members. But this does not change the obligation which has always been regarded as resting on every Brother to watch with every other Brother who may need his services, whether he belongs to his particular Lodge or not. It merely changes the mode of performing the duty.

When a Brother travels from home he carries the evidence of his connection with the Order, and his card attests his present good standing, and by it his Lodge engages to be responsible for a certain sum per week in case of sickness, and a certain amount for funeral expenses in case of death. Of watching it says nothing, but it is universally understood that his card is an unlimited order on the Brotherhood everywhere for watching—without money and without price. It is one of the great charities of Odd Fellowship, with a fund as boundless as the limits of the Order.

Some Lodges of late have lost sight of this catholic feature in our Order, and when transient Brothers have been under their care, have added to the bill so much a night for watching. Such a charge has no warrant either in usage or law. The card which a Brother carries stipulates what any Lodge may pay him, with a certainty that it will be remunerated, and it has no right to demand more. But, notwithstanding this, no one will deny his obligation to watch with a sick Brother when required. But there

is another strong objection to making a charge for watching. It would break down every small Lodge in the country. Suppose one of its members were sick in New York, and in addition to the stipulated four or five dollars a week, a charge of two dollars a night is made for watching, making eighteen dollars a week instead of four or five. How long would it take to break down a Lodge whose fund only reached three or four hundred dollars?—*Grand Sec. L. A. Thomas, in A. O. F.*

THE SPHERE OF TASTE IN ODD FELLOW-SHIP.

BY F.G. REP. A. W. BRUCE.

It was a precept of Plato that "we should so look at the advantage of our fellow-citizens as to have reference to that in whatever we do, forgetting ourselves." This he called disinterested benevolence. And Cicero's ideal of humanity was equally catholic, embracing not simply the little world upon the seven hills of his imperial city, and its dependencies, but the whole earth. "They who say that a regard ought to be had to fellow-citizens, but deny it to foreigners, break up the common society of the human race, which being withdrawn, beneficence, liberality, goodness, justice are abolished." "Men are created for the sake of men, that they may naturally do good to one another." The nobleness of the human soul is set forth with most impressive emphasis. "There never was a great man without divine inspiration." "Virtue should attract to true glory by her own beauties."

To the true Odd Fellow, in the present age, when old things are being made new, and fresh and novel forms of thought and action are developing among us, these olden utterances have a practical bearing. They imply more than appears on the surface, and embrace matters other than those immediately connected with our ritual, or legislation. They comprehend the sphere of *taste*,—its influence on our social life, and its power in the development of social, fraternal, and manly graces. Every one has instinctive loves and hates—enjoys one subject, and is repelled by another. In common parlance, taste is the individual like or dislike. Sometimes it is capricious, partial, and prejudiced, often arbitrarily ruled by crude fancy, erratic imagination, or mere force of local or personal association, independent of intellectual analysis and judgment, moral worth, and fraternal duty. Hence, its manifestations are frequently one-sided, ignorant, and intolerant. Hence it occurs that the introductions made in the Lodge-room, are often unrecognized out of it, and the words "fraternal," and "social," are subject to the caprice of personal taste. In these instances, satisfied with its exclusive pleasures, like the Chinese with their exclusive "Celestial"-ism, it esteems all judgments different from its own isolated preference as plebeian and barbarous. If pressed for a reason for its dogmatism and its bizarre displays, it evades all reference to fraternity, and all deference to the Golden Rule, and replies: "Tastes differ: we are not con-

stituted alike,"—drawing snail-like within its shell of exclusiveness, as if outside there were no appeal, beyond there were no progress.

The taste attempted to be cultivated by the use of our ritual, has a broader and deeper significance, and a riper judgment than this. Primarily based upon "those grand principles which make men social and humane," it is improved and strengthened by reason. Certain preferences, born with the individual, manifest themselves spontaneously, and often give, as it were, a local coloring to an entire life. But there is also in man a capacity for intellectual progress, fraternal consideration, and spiritual insight. The right aim of our social gatherings is the gradual unfolding of this capacity. And the result of this unfolding in manners, in intercourse, in commercial pursuits, in fashion, in art, and in all that makes up the refined enjoyment of life, is termed good breeding,—or, if you please, good taste.

The external aspect of men, as of things generally, is what we at first chiefly take note of. But as our faculties are cultivated, and our sense of human worth is sanctified, objects which at first only excited superficial notice, address us in more spiritual language. A kingly inhabitant is found beneath a rustic garb; a beautiful spirit speaks from a forbidding exterior. The difference in degree and quality of enjoyment in the one case and in the other is the manner of the distance that divides a brother-heart from an exclusive spirit,—or really a morally cultivated and an uncultivated taste. The latter may have a more shining exterior than the former, and be the fortunate possessor of more outwardly shining gifts; but a true moral cultivation expands and strengthens the fraternal graces, separating still more widely the finely attuned soul from the exceptional nature whose light comes through a more exclusive medium.

Impressions are an excellent barometer of our moral or intellectual growth. But we cannot accurately note its precise rise or fall without some sort of gauge. Undisciplined opinion, like untrained manners, may become very unlovely. But rightly educated, opinion is always welcome, as the winsome adornment of character and circumstance. For the inexhaustible delights of social and fraternal intercourse lies in their infinite variety, whereby every soul is fed according to its peculiar power of appreciation. The peculiarity that one displays is his public confession of the moral quality and fraternal cultivation of his mind. It helps to make up that aggregate expression of character in a community or in our Order, which is characterized as public sentiment. Our nation cannot as yet be said to possess cultivation, because our civilization recognizes no universal idea of Fraternity. Still, the American mind is expansive, inquiring, impressible and sympathetic, prone to investigation, and if honestly and courteously approached, gladly welcomes truth under multifarious forms. Thus far, our circumstances have not been favorable to the cultivation and development of those fraternal graces which spring from a

consciousness of human equality. The constant influx of people by emigration, with the varied feelings and views of "fatherlands," and the clannish tastes inevitable to ignorance of the English language in common use; added to which is the trickery of political and speculative cormorants, that afflict society, and prey upon the ignorance of those in quest of peaceful homes in our country;—to say nothing of the depressing influence of religious caste in high places, and exclusiveness in social intercourse,—conspire to keep the great ideal of our beloved Order far in the rear as a generally admitted moral force in society, while it leads the van in its practical exemplification of its professed principles, as a benevolent institution.

Besides, there are many whose ideas and feelings have never been awakened to a consciousness that there is anything in this life more enjoyable than physical well-being and thrift. Such see no joy in the social intercourse unless it ministers to their appetites and customs, and view art and beauty as idle unless they help fill the purse. Like the farmer who, when congratulated upon the beauty of the natural scenery about his farm, replied that, for his part, he did not see any beauty in it; it had never been worth a dollar to him, any way. The finest countries are peopled by those as unconscious of the mental and spiritual wealth around them as if they were moles burrowing in the earth. And until they discover that they have faculties superior to the gratification of mere material wants, they will not enjoy them. The same is equally true with reference to the grandeur and worth attached, and belonging to the human soul. Until we aid men around us to arise to the moral height occupied by the heathen Cicerone—as already quoted—and so outgrow contempt for their kind, our Order, with kindred institutions, will be subject to the influence of the exclusiveness which, under holier names, seeks to call down fire upon us, because we prefer another way than theirs, in which to honor the Golden Rule.

But "the world moves," and public sentiment is growingly alive to the beauty of our cardinal principles; for a fine appreciation of the purposes of Odd Fellowship is as much the result of their correct illustration in the lives of its members, as is the abundance of harvest the consequence of timely and genial culture. As we increase our sympathy with our "grand principle," so do we invest it with an incalculable enrichment of suggestion. And the key that opens to us the door to the full measure of success is to be reached not by overmuch toil and sacrifice, but hangs up within the grasp of every brother. Once grasped, its occult power has no limit of charm and promise. Society and its dearest interests greet us with unceasing revelation. In them we discover the incarnation of our vague longings and undefined consciousness of what our Order should become. And so the power of interpretation comes from within. This discovery made, we have opened the door of opportunity, and become a practical illustration of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

Maryland Department.

P. G. THOS. LUCY, A. M., EDITOR.

WORKING STATISTICS.

It is now, we think, definitely settled that the system of dues and benefits is the fixed policy of the Order; that it is the distinguishing feature of Odd Fellowship, from which we are not to depart, and that no imitation of the Masonic plan of honorary membership is feasible or politic. With this line of action exactly marked out, it becomes the duty, then, of every one whose position brings him into a Lodge as a legislator, to consider the very best mode of securing a uniform system, that, while it shall be perfectly secure to the Lodges, shall be also the least burdensome to the members. As it is now, each Lodge, for itself, without any tables of rates—without any well settled and digested plan—and without any controlling influence, proceeds to fix the dues and benefits regardless of results. Yet, although this loose mode of carrying out the main feature of our affiliation would indicate failure to some, sooner or later, it does not occur; or at least so infrequently, that it hardly calls forth a notice from any of the public men of the Order. And the question naturally arises, Why is this? One principal cause is that so many are suspended *from benefits* for violating some article of the by-laws in relation to the payment of dues; or suspended *in full* for being a year or so in arrears. This is a source of vast gain to the Lodges; many young men also join, and in less than five years have forfeited their membership and their claims on the treasury of the Lodge, because they joined for no especial purpose, and soon tired of what they took no interest in. If suspension for non-payment of dues was thus changed, so as to restore them easily to membership and to benefits, the Lodges would very soon perceive the necessity of revising their scale of dues and benefits.

The imperfect, or rather total want of system in this matter, attracted the attention of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts at its late session, and resulted in causing the subject to be brought up in the G. L. U. S. last month, with a view to obtaining some statistics that would serve as ground-work for positive argument and illustration; and although it is feared by many that this, like some similar suggestions, will end in nothing of practical value, it is hoped by others that by bringing the subject before the membership, through the united agency of our now extensive and energetic periodicals, we may be able to awaken an interest in the whole thing, that will eventuate in good and lasting advantage to the Order everywhere.

The first step forward has been taken by the G. L. U. S., in directing a series of questions to be printed and sent for answers to all the Subordinates. These questions may be found in the COMPANION for October, page 172; and although not as full and perfect as they will be made before publishing and distribut-

ing, yet they will give a good general idea of what it is designed to accomplish, and therefore we would ask an attentive perusal of them.

It has long been noticeable that, while in all our statistical tables we have full and reliable information of the amounts paid to widows, Brothers and orphans for relief, for burying the dead, for education and special donations; and also the amounts of the annual receipts of the Lodges, yet we have no returns of what is done with all the balance. Lodge reports should show, first: the total receipts, then, how expended for benefits, donations, and incidental expenses; how much invested and how much on hand, to be added to the previous capital; so that the real condition of the Lodges could be known, and their ability to faithfully fulfill their pecuniary obligations clearly shown, just as we would show the solvency of any other institution; then the question of what is the safest ratio to establish between so much weekly dues and so much weekly benefits would be indicated beyond question, and might result so as to change all our preconceived notions on the subject. One idea is very generally entertained, that is, that the incidental expenses of working the Lodges are far too great; that a better method of general investment can be devised, and by some plan of association among the Lodges, under its Grand Lodge, a decidedly cheaper and more reliable insurance against sickness and death can be provided. If it can be shown that the immense annual amounts now collected in the several jurisdictions, probably over *two million three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars*, can be made to give more substantial relief to sick Brothers, or bereaved widows or orphans; or can be disbursed at less expense, or can be invested in a more profitable manner, by all means, as good and faithful financiers, let us set about doing it. The questions to be shortly submitted to every Lodge, when answered, will give us the basis on which to predicate some action.

MARYLAND.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—On the 5th ultimo the regular semi-annual communication of the Grand Encampment was held at the hall on Gay street, Baltimore. The session lasted two days, as there is seldom much business except of a local character before the body. Two new charters were granted, one for Cumberland Encampment, No. 23, in Alleghany County, and the other for Willett Belt Encampment, No. 22, opened at Hereford last June. Arrangements were made to participate in the universal celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the Order on the 26th of April, 1869, and also to discontinue the use of aprons according to the new law on the subject of regalia. Grand Patriarch Greenfield made an able report, showing the prosperous condition of the Patriarchal branch in Maryland. He states that seventeen Encampments exist in the jurisdiction (six located in Baltimore City and eleven in other portions of the State) with a membership of one thousand seven hundred and seventy—an increase of

one Encampment and one hundred and twenty-six members since the last meeting.

INSTITUTION OF GARDEN LODGE, No. 114.—On the 14th ultimo, Grand Master Herring, assisted by the Grand Officers, proceeded to Gardenville, Baltimore Co., some five or six miles from this city, and opened another new Lodge, to work in both the English and German languages. There was a large number of visiting Brethren present, both from the city and the country, and the institution was of a very interesting character. The location is a good one, the country being thickly settled, and the prospects of the Lodge are remarkably fine. The officers elected and installed are: Louis Muth, N.G.; L. Koenig, V.G.; John Gontum, Treasurer; and J. M. Hermann, Secretary.

"ON THE ROAD."

Have been to Chicago, the Queen City of the West. The stranger visiting the West for pleasure and profit, should spend a few days in this great center of trade. Here he will find much to instruct and amuse him. The city presents on all sides evidence of its prosperity. On every side you hear the hammering and sawing of the busy workmen. Look where you will, on the business streets of the city, and you behold costly buildings in course of erection. Millions of dollars are being expended this summer for the improvement of the city. The best plan to view the magnitude of the city, is to ascend to the dome of the court-house; he will there have presented to his sight a most beautiful panorama. One hundred and fifty feet above the level of the street, the spectator views the busy thoroughfares of trade. To the eastward the blue waters of Lake Michigan are seen in all their grandeur; upon which float thousands of vessels, laden with the commodities of trade. There are many places of interest to visitors in Chicago, which want of time prevents me from mentioning. I would say to the traveler, by all means visit the world-renowned water-works, the just pride of Chicago. A ride of two miles upon the beautiful lake brings you out to the Crib, a monster-structure of iron and wood. The view of the city from the lake cannot be appreciated until seen; words are inadequate to express the beauty of the scene. On all sides and from every mouth you hear, "Oh! how beautiful." Would return sincere thanks to Bro. W. A. Snyder, of the steamer May Flower, for his many favors rendered me on the occasion of my visit to this great work of man's ingenuity. Our Order in Chicago is highly prosperous. There are now ten working Lodges in the city—five English, and five working in German, all adding weekly to their members, with a total membership of about 1400. Excelsior, one of the oldest Lodges in the city, have nearly ready for dedication a new hall, which will be, when completed, one of the finest Odd Fellows' Halls in the West. The hall is located in the Methodist Block; the size of the room is 35 by 60 feet, and 18 feet high, with an elegant parlor and ante-rooms at-

tached. The hall is to be furnished at a cost of \$4,000, and will be an honor to the Order, and an ornament to the city.

On the 11th day of July, I assisted at the institution of Joseph R. Scroggs Lodge, No. 372, at Orangeville, Illinois. On the 12th inst. I again met with the Lodge and found them highly prosperous. Commencing with eleven members, they now number twenty-six true and honest men, with more on the way. The Lodge is located in a thriving village of some six hundred inhabitants, in the midst of a rich farming country, with plenty of material to make a large and healthy Lodge. With commendable zeal the Brotherhood have fitted up and furnished a neat hall. With our Allemannié Brother A. A. Krape as N.G., Rev. John Bloom as V.G., Bro. Sanders as Secretary, assisted by other efficient officers, the course of the new Lodge must be upward and onward for the good of the entire Order. One praiseworthy fact is that the COMPANION is taken by nearly every Brother of the Lodge. Said one of the prominent members of the Lodge: "So welcome a visitor is the COMPANION to my fire-side, that my wife and family can scarcely wait from month to month to peruse its valued pages."

One noticeable fact that I notice in my wanderings among the Lodges is, that Brothers everywhere are becoming more alive to the necessity of sustaining the literature of our Order. The sum expended for reading-matter pertaining to the interests of our Order, is meagre when compared to the benefits derived therefrom.

Fraternally,

JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

NORTH CAROLINA.

We are indebted to Grand Secretary J. W. Gulick for a copy of the report of Grand Master A. Paul Repiton to the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, at its session on the 21st and 22d of July. The Grand Master regrets that there is as yet but little prospect of a revival of the Order in North Carolina.

Pee Dee Lodge, No. 39, at Wadesboro', has been re-organized.

The following are the Grand Officers for the ensuing year:

R. A. CALDWELL, Grand Master.
O. W. TELFAIR, Deputy Grand Master.
J. C. WOOD, Grand Warden.
J. W. GULICK, Grand Secretary.
C. L. PARKER, Grand Treasurer.
REV. A. PAUL REPITON, Grand Chaplain.
WM. H. CLARK, Grand Representative to G.L.U.S.
JESSE A. WILLIAMSON, Grand Marshal.
WM. MURRY, Grand Conductor.
SETH K. CORDON, Grand Guardian.

The next annual session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Tarboro, on the 3d Tuesday in July, 1869.

AUSTRALIA.—The Order is progressing finely in Australia. Special Deputy Grand Sire Meacham is busily engaged traveling through the Colony, re-organising and instructing Lodges in the new work, with which all are well pleased.

Illinois Department.

GR. SEC. SAMUEL WILLARD, M. D., EDITOR.

SESSION OF GRAND LODGE.

This body met in annual session at Alton, on Tuesday, October 13th, and continued in session until Thursday noon. The session was unprecedentedly well attended: on one ballot 296 votes were cast. The meeting was harmonious, and much business was done. The reports of the Grand Officers showed the Order in a healthy and vigorous condition. Grand Master Alexander presided with his usual courtesy and ability.

Alton was the cradle of the Order in Illinois; but until now the Grand Lodge has not been held there for nearly thirty years. Soon after the Grand Lodge opened, it was addressed by P.G. Master James E. Starr, himself initiated at the first meeting of the first Lodge in Illinois, with the following speech of welcome:

"M. W. Grand Master, Officers and Brothers of the Grand Lodge of Illinois:

"The assembling of yourself and associates in annual session in our city has been deemed by the Brotherhood of Alton an opportune season for the departure from the usual customs and courtesies of the occasion.

"The history of Odd Fellowship in the United States does not date back to a remote period, but is of a comparatively recent origin: its founder but a few years since was among us, and of us; his associates yet live, giving aid and strength to the cause by their wisdom and experience.

"So, too, of the Order in Illinois: thirty-two years since, in this city, then comprising but few inhabitants, our Order first found an abiding-place in this great state. Two Brothers, from different localities—Past Grands Samuel L. Miller and John R. Woods—moved by an ardent love for the Order and its teachings, finding themselves shut out from the familiar and endearing associations of the Lodge-room and the protecting care of the Brotherhood, resolved in this city, then the Far West, to upbuild the walls of a Lodge-room. They were alone: none were found who had broken down the barriers and entered the sealed precincts. To succeed, they must have associates. Calling to their assistance some Brothers from Traveler's Rest Lodge, No. 1, of the city of St. Louis, and looking anxiously and earnestly over their field of labor; from among the many who stood ready to enter its portals they selected those they deemed best fitted to aid them in the work and to give character and strength to the cause, and organized Western Star Lodge, No. 1. Their field was full of promise: the harvest was ready, and they had but to put in the sickle and reap.

"The good work thus begun soon called for further progress: members became anxious to secure the organization of a Grand Lodge, that they might more fully meet the wants of the Order, which, even at this early period, gave tokens of its coming power. To this end Alton Lodge, No. 2, was organized; and from the Past Grands of the two Lodges was sent up the petition, which resulted in the organization of this R.W. Grand Body.

"The history of our Order in this State, since its organization, is doubtless familiar to you all, and the facts here mentioned would not now be recited, but for the circumstance that you assemble this day where first were gathered those who constituted this R.W. Grand Body.

"The good work thus auspiciously commenced, has steadily progressed, increasing from year to year in numbers, in influence, and usefulness: thousands now find shelter within its walls; its songs of thankfulness and praise are heard all over our great State; its altar-fires burn in nearly every village and city under your jurisdiction. Under your protecting care, the cry of the orphan is hushed, and the wail of the widow is quieted. Men go forth daily and hourly 'to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.'

"This R.W. Grand Body was removed from among us to find a home elsewhere. Now, after the lapse of twenty-nine years, strong in the fullness of manhood, with a membership counted by thousands, and your usefulness only limited by your means, you again revisit us.

"We welcome you to Alton, the first home of the Order in our State—the place where repose the honored remains of Samuel C. Peirce, your first Grand Master, whose resting-place is marked by the monumental marble erected by the Brotherhood of this city. We thank you for the repeated honors conferred upon members of our Lodges, and for this renewal of your kindness.

"For all this, the Odd Fellows of Alton tender you a sincere and hearty welcome. We welcome you as the representative men of our Order—men selected by your several Lodges for purity of character, devotedness of purpose, and love for the Order. We welcome you as the Grand Lodge of Illinois, and in your individual capacity as members of the same great Brotherhood. We hope and trust that your visit among us will be found both pleasant and profitable; profitable not to yourselves alone, but that your example and the influence you may exert will work a great good for the Order here. With *Friendship* for all, with *Love* for the principles you represent, with *Truth* as our beacon-light, we welcome you. With *Faith* in your teachings, with *Hope* for the future of the Order, with *Charity* toward all, we welcome you to our city—to our homes: with full hearts and open hands we welcome you."

The new officers elected at the session are these:

DR. J. WARD ELLIS, of No. 22, Chicago, Grand Master.

DR. T. W. FLOYD, of No. 220, Gillespie, Deputy Grand Master.

T. B. NEEDLES, of No. 37, Nashville, Grand Warden.

DR. SAMUEL WILLARD, of No. 6, Springfield, Grand Secretary.

AMASA S. BARRY, P.G.M., of No. 2, Alton, Grand Treasurer.

J. F. ALEXANDER, P.G.M., of No. 3, Greenville, Grand Representative.

REV. WM. EDWARDS, of No. 293, Mendota, Grand Chaplain.

R. K. DEWEY, of No. 3, Greenville, Grand Marshal.

J. D. NEW, of No. 319, Fairmount, Grand Conductor.

E. CLEGHORN, of No. 29, Joliet, Grand Guardian.

C. W. SCHIRMER, of No. 132, Murphysboro, Grand Herald.

Of the legislation of the session a further account will be given hereafter. Our available space this month we fill with extracts from the reports of the Grand Master and Grand Secretary.

Grand Master Alexander, after returning thanks to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, for the blessings vouchsafed by Him during the past year, and stating that business arrangements prevented as prompt an attendance to Grand Lodge matters by

the Grand Master as would otherwise have been given, continues :

"Under the resolution of the Grand Lodge, adopted at its last session, and published on page 165 of the Journal, I appointed the following Instructors in the unwritten work, to-wit :

"P.G.M. W. Duff Green, of No. 13; P.G.M. Jeremiah Griswold, of No. 250; P.G.M. A. S. Barry, of No. 2; P.G.M. H. S. Herr, of No. 77; P.D.G. M. E. A. Rucker, of No. 11; P.D.G.M. J. P. Foss, of No. 45; Gr. Sec. Samuel Willard, of No. 6; P.D.G.M. John Lake of No. 31; P.G. Conductor A. N. Dougherty, of No. 241; W.G. Herald I. S. Armstrong, of No. 86.

"P.G.M. Barry is the only one of these Instructors who has made report to me of his official visits. He reports having visited eight Lodges with satisfactory results. And I will here say that he is one of the most indefatigable workers in the State, as well as a safe adviser and able exponent of the laws and principles of Odd Fellowship. I am indebted to him for advice and information on several occasions. He re-iterates his suggestions to Grand Master Herr last year, that the State ought to be districted, and an Instructor appointed for each district, whose duty it would be to visit each Lodge in his district at least once a year. I think the idea is a good one, and recommend that the Grand Lodge take action in regard to it. Uniformity in the work all over the State is very desirable; but how to accomplish it is a difficult question to solve. If all the Lodges could be instructed by one person, we would attain to a higher degree of uniformity than under any other plan I can suggest; but as this is probably impracticable, the next best plan would seem to be to have the work done by the least practicable number of Instructors. It is impossible that Representatives, who see and hear the work exemplified but once, can retain and impart it to their Lodges correctly.

"Twenty-three new Lodges have been instituted during the year."

Notice of the institution of these Lodges has heretofore been given in the COMPANION, except of the following: Eldorado, No. 375, at Eldorado, Saline County, instituted September 26; Davis, No. 376, at Davis, Stephenson County, instituted September 19; Minonk, No. 377, at Minonk, Woodford County, and Manito, No. 378, at Manito, Mason County, instituted October 1.

The Grand Master reports a large number of decisions, which were with few exceptions approved. He then recommends legislation authorizing Subordinate Lodges to merge their Widows' and Orphans' Fund with their General Fund; and after returning thanks to his Deputies and others, concludes with the customary congratulations.

The Grand Secretary, after giving the statistics of the Order, which were published in the last number of the COMPANION, and a list of Lodges making correct and incorrect reports, and asking for the appointment of a committee to consider the propriety of having terms end March 31st and September 30th, so that reports can be examined and corrected, and obtained, when delinquent, in season for the report to the G.L.U.S., continues :

"IV. FINANCE.—I have received during the year, and paid over to the Grand Treasurer, \$12,977.35.

"The drafts on the Grand Treasurer have been as follows :

For supplies.....	\$1,361.50
Mileage and per diem, session 1867.....	4,571.10
Grand Secretary's salary.....	1,200.00
Printing journal, 3,000 copies.....	563.60
Representative tax to G.L.U.S.....	150.00
Ordered by Grand Lodge, last session.....	113.80
Repaid to No. 114 at revival.....	69.30
Rent of office and store-room, new seal, furniture, fuel, lights, postage, telegrams, insurance, exchange, express charges, drayage, stationery, blanks for two and a half years, circulars and miscellaneous printing, and all other current expenses..	1,887.53
Total.....	\$9,916.83

"VI. CHARTER PLATE.—Another piece of business was intrusted to me in conjunction with the Grand Scribe of the Grand Encampment and Bro. Herr, P. G.M., namely, the obtaining of a plate for charters. When at the G.L.U.S. in 1867, I expected the success of a movement to have such a plate got up by the authority of that Lodge, the Finance Committee being in favor of it; and this year the effort was renewed by G. Rep. Smith, of the Grand Encampment of Illinois; but unsuccessfully. We need from twenty to thirty charter plates a year, and as no jurisdiction has a fine plate, it will be worth our while to get up one and have impressions to sell at reasonable price. There has not been time for me to take any action in the matter since I have learned that there is no help to be had from the Grand Lodge of the United States, except to contrive a design which I purpose to submit to an engraver as soon as I have the opportunity.

"VII. REVIVED, DEFUNCT AND CLOSED LODGES.—The following have been revived during the year, some of which had not been closed, but were practically defunct :

"Empire, 54, at Elizabethtown; Mt. Olive, 114, Salem; Franklin, 151, Franklin; Cambridge, 199, Cambridge; Rounseville, 213, Xenia; Mt. Auburn, 275, Mt. Auburn. All of these have done well, except No. 275, which should have reported, but has made no answer to letters; I suspect its revival is of no avail.

"The only Lodge which has been closed is Aledo, 236, which was closed by Bro. Wm. V. Light, of New Boston, 188.

"Diligence Lodge, 129, Princeville, has not met for more than a year, and must be considered defunct."

The citizens of Alton gave the Grand Lodge the compliment of a steamboat excursion on the Mississippi, some twenty miles up and back, passing along the bold and picturesque bluffs that form the shore from the mouth of the Illinois to Alton. The excursion was much enjoyed by the party, and gratefully acknowledged.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

This body met at the same place as the Grand Lodge, and sat on the evenings of the 13th and 14th of October, having a useful and pleasant session, Grand Patriarch Harris filling the chair. The reports of the Grand Officers showed a vigorous and healthy state of the Order: twelve new Encampments, making seventy-nine at work, and nearly 3,000 members, a gain of 600 for the year.

The death of the third Grand Patriarch, Thos. J. Burns, was announced by P.G.P. Willard, and appropriate resolutions adopted.

The new officers are these :

JAMES L. TICKNOR, Rockford, Grand Patriarch.
 LOUIS FURST, Peoria, Grand High Priest.
 I. S. ARMSTRONG, Metropolis, Grand Sen. Warden.
 M. M. HYATT, Alton, Grand Junior Warden.
 N. C. NASON, Peoria, Grand Scribe and Treasurer.
 J. O. HARRIS, Ottawa, Grand Representative.

FREE LUNCH TO-NIGHT.—The presence of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Illinois at Alton during the past month attracted a good deal attention. One of the Alton papers says: "The presence of three hundred strangers, concentrated in the business part of the city, gives to our streets a cheering and lively aspect; although no policemen are yet necessary to guard the crossings." Brother Robert Johnson, of No. 2, had prepared an ingenious gas arrangement surmounting the Odd Fellows' Hall, presenting every evening during the session, "in characters of living light," the three links, inclosing the three letters "F.L.T." The decoration was very highly praised by those who witnessed it; but all who saw it, do not seem to have understood its meaning; for we find the following in the same paper quoted above: "These latter initials were rather liberally translated by a gentleman from the rural districts, to mean, 'Free Lunch To-night.'"

TENNESSEE.

Editor Companion: I have just returned from a visit to the town of Columbia, one of the prettiest towns in the State of Tennessee, and surrounded by one of the finest agricultural districts I ever saw. It is the county seat of Maury, one of the best developed counties, and noted for its fine college and rich and intelligent population. The town is just beginning to throw off the apathy caused by the late war, and many new and handsome houses are in progress of erection on the sites of those destroyed by the conflicting forces which alternately occupied the town.

Here we had the pleasure of meeting with Columbia Lodge, No. 3, one of the oldest in the State, as its number indicates, and which should be one of the largest; but I am sorry to say that, though sufficiently large for all practical purposes, it often fails to get together more than a quorum. It is true, the Lodge and its members suffered terribly during the rebellion, and lost a great deal of property and became consequently very much discouraged; yet I don't find that they suffered any more than other Lodges in proportion, and I am satisfied from my observation that if the intelligent members of the Lodge would put their shoulders to the wheel, and together give it a good solid lift, their Lodge could be made one of the most prosperous in the State, and one that they would be proud of. The Lodge owns a good hall, which with a little expense can be made one of the finest halls in the State. We hope to see our Brethren in Columbia go right to work, bury all minor differences, and resolve to sustain and advance the interests of their Lodge.

I was also informed that the Improved Order of

Red Men has established a Tribe in the city within a few months past, which is rapidly increasing. It is called Chicamauga Tribe, No. 4, and holds its meetings in the Odd Fellows Hall. I am sorry I had no opportunity to visit it.

The Odd Fellows of this State are highly pleased at the election of their worthy Brother E. D. Farnsworth as Grand Sire, and herewith I send you a copy of the resolutions passed by Tennessee Lodge, No. 1, as evidence of their feelings on the subject:

"WHEREAS, Information has been received that the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States, now in session at Baltimore, has this day conferred on P.G.M. E. D. Farnsworth, of Tennessee, our fellow-citizen of Nashville, and intimate associate in the bonds of Brotherhood, the high and exalted position of M.W. Grand Sire of the Order; therefore,

"Resolved, That Tennessee Lodge, No. 1, recognize in this act a distinguished compliment to the Order in Tennessee, and a worthy recognition of the merits of an able, faithful and zealous Odd Fellow, and that we return greeting the thanks of this, the pioneer Lodge of I.O.O.F. in Tennessee. That this preamble and resolution be signed by the N.G. and Secretary for publication." W. CHIDSEY.

KANSAS.

LEAVENWORTH, October 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: Our Grand Lodge has just held its annual session in Atchison. We had a good attendance, in fact the largest ever present. The best of feeling prevailed, and business of much local importance was transacted.

A resolution was adopted, giving D.D. Grand Masters the power to declare the office of any elective officer vacant, who fails to qualify himself to discharge the duties of his office without books. It is to be hoped that this will have the desired effect; the beauty and harmony of our work is marred and often destroyed by being murdered in the reading, while the same officer might declaim the part with good effect.

It was determined to celebrate our semi-centennial anniversary on the 26th of April next; a special committee of five was appointed, with full power to make all the necessary arrangements. It will most likely be held in this city, being the most accessible point; and the Brothers living here have generously offered to entertain all who come *free of cost*.

The officers of the Grand Bodies are:

GRAND LODGE.

H. D. McCARTY, Grand Master.
 R. A. RANDLETT, Deputy Grand Master.
 E. S. SCUDDER, Grand Warden.
 SAM. F. BURDETT, Grand Secretary.
 JAMES S. CROW, Grand Treasurer.
 LEVI EMPIE, Grand Representative.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

DAVID P. WINGET, Grand Patriarch.
 JOHN M. PRICE, Grand High Priest.
 CHAS. HIDDEN, Grand Senior Warden.
 D. B. McDONALD, Grand Junior Warden.
 SAM. F. BURDETT, Grand Scribe.
 JAMES S. CROW, Grand Treasurer.
 SAM. F. BURDETT, Grand Representative.

WITNESS.

Pennsylvania Department.

LODGE ELECTIONS.

Since I had the pleasure of a place in the COMPANION, elections have been had in every Lodge in this jurisdiction, and the successful aspirants to offices in the hundreds of Subordinate Lodges installed in the respective positions for which they have been chosen, and though the competitors in every Lodge have been numerous, no angry feelings have been engendered, no dissatisfaction has been expressed, but everywhere harmony and peace have prevailed. What a contrast is this to the late political campaign through which our people have been passing. In the former case, character was a sacred thing, that none felt a disposition to assail; the choice fell on those, whom the community in which they moved deemed the best fitted for the honors they sought; while in the latter, to be named for any position to which the people, or the party, desired to elevate them, is to open the flood-gates of abuse, and the purest life is blackened with the charge of every offense that has degraded our race. Have we not in this contrast a very powerful argument in favor of Odd Fellowship, as a grand ameliorator of the asperities of life—as a teacher whose instructions are not evanescent, but impressive and abiding,—a guide to men in life's journey and a law to the conscience? While its good effects can neither be mistaken nor concealed, we have only to use wisely the influence we possess, and which is daily increasing, to produce an incalculable amount of good in the land where Providence has cast our lot; and individually we should never forget that a charge has been committed to us—talents have been committed to our care, which we must not bury out of sight, but which we are required to increase by every opportunity; failing in this, we are unfaithful stewards.

SEMI-ANNUAL RETURNS.

The semi-annual returns from the Lodges throughout Pennsylvania show large increase in number, in wealth, and in every indication of high prosperity, and while we can congratulate ourselves at this, it is cheering to know that we are not alone in this flood-tide of success, but that other jurisdictions have equal cause of rejoicing in their prosperity. When the year of jubilee arrives, we shall be able to confirm the most doubting, that Odd Fellowship is so thoroughly established in the land—so deeply rooted in the affections of its members—has so won upon the sympathies of the people, by the earnestness of its work,—by the unostentatiousness of its working,—by the tens of thousands who have felt its benefits and enjoyed its blessings, that before another fifty years have been added to its existence—when those who introduced it and established it, and those who now maintain it, have all passed away, the Order will be so grand in its proportions, and so magnificent in its deeds, that the most hopeful of to-day can make no estimate of the one, or portray the other.

ANNIVERSARY OF MINERVA LODGE, NO. 224.

On Friday evening, October 16th, Minerva Lodge, No. 224, celebrated its 21st anniversary in the Grand Lodge room, where it holds its weekly meetings. Minerva Lodge is one of the several in our city which have studied to make Odd Fellowship popular with the masses—having the material and the means, the members have allowed no opportunity to slip, to enlist the good will and the co-operation of the members' families and their friends in the cause, and to make them familiar with the kindly feelings of those, heretofore strangers, brought together by the Order; and there, as in many other Lodges, friendships have been formed, to be dissolved only when death, the great leveler, steps between the nearest and dearest, taking one and leaving the other.

On the occasion alluded to, the Degree of Rebekah was conferred on quite a number of ladies; and to those who know them, it is unnecessary to say that the two veterans of the Lodge, Past Grands Butler and Shalloross, who officiated, did their work well. It was throughout an imposing ceremony excellently performed. This through, the great feature of the evening began, the programme being nearly as follows:

First, Overture, by the Apollo Amateur Orchestra; Odd Fellows' Ode, by the company; Tableau, the Army and Navy; Song, The Shamrock; Recitation, Spartacus's Address to the Gladiators; Duet, The Gipsy Countess; Song, When you and I were young, Maggie; Recitation, Sheridan's Ride; Song, Capt. Jenks; Refreshments; Music, by the Orchestra.

Buckstone's Farce, the Rough Diamond, was excellently performed, giving great satisfaction to the entire large company, and delighted the youngsters.

Then came another round of refreshments, and part third of the programme began by a recitation, "On Board the Cumberland;" Song, Ship on Fire; Tableau, The Duel; Song, Fashion on the Brain; Recitation, Drake's Address to the American Flag; Duet, What are the Wild Waves saying; Odd Fellows' Closing Ode; after which the company separated, delighted with the entire proceedings of the evening.

You may think that I have been prolix in my description; but when we reflect, that this really intellectual entertainment was gotten up and performed by the members of the Lodge, you will agree with me, I hope, in considering it worthy of a place in the COMPANION as an encouragement to other Lodges to do likewise. While I am no advocate of parading the Order *as such* before the world, we cannot too much exhibit the material of which it is composed.

VISIT OF INDEPENDENCE LODGE, OF BALTIMORE, TO PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, NO. 15, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philanthropic Lodge, No. 15, one of the strongest English Lodges in this jurisdiction, received a visit on Tuesday evening, October 20, from Independence Lodge, of Baltimore, by a deputation of thirty-one, of their members, headed by Grand Secretary Escaville, of Maryland. This visit had its origin from

the kindly manner in which the members of Independence Lodge treated a deputation of Philanthropic Lodge in Baltimore in 1865, while attending the dedication of the Wildey Monument in that city. From this time the most friendly relations have existed between the two Lodges, and this visit was the result. Philanthropic Lodge having been apprised of the intended visit, was prepared for their reception. Past Grand Sire Nicholson, Grand Master Long, Grand Warden Springer, and Grand Secretary Curtis were present on the occasion, and it is needless to say that the meeting of No. 15 that evening was a pleasant one. About 10 o'clock the Lodge closed, when the members with their visitors proceeded to the spacious rooms of Messrs. Slyer and Jackson, on Third street, below Market, where a splendid collation awaited them, to which ample justice was done, if the disappearance of things generally can be taken as an evidence. After a very pleasant time spent in the *faithful* discharge of the duties of the table, the company separated at an hour I do not care to name; but to the last none forgot that they were Odd Fellows, nor will any who participated forget the visit of Independence Lodge, of Maryland, to Philanthropic Lodge, of Pennsylvania. We of this jurisdiction know something of our Brethren in Baltimore, and we are no prophets, or observing men, if we are mistaken in the kind of welcome Philanthropic Lodge will receive should its members at some future day pay a visit to the Monumental City, and Independence Lodge.

SPECIAL SESSION OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

On the 11th of October a special session of the Grand Encampment was called, at which charters for five new Encampments were granted, as follows: Clay Encampment, Mahony City, Schuylkill County; Patriarch Encampment, Middletown, Dauphin County; Fountain Encampment, Summit Hill, Carbon County; Marble Hall Encampment, Marble Hall, Montgomery County; Moshannon Encampment, Philipsburg, Centre County.

For a long time the Encampment Branch of the Order could not truthfully be said to be flourishing; but for some time past, a very marked change has taken place in that department. Some Encampments, it is true, moved onward with little exertion and without difficulty; but generally, many were less fortunate, and not a few surrendered in despair. Many of these latter have recently been revived, and, like those who would "not give up the ship," are blessed with prosperity, and abundant evidence of permanent success, while within the last eighteen months comparatively a large number have been added to the roll. We have not in all things been judicious in our management of the details of this branch of the Order in the Subordinates. Not unfrequently have they been so managed, that the best class of membership have been disappointed on their introduction to them. Thinking men have seen a strange and unexpected discrepancy between the ritual and the practice, which did not necessarily ex-

ist, but which unthinking men had introduced and practiced. This, at least within our bounds, until recently had not been either rebuked or checked; but since it has been, prosperity has been smiling on us, and we have prospered accordingly. This thoughtlessness, to which I have alluded, and which Patriarchs cannot misunderstand, has lately been frowned on to our advantage, and wherever it has not yet been driven out, it should be sent to "Coventry" without delay; and wherever any thoughtless one shows a disposition to bring it back, it should be met at the door with unmeasured stern opposition. All Odd Fellowship is designed for good, and is good, when it practices as well as professes Friendship, Love and Truth.

PHILADELPHIA, October, 1868.

NEW LODGE IN NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY.—D. D. G. M. S. B. Boyer on the 9th of October instituted Warrior Run Lodge, No. 645, at Turbotville, assisted by Bros. D. T. Krebs, Wm. Berger, H. K. Witman, and Thos. Carl, of No. 619, and Bro. A. T. Beisel, of No. 84. Three applicants were elected and one initiated on the evening of institution. Bro. Boyer says that the charter members are all good and energetic Brothers, and thinks abundant prosperity will attend the new Lodge.

Northumberland County now has fifteen Lodges with 911 members in its borders.

JONATHAN AND DAVID.

Genuine friendship, like that which existed between Jonathan and David, is such friendship as our noble Order endeavors to inculcate and establish in the hearts of all its members. In the Degrees, illustrations and examples of firm and undeviating friendship, such as Jonathan manifested toward David, are quoted from the sacred scriptures, for our admiration and imitation. Every Odd Fellow is, or ought to be, thoroughly acquainted with the biblical story of the love of these two noted characters, as recorded in I. Samuel, 18th, 19th and 20th Chapters. It is there recorded that Jonathan, the son of King Saul, and heir apparent to the throne, loved David, his shepherd friend, "better than his own soul." They also naturally entered into a solemn covenant of friendship, to succor and defend each other from all threatened danger or peril, from whatever source it might emanate. Both parties bound themselves in a solemn covenant, by an oath twice taken, to be true to each other so long as they might live. This oath was kept inviolate by Jonathan, notwithstanding his own father sought to take the life of his shepherd friend, David, the Jew.

Perhaps the records of all ancient history might be searched in vain for a case so full of tenderness and devoted love as that of Jonathan and David. At the risk of losing his fortune, his heirship to the throne, and even life itself, Jonathan interposed to save his friend from the malignant hatred of an angry and jealous father, because he knew that friend to be innocent.

Such is *true* friendship, and such *true* Odd Fellows bear to each other. If all men were actuated by such friendship, much of the misery, want and destitution, which now afflicts the human family, would be banished from earth forever. Genuine friendship will stand the test of the severest scrutiny. It will not give way to calumny, opposition, persecution or misguided public opinion; but, on the contrary, will shine brighter and brighter, as the clouds gather around the object of its attachment.

How the Order has succeeded in its glorious mission of fraternizing the world, is known to everybody. How well it has succeeded, however, in relieving the distressed of its own household, thousands and ten of thousands of its beneficiaries bear willing testimony. Our beloved Order seeks to draw all men into a closer bond of union, for purposes of mutual relief in time of distress, danger, or peril. That it has accomplished much in this direction, is admitted by all.

The precise nature of the Covenant which all true Odd Fellows take and endeavor to practice in their daily intercourse with each other, cannot, of course, be communicated. Suffice it to say, that it does not in the least detract from the honor of our manhood, nor does it controvert any duty we owe ourselves, our neighbor, our country, or our God, who is the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. J. C. WELCH.

DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

The wives of all Searlat Degree member in good standing, are entitled to the beautiful and useful Degree, denominated Daughters of Rebekah.

The G.L.U.S. at its last session granted to State Grand Bodies the power of organizing Degree Lodges for the conference of this Degree, under certain restrictions, hereinafter specified. All Degree Lodges to consist of at least ten members, five of each sex. Any member of the Lodge shall be eligible to any office therein, except that of N.G., which shall be filled by a P.G. in good standing in his Lodge, and except W., O.G. and I.G., who shall be Scarlet Degree members. Length of term of service in office to be decided by the State Grand Lodge. Each Degree Lodge to fix and establish the dues to be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or annually, as its by-laws may prescribe. Said by-laws to be ratified by the State Grand Lodge before they can be enforced. The widow of an Odd Fellow who had not attained the Scarlet Degree, but who was in good standing at the time of his death, may receive the Degree of Rebekah with the consent of the Lodge to which her husband last belonged. The Daughters of Rebekah hold their membership in the Degree Lodge by virtue of the good standing, moral and pecuniary, of their husbands, as well as by their own prompt payment of dues. It is the interest of the wife to see that her husband continues to stand "clear on the books." It is also the interest of the children, if there be any, that their father is not indebted to his Lodge. No pecuniary benefits will accrue, as such, to the Odd Fellow or his family, should he neglect

the important duty of keeping himself right in this regard. Every married Odd Fellow, all should be married, owes it to himself and his wife, to advance to the Scarlet Degree, so that she may share with him the mutual advantages of the beautiful Degree of Rebekah. No true Odd Fellow will be content with less than the Scarlet Degree. Those who are Odd Fellows at heart will steadily advance in the Order till they reach the Fifth Degree. Nothing less will satisfy them. With the advantages and improvements which the recent legislation of the G.L.U.S. has given to this beautiful Degree, I doubt not, it will become more than ever dear to every Daughter of Rebekah.

Let it receive adequate attention and consideration from all interested, because it opens a new field of labor and usefulness for all who are inclined to work therein. May God prosper every effort to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity.

J. C. WELCH.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA, October 23, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Grand Lodge of Nebraska met in the City of Omaha on the 20th inst. and remained in session three days. A full and respectable representation of Past Grands from different portions of the jurisdiction were in attendance, and transacted considerable important business.

The following are the officers of the Grand Lodge for the ensuing year:

Ex-Gov. ALVIN SAUNDERS, Omaha, Grand Master.
JAMES HACKER, Brownville, Deputy Grand Master.

DR. AUG. RODER, Omaha, Grand Warden.
JOHN EVANS, Omaha, Grand Secretary.
D. C. SUTPHEN, Omaha, Grand Treasurer.
J. HACKER, Brownville, and A. D. JONES, Omaha, Grand Representatives.
F. TEMPLIN, Nebraska City, Grand Orator.

On the second day of the session, in accordance with the invitation and programme of the Committee of Arrangements of the city Lodges, the members of the Grand Lodge and other invited guests formed in procession. After the reception of a large deputation of the Brothers of Council Bluffs Lodge, and after parading several of the principal streets of the city, repaired to the dining hall and partook of the excellent and sumptuous repast which had been so bountifully and handsomely furnished by the Sisters of Rebekah and Omaha Brethren. In the evening the Degree of Rebekah was conferred upon a large number of ladies, in the presence of one of the most densely crowded assemblages ever congregated in the city on similar occasions.

At the large and spacious hall of the Academy of Music, we listened to an ably written and eloquent address from Grand Orator Judge Gant, whose interesting discourse entertained the Order for over an hour.

In the evening, the younger portion of the ladies and gentlemen concluded the day's festivities in the amusements of the dance. WAW-KO.

Missouri Department.

ANNIVERSARY OF EXCELSIOR LODGE, NO. 18.

St. Louis, Sept. 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., being the twenty-second anniversary of Excelsior Lodge, No. 18, it was made the occasion of a good time, generally, and was taken advantage of by the officers and members to present to one of their charter members, P.G.M. Forbes, a magnificent gold headed cane, as a token of their esteem, and as a reward for his passed services. A large number were present, every Lodge in the city being represented. Among the old and tried members we noticed P.G. Sire Isaac M. Veitch, P.G. Masters Sloan, Archer, Thompson, and others.

The Lodge was called to order by, and presided over by James S. Waters, the N.G., who only attended to fill his station, being too much prostrated by sickness to take an active part in the proceedings. The duty of delivering the address and cane devolved on W. H. Brewster, their worthy V.G., and was performed by him with credit to the Lodge of which he is a member, and in a manner honorable to himself. He said:

PAST GRAND MASTER FORBES: It having been brought to the notice of Excelsior Lodge, you are hereby arraigned upon the following charges and specifications, namely:

Charge 1st. Conduct becoming an Odd Fellow. Specification 1st. In this that, on or about the 9th day of September, 1846, you, Brother Isaiah Forbes, did then and in company with John S. Moore, Simon H. Allen, John J. Anderson, John S. Pigott, Jas. Ford, J. A. Brownell, R. L. Anderson, J. B. Walker, J. W. Hanson, Asa Farr, Jr., and Brother Gilbert, propose and did organize a Lodge of Odd Fellows, in this grand jurisdiction, which was successfully instituted, and known as Excelsior Lodge, No. 18, I.O.O.F.

Charge 2d. Giving aid, encouragement, and counsel to young members in this Lodge and the Order. Specification 1st. In this that during twenty-two years existence of said Lodge you have uniformly acted or endeavored to act as well becomes an Odd Fellow, in spirit and in truth.

Your conduct has ever been such that you have been prompt and regular at its meetings, except in case of absence from the city, or when otherwise engaged in the labors of elevating human character in your public duties. You have also encouraged the younger members of said Lodge to generously emulate each other to improve and perfect themselves in the various lessons, charges and duties of Odd Fellowship, thereby giving them countenance, assisting and aiding to make Excelsior Lodge popular, prosperous, and harmonious.

Finding and Sentence. In all the foregoing charges and specifications, the officers and members of this Lodge find you guilty of commendable zeal and devotion to the principles and cause of Odd Fellowship, and they do therefore sentence you to be *magnificently cased* in the presence of the Brothers of the Order here assembled, and it is my pleasing duty in behalf of the officers and members of Excelsior Lodge, No. 18, to carry into effect at this time and place the sentence. I therefore present to you this substantial token of their friendship, love and respect [long and continued approbation] on this 22d anniversary of the institution of the Lodge, which took place on the 9th day of September, 1846.

On the 23d day of the same month and year, you were installed the first Noble Grand, in presence of the Brothers named in specification 1st, of charge 1st. The past reputation of said Lodge with its roll of honored names was the pride of the Order, and entitled it to the name of "*Excelsior*" indeed. Many of the members in its palmy days are but seldom met in our weekly councils in this sacred retreat now, but their names, however, are well known and identified with the enterprise of our city and in the legislation for municipal, state and government affairs.

Many solemn changes have taken place during the existence of this Lodge for nearly a quarter of a century, and in the history of our Order in this city. Many of your early associates have joined the Celestial Lodge above never more to separate, but to dwell in the presence of the Most Noble Grand of the Universe forever: "On flames eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread."

From information I have received from time to time, although nearly three years a member of the Lodge, I learn it was well attended, it was wealthy, prosperous and considered one of the best Lodges in the jurisdiction of Missouri, and we are endeavoring still to maintain its good reputation of the past.

From a hasty and imperfect examination of the records of this Lodge, I find that there have been over two hundred initiations; how many joined by card, died, withdrew, were suspended and rejected, etc., their names and dispersion over life's prairie, it would have taken more time than I had at my disposal to collate from the records.

But, Brother Forbes, the members, especially the young men of this Lodge, have ever looked up to you as to a father, they have attentively listened to your instructions and counsels for the promotion of good will, brotherly love, and for the elevation of human character everywhere, and the peace, harmony and prosperity of our Lodge and the Order of Independent Odd Fellows.

We most sincerely believe you have ever sought this place with a pure heart and with fraternal feelings, "With malice toward none and charity for all."

In conclusion, accept this cane, Brother Forbes, from the officers and members of Excelsior Lodge, as a testimonial of the fraternal esteem in which we hold you, your faithful services, and as a Brother, friend, and Odd Fellow. Receive, sir, this token with their best wishes and congratulations.

Now what have you to say that the sentence shall not be carried out in the presence of the Brethren of our friendly Order to-night.

The cane is ebony, with a very beautiful and massive gold head, chased and engraved with suitable inscriptions.

The presentation was to Brother Forbes a perfect surprise, as not a hint was thrown out by which he could learn what fate awaited him during the evening. He responded to the address in a brief and hesitating, but eloquent manner, which showed plainly that his manly feelings were overpowered with gratitude to the members for their fraternal kindness and esteem. Bro. W. H. H. Russell also added to the entertainment in his usual eloquent style, and spoke of the many prominent men of the age who hold fellowship in the Order, both the candidates for the Vice Presidency being members of it, which speaks volumes that ours is no political organization.

Several others also were called upon and responded, among them P.G. Sire Veitch, who referred to the past history of the Lodge, and congratulated them upon their continued prosperity. It was an

evening pleasant, profitable, and long to be remembered by those who participated.

Fraternally,

G. F. A.

ODD FELLOWS' MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF ST. LOUIS.

We are indebted to Bro. Wm. H. Brewster for a copy of the laws of this association, which was organized on the 21st of August, 1868. Within one month the membership had reached about 150, and was increasing rapidly every day. The fees of this association are \$1.25 on becoming a member, and \$1.25 payable after the death of each member. The relatives of the deceased receive one dollar for each member of the association. The officers for 1868 are: P.G. Sire Isaac M. Veitch, President; P.G. Master Issiah Forbes, Vice President; P.G. Master Charles C. Archer, Secretary; and P.G. Charles Deming, Treasurer.

UNION HALL.

A number of Lodges of Odd Fellows and Masons in North St. Louis determined, sometime since, to jointly erect a building to be used as a meeting place by each. With this view, the "Union Hall Association" was formed, on the joint stock principles, with the following officers: President, Joseph W. Branch; Vice President, George W. Rice; Secretary, John C. Bollman; Treasurer, John H. Marquard, and a Board of ten Directors. A lot, 60 feet front by 100 feet deep, on the south-west corner of Benton street and Broadway, was purchased by the association, and it was at once determined to erect a suitable building. When completed, the following organizations will occupy the hall:

ODD FELLOWS.—Wingenund Lodge, No. 27; Belles fontaine Lodge, No. 73; Schiller Lodge, No. 89; Jefferson Lodge, No. 119; Mound City Encampment, No. 19.

MASONS.—Bellefontaine Chapter, No. 25; Beacon Lodge, No. 3; Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 40; Aurora Lodge, U. D.

On the 22d of October the corner-stone of the contemplated hall was laid in the presence of a large number of members of both Orders, Rev. J. D. Vincil, Grand Master of Masons officiating, and using the form prescribed by the ritual of that ancient Order. In the procession which preceded the ceremonies, every Subordinate Body of both societies in St. Louis was represented.

It was expected that P.G. Sire Isaac M. Veitch would deliver the oration, but indisposition prevented. In his absence, Bro. J. D. Vincil made brief and appropriate remarks.

OREGON.—Printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, received by the kindness of Grand Sec'y Terry.

In this new State the Order prospers wonderfully. The jurisdiction already has 25 Lodges; 1,041 members; initiated during the year, 269. Total receipts of Lodges during year ending Dec. 31, '67, \$24,815.33.

Indiana Department.

REV. T. G. BEHARRL, P. G. H. P., } EDITORS.
P. G. JOHN W. M'QUIDDY,

EARLY RECORDS IN INDIANA—NO. FOUR.

In addition to the historical incidents connected with the cradle of Odd Fellowship in Indiana, old New Albany Lodge, No. 1, it would be well enough to state that two other Grand Masters came from the body of that Lodge, viz: P.G.M. Wm. Ford, afterwards a prominent member of Monroe Lodge, No. 2, who was the third Grand Master of the State, and Noah H. Cobb, at present a respected citizen of this place, although not in affiliation with the Order. He was the seventh Grand Master. Since that time there have been reared in her halls some of the brightest gems of Odd Fellowship that have adorned the Order in Indiana. Among these might be mentioned P.G.M. Dennis Gregg, who died in October, 1865, at Indianapolis, respected and beloved by the Brotherhood of the entire jurisdiction. It was our good fortune to work side by side with Brother Gregg, and a more energetic, zealous, and kind-hearted Odd Fellow was not to be found in any of our Lodges. He was buried here, Grand Secretary Barry delivering a touching eulogy on the occasion of his funeral, which brought tears to the eyes of his audience; and the speaker himself was often compelled to wipe the tears from his eyes, and await the subsidence of the feeling that filled his bosom. So great was the regard of the Brethren for Bro. Gregg, that they have erected a monument over his grave, which may be seen by all who visit our cemetery. Bro. G. was probably the youngest member of our Order who ever occupied the Grand Master's chair, yet his quiet dignity and thorough appreciation of Odd Fellowship made him a most effective officer.

The third Lodge organized in Indiana was Jefferson Lodge, No. 3, at Jeffersonville, whose charter bears date September 4th, 1837, and is signed by Richard D. Evans, G.M., and Nicholas Kerns, Grand Secretary. The following Brothers were the applicants for the charter, to whom it was issued: C. H. Paddox, Thos. Humphres, John Applegate, Benj. Riggle and Nicholas Kerns. That this Lodge has been most active in its work of disseminating the teachings of the Order, may be inferred from the fact that it has never failed in making its proper report to the Grand Lodge, and has almost invariably had its representative upon the floor of that body. From this Lodge the Order has had some truly active and distinguished members, who have had conferred upon them the highest honors. The eighth Grand Master, Wm. Cross, was one of the brightest lights in Odd Fellowship in Southern Indiana, and came from No. 3. Since that time there have been several Grand Masters who were members of that Lodge. Among these we might mention Bro. Wm. H. Dixon, who died April, 1865, and is buried at Jeffersonville. The Brethren of that city have contracted for a monument to be placed over his remains, as a token of their estima-

tion of the man, and regard for him as a practical Odd Fellow. The present incumbent, Bro. Jno. T. Sanders, is also a member of that Lodge.

Shortly after the institution of No. 3, a charter was granted for the institution of a Lodge at Rising Sun, under the title of Friendship Lodge, No. 4. This Lodge was most successful in all its operations, and challenged the admiration of those who witnessed its success, winning for its votaries many of the most substantial citizens of that pleasant city. Its career of usefulness has been one of unvaried success. Here, as in the other Lodges named, were found such men as were required to fill the most important office in our infantile State. Bro. John Neal, chosen Grand Master in 1841, was from this Lodge, and filled the station with credit to himself and for the good of the Order. There are two Lodges in the State which are styled Friendship, one being No. 4 and the other No. 22.

The next among the roll of Lodges was Washington, No. 5, located at New Albany. This Lodge, owing to some peculiar circumstances, worked but a short time, and surrendered its charter. There has been some talk of reviving it, as enough of the old members are still living among us, to retain both the name and number. This Lodge was followed by Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, in rapid succession, meeting with varied success in their different localities, but breaking down the prejudices that existed against secret organizations.

About this time local causes rendered it necessary that the charter of No. 1 should be surrendered. The difficulties were caused by the disposition, too frequently manifested by many Lodges, to acquire a membership without the proper inquiries into the fitness of those who sought affiliation, to assimilate to the teachings of the Order. Men had gained admission, whose private character was unexceptionable, but who made the Lodge-room a forum from which they culminated their ideas upon all questions, frequently embroiling the members in personal difficulties; and gradually an unpleasant feeling crept into the Lodge, and it was determined by those who had the well-being of the Order at heart, to at once surrender the charter. A proposition was accordingly brought before the Lodge at a regular meeting, and by an almost unanimous vote the charter was surrendered on the 6th of April, 1841, to the Grand Master. Steps were immediately taken by the faithful Odd Fellows to organize a new Lodge, excluding those who had been the cause of the trouble. A charter was applied for and in the same month a Lodge was instituted under the title of New Albany Lodge, No. 10. During the first few years of its existence this Lodge met with many difficulties, chief among which was the opposition from those who had been instrumental in making it necessary to abandon the old organization. But a new light soon dawned upon the Brotherhood here, and the portals of the Lodge-room were crowded with those seeking admittance to our mystic circle.

In 1850 it was found necessary for the proper

working of the Order that another Lodge should be organized, and upon the application of the requisite number of qualified members, Hope Lodge, No. 83, was instituted July 18, 1850. Again, a little over a year later, so rapid had been the increase of the two Lodges, that it was determined to organize another Lodge. Members of old No. 1, who were then members of Nos. 10 and 83, drew cards and asked the Grand Lodge to restore them the original charter of No. 1. The old charter being lost or misplaced, a new one was issued, and the Lodge was re-instituted by G.M. Dufour on the 13th of August, 1851, under which charter she is still working.

Of the success of Odd Fellowship, under the guidance and well directed efforts of the members of these Lodges it is almost unnecessary for me to speak. Their official reports to the Grand Lodge are the best evidence of what they have accomplished. They represent as large a number of members as any three Lodges in the State, and have been the means of accomplishing more substantial benefit to their fellow-men, than any community of men with whom I have been acquainted. They are unceasing in their works of mercy and Brotherly kindness, and are gradually infusing their spirit among those by whom they are surrounded. And this feeling is manifested throughout the jurisdiction, and I might say, with equal force, all over the country, and wherever the banner of Friendship is planted.

I omitted to say that a German Lodge, Humboldt, No. 234, was instituted at this place on the 24th of August, 1864, and is now in active service, prospering and growing in good works.

In this series of articles we have endeavored to give to the Order, particularly in this State, a brief history of the early workings of the Order, as well as short biographies of some of the prominent members, and promoters of the institution in its early days, and of some of a more recent date. Our task is about finished, and we shall conclude in the next number with a review, giving a statistical account of the Order as it now exists in our State, with particular reference to the condition of the Lodges in this locality.

J. W. McQ.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN INDIANA.

Here we are at the beginning of a new term. The officers in our Lodges and Encampments have been elected, and most of them installed into their offices. The Deputies have mostly made out their reports and have sent them to the Grand Officers, and they, I presume, under the inspiration occasioned by the same, are preparing their Annuals for the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment. The addresses and reports will show a degree of prosperity equal to that of any former term in the history of Odd Fellowship in this jurisdiction, if not indeed beyond any other.

We feel that Indiana may well be proud of her position among the Grand Lodges of the Order. It is true of her, that her Lodges and Encampments are multiplying, the membership increasing, the

treasuries enlarging. The appropriations for the relief of the needy are extending, and the influence of the Order upon the outside world is growing. We are proud to know that there are Lodges and Encampments to the number of 356, with a membership of nearly 15,000.

The Grand Secretary of the G.L.U.S. has honored us in his report by a worthy mention of our well-earned fame, and he has especially honored us, by speaking in the highest terms of our Grand Secretary, E. H. Barry, who has done more for the Order in the State than any other worker. While we have a host of earnest, faithful and efficient workers in the cause, there are none who have had the opportunities to do as much as he has done. It is quite significant that Grand Secretary Ridgely in his report, has permitted our efficient Grand Secretary himself to make the report from Indiana, and that report sparkles with gems of truth and inspiring sentiment, as does every report he prepares.

We start out, then, in this jurisdiction for another year's labor, hoping not only to retain our former prestige, but to gather many fresh laurels in the cause of God and humanity. T. G. B.

ITEMS.

DOVE LODGE, situated at Fairland, has just had a public installation of officers and an address by our Grand Secretary. Six months ago it was the pleasure of your correspondent to answer to an invitation of that Lodge to deliver an address on Odd Fellowship at a public installation of officers. The attendance and interest on that occasion was all that could be desired, and immediately following it were applications for membership, which have continued all through the term, until they footed up an increase beyond any other young Lodge in this part of the State, as their report just made shows. It was this prosperity that has attended them, as many of them thought as a result, mainly, of this public installation and address, that led them to secure the services of the Grand Scribe. The address was a noble one, well delivered, and cannot fail to be of great advantage to the Order there.

SHELBY LODGE and Moss Encampment, of this place, Shelbyville, are newly officered, and probably never were better supplied than this term with faithful Brethren, who will watch over the interests, and in their own lives develop the principles of our great fraternity. T. G. B.

IMPOSTOR.—Of all the impostors that have come under my notice, and they are not few, I recently encountered one who surpassed any, in impudence and bravado, I have yet seen. He accosted me on the street, asking if I could inform him where he could find an Odd Fellow. I told him I was one. Whereupon he asked my name, which I gave him, when he very complacently told me that his name was the same as mine, and being peculiar we must be relatives, and then he came to the point most important to him, he wanted money. I "couldn't see it," and gave him an invitation, to visit the General Relief Com-

mittee, which stirred up his evil passions and he said many hard things, all of which confirmed my first impression, that he was an impostor. He is a man about 5 feet 10 inches high, spare made, black eyes and hair, and is possessed with an inexhaustible stock of impudence. He is very bright in the work and calculated to impose upon those whom he may meet. I cannot give his name, as he assumes the name of the person he applies to. J. W. McQ.

SILAM LODGE, No. 312, at Bainbridge, Putnam County, have purchased a hall, and will shortly dedicate and occupy the same. This Lodge has been instituted since the session of the Grand Lodge in last May.

DUBLIN.—Olive Branch Lodge, No. 89, is building a new hall, which is nearly completed.

BROOKLYN LODGE, No. 303, at Brooklyn, Morgan County, was instituted on the 31st of December last. It now numbers about fifty members, and is building a two-story frame building, the upper story of which is to be used for Lodge purposes. The hall will be 25 by 50 feet, and 12 feet high. So says the *Talisman*.

VERMONT.

RUPERT, September 3, 1868.

The annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Vermont was held at Brattleboro, August 26th, and the following named Grand Officers were elected for the ensuing year:

GEO. H. CLARK, Brattleboro, Grand Master.
H. R. HOSFORD, Pawlet, Deputy Grand Master.
A. B. CHURCH, Burlington, Grand Warden.
J. McFARLAND, Rupert, Grand Secretary.
J. M. ISHAM, Burlington, Grand Treasurer.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Burlington, on the fourth Wednesday of August, 1869.

I am happy to inform you that the prospects for our beloved Order have not been so good in this jurisdiction for a number of years as they are at present. S. E. SPOON, P. G. M.

ONTARIO.

We are indebted to Grand Secretary J. B. King, of Ontario, for a copy of the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction, at its session in August.

The Order in Ontario is highly prosperous. Three new Lodges were added during the year. Net increase of membership is 368, making the total membership 1418. Paid for relief during the year \$2,145.24.

The following officers were elected: J. Barr, Grand Master; Thos. Partridge, Deputy Grand Master; A. Kirkpatrick, Grand Warden; J. B. King, Grand Sec and Treas.; J. Woodyatt, and H. McAffee, Grand Representatives.

The Grand Master especially congratulates the Order that a Lodge has at last been established in the city of Toronto, where "Odd Fellowship had slumbered for a score of years." The Grand Master recommended to invite the members of the Manchester Unity in Ontario, to affiliate with the I.O.O. F.; but the Grand Lodge declined to take further action in the matter.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

CHARTERS RETURNED.—On the 10th of September the Grand Officers returned to Bro. I. M. Preston and four others, the charter and effects of Osceola Lodge, No. 18, located at Marion, Linn County. This Lodge surrendered its charter in 1857, but I am assured that the prospects are good to build up a strong Lodge at Marion; such I hope will be the case.

On the 17th of September, returned to Bro. S. G. Stein and 18 others the charter and effects of Muscatine Lodge, No. 5, and I believe that they will be able to sustain the Lodge. In former years this was one of the largest and best Lodges in the State, and with a little energy can be again,—they have a great many old officers of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment as members of that Lodge, and nearly all the petitioners are Past Grands. I hope they may succeed. D.D.G.M. McDaniel was to re-organize No. 18, and D.D.G.M. Haley, of No. 26, was to re-organize No. 5.

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—On the 26th of September granted dispensation for Decatur Encampment, No. 38, located at Decatur City, Decatur County. There were seven petitioners by card. D.D.G.P. Hartman of Indianola, will institute the Camp.

REQUEST TO RETAIN CARD.—When National Lodge, No. 165, was instituted, it admitted one R. W. Atkinson to membership as an Ancient Odd Fellow, and at the next meeting of the Lodge he drew a visiting card for six months. He married at Charles City, and the Lodge ascertained that he had another wife living in Wisconsin, so they expelled him for "adultery" and "bigamy." He was arrested and put into jail, but escaped, and is now at large. When last heard from, he was at St. Joseph, Mo., under the assumed name of Charles Du Pree; Lodges will please retain his card, if he should visit them.

NEW HALL.—Black Hawk Lodge, No. 72, at Waterloo, will soon move into their new hall, 20x80 feet in size, and Bro. Wells writes that they will furnish their hall in good style. Their Lodge is doing well.

CELEBRATION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.—The Lodges at Omaha, Nebraska, are going to have a celebration on the 21st. The Grand Lodge of Nebraska will be in session at the time, and Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 49, will participate in the celebration.

GRAND LODGE MEETING.—Our Grand Lodge meets on Wednesday, the 21st, at 9 o'clock A. M., and the Grand Encampment at 7 o'clock P. M., of the same day.

I am expecting petitions for a Lodge to be located at Monroe, Jasper County; also for Camps to be located at Sigourney, Keokuk County; Osceola, Clarke County; and Tipton, Cedar County.

DEATH OF A BRAVE OFFICER.—On yesterday we buried one of our Brothers, a member of Washington

Lodge, No. 1—Brother General Chas. L. Mathies. Bro. M. was a Prussian, 44 years of age. Came to this country in 1849, and settled in our city soon after. He was captain of a military company here, and when the Rebellion broke out in 1861, he tendered his company to the Governor, it was accepted, and he commanded Co. "D," 1st Iowa Infantry. Soon after, he was appointed Lt. Colonel of the 5th Iowa,—and rose during the war to a Brigadier General. He distinguished himself during the war, and particularly at Iuka. He was a good officer, and a brave man,—peace to his ashes.

STOUC CITY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1868.—Last evening D.D.G.M. B. Newman, of Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 49, accompanied by delegations from his own Lodge and Omaha, No. 2—about thirty strong—arrived at this place for the purpose of instituting No. 164. Arrangements were made with the railroad companies to transport the excursionists at half fare, and a sumptuous repast and commodious apartments were awaiting their orders at the Clifton House, under the auspices of Brother Jacob M. Ebert, (Deputy Grand Master of Ohio).

At 7 P. M. the Brethren repaired to the Lodge-room and listened to an animated address from the worthy D.D.G.M., after which the Lodge was duly instituted, and the following officers installed: T. J. Kinkaid, N.G.; P. P. Royce, V.G.; F. McKercher, Sec.; and Chas. Brain, Treas. Bro. John W. Lewis was admitted as "Ancient," and twelve candidates initiated. All this being carried out to the letter, (and by the way the manner in which it was done by the visiting Brethren was praiseworthy indeed) you must be fully aware that we found the small hours of the night fast creeping upon us.

After concluding the "business of the evening," one of our charter members and nine of the initiates received the five Degrees, and another of the charter members received the 4th and 5th Degrees. This being done, the hour was found to be 2½ A. M., when the Lodge closed.

Bro. Newman arose early, met the officers of No. 164, at the Lodge room, and gave them all necessary instructions regarding the "unwritten work," etc. The whole delegation seemed zealous, and willing and anxious to do all in their power to further the cause, and the interests of our infant Lodge. We can not speak too highly of them, as men and Brothers, and the manner in which they set the wheel rolling in this part of the State.

Our Lodge has been instituted under more favorable prospects, I apprehend, than is usual for new Lodges, and we are sanguine of success, and while we can not boast of fine regalia, hall, etc., we are comfortable, and can go to work with "pure hearts and clean hands," knowing that if not out of debt, we have the "lucre" in the Treasury to liquidate all outstanding accounts, and to spare.

F. MCKERCHER.

MUSCATINE, OCT. 17, 1868.—Muscatine Lodge, No. 5, was last evening reorganized, Brother John Waley,

D.D.G.M., of Davenport, officiating. We have 37 members in our Lodge, of which one member was admitted by card. Seventeen of our members are Past Grands.

The following officers were elected and installed for the remaining part of the term: S. G. Stein, N.G.; W. H. Stewart, V.G.; Richard Cadle, Sec.; Jos. Bridgman, Treasurer.

We had a liberal number of Brothers present at our reorganization, and a very friendly feeling was manifested. We have every reason to believe that it will be a success. S. G. STEIN.

MONTICELLO, JONES CO.—We have a new Lodge here, with a fair prospect before us, although we have had some bad luck since we started. You will remember that at the commencement of the war this Lodge gave up its charter to the Grand Lodge, and in July last the charter was returned. The Lodge started anew, had rented a place and commenced work in a very comfortable hall owned by the Good Templars. We had only met once in the hall referred to, when a fire took place which consumed all our furniture and regalia, with four stores adjoining. But now we will be able to meet next week in our new hall. We number about 24 members, all solid men, of age and influence, and I think are long we will have a splendid Lodge. G. W. COUDON.

MINNESOTA.

We are under obligations to Grand Secretary Sherwood Hough, of Minnesota, for a printed copy of the proceedings of his Grand Lodge at its annual session, June 3d and 4th, and at a special session held August 19th and 20th.

The 16th annual session of the Grand Lodge was held at Minneapolis; all the Grand Officers and Representatives from ten Lodges were in attendance.

Grand Master P. B. Clark says in his report that he has instituted the following five Lodges: Waseca, No. 17, at Willon; Germania, No. 18, at St. Paul; Tentonia, No. 19, at Wabasha; Austin Lodge, No. 20, at Austin; and Robert Blum Lodge, No. 21, at Minneapolis. On the 30th of June, 1867, the Order in Minnesota numbered nine Lodges with 521 members, and one year later, fourteen Lodges with about 800 members. The other portions of the very able report refer to matters of merely local interest.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were authorized to issue cards to former members of defunct Lodges.

The Grand Secretary was instructed to procure regalia and jewels for the officers of the Grand Lodge.

The following resolutions concerning the semi-centennial anniversary were adopted:

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge earnestly enjoins on each and every Lodge in this jurisdiction, to celebrate said semi-centennial anniversary in a becoming manner, in either public or private, as they shall, in view of their numbers and condition, prefer. Said celebration to consist of a social re-union of the members and their families; an oration suitable to

the occasion; odes and songs of the Order, and such other exercises as may be deemed advisable.

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Grand Master, with instructions to prepare, in due time, and send to each of the Lodges, a uniform programme or order of exercises, with the odes suitable for such a celebration; and any information or directions necessary for the proper observance of such a jubilee by each Lodge—so as to have some uniformity of proceedings throughout the jurisdiction."

The interesting report of Grand Secretary Hough gives the following statistics for the year ending December 30, 1867:

Total initiations.....	200
Admitted on card.....	75
Re-instated	29
Died	3
Withdrawn	50
Rejected	26
Suspended	26
Expelled	2
Number of members in good standing.....	638
Number of members reported last year.....	428
Gain of members.....	210
Receipts	\$6,459.12
Number of Brothers relieved.....	32
" widowed families relieved..	1
" Brothers buried.....	2
Paid for relief of Brothers.....	386.66
" " widows and orphans.	12.00
" burying the dead.....	30.25
Expended in charity.....	60.00
Relief granted.....	489.51
Capitation tax.....	427.82
Number of Lodges.....	15

An invitation was received from North Star Lodge, No. 6, and Robert Blum Lodge, No. 21, inviting the members of the Grand Lodge to drive to the points of interest in the city and vicinity, but the invitation was declined, by a unanimous vote, on account of press of business.

The capitation tax for the ensuing year was fixed at sixty-five cents per member.

The following officers were elected and appointed:

C. C. COMER, Wilton, Grand Master.
E. K. SMITH, Owatonna, Deputy Grand Master.
JOSEPH BERGFELD, St. Paul, Grand Warden.
SHERWOOD HOUGH, St. Paul, Grand Secretary and Treasurer.
C. D. STRONG, St. Paul, Grand Representative.
H. C. WHEELER, Preston, Grand Guardian.
BENJ. RODGERS, St. Peter, Grand Marshall.
W. A. ALLEN, Plainview, Grand Conductor.
D. A. BANNISTER, Winona, Grand Messenger.
ALEX. WILSON, St. Paul, Grand Chaplain.

The special session was called for the purpose of revising the laws of the Order; this was done, but the new laws are not published in the proceedings.

O B I T U A R Y.

DIED—On Tuesday evening, October 13, 1868, P. G. THOS TURNER, of Marysville Lodge, No. 87, and the present Senior Warden of Marysville Encampment, No. 114, both of Marysville, Ohio.

DIED—Bro. DORA FREEMAN, Noble Grand of Foster Lodge, No. 95, Leslie, Mich., Aug. 12th, 1868.

DIED—At Newport, Ky., P. G. Jno. H. Gayle, of Washington Lodge, No. 2, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Continued.							
No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
253	Upland.....	Chester.....	Sat	342	Humane.....	York.....	Sat
254	F't Necess'ty	Uniontown....	Fri	343	Shackam'x'n	Philadelphia	Fri
255	Venango.....	Franklin.....	Tue	344	Improv'me't	Philadelphia	Sat
256	Commercial..	Philadelphia	Wed	345	Providence..	Kulpeville...	Wed
258	Templar.....	"	Th	346	Palladium....	Indiana.....	M
259	Perry.....	Liverpool....	Sat	347	Sharon.....	Sharon.....	Sat
260	Eureka.....	Green Briar..	Sat	348	Reading.....	Reading.....	Th
262	Atlantic.....	Philadelphia	Th	350	Moss Rose....	Mt. Pleasant.	Th
263	Leiperville..	Chester.....	Sat	351	Marble Hall..	Barren Hill..	M
264	Mountain....	Orangeville..	Sat	353	Cadwallader..	Philadelphia	Tue
265	Siloam.....	Newtown.....	Sat	354	Neptune.....	"	Th
268	Adelphic....	Roseville....	Sat	355	West End....	"	M
269	Cataqua....	Cataqua.....	Sat	356	Amphyction..	Hamilton.....	Sat
270	Mystic.....	Philadelpburg	Sat	357	Sincerity.....	Thompson'tn	Sat
271	Palestine....	Philadelphia	Tue	358	Myerstown...	Myerstown...	Sat
272	Liberty.....	"	Tue	359	Banner.....	New London..	Sat
273	Wm. Penn...	Haverford....	Sat	360	Mt. Moriah..	Pittsburg....	Fri
274	Covington...	Covington....	Sat	361	Strasburg....	Strasburg....	Tue
275	Rose Tree...	Media P. O.	Sat	362	St. Clair.....	Temper'ville.	Sat
277	Mount Joy...	Mount Joy...	Tue	363	Pughtown....	Pughtown....	Sat
278	Conequesing	Butler.....	M	364	Yohogany....	McKeesport..	Wed
279	Calumet.....	Danville.....	Tue	365	Tonnaleuka..	Uniontown...	Tue
281	Liley of the Valley	Pottsville....	M	366	Beaver.....	Bridgewater..	Tue
282	Ajalon.....	Philadelphia	Th	368	Cove.....	Woodbury....	Sat
283	Merchants'..	"	Fri	369	Tionesta....	Tionesta....	Sat
285	Mineral.....	St. Clair.....	Wed	370	Octoraro....	Penning'ville	Sat
288	Motegan.....	Lebanon.....	Sat	371	Oneida.....	Dallas.....	Sat
289	Angerona...	Pittsburg....	Wed	374	Kosciusko....	Rawlinsville	Sat
290	Paoli.....	Tradeprin PO	M	375	Mt. Olive....	Philadelphia	Wed
291	Lackawanna	Seranton....	Sat	376	Albion.....	Albion.....	Sat
292	Vulcan.....	Wilkesbarre..	Sat	377	Nucleus.....	Monong. City	Th
293	Alhambra...	Greenville...	Sat	378	Banyan Tree	Cabinet.....	Wed
294	Ashland.....	Philadelphia	Tue	379	Freeport....	Freeport....	Sat
296	Apollo.....	"	Sat	380	Mackinaw...	N. Bloomfield	M
299	Philallelia..	Erie.....	M	382	Donaldson...	Donaldson...	Wed
300	Unity.....	New Hope....	M	383	Cohocksink...	Philadelphia	Sat
301	Greenwood...	Millerstown..	Sat	384	Chatham.....	Chatham.....	Sat
306	Walker.....	Germanstown	M	385	Zocco.....	Pittsburg....	Fri
307	Triune.....	Middletown..	Sat	386	Gen. Worth..	Connellsville	Sat
308	Conyngham..	Conyngham...	Sat	388	Brandywine..	Downingt'n..	Sat
309	Kingsessing	Kingsessing	Th	390	Coopersb'rg.	Coopersburg.	Sat
310	Good Will...	New Media...	M	391	Black's Eddy	Pt. Pleasant.	Sat
312	Allemania...	Philadelphia	Fri	392	Archbald....	Archbald....	Sat
314	Gabonte.....	Pittston.....	Sat	394	Patterson...	Sadsburyville	Sat
315	Orph's H'me	Williamsb'rg	Sat	396	Frankford...	Frankford...	M
316	Pocahontas..	West Chester	Th	397	Economy.....	Evansburg...	Sat
317	Chihuahua...	Wrightsville	Fri	398	Blockhouse..	Liberty.....	Sat
318	Ringgold....	Tamqua.....	M	402	Eastern Star	Unionville...	Sat
319	Penn T'p....	Philadelphia	Th	403	Manchester..	W Manches'r	M
320	Great Island	Lock Haven..	Th	404	Soc'l Friends	Honeybrook..	Sat
321	Canton.....	Canton.....	Th	405	Amer'n Star.	Philadelphia	Wed
323	Mercer.....	Mercer.....	M	408	Coalco....	Reamstown...	Sat
324	Fairview....	Oxford.....	Sat	409	Day Spring..	Pittsburg....	Tue
325	Purity.....	Philadelphia	Sat	413	Earl.....	New Holland	Sat
327	Hanover.....	Hanover.....	Th	414	R. Blum, Ger	Allegh'y City	Tue
329	Sp'ng House	Spring House	Sat	415	Fidelia.....	"	M
332	Coweneseque	Mansfield...	Sat	417	Cherry Tree.	Neyman's M.	Sat
334	Conestoga...	Safe Harbor..	Sat	419	Path Valley.	Roxbury.....	Sat
335	Quitaphilla	Annaville....	Sat	420	Little Brit'n	Oak Hill.....	Sat
336	Pittsburg...	Pittsburg....	Fri	421	Monument...	Pittsburg....	Fri
337	Peace & Love	Jenkintown..	Sat	422	Neshamony...	Hulmeville...	Sat
338	Loller.....	Hatboro'....	Sat	424	Rhine, Ger..	Pittsburg....	Th
339	Warren.....	Warren.....	Tue	425	Hoff'ng, Ger	Wilkesbarre..	Tue
340	Kittanning..	Kittanning...	M	426	Uncoas.....	Yardleyville.	Wed
341	Manoquesy..	Bethlehem...	Tue	428	Highland....	Ebensburg....	Wed
				430	Norris.....	Norristown...	Fri
				431	G. S. Morris	Pittsburg....	M
				432	Ivanhoe.....	Sugartown...	Sat
				436	Blairsville..	Blairsville...	Fri
437	Hebron.....	Cochranville	Sat	439	Laceyville...	Laceyville....	Sat
440	W'st Newton	West Newton	Sat	441	Monocacy...	Douglassville	Sat
443	Veritas.....	Philadelphia	Wed	444	Hiawatha....	Addison.....	Sat
445	Roar'g Spr'g	Martinsburg.	Th	447	Warrington..	Warring'ville	Sat
448	Wangum.....	Hawley.....	Wed	449	Pennsburg...	Pennsburg...	Sat
450	Robertson...	N. Brighton..	M	453	Temperance..	Etna.....	Sat
455	Pilgrim.....	Lionville....	Sat	456	Peace & Un'n	Riegelsville..	Sat
457	White Hav'n	White Haven	Sat	458	U. Dublin...	U Dublin P O	Sat
460	P. Magee....	Arsenal.....	M	461	Berlin.....	Berlin.....	Fri
463	Coaquanock.	Philadelphia	Tue	464	Eq'l Rights..	"	Tue
465	Aurora.....	"	M	466	Madison.....	Pottstown....	M
467	Falls of Schuylkill	Falls of Schuylkill	M	468	Waynesb'rg.	Waynesburg..	Tue
472	Aughwick...	N. Hamilton..	Sat	473	Altoona.....	Altoona.....	Fri
474	Middleport..	Middleport...	Sat	475	H. Lambert...	Pittsburg....	Fri
477	Meridi'n Sun	Philadelphia	Wed	478	W'l. Paupa'k	Newfoundld	Sat
479	Alpine.....	Brady's Bend	Sat	483	Huron.....	Jackson.....	Sat
484	Ft. Littleton	Ft. Littleton.	Sat	485	Iron County	Reimersburg	Wed
486	P. Fritz, Ger	Buchanan PO	M	487	St. John's...	Port Perry...	Sat
488	Asylum....	New Era.....	Sat	489	Arbon.....	Blossburg....	Sat
491	Pike Run....	California....	Tue	492	Linco n.....	Providence...	Tue
493	Gen. Greene.	Jefferson....	Sat	495	DuPr'g's, I	Philadelphia	Th
496	'axonia.....	Saxonburg...	M	498	Continental.	Reading.....	Wed
499	Redstone...	U Middleto'n	Sat	500	Youngsville	Youngville...	Sat
503	Wyalusing..	Camptown...	Sat	504	Academy....	Frazer P. O.	Th
505	Mingo.....	Strattonville	Sat	506	Blucher, Ger	McKeesport..	Fri
508	Iroquois....	Philadelphia	M	509	Drumore...	Fairfield.....	Sat
511	Fayette City	Fayette City.	Sat	512	Thistle.....	Pittston.....	M
513	Resid'ns, Ger	Soranton.....	Wed	514	Neversink...	Birdsboro'...	Sat
515	West Penn..	West Penn...	Sat	516	Mt. Hebron..	Slate Hill....	Wed
517	Gallatin....	Smithfield...	Wed	520	Sterlingville	Mesopotam...	Sat
521	Nesshanna'k	N. Wilm'gt'n	Sat	523	Alma.....	Johnstown...	Sat
524	Red Jacket..	Factoryville..	Sat	525	Gulf.....	Gulf Mills....	Sat
527	Shamokin V	Snyderstown.	Sat	528	Traverton...	Traverton...	M
529	Broderick's	Broderick's	Sat		Field	Field	Sat

One page of this Directory of all the Lodges of the I. O. O. F. will appear each month.



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M. W. GRAND SIRE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES

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NURSING THE SICK.

IN the number of the COMPANION for July, 1868, a somewhat lengthy article appeared, giving some very good advice to those whose duty it may be to nurse the sick, the instructions being based, principally, upon the experience of Miss Florence Nightingale. A few points were overlooked in the composition referred to, which we propose to touch upon now.

Too often nurses forget the importance not only of *what* they do, but of *how* they do it. By doing the right thing the wrong way they irritate their patients, and this is a point of great consequence. Invalids have quite enough to bear, without being taxed to exert self command to keep down irritability, produced by the blunders of their nurses. One of these blunders is the attempt to secure quietness by moving very slowly. A very slow nurse is nearly sure to irritate her patient, as much as one who, while quiet, is quick and prompt in all her movements, cheers and enlivens him. It is worse still if she speaks very slowly. A very slow speaker is provoking enough to ordinary humanity in robust health; but in a sick room she is absolutely intolerable. She had far better be rather "quick and waspish."

Another very important point is to combine gentleness with great firmness and decision. Too often gentleness is only another name for irresolution, while irresolution frequently ends in the worried patient being obliged to make an effort to decide a point himself, in order to put an end to the wearying vacillations of his nurse. A nurse should never forget that a weakened body is nearly sure to hold a weakened mind, and she should as carefully avoid requiring from her patient an unnecessary mental effort as an unnecessary bodily one. In the state of intense mental languor which so often accompanies severe illness, it is an untold relief to a patient to be able to lean mentally on a strong firm will of his nurse. She will do better, even in trifles, to suggest to him what he is to do, than to ask him what he would like to do. If he has any wish on the subject he will soon let her know, and, if he has none, she will save him much by making up his mind for him. It is, however, in the case of irritable and refractory patients, that firmness and decision in the nurse are of the greatest importance. In such cases irresolute nurses are worse than useless; they only irritate their patients, without being able to control them in the slightest degree.

But though slow nurses and irresolute nurses are objectionable, the worst of all failings in a sick room is the least approach to fidgeting. These are the sort of nurses who are never still. They are incessantly running in and out of the room, talking in a whisper just outside the door, or fussing about in the room—putting drawers tidy, or arranging things on the table. Never still for five minutes. If such a nurse has to give her patient anything she cannot do it without asking him a hundred and fifty questions. "Is your beef-tea hot enough?" "Is it too hot?" "Is it salt enough?" "Are you sure there is not too much pepper?" The unfortunate patient cannot turn round in bed but his nurse is upon him in a minute. "Do you want anything?" making him feel that he is watched; a thing which is, to most invalids, irritating beyond all description. A fidgety nurse must always have her patient tidy; his bedclothes must be put straight as often as he succeeds in getting them into a state of comfortable untidiness; and if she lets him off without making him sit up that she may arrange the pillows he is very fortunate. In short, a fidget in a sick room is death by slow and excruciating torture to a patient, especially if that patient be a man. Men are certainly more susceptible on the subject than women, particularly in the matter of being allowed to tumble their bedclothes into a heap of utter confusion unmolested. Some patients, too, like to be left alone, and this a fidget can never allow. She must be always in the room, lest her patient should want anything, forgetful of the fact that she can easily provide him with some means of summoning her if he wants her; and that, unless his illness is one of a nature to require that he should not be left alone, solitude, to those patients who prefer it, has often a most soothing effect on the over-wrought nerves.

These are a few of the points which it is most important for nurses to guard in cases of ordinary illness; but in acute and dangerous cases two qualifications are required in which—alas that it should be so, but the truth must be spoken—women are very apt to be deficient—sound clear judgment and perfect self-command. The former is of immense importance, not only because of those sudden emergencies in which the nurse may be compelled to decide what shall be done, without waiting for a doctor's orders; but because, in such cases, a doctor is often obliged to give orders conditionally, and leave to the nurse's own judgment to decide how far they are to be carried out.

Self-command is always necessary, for patients are nearly certain at times to try their nurses sorely, but more especially so in acute and dangerous illnesses. Not only is the mental strain on the nurse then much greater, but she may be called upon to do what is beyond the power of most women—watch intense suffering unmoved. I do not mean surgical operations, they require a distinct and quite different training—but unless a woman can stand calmly by and watch her nearest and dearest relative writhing in agony, without a muscle quivering, she is not fit for a sick nurse. Her collapsing entirely doubtless shows she is a sweet sensitive creature, but then sweet sensitive creatures are terribly out of place in a sick room. It is far from a consolatory manifestation of sympathy to a patient, that just when he most needs her help his affectionate nurse should be so overcome by her feelings, as to be obliged to retire to hysterics and sal-volatile in the next room; whereas her quiet self-command does undoubtedly help him to bear his sufferings.

These two qualities—sound judgment and self-command—are certainly the most important for a sick nurse to possess; for if she has not these, however well fitted in all other respects she may be for the task, she can never be relied upon. She may suddenly fail just at the most important moment. But some readers will perhaps plead that these qualities are gifts of nature, and not to be acquired. In their highest degree they are doubtless gifts, and among the most valuable that can be bestowed upon either man or woman; but every human being, not born an idiot, possesses a certain power both of reasoning and of exerting self-command, and may increase that power immensely by cultivation. Let any woman who wishes to be a valuable nurse in illness begin by cultivating in every-day life these two qualities; then, by carefully studying all that has been written on the subject, let her make the experience of practiced nurses her own; and when the time comes that she is called upon to undertake the task, she may boldly do it, with the certainty that she will begin well, and that, with experience, she will improve both rapidly and steadily.

A SEA-COAST STORY.

PART I.

It was a fearful night at Frankgate; the wind seemed to blow from every quarter at once, each wind trying on which side the curling waves could be lifted highest. The tormented brine, thus lashed and goaded, seethed in fury, and growled through the foam it churned, every instant more increasingly, as if to say that before night was over it would revenge on some victim or other the torture to which the wind was putting it.

Earlier in the evening, when the fishing-boats had gone out, wives and daughters had watched them out of sight by the beams of the rising moon, or, to speak more truly, by that strange and beautiful light, known only at the sea, when the tender lingering day-tints silver themselves

without one admixture of grey twilight, and seem loth to leave the rising splendor of the moon.

Somewhat to the south—in vivid contrast to a heavy bank of purple cloud above and below it—a belt of green had gradually stretched itself—a green, which one may see in the sky, in a gem, and in some eyes, tender and lustrous. Beautiful as it looked, it seemed to find no favor in the sight of an old fisherman, almost the last who lingered after the departure of the fishing-boats.

He stood watching it spread along the horizon, and then he turned round to speak to his mate.

But the beach was deserted except by one woman, whose eyes were fixed with anxious meaning on the line of green light.

Old Tom Scott knew that the woman's husband was part-owner of one of the boats, and with the natural contradiction of mankind he at once became aware that there was "no call for frettin' about the weather."

Phoebe Langridge looked very white and careworn under the moonlight, for each moment the light of day was dying out. Hers was a quiet face, earnest and thoughtful, though a quiver about the mouth showed a timid nature. She and David had worked hard all their lives, but then they had worked together, and had rarely given each other a complaining word. They had wanted a child sorely, and David had at times repined at the withholding of such a blessing, but his wife usually quieted him before his grievance was all spoken.

"All's for good, Davie; I'd love a babe o' my own, but who's to say the Lord don't know what's best? and maybe we'll have one yet."

And when Phoebe was near forty, to the surprise of her neighbors, she was blessed with as fine and as healthy a child as had ever been born in Frankgate, a man-child, too, a boy of thirteen now, the light of his parents' eyes.

"Tom, what d'ye think of yon?" she pointed to the green stripe on which old Scott had just turned his back.

The sailor squared his tanned red face into yet more set squareness, set up his under lip in protest against feminine folly, hitched up his trousers and thrust his brawny fists quite down to the bottom of each pocket; then with his legs as wide apart as King Henry the Eighth's, he looked Mrs. Langridge well over.

"I've a deal too much to think on, missus, to spend my brains skying like a woman. Them as has gone out to-night knows their business; then why should you go a worrettin' an' doubtin' of 'em? Did Davie take the boy?"

"No;" and Phoebe thanked God quietly that the child had been kept at home. But this was only a small comfort: the big Davie, her rough-looking, tender husband, had been hers twenty years before the small Davie came to dispute his entire claim on her love, and the woman's true heart had answered the new call; not by any infringement on the first right, but by so enlarging its warm, deep affections, that the husband had found himself more dearly loved than ever.

And this made all young Davie's infantine talk to-night almost wearisome to the wife.

The cottage was in a street leading up from the beach into the country, and no good view of the sea could be got from it, but it was not too far off to hear the increasing roar of the waves.

Phoebe's knitting-pins slipped from her unwatchful grasp. The night had grown suddenly dark, and a horror, the nameless weight of restlessness, came upon her; she could not sit still; she rose and walked up and down as if trying to rid herself of a burden.

"Davie, lad;" the boy stood beside her in an instant—he loved his father dearly, but he very nearly worshiped his gentle, quiet mother. "I say, lad, ye'll go to sleep, won't ye? I'm going out; I sha'n't be long gone, but if I'm not in when ye hear the clock strike eight, put yourself to bed, my dear lad." She kissed him while she spoke; the two strong young arms clasped her almost painfully, and the fair curly head nestled into her bosom.

"Don't stay long, mother darling, I never can go to sleep till you've kissed me."

When Phoebe reached the beach, the sky had undergone a transformation; the green stripe on the horizon was no longer to be seen, the moon was scarcely visible. Swift-moving masses of vapor, black though still semi-transparent, veiled her like a widow; but these were soon whirled away, and a huge dense blackness, which seemed to come suddenly from both sides at once, closed over any faint remnants of moonlight, and shrouded the sea in darkness.

As though in triumph at the sudden gloom, the winds blew fiercer still, while the sea, leaping and tossing, came thundering over the beach, far beyond the point to which it usually reached.

All the experienced fishermen left in Frankgate were gathered at the point where the boats had put off—in the darkness Phoebe mingled in the group.

"They'll see the light, I tell ye," said one of the old men.

Tom Scott gave a scornful laugh.

"See! they might see Death gaping for 'em on the rocks to-night, but that wouldn't save their running into his mouth before such a gale as this. They must be near the Point now, if they've not struck already. I'm off there for one."

He turned his back sturdily on the group of talkers, and was soon on his way to the Point.

There were men and boats there, too, belonging to the coastguard, for the lighthouse was close by. "But no boat could live on the rocks to-night," said Tom; "she'd be stove in in half a second." He pulled his hat over his eyes, and went on across the downs.

Following him silently but closely came Phoebe Langridge. He did not know of her presence—the fierce rush of the wind, as it swept inland over the bleak, bare downs, the hoarse thunder of the waves on the shingle beneath the high cliffs, deadened other sounds.

On went the two in the darkness—treading cautiously, for in places the cliff had a broken edge, and more than once had crumbled away beneath an unwary footstep; and about half way between Frankgate and the Point a deep gully ran up inland, cutting the range of cliffs in two

with a suddenness that left the banks on either side as sheer a precipice as the lofty range of chalk which looked to seaward.

It was only in such unusual blackness that the ravine was indistinguishable, but to-night it was well for Phoebe Langridge that Tom Scott was on ahead—she could not see him, but her straining ears heard the growl of dissatisfaction when he came to a halt, and she was soon following him to the high road farther inland.

Far on ahead the turning light—first red, then yellow—served as a guide. Now they were within hail of it, and under its glimmer they saw a figure coming towards them.

Phoebe stood beside Tom Scott as he reached the new-comer. It was Lieutenant Euston, the chief of the coastguard station.

"You've come to help us, have you, Tom? But I scarcely see what we can do. Jack Corrin fancied he made out a boat on the rocks ten minutes ago, but I doubt it."

"Won't you send out the life-boat, sir?"

Both the men started at the earnest voice.

"Is that you, Mrs. Langridge? No, I can't send out the life-boat on guesswork, with the chance of having her dashed to pieces on the rocks before she is well afloat. This wind would almost lay a three-decker beneath the Point—there's no standing against it. Come down and see."

He turned, and they followed him silently. The lighthouse stood somewhat inland, and from it the road wound round the coast. Just on the side of the Point, but fully facing the intricate net-work of sunken rocks which, stretching far out to sea, has given this part of the coast such a name of terror, the cliff had been pierced, ending in a gate or seaway, in the form of a lofty and acutely-pointed arch. A steep road, with straight, always mounting chalk walls on each side, led down to the rocks, and at high water was a safe landing-place. But now, although, from the state of the tide, the rocks ought to have been uncovered in many places, the fury of the storm drove the maddened water up the ascent, and it was no longer passable.

The Lieutenant and his companions passed on in silence across the top of the descent and the Point itself. An old tower stood here, and around it were most of the coastguardsmen.

Phoebe hurried forwards, but Mr. Euston caught her arm as she passed him.

"For Heaven's sake, don't venture nearer, Mrs. Langridge! You can hardly see the white stones to-night. Yes, there they are; they mark the extreme safety-line, and we are close on them; but—"

He was interrupted; another figure had joined the group, and, by the lantern one of the men carried, he saw it was a fisherman.

There was a hoarse murmur—a sound like the rumor which comes before some public calamity. The sound rung in Phoebe's ears a minute, and then these words came plainly—

"The *Jumping Sally's* safe, but the *Liby's* gone down and all hands aboard!"

"Where?"—Tom Scott was the only distinct speaker.

"About a mile beyond"—he motioned northward towards the side of the Point farthest from Frankgate. "The *Sally's* somewhere on the rocks; she was flung inshore, and almost dashed to pieces."

"Did they see the *Lily* go down?"

Again the men started. They knew that David Langridge was part-owner of the *Lily*, but even Euston and Tom Scott had forgotten Phœbe's presence. The strange fisherman did not know who she was.

"She struck afore the *Sally* was flung on the rocks. They made out she was filling fast, and they tried to get alongside of her and pick up the crew; but, bless your soul, they might as well ha' been on the Goodwins, for any head they could make against the sea!"

There was a murmur of assent among the men, and then Mr. Euston told four of them to follow him and the fisherman to the little bay where the crew of the *Sally* had been washed ashore.

"It ain't a morsel of use, sir," the man said "it's quiet like there to what it is here: not a man of the *Sally's* crew 'ud ha' come alive over the rocks yonder."

"You don't think there's a chance of the *Lily* having got in higher up the coast?" Mr. Euston said, while the men were lighting their lanterns—for torches were useless to-night.

The man shook his head.

"Where's Mrs. Langridge?" asked the Lieutenant.

The lanterns were raised, to throw as much light as possible on the group of faces.

Phœbe was there no longer. While the fisherman still spoke, she had remembered a path-way down the cliff—a path she had often climbed in courting-days, when she had Davie's strong arms to cling to if her foot slipped, or her head grew dizzy. Davie, she thought, might be lying beneath the Point now, on those hard rocks, bruised and senseless; and, while Mr. Euston and his men were making up their minds what to do, the mad, roaring waves—all the more terrible in their unseen fury—might swallow Davie up, and he would be lost to her forever. She knew that the path lay to the north, about as far from the Tower as the arched sea-gate (or East-gate, as it was called,) lay southward. She remembered, too, that a heap of stones marked its beginning. Once she felt tempted to ask Tom Scott if he would borrow a lantern and go with her; but then Mr. Euston, who had refused the lifeboat, might stop her.

"And Davie is lying there—I know he is there, bleeding to death, maybe, on those cruel hard rocks!"

Little Davie would not have known his mother, so strung up was she by the idea that possessed her.

Twice she tried to approach the edge of the cliff, and the fierce wind drove her back. The second time there was an ominous warning in its roar, that might well have daunted a man. But Phœbe was frenzied. All the strong love she bore her husband urged her on—painting so vividly the picture of Davie lying there wounded, perhaps dying. Bending, almost crawling, she

forced her way to the edge at last, and began to feel for the footway in the broken chalky wall.

PART II.

THAT stormy night had cleared the weather. It was a week ago now; the sky was blue and cloudless, and the sea as smooth and quiet as if it had no knowledge of the monsters of foam that had reared their angry crests out of the depths so short a time ago. The howling, ravening waves had glutted themselves for the time, and lay still and housed in their caverns far below.

Very bright and smiling Frankgate looked in its little bay; the children were building forts and dykes, in the sand, strengthening their frail embankments with sea-weed—some of the most daring youngsters persuading themselves that the sea really could not prevail against such a well-constructed fortification. Little girls were washing sea-weed in the pools among the rocks, or gathering the lumps of black jelly to keep in water at home. Through the small groups by the short way along the sands, from Blackwater, came a tall, strong fisherman, with grey hair and beard, and a rough, harsh, weatherbeaten face. So rough, so powerfully built, he seemed a great sea-monster to the fairy-like children among whom he passed; but when the little faces were raised in silent protest at the sound of coming footsteps, they saw a genial light under the shaggy grey brows that re-assured them; one little maid even placed herself in front of the huge hairy intruder, and asked him how long the sea would be in reaching her sand-castle.

He had been striding along rapidly, but he stopped to answer the bright-faced questioner.

"Half an hour, more or less; good day to you, little lady."

The child looked after him wistfully.

"I wish I'd asked him to stop and help me to finish it," she said. "He's ugly, but he looks strong and kind, kinder than Augustus;" and she looked with evident disparagement at a handsome youth of twenty, who lay reading a novel, and caressing his fair mustache in the sunniest and most sheltered nook of the bay.

The tall, rough sailor hastened on. As he turned the angle of the bay where the children were playing, and came into the larger one, on which Frankgate stands, he met Tom Scott face to face.

Tom's red skin turned all colors; he reeled as if he had been drinking, and then stood staring at the face before him.

"Hulloa, Tom! you look as if you thought I was a ghost—not so bad as that neither. Come out o' the way, mate; I'm in haste to see my missus."

But Tom Scott did not move. And he laid hold of his friend, as if he did not mean him to move, either.

"Stay a bit, Davie; don't be in such a confounded hurry! Can't you tell a chap how you got tooked off the rocks?"

Langridge was impatient to get home, but the earnestness of his companion's manner prevailed.

"I can't understand it now," he said. "We

were sinking—the *Lily* struck hard on the rocks—the water was rushing in like fury, and all on a sudden like we were hailed and picked up, afore we knew where we was. The *Lily* went to pieces, I reckon, for my head got hit pretty hard somehow; I didn't get my senses till I'd been some time on board the Frenchman."

"It was a French boat as picked you up, then?"

"All on us except poor Michael; he must have got drifted away, and they didn't dare stay and look for him; it was plucky of 'em to venture so near the rocks at all. The lugger stood away then, and landed us next evening somewhere off St. Malo. We hadn't above twopence among the three of us, or we'd ha' been home afore this."

Again he tried to push his way past Scott.

"Langridge—I say, Davie—old man, you can't go home yet; there's something to be told t'ye first."

But, though Tom spoke in his usual dictating fashion, his chin dropped, his eyes moved restlessly, and his face paled through its mark of tan.

"What will ye?" said Langridge. "Speak up, man. Don't make faces like a woman. There ain't nothin' amiss with the young 'uns?"

Scott shook his head.

"I don't know how to tell ye, Davie. I thought to break it, an' I can't get on the right tack. There's trouble afore ye, old friend—trouble an' sorrow as ye little looks for."

Tom's voice had sunk into a sort of nasal drawl. He expected, he almost hoped, his friend would hurry on now, and find out the rest for himself; but Davie stood still. A puzzled look came into his honest eyes, and he put his hand up to his forehead.

"My head," he said half to himself, "my head!"

Then Tom took his arm, and led him along to the cottage.

"But say no more," he said to himself, gladly seeking excuse from the necessity of speaking out; "the sight o' the young chap without her 'ull tell him fast enough."

But he was not to escape so easily.

"Tom, what is it? My head's dizzy like. You was talkin' of sorrow some while ago; say it out in plain words, man."

He looked down into Scott's face, but his own twitched nervously.

Tom felt desperate, and he plunged at his difficulty all the more awkwardly from positive terror. He knew, as well as the rest of the Frankgate people, how dearly the fisherman and his wife loved each other. They were close to the cottage now, and he must speak.

"It's about her," he said hoarsely, "the missus; she went looking for you on the cliffs that night, and she's not been seen since."

There was a pause. Then the tall, strong man reeled, as if he had been shot, up against the wall of his own cottage.

"Not seen!" he gasped, "not seen since!"

Scott looked round; there was no one in sight, no one helped him in his heavy task. He cursed his own officiousness. Why had he not let Davie

pass, and learn the tidings in his own home? For a moment he was tempted to sneak off, and leave him to come round alone. But a better thought succeeded.

He opened the cottage door, and looked in.

Little Davie sat in a chair, his face hidden in his hands. He had refused to go to any of the neighbors.

"She'll come back, and she'll want me," had been his answer.

"Davie," Tom whispered, "I've news for you."

The boy was on his feet in a minute, his fine bright face in a glow of excitement. "It's mother; I knew she was coming."

Scott shook his head quickly; he was selfish, but his heart ached for the child's disappointment.

"Not mother, Davie, but father is alive and safe!"

The little face worked with the mingled feelings. There was joy in his heart that his father was spared, but his lips quivered still.

"He's here, Davie. You must comfort him, lad; he's terrible cut up about poor mother!"

In another minute the child on one side, the man on the other, had drawn the tall tottering father into the cottage, and placed him in his own high-backed chair.

This done, Tom Scott thought it might be well to leave the bereaved pair alone for awhile.

"If that youngster 'd been a gal now!" he said. "Women should give a thought to the future, they really should, when they bring only a boy to their husbands!"

He let the door fall heavily. Langridge roused at the sound, and looked about him.

Davie put his arms round his father's neck, and nestled his face into his grizzled whiskers.

"What is it, lad? What's this Tom's been a-sayin' of?"

"Is it true? Won't she never—never come back? Oh father, won't she?" and the little fellow sobbed, and clung yet closer.

But though the child's warm tears were on his face, the elder Davie sat still and rigid. His face twitched every now and then, but not a sob even told that he had taken his sorrow to heart. He scarcely gave back the boy's caresses, but sat unmoved, as if he were stiffening into stone.

Only later, when Tom Scott looked in with Mr. Euston, whom he had met in Frankgate, Langridge roused himself, and asked fiercely what they meant by disturbing him.

Tom would have gone away at once; but the words, and the frown that came with them, were so unlike David Langridge that Mr. Euston stood looking at him.

He thought he had been drinking, and he told Scott to take the boy away.

Tom took little Davie's hand, but the father started up to prevent the child from leaving him. For a moment he stood looking wildly at the two men, and then fell heavily forward on his face.

For three weeks David lay ill, almost to death—unconscious of all outward presence, talking incessantly to his wife. There was no doubt that he had received a severe injury on the night of the storm; and the doctor shook his head

when Mr. Euston—who saw Langridge daily—spoke sanguinely of his restoration to health.

A month more, and Mr. Euston thought the doctor wrong. He met David Langridge on the high road, half-way between the station and Frankgate, strong and hearty as ever.

"His face is altered, though," said the Lieutenant to himself as he walked along, "his eyes look eager and hollow, and his manner is rougher, certainly."

PART III.

"Does your father really say so, Davie?"

Mr. Euston was standing down below Eastgate. The tide was out, and the rocks were fast changing color as they dried in the forenoon sun.

Just where the Lieutenant stood, heaps of brown bladdered sea-weed made the footing slippery: there had been a gale the night before, and sea-weed of all hues, and lilac and white coral-lines, lay in rich confusion beneath the lofty archway.

Davie was looking out wistfully over the sea, but he raised his eyes to his questioner. There was unutterable sadness in them, a sadness which seemed to be even more hopeless than when the child had first lost his mother.

"Yes, sir. Last night, when he heard the wind and the sea, he looked quite cheerful, and he said—She's waitin' for us, Davie; shall us go and find her? He wanted me to go down to the sea with him, sir."

"Why didn't you go, Davie?"

"Father's best at home, sir, when he's likes so; he's not hisself, sir."

The boy turned away, with a sort of sob in his voice. Mr. Euston asked a few more questions, but he only got vague general answers.

There was plainly some secret grief in the Langridges' cottage—something worse even than the loss of his mother to Davie.

"I wonder if that poor fellow has taken to drinking, and the child perhaps knows it."

Little by little, a word here and a word there, it spread slowly over Frankgate, and up among the men at the station, that David Langridge was no longer the man he was. There was a screw loose, the fisherman said. He had some money put by, and he tried to find a partner to join him in the purchase of a new boat; but no one would do this, and at last he made up his mind to risk all he had, and take the whole responsibility.

Even then, when the boat was purchased, a fortnight passed away before he could find men to go out with him.

They put him off on one pretext or another, but one evening, when Tom Scott was smoking his pipe at the pierhead, a knot of fishermen gathered round him. Two among them had promised to go out with Langridge. Tom was not particularly wise, but he believed in his own wisdom, and asserted it to others; and perhaps those two points have more weight than any others now-a-days, and not only with Frankgate fishermen.

He shook his head now, and looked oracular.

"A man's a fool who trusts himself out at sea with David Langridge. He thinks his wife ain't

dead, and that she is always a beckonin' on him to come and fetch her off the rocks. No man right in his head would talk such stuff as that!"

The men had questioned little Davie, but they got nothing out of him. He had confessed once to Tom Scott that his father talked wild-like, specially when the weather was stormy, and he told him the tale he had repeated to Mr. Euston, that "father saw mother on the rocks always waitin'."

A strip from Phoebe's gown had been found caught in a fissure of the chalky wall—a fearful hint of her perilous descent and its ending; but no other trace of her had ever been discovered.

While the fishermen stood listening to Tom Scott's oracles of wisdom, David passed slowly along the sands, going home.

The boy heard his footsteps before he reached the door. He sprang up and opened it.

He looked anxiously in his father's face. It was haggard and wasted, but the expression of it was tranquil.

"I say, Davie, old man; what d'e say to this? I believe I've got two mates, and if so—why, then we'll go out to-morrow evening."

"I'm going too, father," said Davie.

Langridge looked taken back. He put his hand up to his head—a way he had got lately—and stared vacantly at the boy; then he gave a feeble smile, and shook his head.

"No, no, lad; she wouldn't like it; she allers said—leave the young 'un along o' me, father. And I'm not a goin' against her wishes, just because she's not here." He said the last words roughly, and went up to the wall where the strip of Phoebe's gown hung by the nail on which he had fastened it.

He stood feeling it, and smoothing it with his hand; one might have fancied he had been conscious of a temptation to disobey this earnest wish of his wife's, and that he was confessing this and trying to make up for it, as if the senseless rag were indeed his wife.

The boy stood watching him. It was painful to see the change that a few weeks had worked in this young, rosy face. He had always been like his mother, and the anxiety and solicitude so prematurely developed had likened him still more to her expression of tender thoughtfulness—an expression that stirs our hearts more than any other; it tells of such utter self-forgetfulness.

So long as he was near his father, Davie felt fearless in the consciousness of his own power; it is hard to say how the knowledge had forced itself on the young mind, that this great, tall burly man, whom his mother had taught him he could never love and reverence enough, was now like a boat without a rudder, and yet that he could guide him rightly. It was as wonderful to watch the tender instinct with which the control was exercised.

Ever since the purchase of the boat, he had thought, with a shrinking dread, of the effect it might have on his father, to find himself out at sea again. He could not have put his dread into words, but he could not get rid of it.

"But, father, she used to ask you to leave me

behind to keep company with her, that she might not be lonesome; she wouldn't like me to be left here lonesome, I know."

Langridge turned round and looked at the boy; the confident tone seemed to shake his purpose.

"Wouldn't she, lad? Well, there's something in that; wait till to-morrow comes, lad; we'll see about it then."

"That won't do," said Davie. "I've a half promise of a job up at Kimber's farm to-morrow, and most like you'd be off before I got back. Settle that I'm to go, father, won't you?"

He had got both his arms round his father, and he was pressing his fair head lovingly into his broad chest. Langridge patted his head with his rough hand, and then he bent down and kissed him.

"Ye make a fool of me, ye do, Davie; ye must learn and be a man at last, so maybe ye'd best take to the trade early."

Little Davie could not sleep that night: he kept dreaming of his mother, and in his dream his father's words were fulfilled—Phoebe stood on the rocks beckoning. He waked with a start, and sat up in bed; it seemed to him that a tall, white figure stood beside the window. But the next minute he saw it was only the moonlight streaming in, down the wall and across the floor to the very foot of his bed. He looked at his father sleeping on the opposite side of the room, but his breathing told how sound asleep he was.

Davie rose softly, clambered up to the window, for a shutter closed the lower part of it, and looked out.

"I wish we could see the sea from here. I wonder—" and then the little fellow sighed wistfully and went to bed again. He had arrived at a consciousness that his father's wits sometimes went astray; but that one vision of his mother on the rocks, holding out her hands and asking her husband to deliver her, had been repeated till it had taken a marvellous hold on the child's fancy.

He went to sleep at last, so soundly that his father had to shake him before he roused next morning.

It was a bright day, but very still, and there was good promise of a fine evening. When Davie went down to the place where the fishing-boats lay drawn up on the beach, he found Tom Scott looking at his father's new purchase.

"She's a beauty, ain't she, Tom?" the little fellow said proudly. "I'm goin' along of father to-night."

Tom Scott looked up quickly.

"Mark my words, Davie"—he shook his finger solemnly—"if David Langridge ever goes out again you've seen the last on him; it's a sheer tempting of Providence for a man in his state" he touched his forehead significantly—"to trust himself on the sea again; he'll be fancying he sees you know what on the rocks, and jumping overboard and maybe sinking the boat in the bargain. If he's set on going, and if I have my will, he shall be hindered. Don't you go along with him, young 'un."

Davie had not much faith in Tom Scott; but

the solemnity of the man's manner impressed him. At dinner-time he told his father he thought they'd best stay at home that evening.

Langridge stared.

"Why, Davie, what call have you got to meddle? D'ye think we can live on air, lad, or on sea-wrack? For that's what it 'ull come to if I don't set to work to earn a living somehow. My two mates closed at once when they heard you was a-goin'. Don't let me hear no more o' that; but if you're coming with me this time, come with a will."

It was the first time since his loss that the father had spoken in grave reproof, and the force of old habit prevailed over the beach that recent circumstances had made in Davie's submission. He yielded at once, and began to make his preparations cheerfully.

He had seen his father in passionate anger lately; but this calm firmness was like old times; the child felt safe—he had some one to look up to again.

Tom Scott was not on the beach when the boat—the *Lily*, as David had insisted on naming her—set out.

The calm weather lasted on; it was a clear moonlight night, and early next morning the *Lily* came ashore, alongside the pier, with her hold full of fish.

Little Davie had not been so happy since his mother's death.

"It's all right now," he said triumphantly to Tom Scott; "it's just set him right; maybe it's the sea he's been wanting all along."

Tom Scott shook his head; he was surprised out of all his calculations by the change in Langridge's manner; but he was not going to knock under to a youngster.

"Wait till the end, Davie," he said slowly; "I say again, wait till the end."

Whether it had been caused by a return to his accustomed work, and the occupation thus given to his mind, Langridge seemed a changed man.

And he was conscious of a change; his step was no longer slouching, his face looked less restless and haggard. But with the improvement in his father, a change of another kind came upon Davie. He grew paler and thinner, tossed and moaned in his sleep, and ate, Langridge told Mr. Euston, more like "a bird than a boy."

He had met the coastguard officer in Frankgate, and Mr. Euston had asked after his little favorite. It had always seemed to him that if he had taken better heed of Mrs. Langridge on that awful night she might have been saved, and he felt bound to care for her motherless boy.

"I tell you what, Langridge, this child wants a change—he's had a good deal of trouble, poor little chap. Send him up to me at the station for a week, and I'll engage his cheeks shall be rosy again."

Tears came into the fisherman's eyes.

"You're very kind, sir," he said; "it'll be the makin' of Davie."

He went home full of his news. Davie was sitting listlessly looking at the half-rigged boat

which had been put on one side since the night his mother left him.

He grew animated as he listened to Mr. Euston's message; but his color faded away again, and he shook his head.

"No, father, it can't be—I'm not agoin' to leave you all alone here—and it wouldn't be a morsel o' use. I should fret terrible to know how you was gettin' on all alone."

Langridge patted his head, but he answered roughly—

"I tell ye how 'tis, Davie—ye're growing into a rare molly-coddle, sittin' in all day instead o' lettin' the free air blow some of these maggots out of your head. I'll just put up your Sunday clothes and a clean shirt in a bundle, an' I'll take ye up to the station after dinner."

Davie protested, but his father was obstinate; and next morning, when the boy looked out from his window over the broad sea, shimmering in a golden flood of sunshine, he felt so gay, so unusually lighthearted, that he was glad he had come up to the Eastgate. He had often walked up to the station, but it was quite another matter to find himself living there—living there like a gentleman—with Mr. Euston pouring out his tea, and asking, in his kind voice, how he had slept, and if he felt strong enough for a long walk across the downs.

For two days he was very happy and contented; but on the third morning he said he ought to go back to his father. Mr. Euston laughed.

"Home-sick already, Davie? No, I shall keep you a week; but you can run down and have a look at your father this morning, if you like; I'm going into Frankgate."

Just where the road turns round by the Church, at the entrance of Frankgate, they met Tom Scott.

"You won't find your father, young 'un," he said to Davie; "he's off to Blackwater. He won't be back yet awhile."

The boy looked disappointed.

"He's all right, Tom, is he? and you'll tell him I came down to have a look at him."

Tom winked at Mr. Euston.

"One 'ud think he was an old 'ooman, sir. I'm blessed if he don't fancy his father can't get on without him. He's all right, lad,—bless yer soul! He'll be pleased enough to hear news of you."

While Mr. Euston got through his business, Davie ran down to the cottage, and looked in at the window. His father had taken the key, so he could not get in; but all seemed just as he had left it.

When he joined Mr. Euston, he got a present of a new book, and this was such a rare treat that he could think of nothing else till he reached Eastgate.

He sat down and began to read it; but after a bit he grew restless, and his attention wandered.

He looked out of the window. The bright day had become overcast; the clouds were being driven like a flock of frightened sheep before an angry fitful wind.

"There's going to be a storm, sir, and no mistake."

Mr. Euston laid down his magazine, but before he reached the window heavy drops were pattering against the glass; there was a pelting shower.

"I hope father's home from Blackwater," said Davie.

"And if he ain't, Davie, he won't mind a drop of rain. This can't last."

It did not. The afternoon cleared as if by magic. But not the restlessness which the storm-clouds had brought to Davie. He grew fevered with it.

"Please, sir, can't I run down and have a look at father?"

Mr. Euston stared. Davie was standing close by him, his eyes bright and eager, and a red spot on each cheek.

"No, my boy, you must stay quiet. I'm afraid we've overdone it in the matter of walking; you doh't look half so well as you did this morning."

Davie submitted, but the sudden yearning to be back at Frankgate had become uncontrollable.

In the evening Mrs. Euston noticed his silence.

"I'm going down to the Point, Davie," he said kindly; "come along?"

When you stand beside the Tower, looking down on the Point, Frankgate itself lies hidden beneath the cliffs, but with a glass you can make out the end of the little fishing pier.

The weather looked settled for a while. Then, as the light faded to windward, a heavy mass of violet cloud, fast changing into a leaden grey, came rising above the sea line, and as it rose it spread in an increasingly ruffled outline.

"We may have a gale to-night, after all," said the Lieutenant.

Davie did not answer; his eyes were fixed in the direction of Frankgate.

"May I have your spy-glass, sir? Oh! Mr. Euston, will you look? Are those our boats?"

But it was impossible to make them out in the increasing darkness; in less than five minutes the storm-clouds had unfolded themselves, and spread like giant arms around, above, everywhere closing in all but themselves. And the wind having worked its will on the clouds, set to lashing the sea till it foamed, and roared, and leapt high against the cliffs to escape from its merciless tormentor.

Yes; those were the Frankgate fishing-boats.

Instinct, or what we call presentiment, is often truer than sight, and Davie's heart had told him rightly that among those brown specks, which he had strained his sight to distinguish, was the *Lily*.

The storm came upon the fishermen even more suddenly than it had come upon the watchers at the Eastgate. Several of the men had wives and families, and their hearts failed at the sudden peril, on such a coast and under such a wind. Their only safety lay in standing out to sea and braving the gale there. The more experienced among them predicted confidently that it would not last, and that there was nothing to care about; still almost all were silent and careful.

All but David. His two mates grew first uneasy, then alarmed, at his wild talk and laughter. Suddenly he started up and laid hold of the tiller.

"What are ye doin', Langridge?—ye ought to know better. Leave the boat alone."

"You leave me alone," he answered; "it's no business of yours; she's my wife, not yours, and there she stands—don't you see her beckoning?"

He was looking fixedly at a point in the darkness, stretching out his arms towards it.

"It's on him again," said one of the men; "but humor him a little. Very well, David," he said soothingly, "we'll go and take her off when the wind goes down; we couldn't get nigh enough now."

But David was uncontrollable; he laughed and sang, he almost danced in his wild joy; it seemed as if he and the wind were having a match at recklessness.

The men were frightened; they could not leave the management of the boat, and setting this aside, they were neither of them a match for David Langridge.

The more the boat rocked and tossed, the wilder he grew.

"Davie, Davie, look at her! look at mother, waitin' for both of us!"

The gale grew more and more violent. The fishing-boats were lifted high on top of the plunging waves, and then carried as by a miracle out of the yawning gulf beneath. Eye and hand and foot were kept in constant action by the wary fisherman, but David Langridge took no heed of danger. It grew darker and darker. The blinding spray gave them no respite; it was all they could do to escape the huge waves, threatening every moment to break over the boat and whirl them away to destruction.

But a foaming monster was upon them now; it seemed as if they could hardly escape its fury. With bent heads and hard-drawn breath they waited its approach—through the din and strife David's voice came loud and clear—

"I'm coming, I'm coming, Phoebe, my darling!"

There was a fearful splash as the wave swept over them; when the men lifted their heads, scarcely believing in their safety, the boat was half-full of water, and David Langridge was gone.

God be thanked! this was something more than spray; rain—heavy, streaming rain—pouring on in one dense torrent till it forced the storm-wind to fold his wet and useless pinions.

The black canopy overhead parted and dispersed as suddenly as it had gathered, and the stars shone down cheerily and brightly on the exhausted fishermen.

Years after, when Davie had grown to manhood, and was mate on board a merchantman, his first visit on shore was to a little headstone in Frankgate churchyard. "In memory of David Langridge and Phoebe his wife, who both perished in a storm at sea."

SPOUTING.

THERE is no more pleasant companion, no more delightful person to eat with, drink with, smoke with, sit with, than one who can not only talk, but also be silent and listen. Spouter is not such a person. "Let no dog bark" when Spouter designs to open his mouth. Wherever Spouter may be, he evidently considers himself an injured man if he does not have all the talk to himself. He will not take it amiss if other poor creatures ask him a question or two, or address to him (to nobody else, mind) an observation or two; for they are to his flow of speech what notes of interrogation, commas, semicolons, and colons (his system does not include a full stop), are to printed discourses. They suggest to him fresh subjects, and they give him a few pauses for the recovery of his breath. But if any two or three, ignoring Spouter, are audacious enough to enter into conversation amongst themselves, he will swell with such indignation that spectators will be anxious for the buttons on his waistcoat. He will raise his voice to a frightful pitch, he will glare ferociously in the direction of the offending parties, and he will display on the tip of his nose an expression of as much scorn as Nature has rendered his organ capable of expressing. Sometimes Nature has given him a very niggardly allowance, and the efforts he then makes are very gratifying to a lover of the laughable. Spouter is often called a "brilliant talker;" his brilliancy consists in his eclipsing others; and he eclipses others either by preventing them from speaking at all or by talking them down. And he talks them down, either by taking no notice whatever of what anybody else says, and by simply getting louder and louder, or by assuming a hectoring and bullying tone and manner, which can only be met by contemptuous (for which he doesn't care) silence, or by a protest or a rejoinder of such a kind as will make the whole company feel awkward, and possibly disturb the harmony of the meeting. Spouter's notion of a conversation is where he talks and everybody else listens, or at any rate lets him talk, without interruption. If jokes are to be made, Spouter must make them; if anecdotes are to be related, Spouter must relate them; if stories are to be told, Spouter must tell them; if the question of Reform is to be discussed, Spouter must discuss it all to himself. Spouter differs from the really "brilliant talker" in that the latter has so much confidence in himself, and is so careful of what he says that he seeks rather than shuns opposition; smiles instead of frowning upon an adversary or a rival; and is glad to show how, by curious fact, or ingenious argument, or ready wit, or pat illustration, or happy allusion, or apt quotation, he can refute or turn aside the arguments of an opponent, or transfer to himself the applause and admiration which had been but a moment before won by the rival whom he "caps." Spouter seldom misses an opportunity of "getting upon his legs." Then he feels he has his audience at his mercy. You may see him sitting upon a platform, fidgeting

PRIDE is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

about, and trying vainly to appear as if he took an interest in what the speakers who precede him are saying; but, so soon as his turn arrives, he jumps up with pleasure beaming in his eye, he licks his lips with an air of satisfaction, he smiles benignantly upon his audience, and nothing will move him from his dire purpose of at any rate hearing himself talk. So long as two or three victims remain he will have no compassion upon them; and when at last he finds himself alone with the empty benches, he will rush forth into the street, seize the first of his friends (if he have any) whom he happens to meet by the button-hole, and will proceed to give him "a few ideas upon the subject under discussion," until friendship can stand it no longer. Spouter is a sort of distant relation of the Gossips, the Chatterboxes, and the Tattlers; but he has great points of difference from them. He is not so aimless as the Gossips; he is not so young and so frivolous as the Chatterboxes; and he is not so mean as the Tattlers. The Gossips and the Chatterboxes seem to be naturally afflicted, just as some persons are born deaf and dumb, and to be under an impression that their chattering is as likely as not to be agreeable to their fellow-creatures; they have no selfish ideas on the subject; the Tattlers add to their natural affliction a malicious spirit of mischief; and Spouter, with just a little of the natural affliction which is the lot of the Gossips, the Chatterboxes, and the Tattlers, but without any of the malicious spirit of the Tattlers, is more pretentious and more selfish than the others; he likes best to talk to or at a large assembly, and he likes to have the talk all to himself. He may be ambitious, but he is a decided bore.

HUGH CARMICHAEL'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADRIANA."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Aunt Lotty sat by Mr. Carmichael's bedside and ministered to his wants, filling up the intervals with the endless knitting, and not daring to speak unless spoken to, lest she might irritate the invalid. For Aunt Lotty's perceptions were sharpened in any case of illness, and her sympathetic heart corrected her somewhat defective judgment. It was necessary that he should be kept perfectly quiet, the doctor said, and then all would go on well.

"Letters?" said Mr. Carmichael, in a querulous tone.

It was about the time of the arrival of the Australian mail.

"I thought you were asleep, or I would have given them to you before," answered his wife, bringing several letters to him, amongst which was one with a foreign post-mark.

Mr. Carmichael's eye eagerly noted it, and Mr. Carmichael's trembling fingers closed upon it. The opening was a somewhat difficult task, it dropped from his hand. His wife giving it to him again, asked,—

"Shall I open it?"

"No!" replied the sick man, abruptly, as he once more essayed to tear open the envelope, in which he finally succeeded. Then he steadied his hand to hold it whilst he read, and as he did so he glanced at Aunt Lotty; and Aunt Lotty, perceiving his movements in spite of the knitting, shortly moved towards the window, drew the blind half-way up, and seated herself so that Mr. Carmichael could not see her.

And Mr. Carmichael, thus left to his own devices, began to read his letter. He was not very expert in making it out, his eyes rather failed him, and losing his place he several times had to begin again; but by dint of perseverance he at length mastered the contents, and they brought relief to his mind. The writer said,—

"I have made minute inquiries as directed, and find that Henry Bargegrave died four years ago, being a man over eighty years of age. His wife is still living, but is infirm and at times loses her memory; she, however, well remembers the loss of the Albatross, with all the passengers on board. Mrs. Gresford and her child were amongst the number, they were both drowned. The child was at that time not a year old, its name was Doris. She remembered nothing especial about it; it was like all other babies, nothing very remarkable. She remembered, too, Mr. Gresford's return after he had been thought dead so long, and his distress and despair on hearing of the loss of his wife and child. He went away, she fancied, to South America, and she felt sure that her husband had once or twice heard from him; but that was long ago; she did not know now whether Mr. Gresford were living or dead."

The writer had obtained a list of the passengers in the ill-fated vessel, they were all drowned; only four or five of the crew were saved; they contrived, after tossing about in an open boat for three days without food or water, to attract the notice of a vessel bound for Sydney. They had suffered fearfully from hunger and exposure, and had seen their comrades die around them. They reported that the Albatross went down, and that the captain and all on board perished.

Mr. Carmichael's head fell back on the pillow; the effort had been great, and he needed rest after it, but his mind was in a more comfortable state than it had been; still there was a vague fear upon him of which he could not divest himself, and he should have to wait in restless suspense until it was dispelled or realized. He was half afraid that Joyce had a suspicion of his fear. He could not quite make out Joyce, there had been something strange about her of late, as if she suspected something. Perhaps it was only an idea of his own; perhaps he might be unnecessarily harassing himself; nevertheless, his mind was harassed, and he lay in a state of mental unrest, longing that his illness had passed off, and that he could take active measures to assure himself of all he wished to know. Presently he opened his eyes again and listlessly surveyed the letters lying beside him. He stretched out his hand, and took one up, quite by hazard, for he had not particularly noticed it, he merely saw that it was in a handwriting not familiar to

him. Some circular, probably; he could not make out the post-mark. He was putting it down again, when one of those irresistible impulses that sometimes come over people prompted him to look at it again, and as he did so he intuitively felt that it contained something of interest, and with some little difficulty he managed to open it. It was but a short note, and the writing was clear and legible; consequently he read it more easily than he had read the Australian letter.

It was from Mr. Chester, written before he left the station-town for Linton. It was merely to inform Mr. Carmichael that he hoped to bring back Doris to Green Oake the following evening.

"That will be to-day," commented Mr. Carmichael. "He had somewhere in his possession a letter from her mother, which he had no doubt would assist him in persuading Doris to return."

Mr. Carmichael gave a half-groan.

"What is it?" asked Aunt Lotty, hastily coming to the bedside.

"Nothing," replied her husband; "go away."

And Aunt Lotty retreated to the window again and went on with her knitting.

Mr. Carmichael reconsidered the passage.

"He had somewhere in his possession: somewhere—it was vague, he had not actually found it; it *might* be lost."

Mr. Carmichael reproached himself for not having thought of the possibility of Mr. Chester's possessing such a document, and for not having contrived to get it into his own possession. Mr. Chester probably had it with him when he was at Green Oake. It had been, as it were, laid at his very feet, and he had not stooped to pick it up; it had been tossed by fortune within reach of his hand, and he had let it go unheeded.

Yet how was he to know that his sister would entrust so valuable a paper to a man who evidently knew so little of her private affairs. Still he might know more than he pretended. This Chester was, doubtless, a designing person. He had found his way to Craythorpe as soon as he heard that Doris was an heiress. But if so—

Mr. Carmichael paused. After all, could Mr. Chester have read the document? No; the letter he thought bore indirect evidence to his not having done so. He looked at it again, and read on.

"After the strange revelation that has been lately made I cannot but see that Lynncourt is now Doris's natural home, and I shall place this before her in the strongest light."

"Of course he will," muttered Mr. Carmichael. "I hate the man."

Why did he hate him? He knew nothing of him, save that he and his mother had befriended Ellen Carmichael when in distress. Perhaps the silent reproach that this carried to him was the secret spring of hatred, though he knew it not. For men cannot bear to have their own self-estimation wounded.

And then he interfered with Mr. Carmichael's designs. Why was a stranger to profit by his efforts to secure to his niece her rightful property?

He almost wished he had left the matter alone altogether. And yet if he had done so, he could not have paid off his old grudge against John Gresford. And now, in paying it off, he should heap benefits on a person whom he equally disliked. And he became more and more irritable and restless.

Aunt Lotty, from her post of observation, wished she had never given him the letters. She was sure they done him harm. What would the doctor say?

And Mr. Carmichael tossed uneasily from side to side, arguing the matter in his mind, and wondering whether it would be possible to carry his point without benefiting either the one or the other.

He called to his wife. She was at the bed-side in a moment.

He was not a vacillating man, and yet he looked at her half doubtful whether he should not change his mind. However he decided to unbend.

"I've heard from Mr. Chester."

Aunt Lotty, burning to know what Mr. Chester had said, prudently restrained herself from asking.

"He will, perhaps, bring Doris back to-day."

Aunt Lotty uttered an exclamation of joy.

Mr. Carmichael frowned. Then he went on, "Do you suppose that Mr. Chester has any intention of marrying Doris?"

Aunt Lotty felt in a flutter of importance. Mr. Carmichael had asked her opinion upon a serious subject. She was flattered, and flattery we know is calculated to blind the judgment. So poor Aunt Lotty's judiciousness all vanished; her eyes were closed, and her tongue unloosed. She became voluble.

"Certainly he has. I've seen it from the first moment. Though you did not like the idea, I knew it would be so, and I should have said more about it only I was afraid you would not like it. But now that you have mentioned it, I may say that I feel sure he intends it, and of course Doris likes him, and I don't see that Mr. Lynn need make any objection, for Mr. Chester is so very delightful that Mr. Lynn is sure to like him. And I'm so glad you've taken it into consideration, and I'm sure we cannot feel too grateful to Mr. Chester for finding Doris for us, for it's what no one else could do. And you see she told him where she was at once. Of course he will marry her, and it's sure to turn out well, though marriage is a lottery, and —"

Here Aunt Lotty's flood of eloquence was suddenly stopped.

"Silence!" said Mr. Carmichael, in a deep, hoarse voice, his face turning almost purple.

Aunt Lotty was in dismay. What had she done? Mr. Carmichael had asked her opinion, and she had given it.

And like many others whose opinion is asked, she had better not have given it. For, as a general rule, people don't want your opinion, unless it happens to be a confirmation of their own, or unless it is just what they wish it to be; and even then they are apt to think you impertinent for having an opinion at all.

Aunt Lotty, therefore, had committed an egregious blunder, and had made Mr. Carmichael more irritable than ever.

"Of course he intends to marry her. Who wants to be told that?" said he.

Very meekly and in a very tremulous voice Aunt Lotty said she was sorry, that she thought he wanted to know.

But Mr. Carmichael was inconsistent, and replied, "That he did not want to know. Of course Mr. Chester wished for Doris's fortune, but—" here Mr. Carmichael broke off abruptly, then added, "Call Joyce."

And Joyce came, and Mr. Carmichael began, "I have had a letter from Mr. Chester; he may perhaps be here to-night with Doris. He speaks of the document you mentioned. Did he tell you to whom this document was addressed?"

"To Doris—has he found it?"

"He does not say. You may go now."

And Joyce went.

"They will be here to-night," she murmured to herself, as she closed the door of the little porch-room.

But they did not come that night. Aunt Lotty sent to the station to meet each train, but Doris and Mr. Chester did not arrive.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I am writing early in the morning, as it is a miserable day, and I cannot go out. The beautiful hoar-frost vanished yesterday, and a thaw set in, and now a drizzling rain, half-sleet, has begun to fall. Well, one can't have unmixed good, either in the weather or in life—

Into each life some rain must fall.

Life would not be life without it; there must be some contrast, some evil, to make the good doubly precious. Rain is as necessary as sunshine to the earth, sorrow as joy to the soul of man. We are always thinking we can settle everything better ourselves that it is settled for us. I wonder if we could, or whether we should not find ourselves something in the case of Phaeton, if we should have an opportunity of trying the experiment.

I keep looking out of the window to see whether the boy is bringing the letter-bag. I can't settle to anything until the letters come. I'm rather glad the post only comes in once a day at Craythorpe.

* * * * *

The letters have arrived. There is one for Mr. Carmichael from Mr. Chester. One from Doris for myself. A very short note. She will be at Green Oake this evening. She wonders if I shall be surprised at all she has to tell me. No, I shall not. I have looked forward to it for so long that I am quite prepared.

It is the ending of my story. When the wedding is over, and my characters are all disposed of, I shall have to begin a fresh tale, for I don't like a novel carried on after a wedding; it does not seem according to rule. Still there are exceptions.

Mr. Carmichael is decidedly better since he

received his letter; the doctor says he may get up for a little towards evening, so he will be able to receive Mr. Chester. I wonder what Mr. Lynn will think of Doris's engagement? How pleased Aunt Lotty will be—and Mr. Carmichael? He won't like it: however, he is but a secondary person now. There is Aunt Lotty calling to me. How unsettled I feel this morning; I can do nothing but jot down unconnected sentences in my diary. What can Aunt Lotty want?

* * * * *

It was not Aunt Lotty that wanted me, but Mr. Carmichael.

"What had Doris said to me?"

"Nothing especial. Merely that she would be at home this evening."

"Oh—" a pause; "does she say anything about the lost document?"

"No."

"You can read Mr. Chester's letter, Joyce."

This was an unwonted condescension on Mr. Carmichael's part, and I wondered what undercurrent had brought it about, for I knew there must be some reason for it. So I took Mr. Chester's note.

He had prevailed upon Doris to return. He had had some difficulty at first, but had represented to her strongly that it was the right thing to do, and would be in accordance with her mother's wishes. Therefore she had consented, and he would bring her to Green Oake to-day. He must start again for Rome almost immediately, and wished to have an interview with Mr. Lynn, so he should stay at Craythorpe until the end of the week.

"I wonder," I said, "that he says nothing of the document; he seemed to think it would be of great importance in impressing Doris with the necessity of returning."

Mr. Carmichael looked at me keenly. Why was he so anxious about this paper? I looked at the letter again.

"Do you think," asked Mr. Carmichael, "that though he makes no mention of this paper, it has been the means of inducing Doris to return to us?"

Why did he ask my opinion? What was my opinion worth in comparison with that of a man of Mr. Carmichael's acuteness? It must be his illness that had rendered him so nervous and willing to lean upon a weaker judgment. I hesitated what to reply. How could I say "Yes" or "No," though "No" was my own conviction? And Mr. Carmichael still awaited my answer. Suddenly I remembered Doris's letter, there was a message in it for her uncle. I drew it from my pocket and glanced over it. There was nothing to give any clue to this message, but I felt that had there been any additional cause for disliking Mr. Carmichael, Doris would never have written it. Therefore I replied at once.

"No, I think the document is not found."

Mr. Carmichael's countenance, which was already less clouded than it had been, grew positively sunshiny.

"You are a sensible girl, Joyce. I think the document is lost."

Not that it much mattered now what there was

in it to Mr. Carmichael's disadvantage, since Doris would not be much longer under his roof. And I wondered if Mr. Carmichael had arrived at another conclusion from his letter. I suppose not, though I could have gathered it from Mr. Chester's letter as easily as I did from Doris's. But then women *do* draw conclusions much more readily and with less evidence than men, as I had even now an opportunity of testifying. And what is more, their perceptions are generally correct, even though the evidence seems against them. They have a sublime illogical way of dispersing surroundings and ambiguities, and walking straight through a mass of plausible arguments and statements, and arriving by a short cut at the truth. I think Mr. Carmichael had wisdom enough to allow this qualification to women in general, though I think he considered Aunt Lotty as an exception to the rule. At any rate, he seemed quite ready to rely on my decision, and was altogether in a very good humor. Aunt Lotty was delighted with the improvement in his health and spirits.

"You see, dear, good news is the best medicine after all, and his mind's at rest about Doris now. He has been terribly harrassed about her, and no wonder. I shall be more than half inclined to scold her when she comes for causing us all so much anxiety."

But, of course, when Doris did come, all Aunt Lotty's anger vanished, and the prodigal was not welcomed with greater rejoicings than was Doris at Green Oake. Mr. Carmichael was a little constrained in his manner both to Doris and Mr. Chester, but it wore off after he had contrived to edge in the question that was still to a certain extent undecided.

"Did you find the document useful in backing up your arguments?" asked Mr. Carmichael, with apparent carelessness.

But I, being an interested observer, noted the eager look in his eye, and the anxiety with which he awaited Mr. Chester's reply. And I knew that he was determined to know the worst at once, whatever that might be.

"I am sorry to say," returned Mr. Chester, "that the document must have been lost on my journey. If I had not induced Doris to come back to Craythorpe without it, I should never have forgiven myself for being so careless. But, great as is the loss in one point of view, I presume that Mr. Lynn's packet contains the same information. At least, Mrs. Carmichael told me that she was preparing a similar document to place in Doris's own hands."

Mr. Carmichael, in a less constrained tone, answered:—

"Doubtless, and it will be a great comfort to Doris to read her mother's sorrowful story."

For, of course, Doris knew no particulars; she at present was merely acquainted with the fact that, after a separation of more than eighteen years, she was restored to her father through her mother's death.

From time to time I looked at Mr. Chester to see whether he still felt any annoyance at my foolishness when he was at Green Oake the other day. He looked very grave, and when I spoke

to him he did not answer as he use to do. There was something very cold and constrained in his manner—no wonder. There was a ring at the hall door.

"It will be Mr. Lynn," said Aunt Lotty.

It was Mr. Lynn, but he did not come into the drawing-room.

Doris sprang up and seized Mr. Chester by the arm; she was trembling very much.

"My mother's husband! Oh, Gabriel!"

"Your father, Doris."

"It is so strange," she said; "I cannot believe it."

Mr. Lynn had gone into Mr. Carmichael's study; he wished to see Doris alone. And Doris went to him.

* * * * *

When Doris came to the little porch-room, I saw that she had been crying. She sat down by me, and putting her arms round me, leaned her head upon my shoulder, but it was some time before she spoke. Then she said:

"My poor, poor mother!"

She could not get that thought out of her head.

"And your father, Doris?"

"Yes, he is to be pitied, too; he has suffered much. But men cannot suffer as women do; they have more to think of, more to take interest in; they go out into the world, and it is so large a field that they can lose themselves in it, and forget partially, if not wholly, their troubles; but a woman stays quietly at home, within a narrow circle, and cannot so easily withdraw herself from herself. She has to go on patiently bearing her sorrow, until it wears itself out or wears her out. She can do nothing but wait quietly until the end comes. Oh, Joyce, how my mother must have grieved, and I have never comforted her!"

"But you could not, Doris; you did not know her trouble."

"Why did she not tell me? I could, perhaps, have helped her to bear it."

"No, Doris," said I, soothingly, "there are some griefs that each must bear alone. And this was one. Your mother was wiser than you."

"Mr. Lynn—I cannot quite call him father yet, it seems all like a dream—has been asking me so much about her, making me tell him every particular of her life and of her death. He thinks of her just as if he had but parted with her yesterday, although it is almost nineteen years since they said good by to one another. He told me all about that parting, Joyce."

"But how was it that he was so long away? How was it that he was supposed to be murdered?"

"He was left for murdered on the shore, but there happened to be a vessel anchoring in the bay from which a boat had been put off to get water. The sailors found Mr. Lynn lying on the beach, still alive, but insensible, so they took him off to the ship. It was some days before he recovered his consciousness entirely, and then he found himself in a sailing-vessel far away at sea. After many misadventures he at length reached England, where he took the first ship

bound for Australia. But he was too late. In the meantime my mother had sailed in the *Albatross*!"

And Doris, shuddering, crept closer to me.

"Joyce, I wonder why these things are permitted. What had my mother done that such a life of suffering should be hers? They say that our lots on earth are tolerably equal, if one thing is balanced against another. I don't believe it; our lots are not equal."

I did not exactly know how to reply; it was scarcely the time to enter into an argument upon the subject; besides I was not quite sure which side I should take myself. Therefore, I only said:

"It is all over now, Doris; she is at peace, her troubles are ended, and the question that you have asked is answered to her now. In the end we shall doubtless know the meaning and purpose of much that seems mysterious now."

And then we spoke of Mr. Lynn again.

"He is so kind, so thoughtful, Joyce," said Doris; "but I am not going to Lynncourt just yet. I shall go every day and get accustomed to it first; it would be such a sudden change for poor Doris Gresford—I'm glad my name isn't really Carmichael," she put in parenthetically; "such a sudden change—to become all at once mistress of a grand house like Lynncourt! I shall stay with you a little longer, Joyce, till it is all made known that I am Mr. Lynn's daughter."

"And then you will go to Lynncourt and stay until——"

"Until what?" asked Doris, looking up at me.

I looked down at her.

"Tell me," I said.

"Until I marry Gabriel," answered Doris, calmly. "Are you surprised, Joyce?"

"Not in the least; I have always expected it."

"I have not," returned Doris; "I had not the slightest idea that Gabriel cared for me."

"Nor that you cared for him?" I asked, in a half jesting tone, for I was almost afraid of betraying myself.

"No," replied Doris, very seriously, "and I'm not quite sure that I do now."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHERE men accomplish an object that they have zealously and perseveringly worked for, it often happens that the satisfaction they anticipated is by no means realized when the result is gained.

This depends on several causes; either they find that the object has not been worth the pains bestowed upon it, or they are too worn out with all their watching and waiting thoroughly to enjoy the fruit of their labors, or it may be that the object does not comprehend in its final results all the advantages that at first sight appeared to belong to it.

Mr. Carmichael had accomplished his object, but he experienced little or no satisfaction. The gleam of triumph that had brightened his countenance during its prosecution had faded away

and had given place to a restless, anxious look. His eye nervously glanced round as though he thought that everyone was observing him. But fears on that point were wholly superfluous; each one was too much engrossed with his or her own thoughts to bestow much attention upon what might be passing in another's mind.

Mr. Carmichael's niece was an heiress. Lynncourt would come into her possession, and John Gresford's son would lose his inheritance. It would even pass out of John Gresford's own hands, through his, Mr. Carmichael's, niece. Yes, this was all accomplished. Everything had gone smoothly, though once or twice he certainly had been in danger of failing in his plans. And Mr. Carmichael tried to put the thought of his danger far from him. It was over now, and he rubbed his hands feebly, very feebly, for he was still weak; the attack had left him by no means himself, and he started at every sound. There was a vague, uncomfortable sensation in his mind, too, that he could not shake off. Pshaw! he should feel differently when this illness had passed off. If he could get out into the fresh air this restlessness would vanish. Why did people look at him as though they wished to question him? He was not bound to answer. What a coward he was! Of what was he afraid? The proofs were all clear. There was no doubt upon the subject. Mr. Gresford Lynn had owned his daughter,—and his son was disinherited. Mr. Carmichael had accomplished what he sought. He had had his revenge. And what was it worth? Had he benefitted himself? No. Had he annoyed Mr. Lynn? No.

Mr. Lynn cared nothing for the property. Mr. Lynn's feeling was one of absorbing thankfulness at having found his daughter: the child of his beloved wife, the solace of her years of supposed widowhood, the consolation of her last anguish-stricken days. The loss of the property was gain to him since he had found his child. He scarce could express his gratitude to Mr. Carmichael, and the old barrier that existed between the two men for more than twenty years was broken down. They were brothers-in-law. They had an interest in common. Mr. Lynn had forgotten and forgiven; yes, more than forgiven, he had blessed his enemy. And Mr. Carmichael? No, he had not forgotten, he seemed to have only brought the past nearer to him; it clung to him and would not leave him. And for forgiveness, what had he to forgive? He almost wished that he had kept his sister's secret. He was by no means sure that he was glad of his success. He had benefitted Mr. Lynn. He had benefitted Mr. Chester. He had *not* benefitted himself.

Mr. Chester was going to marry Doris. Aunt Lotty's prognostications had proved correct. Mr. Lynn was pleased with him, and he had been a friend to his wife. And Mr. Chester was staying at Lynncourt, for Mr. Lynn was eager to obtain as much information as possible concerning his wife's earlier days in the South. Aunt Lotty was in extreme delight, and Joyce was as usual the recipient of her confidences.

"You see, dear," said she, "how wonderfully things turn out for the best. I felt sure that

Mr. Lynn would like Mr. Chester if he could only see him; it's just what I always said. Ah! if my poor sister-in-law were alive, how happy she would be! I wonder if people in heaven know what's going on upon earth.

"I don't know," replied Joyce, absently.

"Dear me! no, of course, how should one know?" responded Aunt Lotty, hastily. "I hope it was not an irreverent thought, but one can't help speculating a little sometimes, and wondering if people do know what's going on,—angels, I mean, not people, of course; for they're not people, but something else. I don't know if they're even angels," and Aunt Lotty stopped in bewilderment. "But whatever they are," she went on, "one can't help thinking of these things. I remember thinking, when the old rector died, what a comfort it would be to him if he could only see his funeral. All the people in the village attended, and there was not a house but had the shutters closed. But still, perhaps, people mightn't care for these things after death."

And again Joyce replied, "I don't know."

"But why should I be talking of deaths and funerals with this wedding in my head, I can't imagine. They say to dream of a funeral is a sure sign of a wedding, and I suppose I am half dreaming now, or else I shouldn't be thinking of such strange things." And Aunt Lotty opened her eyes wide, as if to assure herself of the fact that she was really awake. "If any one could write a story," she continued, "what a story this would make! And the wedding would be such a nice ending. Of course, they'll walk to the church, it's so near the house. And the bridesmaids,—but, Joyce dear, I wonder who the others will be?" and, overcome by the difficulty, Aunt Lotty paused abruptly. And Joyce could not help her out of it.

"There's Mr. Carmichael's bell," resumed Aunt Lotty, "I must go. Joyce dear, I'm not quite easy about Mr. Carmichael; he's by no means himself again. All this worry and excitement has been too much for him. I've felt it myself, and what must he have done, as his sister's nearer to him than she is to me? And Doris is his own niece. Not but that he's partial to you, Joyce, and thinks a good deal of your sense, and I'm thankful he does, as you're my niece. It makes things pleasant; and you're a good girl, Joyce, and a great comfort."

And Aunt Lotty went away.

Joyce sat down before a large embroidery frame and tried to work; but after taking one or two stitches, she rose and walked up and down the room; then, stopping at the window, she looked out over the garden from which the snow had half melted, so that the lawn looked like white and green patchwork. The garden gate swung on its hinges, and Mr. Chester and Doris appeared. And Joyce retreated to the embroidery frame, and was bending over it when Mr. Chester entered the room. She had not seen him alone since the day that he called on his way to Linton.

He went to the fire-place, and stood leaning against it; but he seemed to have no inclination

to enter into conversation. Joyce broke the silence by asking:

"Have you been a long walk, Mr. Chester?"

"I have been looking at Doris's favorite view, now that it is white with snow," he returned.

"It must look very different from the sketch you took."

"Very, and I have been looking at it with very different feelings from those that then possessed me, Miss Dormer. It is strange how a few months will work quite a revolution in one's life and actions. How much has passed since, that none of us could expect; or, at least, none excepting Mr. Carmichael. He knew of all this at that time, though why the revelation was not made sooner I cannot imagine."

"Perhaps Mr. Carmichael had not all his proofs then."

"Mr. Carmichael is impenetrable," returned Mr. Chester. "I own he baffles me."

"Yes?" rejoined Joyce, interrogatively.

"Miss Dormer," said Mr. Chester very gravely, after a short pause, "I asked you a question once, and I am going to ask it again now."

Joyce looked up. "Well?" she said.

"Do you distrust Mr. Carmichael still?"

Joyce hesitated.

"Remember your opinion is as safe with me now as it was then. Have late events inspired you with more confidence?"

"They have not," replied Joyce. "I am sorry to say that I distrust him still. I have perhaps no right to say this, but I cannot help feeling that there is something kept back, something that he fears. I dare scarcely even shape my floating ideas into sober thoughts, much less into words. I hardly know what to think, but I regret deeply that Doris's packet is lost."

"You cannot regret it so much as I do, Miss Dormer. There is however one faint hope of its recovery, but so faint that I don't look forward to it. And now that Doris is quite reconciled to going to Lyncourt, it is not perhaps of so much importance; still I hope it may be found."

"Mr. Carmichael does not."

"Miss Dormer!"

"Mr. Carmichael is greatly relieved by the loss of that packet," continued Joyce. "Perhaps I ought not to mention this, but you are now so intimately concerned in everything affecting Doris, that I do not feel as if I could let you go without telling you of my suspicion, and I am going to ask you something. If this packet should be found, and if, as I believe, it contains anything to Mr. Carmichael's discredit, will you, for my aunt's sake, use your influence that he may be leniently dealt with?"

Mr. Chester had quitted the fire-place, and seated himself by the embroidery frame. As Joyce spoke he drew nearer, and looked at her earnestly and wonderingly.

"What do you suspect, Miss Dormer?"

"That, I dare not hint beyond what I have said," returned Joyce. "But will you promise what I have asked, for my aunt's sake? What would become of poor Aunt Lotty if her belief in Mr. Carmichael were shaken?"

"I do promise you, Miss Dormer. If the

packet should be found, Doris will be the first to read it, and I think I may say that you will be the second, and whatever you feel right to advise Doris with regard to its contents I shall take as my guide in the matter."

Then he did not quite despise her after her foolish outbreak. She felt almost grateful to him, as though she wished to thank him for not judging her harshly. However, her wishes did not shape themselves into words; indeed she might have found it difficult to express her feelings so that he would have understood her, therefore she wisely left the subject alone.

"If you find the packet, will you send it to Lynncourt and not to Green Oake?" she said.

And again Mr. Chester gazed at her inquisitively. "Certainly; but, Miss Dormer—"

"No," she said, interrupting him, "you must trust me implicitly. Believe, that on Doris's account I will, as I once promised before, act to the best of my ability and my conscience. Will you not trust me?"

And she returned his steady gaze.

"I will," he replied; "but I shall, nevertheless, ask you one more question, and I give you my word that your answer shall be safe with me. Do you think that Mr. Carmichael removed any paper or papers from Mr. Lynn's packet?"

Joyce did think so, but the question had never been so startlingly brought before her, never made so real, so tangible. She was almost afraid of hearing herself acknowledge it. But Mr. Chester had no intention of being left without an answer.

"Mr. Carmichael is a bold man," said he, "and a skillful one."

"He was," answered Joyce, "but he is altered by this illness; he is by no means the same man."

"No, he is a good deal shaken. My opinion is that he's just the sort of person to go all at once, and I should greatly fear any return of this seizure."

"Poor Aunt Lotty," said Joyce, musingly.

Mr. Chester shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you imagine your aunt's life to be a particularly happy one?" he asked.

"I think she has a belief in it," returned Joyce.

"Rather a left-handed way of answering a question," said he.

"I think then that Aunt Lotty does consider it a happy one. She regards Mr. Carmichael as a demigod, and I should be sorry to see him dismounted from the pedestal on which she has placed him. I believe, if anything should happen, that is, if he should die, Aunt Lotty would sincerely mourn for him as an irreparable loss."

"I don't doubt it, Miss Dormer; and, as far as I am concerned, her faith in him shall never be shaken; so you may safely answer my question, especially as I know perfectly what your reply will be."

"What use, then, will there be in my answering it?"

"A form of speech for my own satisfaction," returned Mr. Chester. "I wish to hear in so many words that there is at least one point upon which Miss Dormer and I agree."

And Joyce replied, "I do think that Mr. Carmichael abstracted from that packet some paper or papers prejudicial to himself."

"When?"

"Soon after Doris's arrival at Green Oake."

"And this was why you refused to take charge of the packet for me?"

"Yes; but, Mr. Chester, you must ask me no more questions. It is my turn to ask some now."

"I shall be happy to answer them." Mr. Chester spoke listlessly, and leaned back in his chair, with his eyes half closed. He did not seem to be thinking of what he was saying, but rather to be indulging in a reverie, that had nothing whatever to do with the present.

Joyce perceived this at once, and her courage almost failed her. Mr. Chester evidently took little interest in anything she might have to say. Still she had felt so vexed, so uncomfortable, during the last few days, that she felt she must make an effort, whatever it might cost her, to clear herself from the wrong impression that Mr. Chester must have formed of her. And yet why need she care what he thought of her? Was it of any importance? But she did so wish to be judged rightly.

Judged rightly! Who does not wish to be judged rightly? And who does not signally fail in endeavoring to be so? Few will take a man's evidence of himself, they prefer their own preconceived opinion. Therefore, as a general rule, explanations go for nothing or worse than nothing; one must sit down quietly and patiently bear blame for motives wrongly imputed. True, it is hard to suffer, and perhaps one does not derive a superabundance of consolation from the fact that there are hundreds and thousands suffering in like manner. Still, it is a sort of profit and loss arrangement in moral economies that must suffice to satisfy us.

But Joyce felt it unsatisfying, so she went blundering into what she hoped might turn out a satisfactory explanation of the hair-burning a few nights since.

"I am afraid you think me hasty and passionate, Mr. Chester."

"That is an affirmation, not a question," he replied.

"Then do you think me passionate?"

"Why do you wish to know?" returned Mr. Chester, raising himself a little and looking full at Joyce.

"That is no answer, but a question also," she said. "I must ask again, do you think me passionate?"

"Not very," he answered, quietly.

"I thought so," said Joyce, a little sadly; "but I'm not passionate in one way, Mr. Chester. I don't feel angry. I didn't feel angry the other night."

"When?" asked Mr. Chester.

Joyce thought he might have understood when. "The night you were on your way to Linton."

"At what particular period, Miss Dormer?"

And again Joyce felt that he might have known without asking.

"After you had untwisted Doris's talisman," said Joyce, still hesitating to come to the point.

"Oh! when you threw the hair into the fire."

"Yes."

"Why did you throw it into the fire if you did not feel angry?" inquired Mr. Chester.

This was what Joyce's explanation brought her to. She could not tell him why, though she knew it well enough. So she parried the attack.

"The questioning is to be on my side, Mr. Chester."

"But how can I answer your questions without obtaining some information on the point?"

"Did you think me angry?"

"Well, Miss Dormer, I must candidly confess that I did."

"I was not."

"How am I to believe it?"

"I don't know," returned Joyce; "there is only my word to rely upon."

"I think, perhaps, I may take your word, that is, if you can assure me that you are perfectly truthful."

"I can; I am," said Joyce, eagerly, her face brightening; then she stopped; a sorrowful shade passed into her eyes; "at least," she added slowly, "I try to be, but no one is perfect."

"What an old axiom our questioning has ended in. We are none of us perfect! I did not know you set up for perfection, Miss Dormer."

"I think I shall leave off asking questions, or trying to explain anything," said Joyce.

"It is the wisest course you can pursue," replied Mr. Chester, as he leaned back again, and gazed at Joyce through his half-closed eyelids.

Joyce, bending over the embroidery frame, looked up for a moment, and her eyes met not only Mr. Chester's but another pair that looked down from behind Mr. Chester's chair. Doris, unperceived by both, had stolen softly into the room.

"Gabriel," said she, "when will you and Joyce leave off quarrelling? It seems to me that the more I wish you to like one another, the more perverse you grow upon the point."

"We were not quarrelling," responded Mr. Chester, "we were coming to explanations."

"Worse and worse; every one knows the result of explanations."

"But Miss Dormer's explanation has had no result."

"Of course not. Have you lost the talisman, Gabriel?" asked Doris suddenly.

Mr. Chester made no reply, and Joyce began working diligently. Doris looked from one to the other.

"Oh dear," said Doris, "I shall have to give up being superstitious and having faith in charms."

"You see," replied Mr. Chester, "that we are not living in the days of witchcraft." And Joyce was glad that nothing more was said upon the subject.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DORIS was very silent during the evening; she curled herself up in the corner of the sofa, seemingly absorbed in a reverie that was not altogether unpleasant, if one might judge from the half smile that now and then stole over her face.

"Of what are you thinking, Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I am copying Joyce, and making up a little story of my own," returned she. "You can't think how very interesting it is. And I'm a great deal farther advanced than Joyce, for I know the end of it, and I've fixed upon the title. Odin's birds have been with me for the last half hour—one upon each shoulder."

Aunt Lotty looked up. "Birds, my dear; I do not understand."

"Only Odin's birds, Aunt Lotty, they're invisible. You know how people say to children, 'a little bird has been telling me so and so.'"

"And very wrong indeed it is of people," responded Aunt Lotty. "If there's one thing more than another that I object to, it is people telling children anything that is not true—children get to know it fast enough."

"But I think," said Joyce, "that children understand it is a sort of poetic licence, and when they comprehend that it is not literally true they appreciate its figurativeness. Perhaps," she continued, turning to Mr. Chester, "the nursery saying is a corruption of Hugo and Mumin, and so we have the old North superstition lingering among us without our being aware of it. It is curious to think how tradition and legendary lore keep an unconscious hold upon us, and how we are, as it were, but polished chips from the rough, unhewn blocks of granite of the grand old times."

"Very theoretic," answered Mr. Chester, "and somewhat vague."

"Oh, Joyce always gets a little vague when she soars into the sublime," said Doris. "Who else would have thought of connecting Hugo with the modern birds of nursery celebrity? Really, Joyce, there is something quite poetic about it."

"Ah!" said Aunt Lotty, "I used to like poetry when I was young, but I don't care much about it now; I think, with the exception of Lucy—"

Here Mr. Carmichael suddenly roused himself to observe that he objected to Lucy Gray, and was tired of hearing of her. Which was doubtless the case, as he was in the habit of hearing her referred to so constantly; and Mr. Carmichael's illness having made him irritable, he enunciated the sentiment less courteously than he might otherwise have done.

Aunt Lotty was rebuked, and took to her knitting with great diligence. Joyce felt half inclined to laugh; whilst Doris went round to Aunt Lotty's side, and kissing her gently, so that Mr. Carmichael, who had relapsed into his doze, might not hear, whispered:

"I like 'Lucy Gray,' Aunt Lotty; Mrs. Howell used to repeat it to me when I was a little child."

Aunt Lotty felt uncomfortable under the consolation administered, for was it not, to a certain extent, a covert act of rebellion against Mr. Carmichael? Therefore she patted Doris's head, and bade her go and sit down again. So Doris returned to her sofa corner, and again fell into a reverie.

Mr. Chester did not seem inclined to talk; perhaps he had taken his cue from Doris. At

least so Joyce thought, and she determined not to interfere with it; she therefore pretended to be deeply absorbed in the mysteries of the embroidery frame, though she could not have told whether the thread in her needle were blue or scarlet. They were a silent party, and the longer the silence continued, the more difficult it seemed to break it.

Joyce, despite her determination, felt that it was becoming painful, and would have given anything to be able to frame one simple unconstrained remark; but it was hopeless, her lips were sealed. Nevertheless, she sat torturing her brain for some topic that might be acceptable to all, and, as is generally the case, the more she sought, the more unavailing was the search, and the more inappropriate the subjects that did present themselves.

Was Mr. Chester similarly occupied? She could not tell; but she glanced at him from time to time as he continued to gaze steadily into the fire. Once he looked up as she looked towards him, and their eyes met. And somehow a strange feeling stole over her, as if she were guilty of a species of treachery to Doris. She could not analyse it, but it rendered her more hopelessly incapable of making a speech than ever. She cast a furtive glance at Doris, but Doris was leaning back amongst the cushions with half-shut eyes, and a quiet smile upon her lips. Yes, she was perfectly happy!

Mr. Carmichael opened his eyes.

"Why does no one talk?" he asked; "I am well enough now, it does not disturb me."

He spoke in a half-querulous, half-angry tone. He did not like being looked upon as an invalid. His illness was not an agreeable idea to him, he wished to get rid of it, to shake it off.

"I think," answered Joyce, finding her voice with a great effort, "that no one has anything to say."

"That is just what I have been thinking for some time," said Aunt Lotty, meekly, "and it's very surprising, for one ought to have a great many questions to ask. I'm sure enough has happened during the last few weeks. I wonder it did not strike me to ask Doris about the person she stayed with at Linton."

Mr. Carmichael took no notice of his wife's speech, but turned to Mr. Chester.

"When do you start for the continent?"

"Very shortly; I am going into Devonshire first with Mr. Lynn. He is anxious to visit the places where—" Mr. Chester hesitated and looked at Doris, but Doris finished the sentence for him.

"Where my mother lived for so many years, and," she added, in a lower tone, "where she died. He wishes to be alone there for a time. Is not that it, Gabriel?"

"Yes; I shall leave him there, and get off to Rome again as soon as possible."

"And when do you return?"

"I cannot tell. I am painting a picture that I wish to finish on the spot, if possible."

"Oh," and Mr. Carmichael moved restlessly, and then rising from his chair he went towards the fireplace; he took the poker and tried to

stir the fire, but his hand trembled a good deal.

"Allow me," said Mr. Chester, and Mr. Carmichael, exhausted, resealed himself.

"I'm weaker than I thought for," he muttered.

Aunt Lotty looked at him anxiously.

"You don't feel worse to-night?" she said.

Joyce also looking at him was startled to perceive the change that had taken place during the last few days. She had been so much absorbed in other matters that after the first alarm of Mr. Carmichael's illness she had not watched him very observantly, but now as her eyes followed Aunt Lotty's anxious gaze she noticed how much older-looking he had become, and that the lips usually so firmly compressed had a nervous unrest about them, and his eyes were heavy and wandering,

"I am no worse," said Mr. Carmichael, steadying his voice; "I'm better—a great deal better. I don't know what you are thinking of! Is it the way to make a man better to depress his spirits by telling him he's worse? Mr. Chester," said he, turning from Aunt Lotty, "I was going to ask, is there—have you—have you any hope of finding the letter that you lost?"

Mr. Carmichael grasped the arm of his chair, and spoke with some effort.

"Not much, I fear."

"Still there is a chance?"

"A very slight one. I think it must have been lost on my journey."

Mr. Carmichael sighed.

"You will, of course, send it at once if it should turn up?" said he.

"Yes."

Mr. Carmichael made another great effort to speak very steadily and calmly.

"I shall be glad to see the contents of that packet, they may be valuable; though, of course, in the record left by my sister all necessary information is contained. Therefore, in one point of view, we do not suffer much from its loss."

"Certainly not; I see no need of any further evidence. The letter would of course be valuable to Doris as a remembrancer of her mother, and valuable only to her."

"Yes," said Mr. Carmichael, musingly; "yes, Doris would like to have the letter, but it is doubtless lost; we must think no more about it."

And he fervently hoped and trusted that it had found its way to that mighty receptacle from whence lost articles never return.

Joyce was watching Mr. Chester attentively during the conversation, and she saw that he, too, was struck with Mr. Carmichael's eagerness about the lost packet. Once their eyes met, and she knew that he fully shared in her suspicious feelings.

Doris, too, had paused in her reverie, and was narrowly observing Mr. Carmichael. And even guileless Aunt Lotty said in an aside to Joyce,—

"I wish, dear, that that letter was either quite lost or found. Mr. Carmichael will never be himself again until it's settled. Though why he should be so anxious I can't imagine; he's done

everything he could, and has had a great deal of trouble, poor man."

And Aunt Lotty looked at her husband, and Joyce could see a little frightened look come into her face, for Aunt Lotty felt a presentiment of evil—a presentiment that she could not have defined, and that pointed to nothing definite, but which caused the frightened look to come into her face, and a shiver to run through her heart, when she looked at Mr. Carmichael.

But the Dormers were not a superstitious family; they were far too matter-of-fact to believe in supernatural warning; so Aunt Lotty attributed the shiver to a draught from the door, and drawing her shawl closer round her, believed that a sharp frost was setting in.

CHAPTER XXXVI. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I was going across the hall into the little morning-room, thinking I would leave the drawing-room for Doris and Mr. Chester, as they would have so much to talk about and to arrange before he went away.

"Doris is going to marry Mr. Chester," said I to myself, as my hand was on the handle of the door.

I had said it over and over many times during the last few days, as if I wished to familiarize myself with the fact, though of course I had known all along how it would be, and had always looked forward to it as the ending of my story.

Yet now that it had come to pass it somehow seemed stranger to me than I had anticipated, and it did not work quite so smoothly as I expected. Something jarred, though I could not tell what it was.

It appeared to me that Doris was very unconcerned, and Mr. Chester also; they might have been engaged for years. Yet this was perhaps natural, since they must have had it in constant anticipation. And still repeating the words, I opened the door of the morning-room. There was no one there, for Aunt Lotty was sitting upstairs with Mr. Carmichael, who was not quite so well to-day.

I was glad to be alone—I could do a little quiet reading; and I took up a book and drew a chair close to the fire. I turned over the pages, but found that I could not fix my attention; my thoughts strayed far enough away, and my eyes wandered to the bright fire that was leaping and flashing in the grate, and I began to trace pictures in the embers, and the flames sparkled up and flickered and nodded at me, until it seemed as though I were holding a conversation with them.

Thus I went on dreaming as I looked into the fire, and then leaning back I drove these thoughts away, and other thoughts came in their place, and prompted me to take inquisitorial proceedings with myself, and to examine into my inmost heart. And the first question I asked was this:

"Self, art thou glad or sorry that this engagement has come to pass?" And I was going to answer "Glad," but that just then conscience gave so sharp a prick that it startled me, and for a moment I could not speak, and whilst I was thus waiting, conscience followed up its advance

and whispered: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" And I could make no reply, for, in spite of my brave assertions, I still felt the dull gnawing pain, and I knew I could not be quite glad, however much I might wish to be so, until that was gone. So I fenced the question: "I do not envy Doris's happiness; I am glad that she is happy."

"But how about thyself? Is there no wish in thine heart that it might have been otherwise?"

"None. Oh, what am I saying! Let me at least be truthful to myself. The world cannot hear—what matters it. Ah! well, I will confess myself no longer."

And then I thought of good George Herbert's advice, and what a pity men did not follow it. Truly, if we made a daily examination of our hearts, and kept better accounts with ourselves, there would not be so heavy a balance against us when we come to add up the final sum.

Therefore I went to work honestly once more, and confessed to myself that I could not quite get rid of the pain, but that still I was glad that Doris and Mr. Chester were happy, and that whatever might be the opportunity, nothing would induce me to lift a finger to mar their happiness. But I was not quite happy myself. This was mortifying, for in my story I had been indulging in an imaginative picture of the transcendental frame of mind in which I should find myself when the consummation was achieved, and my hero and heroine were happily united.

But I fell short of this beatific transcendentalism when I came face to face with the reality, and I discovered that I, Joyce Dormer, was but a poor earth-worm after all, that writhed and twisted like other earth-worms when trodden upon.

Then I consoled myself. So it is with all. However mighty are our aspirations—however exalted our frame in occasional rapt moments,—there is a stern reality in life and its belongings that crushes down this loftiness of spirit, and in humility alone are we permitted to rise. As I reached this point, the door opened, and Mr. Chester and Doris appeared.

"I have been wondering where you were hiding," said Doris, as I bent over the book. She placed her hand upon it to take it away, and as she did so she laughed.

"All a pretence, Joyce, this being so studiously inclined; for see, the book is upside down!"

And so it was, and I had never known it; and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I could not look up at first, and when I did I met Mr. Chester's eyes fixed upon me; and again the odd uncomfortable feeling of treachery to Doris came over me.

"Gabriel is going away this afternoon," said she.

"So soon?" I answered in surprise, for I thought he would have stayed at Craythorpe for a few days longer. I did not think that the "very soon" would be accomplished so literally.

"The sooner I depart, the sooner I can return," said Mr. Chester.

"And you will be anxious to do so now on Doris's account."

And Doris having vanished, I decided that this was a good time for offering the congratulations to Mr. Chester, which hitherto I had had no opportunity of doing; so I continued—

"I am glad to be able to offer my best wishes for your happiness, Mr. Chester."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Chester, shortly.

"Doris is very amiable," said I, "every one must love her. I will take good care of her whilst you are away; though that is scarcely needful now that her father is restored to her."

"I don't know, Miss Dormer; she seems to cling more to you than anyone."

"That is strange!" said I.

"No, it is not," he answered, somewhat abruptly.

I was a little surprised, and perhaps I showed it, for Mr. Chester said more gently—

"You forget your resemblance to your mother. Mr. Lynn also was struck with it."

"Yes, I had forgotten that."

"Miss Dormer," said Mr. Chester, hesitatingly, "I should like to feel before I go away that there is no unfriendliness between us."

"There is none," I answered warmly; "I shall ever look upon you and Doris as my nearest and best-cared-for friends. If there had been any doubt, it would have been on my side; I must have seemed so strange, so unreasonable sometimes."

"No, you did not," he replied; "I was to blame for any annoyance you may have shown or expressed, and I regret it. Will you forget it, and remember me in a friendly spirit when I am gone?"

"Of course I will," I answered eagerly; "doubly so now on Doris's account."

"Then it is only to Doris that I am to owe your friendship?"

"No, Mr. Chester," I said, "not *only* to Doris;" and I looked steadily at him. What he was going to say I never heard, for Doris's return prevented it, but he gave one of his pleasant smiles and held out his hand.

"That is right," said Doris; "I hope you have come to an amicable arrangement at last. Really, Gabriel, if you were to continue on quarrelling terms with Joyce, I think I should have to give up our engagement. Would it break your heart if I did?" she added, laying her hand on his arm, and glancing up laughingly into his face.

"What nonsense you talk, Doris," he answered; "is not a broken heart a delusion—an impossibility—a mere figurative expression?"

"Not altogether," said I, in a low tone, for I was thinking of Doris's mother.

But it did not strike Doris, she was not seriously inclined to-day, and took Mr. Chester's words in a jesting light.

"Don't be afraid, I shall never break your heart, Gabriel," and she laughed; whilst I wondered how she could be so light-hearted on the eve of Mr. Chester's departure. Certainly he would return; and days and weeks, nay, even months and years fly quickly enough away.

"You look a great deal more solemn than I do, Joyce," said Doris; "but Gabriel and I are used to partings: it's like old times to say 'good-

bye' to one another; is it not?" and then I gave my hand to Mr. Chester, and wished him a pleasant journey and a speedy return.

"And don't lose the talisman," said Doris; "for though it has worked slowly it has worked well, and there is no telling what wonders it may yet perform."

I started, and Mr. Chester glanced curiously at me, but he betrayed no embarrassment. However, fearing any further remarks that might lead to a disclosure of what had happened to the talisman, I made my escape and waited in the porch-room until Mr. Chester should go away. Soon I heard the front door close and Doris's footstep on the stairs.

"He has gone," she said, unconcernedly, as she entered the room.

"And are you not sorry?" I asked, somewhat surprised at her manner.

"Well, of course I am not glad," she replied, sitting down beside me; "but he will be here again so soon."

"But if anything should happen to him?"

"No fear of that; Gabriel is able to take care of himself. Joyce," she continued, fixing her large dark eyes full upon me, "you will be my bridesmaid. Is that your story?"

"Yes. Aunt Lotty suggested it, so I wrote it down."

"Aunt Lotty!" echoed Doris.

"Yes, Aunt Lotty."

"Oh," rejoined Doris, drily. "And what did Uncle Carmichael say to the arrangement?"

"He said nothing, as the subject was not mentioned before him. But he thought that Mr. Chester was good enough for you."

"You know better than that, Joyce, with all your want of appreciation of him," said she, springing up; "Gabriel is a great deal too good for me. No one can tell how good Gabriel is who does not know him as I have done."

I was glad to see that she was not quite so indifferent as I was beginning to think her.

"Uncle Carmichael, indeed!" she exclaimed, "as if he were capable of understanding Gabriel. Night and day, darkness and light, fire and water, are not more unlike in their natures; and I did not expect *him* to appreciate Gabriel, he is not noble enough to do so. Now dear, simple Aunt Lotty understands him by instinct. He is to her a hero, and she worships him accordingly."

The idea of Aunt Lotty in connection with hero-worship had in it something so incongruous that I could not help smiling, neither could Doris avoid smiling in return, though she said, "Nevertheless, Joyce, I wish that you had a little more of Aunt Lotty's spirit."

It seems a hard proposition to set forth, but it appears to me that every one is more or less a hypocrite. So, at least, I felt, when by silence I in a manner assented to Doris's remark. But there are some thoughts in every heart so carefully guarded that one feels a secret satisfaction when people receive a wrong impression. And so it was with me; I wonder whether the believers in the possibility of human perfection have ever sat down quietly and made a candid examination of their own hearts, as I have done.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was some days before Mr. Carmichael had sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and it would apparently be some weeks before he could leave the house. And to a man of Mr. Carmichael's temperament, this close confinement was inexpressibly irksome, and also it placed him in a dependent position. Aunt Lotty was a devoted nurse; and a man less selfish than Mr. Carmichael would have been touched by her untiring zeal. But he, like all selfish men, was intent upon himself alone, and if he noticed her attention at all, it was merely when the accidental withdrawal of it made him sensible that it was essential to him. She still cherished the idea that the lost letter was preying upon his mind, though she dared not hint at such a supposition in his presence. But to Joyce she confided her opinions.

"I wish, dear, that we could hear from Mr. Chester, for Mr. Carmichael will never be himself again until that letter is either lost or found."

Little did she anticipate all that was to happen before Doris' packet would ultimately be recovered. Fate had not decreed its recovery at present, and when Mr. Chester wrote from Rome, he mentioned that, having searched everywhere for it without success, he had given it up as hopeless. Whereupon Mr. Carmichael professed due regret; but Joyce, watching him carefully, had small faith in his professions. He rubbed his hands feebly, and was less irritable during the day. Aunt Lotty thought she perceived a favorable change altogether.

"He walks more steadily," said she, "and his appetite has been better; he ate a slice of fowl and drank a glass of sherry immediately after reading the letter, and he took it with a relish that he's not had for his food for a good while. He'll be all right now that it's settled. There's nothing so wearing as suspense, wondering and wondering, and worrying, and thinking, and never coming to any conclusion. He'll be all right now."

But Joyce knew better, for the doctor had called her aside a few days after Mr. Chester's departure.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I shall be glad of a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Yes"

"My dear young lady," he went on, "I fear that Mr. Carmichael is in a very doubtful state of health."

Joyce was startled: she was not quite prepared for such an announcement.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that there is any immediate danger?"

"I won't say positive danger at present," replied Dr. Bennett; "but I have very serious apprehensions for the future. I think it not unlikely that Mr. Carmichael may never get over this illness; mind, I won't say positively—it never does to speak too decidedly on any matter; therefore I will not give a positive opinion. But any agitation may cause a relapse, and then the worst is to be feared."

"Does my aunt know this?"

"No; and from what I have seen of your aunt, it is not desirable that she should know it. It would do no good, and would probably incapacitate her, and she might unwittingly produce the effect so much to be dreaded."

"Poor Aunt Lotty!"

The doctor made no answer. He had attended Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael ever since they had been married, and knew something of domestic life at Green Oake.

"I may depend upon you to send for me at once if you see the slightest change in Mr. Carmichael."

"Certainly. But Dr. Bennett, do you fear anything immediate?" asked Joyce. "Do you think that he will—die?" she hesitated when she came to the last word, it seemed so awful, so sudden, so unexpected. "You don't think he will die. He is not an old man—surely he will not die?"

But Dr. Bennett was a doctor, and consequently would not commit himself to anything decided. He chose to be vague, and yet by his vagueness he perhaps produced the impression that he intended to produce.

Aunt Lotty, as she placidly tended Mr. Carmichael, had no apprehension of the dark presence that silently and all unseen accompanied her from room to room. The Dormer nature was too strong to allow of supernatural impressions, else she might have heard a voice saying, "Before many days are over thou shalt stand face to face with the Death-Angel." But Aunt Lotty was saved from this, and it was well, for trouble, however long ward off, comes ever too soon.

But Joyce, with keener sense, and with fears awakened by Dr. Bennett's speech, sat waiting and dreading every moment what might happen in the next. So when Aunt Lotty announced that Mr. Carmichael was much better to-day, well enough to leave his room, she experienced no throb of hope, for she felt that the words that had fallen from Dr. Bennett's lips admitted of no appeal.

Doris had gone to Lynncourt to see her little brothers, and Joyce sat wondering why she was so long away, just when she wanted her, for she felt that it would be a relief to her to have some one to speak to, some one that she need not try to command her feelings with, for she scarcely dare trust herself to speak to Aunt Lotty, who was willing enough to chat on the improved state of her husband's health. She looked at her watch. One o'clock! Surely Doris could not be away much longer, she had already been more than two hours at Lynncourt. She went to the window, but Doris was not in sight.

There was a little bustle on the stair-case. It was Mr. Carmichael going down very slowly, very heavily, Empson assisting him, and Aunt Lotty following. She would go and see him when he was settled in the drawing-room. She did not know how many times she might see him again. He was a doomed man, and no one in the house knew it but herself. The knowledge was growing quite painful to her; she felt as though she must tell some one. Why had Mr. Bennett made her so wretched when what was going to happen

might be months off? Was she to drag through weary weeks of watching for evil? It would have been different, she argued, if she had held a different opinion of Mr. Carmichael, if she could understand his life better, if she could get rid of the undefined feeling of dislike and distrust with which she regarded him,—above all, if she could divest herself of the suspicion that he was even now guilty of some wrong deed that he feared to have discovered.

Doris, entering the little porch-room, found her pale and careworn.

"What is the matter, Joyce?"

Joyce started up.

"When is Mr. Lynn coming home?" she asked, pursuing her own train of ideas, without taking any notice of Doris's question.

"Mr. Lynn! what can he have to do with your looking so wretched?"

"Nothing. Do I look wretched?"

"Miserable; as pale as a ghost! Just as I ought to look, I suppose; for if you were in my place, I should say you were fretting after Gabriel."

If Joyce had been pale before, she had color enough now, for the blood flushed up in her face till it was burning crimson.

"No, I am not," she answered, quickly.

Doris half smiled.

"Well, you are not pale now, certainly; and ready enough, too, to free yourself from such an accusation. Poor Gabriel! No one frets after him much. Do you know, Joyce, I feel quite happy now that he is away. Quite as happy upon the whole as when he is here. Is not that strange?"

"I wish he were here," said Joyce, involuntarily.

Doris stared at her. "You are the strangest person, Joyce."

But Joyce heeded not her remark. She said abruptly, "Do you remember saying it would be a good thing if Mr. Carmichael were to die, Doris?"

"Ah! did I? I had forgotten it," replied Doris, carelessly: "one speaks without thinking sometimes."

"Do you wish it now?" asked Joyce, in a slow, measured tone.

"Joyce!"

But Joyce repeated her question, even more deliberately than before.

"Wish it? of course I don't. I shouldn't have said it if I had taken into account the real meaning of it."

"I am glad to hear it."

Doris took a long look at her companion, whose pallid face seemed struggling to preserve a semblance of composure very much at variance with some hidden emotion that was agitating her. And as she looked, an undefined feeling of awe took possession of her, as though heart had spoken to heart, though no word had been uttered; as though Joyce's heart were in some way dimly reflected in her own; as, in the rippled water, the face below tremulously answers to the over-bending face above.

"There is something the matter, Joyce," she said; "will you tell me what it is?"

"You don't wish *that* now, Doris; you are quite sure?"

"Wish it? No, Joyce; how can you think that I ever could have wished it seriously. It would be almost murder to wish a thing so deliberately as you appear to think I wished that—"

"It would."

"You are not well, Joyce; you've never looked yourself since my foolish flight. I can't imagine what is the matter with you. If it is any satisfaction to you to hear it, Mr. Carmichael may live to the age of Methuselah for all I care, and I hope he will find happiness in it."

"I don't think there would be much happiness in that," sighed Joyce; "but he will not live, Doris. Dr. Bennett thinks he will never get over this illness."

Joyce had spoken Dr. Bennett's thoughts rather than his words; but she had done so unconsciously, her mind having been impressed by his manner rather than by anything however decided that he might have said.

"Mr. Carmichael dying!" exclaimed Doris, with a shudder.

"Hush, Doris! no one knows. Dr. Bennett would not let Aunt Lotty be told; he said it would do no good. Besides, it may not be yet. Another attack may not come on for some time. But I can't get rid of a weight that is weighing me down. I believe that Dr. Bennett knows it is nearer than he likes to say."

The two girls drew closer together.

"Poor Aunt Lotty!"

"Joyce," said Doris, "I shall send for Mr. Lynn, for my father; he ought to be here."

* * *

And on, and on, came the dark shadow, but Aunt Lotty did not perceive that the dusk was setting in—that the gray evening time was creeping near—the twilight deepening before the night closed in. Slowly but surely the Death-angel approached; the hours were measured out; there was no need for him to hurry on his journey, he should arrive in time; for Hugh Carmichael had yet some days to live.

Joyce, with a sickening at her heart, awaited his advent. Already she felt the chilling influence he spread around; and ever in her ears sounded the words that Hugh Carmichael had heard so often, and the response he had so many times repeated—"From sudden death, *Good Lord deliver us!*" So many times repeated without giving it a serious thought. He had never contemplated sudden death in connection with himself. Few men do; they take it for granted that their own will be an ordinary death with due warning. Yet death was near!—he must die!—die with the burden that was heavy on his soul!—die with his evil feelings still unrepented of, his sins unforgiven. Ah! who was she that should thus map out his iniquities and judge him? Who was she that she should condemn?—and yet she could not help it, for stronger than her charity rose up conviction.

Her opinion of Mr. Carmichael was unchanged; and he was dying, and he knew it not! And if she told him the shock might be too much for

him. What should she do? Backwards and forwards she paced the narrow limits of the little porch-room, trying to calm herself and decide what best was to be done.

Suddenly a bell rang; and she heard the servants moving to and fro. She opened the door and listened. Some one ascended the stairs. It was Sarah coming to tell her something that she knew already. No need for her to see the white face or hear the words—

"The master is worse, Miss."

"Yes, Sarah. Send off for Dr. Bennett."

Then she descended quietly to the drawing-room. In a moment all her agitation was calmed. Suspense was over!—the worst had come! She must act now. And she gave directions about Mr. Carmichael, and soothed Aunt Lotty, who was as helpless almost as a child.

"And he was so much better this morning," moaned Aunt Lotty; "and now he's worse than he's ever been. I'm afraid he's very ill indeed."

Mr. Carmichael *was* very ill, and Dr. Bennett held out but little hope. Towards midnight he rallied slightly, and soon after fell into a heavy sleep. And the Death-angel watching by Mr. Carmichael's pillow stayed his hand, for the time was not yet come.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE CHRISTMAS SAMARITAN.

THE shadows of even were falling fast
Over the drifted snow,
Gay lights from the windows flickered and danced
On the busy crowd below.

'Twas Christmas Eve! and the thoroughfares
Teemed with a motley throng,
Here one with his neighbor bandied a jest,
There whistled a snatch of song.

Crouching, I saw in a doorway dark
A weary, a fearful sight,
Out of the whirl of the wayfarers all,
Out of the maddening light,

A girl, or something in shape of one—
Heaven knows how she came so low—
Gnawing her fingers for misery,
Trailing her rags in the snow.

There passed a sempstress, wasted and wan—
O God, there *are* angels still
Enshrined in the humblest, holiest forms,
Ready to do Thy will!

'Twas a hard, hard task for that workwoman
To keep body and soul together,
To find a crust for the hunger-fiend,
And a shed from the biting weather.

A moment—ah, *true* Samaritan,
Thou hast heard of the widow's mite;
Thou hast not a heart that can look unmoved
On that doorway and on that sight!

* * * * *

Then held she forth her transparent palm
With her hard-earned penny fee,
"I am poor, how poor, God only knows,
But thou wantest it more than me."

Mechanically took the starving girl
From the blessed sister-hand
The small copper coin that might match the gold—
Yes, the *gold* of this Christian land.

For it brought new life to a starving frame,
Though it only purchased a roll;
And it brought a greater blessing than that,
New *hope* to a starving *soul*.

Her white lips moved, but never a word,
Never a word spake she:
Oh, woman, as thou to thy neighbor deal'st
Will God do unto thee!

A TALKING CANARY.

I HAD heard from time to time during the winter of a very wonderful canary bird in the possession of Herrin Professor T——, Berlin, historical painter. The accounts seemed to me contradictory and absurd, and being of a testy disposition and apt to snap at tales without foundation, I formed the exceptional resolution of inquiring into this one; so without further ceremony than that of a calling card, I set out to invade the privacy of the Herrin Professor, in order to convince myself of the humbug, or—the world of a wonder.

On being admitted, I was ushered into an apartment which led into a second inner one, the door of which stood open. I was received politely by the lady of the house, who seemed somewhat astonished on hearing of my self-made mission to her house mingled with words of apology and introduction. While speaking I heard a voice coming from the inner apartment just mentioned. The Frau Professor turned her head and answered to the voice, "Maetzekin, mein liebes Maetzekin!" with an air of pleased delight, and then to me "that is the little wonder, if you will have it so." Again the voice issued from the apartment, a voice which in pitch and quality I judged to be that of a child of from two to three years old. I was about to make some polite speech about her family as I thought myself bound to do, when the Frau Professor led the way into the inner room, saying, "Now come and see Maetzchen and judge for yourself." I felt disposed to deprecate my being thought a judge of babies, but I had no time, for there I was in the middle of the room, and not a child or any vestige of one to be seen. All quiet and orderly as might be the sanctum of an aged virgin. But under the sofa! It is just possible the voice proceeded from thence. The Professorin turned her back for an instant, and a rapid and searching glance convinced me that no tumbled petticoats or scarlet shy face was hidden beneath. Where then did the voice proceed from? And who was Maetzchen? I was not kept long in suspense as to his personality, for Frau Professor T——, bringing a birdcage that was standing on her worktable at the window and placing it beside me on the centre-table, introduced its little inmate as "mein Maetzekin." Now a light dawned on me—could it indeed be?—but all speculation was suddenly cut short and all doubt speedily dispelled, for the tiny yellow throat quivered, the beak opened, and the bird spoke—spoke as distinctly as I or any naturally articulate individual can. The words and the tones were the same as I had heard from the outer

apartment believing them to proceed from a child of some three years old.

I stood for one half-hour in speechless astonishment listening to this diminutive chatterbox, who seemed to take a true delight in showing off before me every art of which he was possessed. His stock of words was few, but he varied the tone and the order in which they were uttered, intermingling them likewise with song. Canaries, like Jews, being of all nations, and this being a German canary, he spoke German as follows: "Wo bist du, mein liebes Maetzekin, mein liebes, liebes Maetzekin, wo bist du?" It almost seems an insult to modern schooling to translate those words; Matz, Maetzchen, Maetzekin is the only one that might require some explanation. It is not a proper name, but a common term given to cage-birds, especially to the canary, being equivalent to our dickey. Maetzekin is a playful and endearing variation of a term that is already with its "chen" added to the Matz, soft and coaxing. It is, as we should say, Dickiekins. Maetzchen's whole phrase then is, Where art thou, dear Dickiekins, my dear, dear Dickiekins, where art thou? Maetzekin, with its sharp and hard consonants, is a marvellously hard word to articulate. How Maetzchen manages it is not very clear to me, for the tz is a sort of Shibboleth by which to discover many an otherwise very articulate foreign tongue. The little marvel does not speak quite pure high German. It treats the st in bist a little thick and inclining to the platt-deutsch. This makes it sound at once very comical and very pretty, and less like a bit of machine work; though, had I been told it was a bit of ingenious machinery, it seems I should have admired the wonders of it and given to the powers of man an easier credence—for what have his ingenuity and diligence not accomplished by means of wheels and screws?—than I felt I could to this wonder of nature.

Maetzchen, making a pause in his discourse and daintily refreshing himself with seed and water and rice biscuit, I recovered the command of my own tongue, and proceeded to put some questions, which elicited the following few and simple facts of Maetzchen's life.

He is two years old, and has been able to use his tongue for half that time. He came into the possession of his present mistress almost out of the shell, and, if my memory is true, from a private nest. Maetzchen did not sing a note, though both of the right age and sex, but fell into the very quiet ways of a tranquil childless home. His cage was placed from the first on the Frau Professor's work-table, which stood in the window. On the long afternoons, which the early German dinner leaves, the lady used regularly to sit there with her seam, as I believe the expression is, and being neither of the singing or whistling order, she diverted herself and Maetzchen by addressing him, by the hour I may say, the above words of endearment—wo bist du, mein liebes Maetzchen, or Maetzekin. And so on, ringing changes on the word as one would to a child. Maetzchen did not seem to know it was his birthright to sing, and those words being the only sounds that fell on his ear, and he a bird of

considerable talent, he picked them up, and one day threw the whole house into a state of consternation by breaking forth into speech. He had uttered tones before, and his call had and has quite a peculiar timbre and turn; but his first full and distinct utterance seems to have been one day in the absence of his mistress. A seamstress had taken her place, and poor Maetzchen, missing his daily companion, spoke. The girl, thinking the bird was possessed, rushed in terror out of the room, and told how the little creature had addressed her. She was laughed at naturally, but by-and-by they all crept in and all heard him. Since then Maetschen has not ceased to use his tongue, and that remained his only accomplishment till, his mistress going to the country, gave him in charge to a friend who had a capital singer; Maetzchen, ever ready to learn, picked up a fine note. His present habit is to repeat his words, finishing them off in a rapid and repeated utterance of the bist du, bist du, and then off into his song. He has other words he can say, but he did not favor me with them. He is not always equally disposed for conversation, and some who go to hear come away disappointed, and say in consequence it is all humbug. Desirous of having my own observations confirmed before communicating them to the public, I sent a young ornithologist, one by love more than by profession, to see and hear. And he saw and heard, and afterwards gave me a simple recital. My young friend remarked that Matz modulated his voice, especially when his mistress left the room, into a long-drawn sentimental tone—mein Maetze-kin, mein lie-bes, lie-bes, Maetz-se-kin, etc.

Long life to Maetzchen! I hope the same law of nature that condemns all the good and clever to an early death, will make an exception in favor of him. The fact of his existence is strange and interesting, especially to men of science. It has already been mentioned to the ornithological society in Berlin by my young friend, and raised amongst the learned gentlemen a perfect storm of excitement. And with reason, for it is a fact which suggests speculation of a sort that falls in with many of the ideas of the present day. This unwitting experiment having succeeded it might be worth somebody's while (having an equal command of leisure as the Frau Professor) to try the same with other birds. For instance, that yattering *gamin* the sparrow. Were he not so hard to keep in confinement there is scarcely a doubt but that his bold, vigorous, insolent tones might be turned into articulation. I have often heard it said that of all animals an elephant and a canary possessed the most wits. I am not prepared to discuss the question. I simply ask is this articulation of sound a sign of more wits than the glance of a faithful dog's eye?

ON THE NILE.

It was seven o'clock. The old year was fast dying; nevertheless five hours remained to us. What should we do? It happened, while we were thus debating by candle-light, that the mellow sound of voices, as from a chorus far away, came

floating in to us through the open passage. "What's that?" cried Smith, as he lazily poked the end of a long chibouke across from his lounge on the divan into the candle to re-light his tobacco; "is it a boat?" The caliph at that moment, pushing back the thick curtain, showed his important face at the door. "Traveler, his boat, sar, walking down river; too dark to see flag. Him bang blue light to his mast." We got our guns ready for saluting, and mounted on the upper deck. It was one of those nights you never see but in the East. The broad face of the river lay stilled as in deep slumber, still—without a ripple. Each single star from the firmament above mirrored itself distinctly in that sea of glass. You almost feared to look down into the awful abysses of that second hemisphere, high over which you felt yourself to be floating as in some airy ocean. I had never seen so perfect an allusion before, nor do I believe any other river or lake could show it but the Nile. Far away over the water, as yet, glowed a row of little lights from the cabin windows of the approaching dahabeeyah. We could hear the dip of their oars in the intervals of the boatman's song. As for the ship, a shadowy mass, it loomed bigger and bigger on the stream, until the Arab oarsmen—twelve in rank—rowing and singing with all their might, took indistinct shape in the flickering light of a little lantern hung above them.

Bang! Bang! Six shots in quick succession went pealing across the water, and the sound came back to us in echo from the Lybian hills. There was a momentary lull. We saw the Arabs resting on their oars. The dark mass came floating nearer and nearer, and the reflected window-lights showed already athwart our bows. We could perceive a stir on board—then a flash. Our salute was returned. The ship's course now changed. It was evident that an order had been given to pull in for shore.

The meeting of friends or countrymen is quite an event on the Nile. It is about the only break in your journey which reminds you of nationality or home. Thus, when we presented ourselves on board the newly-arrived craft, and found its owner to be an Englishman, and, more, an acquaintance of our Professor's, we fraternized as they only do who meet thus in far distant lands. Our host, Mr. Doubledash—a man well known in scientific circles and conversaciones, where he shone as a great light, and where he had gone through many a stiff tussle with the Professor—had started early this season for the cataracts. But, finding, as he expressed it, things rather dull, he determined to make the best of his way back, and get across the long desert into Palestine, taking Petra (if the fates, or rather, Bedouins, were propitious) in his track. "I rejoice to have fallen in with you," he said, when we were duly installed in his divans, and a Nubian boy had handed the inevitable coffee and chiboukes; "I was so anxious for a chat about home news. Have you any papers?"

When we had run over all we knew of the world's later history—"Ah! well!" he replied, "I need not have worried myself. Not much is lost by my absence. Life up here, you know, is

like that lake in the Land of Roses, half-sweet, half-bitter. You are fancying something will go wrong at home because you are away, and thus you muddy the pleasant waters of travel. But it doesn't; and that takes the conceit out of you. May I entreat you, sir, to be careful?"—this was addressed to Smith, who, swinging his legs off the divan, was kicking unconcernedly at something hidden beneath—"there is a mummy under there."

"A mummy!" ejaculated Smith, springing up in horror; "I hope I have not hurt him!"

"No, I think not; he is pretty tough. There are a couple more on deck, too—women, in boxes: but this fellow is unrolled. If you will lend a hand, we will have him out."

Whereupon, while one of us held a pair of candles, the Thing in question was dragged from beneath the divan and laid on the table. It was the perfect body of a man mummied in youth, stiff and unyielding, as if accumulated ages had hardened it into iron. Every sinuous line of muscle and ligament flanking the rigid limbs could still be traced. The brown face had become distorted into a sinister grin, half-exposing the upper teeth; while folds of thick clustering hair matted with bitumen wreathed about the brow.

"I bought him at Thebes," said Mr. Doubledash, pulling off some threads of mummy cloth, which still adhered to the body. "Mustapha Aga hit upon a fresh tomb while I was there, and he took me to see it. I purchased the three tenants *in situ*. It was quite a speculation, you know. 'They might happen to turn out well or they might not,' Mustapha told me. So I took my chance. The outer coffins were truly magnificent," continued our friend, enthusiastically. "As big as that table, and crowded as thick with paintings as the walls of the Academy. But I left them behind me, for I hadn't room. Even as it is," he added, with a sigh, "my Arabs are always stumbling over the women up-stairs, and wanting to burn them. They are very good for making fires, they say."

"Did you find anything in them?" the Professor asked.

"No; merely a scarabeus or two knotted to a net of beads over the breast, and a ring; but no jewels. As for the ladies, they are not yet thoroughly unrolled, for I wanted to save them for England. In fact, I broke off the head of one in tearing away her painted mask, and trying to unclasp a necklace she had on. I fancy the head had been hurt by the embalmers. There it is behind you, sir, on the shelf."

This last was addressed to Smith, who, taken in flank, and now thoroughly horrified, turned sharp round to look; and there, truly enough, propped up by a powder-flask, stood the ghastly thing grinning hideously at him! "I think," stammered Smith, "I should like, if you will excuse it, to go on to your upper deck and look at those—those unrolled mummies."

"With pleasure," rejoined our friend. "Let us adjourn. May I trouble you to hold the candles?" And so we stepped up to the little stair, and in the dark night turned over those ancient relics of humanity, pulled them out of their inner

coffins, set them upright on their feet, and talked scientifically over them, and then laid them back again to rest. Nor let the reader suppose that more serious thoughts were absent, though the words spoken at the time did not express them. Altogether it was a weird scene on that upper deck. The two Arab bands, fraternizing, had kindled a watch-fire of doura straw on the shore, and were sitting around it carousing under the palms. The blaze, now waxing, now waning, mantled on their wild and dusky features, and scattered strange, elf-like shadows over the jagged palm-trunks which stood from the gloom. And, further, as every tongue of flame shot aloft, its reflection glared across the water, and it flickered upon this grim group of philosophers and mummies, animated it with a false and ghostly life, and lent to it the look of a solemn conclave holding council with the dead.

But the night was fast wearing on. What of the waning year? What of the marriage feast? Our friend from the upper country had surely fallen upon prosperous days. Here were two entertainments awaiting him in one night. "Would he join us in these festivities?" we asked. Good: then it would be well to hasten at once to the village.

The two dragomans and Said, each bearing a lantern, lighted us across the plank to the shore, and led a way through the thick copse to the village. It was not far. We could see a glimmering light through the trees, and the sound of music and dancing came borne to us on the night wind. Haroun was grumbling all the way.

"What for you, sare, go village wedding? Grand wedding in Cairo—*fantasia*, fine dress, fine dancer, fine music! Here no fine at all. Village wedding, common people, no good. Bad dancer, bad music, bad everything. Ya!" And the good fellow found that words were lacking him wherein to express his contempt.

Many of the Nile villages, as I have said, are made up of square, mud-built dwellings, clustered together, with a few open spaces between, in which a straggling palm or two from the encompassing grove, or a broad-spreading sycamore, affords friendly shelter from the noonday heats. In one of these spaces the festival in question was being held. Some fifty or sixty—the whole population of Sowadee, in fact, men, women and children—were gathered to the feast.

We penetrated by a labyrinth of tortuous passages and courts. The people were scattered—some lounging on the mud-divans round the sycamore roots, some squatting in circle by a half-extinct watch-fire, some chatting, smoking, lying prone in the dust, with heels kicking up in the air. The twilight of stars, the stray glow of a goozeh, and our lanterns, were our only help; for a low cresset, set up near the dancers, cast its light only on them, and on the spectators gathered around. Of course, the focus of attraction was the bridegroom's dwelling. He owned a house about three times as big as a sentry-box. It was one of several off-shoots from a larger mansion, belonging to the sheik of the village—a very grand palace indeed, which boasted of an upper story, and was almost as tall as the adjoining mosque, whose minaret, erect as a jave-

lin, grew into the dark night, dim against a background of stars.

The friends of the bridegroom and the bride (men and women), dimly distinguished by the fitful light, were seated in the position of honor about his door on divans or wicker-work of palm. The bridegroom was standing in his doorway, but the lady lingered inside unseen. A carpet had been spread in front of the dancers, a little oil lamp or two stood on the ground, and a cresset, stuck in the earth hard by, was burning. A boy fed it continually by poking bits of doura straw through the bars. The spectators had ranged themselves in circle for a good view of the performance.

Two women were dancing when we drew near, and the bridegroom—a fine-looking young fellow, dressed in a blue gown and scarlet turban—came instantly forward, and politely made room for us on the wicker divan among his friends. All these—the men, that is—saluted us by touching breast and turban, and crying "Salaam! salaam!" while the women, trying to look demure, took courage from their numbers, and finally giggled uncontrollably at the fun of the thing. At first they made faint pretences of drawing their veils slantwise across the face so as to deprive us of a fair sight of their charms; but, seeing we were not to be provoked by such privation, and finding further that that were very tame, they let things take their course, and, with a show of dignity, turned their look on the dancers. A boy handed us coffee and pipes. Haroun, with clever forthought, had brought our own chiboukes; thus we were spared the smoking in common with our dusky brethren and sisters. The two dragomans and Said stood behind us, dressed in their most gorgeous attire—gold-embroidered vests, sumptuous silk scarfs of orange and crimson, and turbans which were masterpieces of the Damascus looms. No wonder the villagers—women and boys especially—looked upon them with unmitigated awe.

The dancing was resumed. Four or five musicians squatted themselves on the edge of the carpet, and, with cymbals, darabouka, double pipes, and a kind of violin, discoursed a wild music, which kept measure to the tread of the dancers' feet. Sometimes the thing was varied; sundry of the men and women on the divans broke out into a song—an epithalamium, I suppose—but dancing, chiefly held sway. As for the dancers, the two best were professionals—hired almehs. But in the intervals of their dance the brideswomen came forward two by two, and took their places on the carpet. The almehs were rather pretty—dark-featured, gipsy-like girls, with big eyes pencilled with kohl; adown their backs a wild abundance of black hair, threaded with tiny gold coins, fell in a glittering shower. They wore a host of tawdry finery—ear-rings, bracelets, necklaces of beads, which tinkled as they danced. A gauzy tob, a Spencer of crimson silk, trousers drooping and full—so full as almost to eclipse their naked feet on the carpets—completed their attire.

They kept time, fast or slow, with little brass cymbals looped over the thumb and forefinger,

jerking them together with head cast back, and arms thrown aloft. Their manner of dancing was identical with that portrayed on the wall-pictures in the ancient tombs—doubtless the same as to character, if not, indeed, the exact movements of that dance whereby the fair Salome bewitched Herod and his captains in their revells.

Half an hour we stayed, spectators of this various entertainment—guests of the bridegroom. Our proud host gravely confided to us between his whiffs some interesting episodes in his courtship and marriage. Haroun interpreted them, of course, in his own racy way. They are too long to repeat, but the upshot led you to fancy that the newly-married fair one was somewhat tempered with the mettle of the barber's wife, who courted her husband by casting date-stones at him from behind the wall, giggled, and ran away. We did not see the bride. An indistinct glimpse of drapery, and one or two female forms grouped in a dark corner of the sentry-box, was all that could be gained, and that only by a chance ray from the flickering cresset.

So we bade good-bye to the friendly circle, dropped a backsheesh into the bridegroom's willing hand, and quitted the scene in a blaze of fireworks—not metaphorical but real. For Smith had brought a Roman candle or two and a big rocket with him, in order—as he expressed it—to astonish the natives; and, on leaving, he astonished them accordingly. Never, I will be bound to say, were works of art more keenly appreciated. Not even the famous Girandola, on that last great night of the Roman festival—fiery halls of unmitigated splendor, cloisters of amethyst, and emerald vistas of golden grandeur, which, as you know, are called forth in an instant, and finally blow up like a volcano—not even the Girandola, I say, elicits deeper gutturals of “Oh,” and “Ah!” from the gaping, dragoon-ridden crowd under the Pincian Hill, than came forth responsive from the rustics of Sowadee, spell-bound by that solitary rocket!

And the old year was fading out; the tide that never waits lay at its last ebb. Many such a tide had ebb'd before—how many!—upon those ancient shores. We sat over a fire of sticks on the edge of the desert, under the glittering stars, and silently waited for the turn. It came, the new year. Alas for old Egypt! Another flood tide might set in, and still another, and another, but never could their waters render back those mighty landmarks which ages had fretted away and envious storm-waves swept into the abysses of the past. Ah, well, a few more ebbings and flowings, and perhaps the landmarks, not only of Egypt, but of Time itself, may be swept away—swept into the shoreless ocean of eternity!

THREE REMARKABLE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

It is the happy lot of some men to pass the whole round of their lives within hail of the family circle, and once a year to meet the faces they love so well, and from which the pursuits of business may have separated them during the rest of the year. Others, again, are from an

early period wanderers from the paternal home, and only revisit the scenes of their happy youth at long intervals, to find everything changed—“old manners gone,” and strangers filling the space once occupied by beloved and familiar faces. The writer of these lines may be numbered with the erratic. For forty long years he has been more or less away from the land of his fathers, and his Christmas Days have rarely been distinguished by a participation in the festivities which are germane to the period, and agreeable to antique usage. *Au contraire*, he has passed some of his “festivals” after a manner the reverse of agreeable, three striking illustrations of which fact opportunely present themselves. The reader will probably agree that they at least deserve the epithet, “remarkable.”

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE TIGRIS.

I had been for some time residing at Bagdad, in 182—. Curiosity to visit a city rendered so famous by the “Arabian Nights' Entertainments,” led me (from India) first to visit Bassora, the Balsorah of the Thousand and One Nights, and then the city of the Caliph, whose fame has supplied the title to a pretty opera now rarely performed. And when I had supped sufficiently full of all the attractions of the quaint old city, which had not then involved its Turkish aspect in dark-blue woolen vestment and the scarlet fez, I made preparations for a journey across the desert to Damascus, for the Holy Land was the ultimate object of my travels. To effect this in safety, it was necessary to don the garment of an Arab, to allow the beard a few weeks' growth, and to study the phrases which would be requisite to help me on my perilous journey. My previous residence in the India facilitated the acquisition of the accent, and I could soon pronounce the *Salaam Alec Koum* with orthodox accuracy. The science of eating a pilaw with my fingers, and tearing away pieces of roast lamb as if I had never known the use of knife and fork, was acquired after a little greasy practice and I even learnt to toss off a noggin of raki with as much *sang froid* as if it had been a glass of Hodgson's pale ale. At length, having negotiated the hire of a horse and camel with the chief of a *cafilah* (caravan), and paid in advance for *protection*, I bade adieu to my old friend, Colonel Taylor, the British agent and resident, and set forth with some fifty companions, viz., three merchants two moollahs, a special *tatar*, my servant, a sheikh, and forty-two thieves under the denomination of pilgrims, returning from Mecca and acting as guards of the merchandise. We had made a four days' journey, and had halted for the night in the desert at a spot where the camel thorn was tolerably abundant. It was Christmas Eve. I had eaten a good supper of lamb, stewed in dried apricots, and taken my dram to the health of absent friends preparatory to a snooze when my attention was attracted to a wailing cry in another part of the bivouac. I listened gradually this was followed by a murmur, and then another cry, and soon the whole party was in a state of excitement very unusual among sober Mussulmans. I told my servant, Hummur

to go quietly and ascertain the cause. He was not long gone when he hurried back with tottering steps to tell me that THE PLAGUE had broken out in the caravan, and not a soul was safe. Two men were dying, one had died: others were sick, and all were apprehensive. I knew that the fatal disease of Asiatic cholera had appeared in the city just as we were leaving. Taking counsel with Hummud, I removed my rug and saddle-bags to some distance to windward of the whole party, and pondered the wisest course. It would never do to go on in fellowship with fell disease, and perhaps be left a corpse in the middle of the desert. It might be equally fatal to return. Before midnight, however, I resolved on the latter course, and saddling my horse I was soon on the way back alone, bidding Hummud follow on the camel. A few hours sufficed to accomplish, at a trot and a gallop, the distance which, walking with a caravan, required nearly four days (absolutely forty-eight hours of locomotion) to master.

Arrived at the principal gate of the city of Bagdad, horse and man equally jaded, I was about to enter, when I found my ingress barred. The gate was closed, and from a wicket I was informed that the plague was in the town, and no one was permitted to enter until he had served twenty days' quarantine! Here was a situation—and on Christmas Day, too! It was in vain that I protested I was a friend of the resident's. Colonel Taylor had fled with his family to Bussorah, and the Armenian substitute did not know me. I offered money—I made promises—all in vain. I was doomed to hold high festival in the desert with the hungry vultures hovering above me, rather offering them a scanty meal than getting one myself. As evening approached (for I had arrived at the western gate in the middle of the day) I began to feel very nervous and somewhat faint. No one went into the city, and those who came out bore with them the dead, all recent victims of the terrible visitation. It was clear I could have no hope of ingress, even if it were safe to be in the infected place. I at once resolved to abandon the poor camel, and putting my servant behind me, we rode down to the banks of the river (Tigris) and sought a boat. Not one was to be seen! The people had fled to Bussorah in every available vessel. There were, however, we were told, some boats a few miles lower down the stream. We set off for the locality, but had not gone far before we came upon an encampment of Bedouins—thieves and murderers of the worst dye. With the keenness and rapidity of vultures, three or four of them, lance in rest, rushed out to stop, and of course to rob us. Resistance, I knew, would be futile. There was only one escape: I turned my horse's head to the stream, then a few yards off, and putting spurs to his flanks, leaped in, and was soon floating down with the rapid current, which the Arabs appropriately enough call the "*Djeer*," or javelin. The leap dislodged the faithful Hummud, and deposited him on the bank. Narrowly escaping the random shots of the Bedouins, and keeping close to the bank for an hour and a half, I was carried down to a cane-built village, where my

horse was brought up (nothing else could have stopped the poor wretch) by a cluster of boats. We got on to the bank, and were hospitably treated; and I then made arrangements for a trip to Bussorah, after spending my *Christmas holiday in the Tigris*.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN A LAZARETTO.

In the winter of 183—, I had arrived at Odessa from Asiatic Turkey. The unlucky yellow flag, hoisted by command of the visiting surgeon of the port, compelled the brig I was in to toss about in the roadstead for a week before it was admitted to the mode or quarantine harbor. Then I was required to send my clothes for fumigation, and at the end of another week the authorities permitted me to land and take up my quarters in the lazaretto for fourteen days more, "on suspicion of plague."

The Odessa lazaretto is built in the form of a quadrangle. Each room is separated from its neighbor by a double wall, between which a sentinel takes his station, to see that neighbors hold no communication with each other. There is a small court-yard in front of each room; and a double iron grating—one row of grating a few feet before the other—keeps the prisoners from any personal tact with the outer world, represented by the restaurateur and his aids, the surgeon and the chaplain. In the room adjoining mine were confined a Greek and a young woman, who passed a portion of their time in singing to the music of a guitar, and occasionally a tambourine. Much of the rest was spent in eating, drinking, and sleeping, to judge from the long intervals of silence. But there were noisy episodes which conveyed strong proofs that the lady could scold as well as sing, and sometimes the quarrels rose to a terrible pitch, a thump, followed by a scream, furnishing the climax.

It was Christmas Day. The snow fell heavily, deadening the sound of the church bells, which, through a broken pane, reminded me of the holy festival. I expected to hear my neighbors sing hymns. My own time was devoted to my books—the only relief to an enforced solitude. Towards evening, while the guard slept, I distinctly heard the voice of the man Greek. He seemed to be growling rather than speaking, and in the intervals of his silence I heard the female sob. Not a *very* "merry Christmas," thought I. Sometimes one voice rose above the other—the one was shrill, the other loud and angry. Then there was a scuffle, then all was tranquil. Night had fallen, and I had hoped the parties had gone to sleep. But again the murmurs, the expostulations, the outbursts, disturbed my quiet. And now the woman became voluble, and spasmodic bursts of grief alone interrupted the torrent of her eloquence. Ever and anon the man called out what appeared to be "Silence!" adding a few words (none of which were distinct enough to be caught) in a minatory tone. Then came another struggle, words—bitter words—stifled cries, a heavy fall, a scream—silence again.

I could not sleep; what had been the issue of the last quarrel? Had the "peace and good will" taught by the Redeemer, whose natal day

the outer Christian world was celebrating, ultimately prevailed; and were the recent antagonists illustrating the Horatian maxim, that the falling out of lovers is the renewal of love? Or had the last fall so stunned the feeble of the two individuals as to render the revival of either love or anger temporarily impossible?

I was not long in doubt. It was past midnight, when I was awakened by dolorous cries and heavy sobs, vehement protestations and earnest apostrophes in the voice of the man. I knocked loudly at the wall to suggest silence. He evidently did not heed the knocking. I called out in good Italian, "Be quiet," it was of no avail. I roused up the guard, and asked him what was the matter with the gentleman. My custodian suggested he was drunk, I could not, however, divest my mind of the idea that a deed of darkness had been perpetrated.

The night wore away. I could not sleep. I no longer heard the voice of the woman—even the man's voice was hushed; but, instead of the usual sounds, my ear was assailed with knockings on the floor, and a noise as of a saw or file at work. When the restaurateur came round in the morning to take orders for breakfast, I told him what I had heard, and suggested that the lady might be ill, and need medical aid. He went next door, but was sent away with the intimation that nothing was wanted. Two or three more days elapsed: the time had arrived for my release. On the very day, indeed, when I was to be emancipated my neighbors were also to be freed. I heard the officers arrive next door. Some words were uttered, followed by an altercation; then the man cried bitterly. What could be the matter? More officers came; the man was fettered and taken away. Where was the woman? He had stabbed her in his anger; and, under some absurd notion that her existence would be forgotten by the authorities, he had taken up two planks, and deposited the dead body of the poor girl beneath them. This explained the operations which followed upon the silence. When I was released, I saw my quondam neighbor sitting in a verandah of the place where I went to reclaim my fumigated apparel, guarded by two soldiers. He was a little old man of malignant aspect. I remembered having seen him on the mole with a handsome young Greek whom I supposed to be his child. No one knew exactly what their relative position was. It was enough that he had shed her blood on Christmas Night.

A CHRISTMAS GALE.

It was in the African summer of 1826. We were rounding the Cape of Good Hope in the good ship "Nancy Lee," whereof James McCulloch was master, on our voyage from Bombay to Liverpool. I was the only passenger. The voyage had been tedious, for the bottom of the vessel was covered with barnacles, and the captain was not a very entertaining or instructive mariner. He did not smoke, because he feared it would destroy the *emmanuel* of his teeth; he hoped to be *enumerated* by his employers for certain extra duties he had performed; he thought sea-sickness was nothing when a man was *manured* to it,

and so on. These malapropisms sufficiently illustrate the extent of his literary attainments. He had one mate, Smith by name, whose only diversion during the watch below was a daring attempt to conquer "Life let us cherish" on a one-keyed flute. I was consequently cast upon my own resources. The table was not very luxuriantly supplied, but there was always a sufficiency; and on Christmas Day we had an extra feast. The preserved salmon came in aid of the roast pork and plum-pudding, and some excellent claret was added to the usual vinous accompaniment. We dined at three o'clock. The weather was beautiful; all sail was set, and we were congratulating ourselves upon so propitious a "double" of the terrible Cape of Storms. The captain had made liberal distribution of extra grog, and all went merrily. By five o'clock we had indulged in so many cheerful libations, and were, in fact, so very jolly, that we did not perceive that the wind had dropped to a calm; neither were we very sensible of a sudden change in the motion of the vessel until a heavy lurch to larboard sent bottles and glasses on to the deck of the cuddy. The captain looked up at the barometer over his head, turned dead pale, and staggered out on to the quarter-deck. Mr. Smith was asleep on the poop; the crew, with the exception of one sick man, were drunk and quarrelling. The position was perilous in the extreme. Crack! and the main-royal with its yard and sail flapped against the top-gallant.

The captain staggered to the halcyards and called out, as loud as he could, "Let go everything!" The wind became fiercer each moment; the jib was torn to shreds; the mizen-royal went; the vessel was almost on her beam ends. I rushed out, and aided the captain in "letting go," and went among the ship's company, to urge them to reef and furl and get down the shattered masts—all to no purpose. Only one or two were sufficiently in their senses to make an effort to do their duty. I jumped upon the poop, and shook Smith out of his lethargy. He stared, bewildered for some moments; and when he seemed to realize the condition of things, he began to bawl and use his whistle (for he was *bos'n* as well as mate), and wondered that no notice was taken of it. The sea had now risen considerably, and every now and then heavy seas dashed against the "Nancy Lee," or swept clean over her. By great efforts the "letting go" had been accomplished, and every yard being loosened, the sails flopped about tremendously, breaking from their lifts and braces. The man at the helm, who ought to have been relieved two hours previously, now declared he could hold on no longer—the pressure upon the rudder was beyond his powers. He called for some comrade to take his place; he was unheeded. So, in his desperation, he made the wheel fast, and went forward—only to drink his share of the liquor, which had been put into his keg for him. The captain was frenzied—he stamped, swore, prayed, invoked, ordered—all to no purpose. Out of a crew of fourteen, only four persons, myself included, were fit to do anything. The elements took advantage of our helplessness, and made terrible

havoc with everything on and above deck. Happily, the hatches were hermetically closed, to protect the cargo. The foretopmast, unable to bear the strain, now went, and in its fall killed a sailor, who had bore the rather inappropriate soubriquet of "Happy Jack." The men became frantic. One went up aloft to cut loose the main-royal, which still hung by some cordage to the lower stem. He got up with difficulty, and effected his purpose. The mast fell on the deck, and struck Mr. Smith; he staggered towards the gangway, and fell overboard. I screamed with affright and rushed to the side. A rope that hung below the main-chains had caught him as the vessel heeled over; but, instead of proving his salvation it aided his destruction, for I saw his poor body swinging to and fro, striking the ship's side with force enough to kill him if he had ten lives. To shorten the story, the gale slackened at midnight, and a dead calm rapidly ensued. We had then nothing but the rolling of the helpless ship to trouble us. But to what a miserable wreck was the full moon witness! If the awful struggle had sobered all hands, it was only to make them wish themselves drunk, for none could contemplate the frightful wreck which had resulted from the common indulgence without remorse. Every effort was made to repair damages, but although two months more elapsed before we entered the Mersey, our condition was so dilapidated, that, in spite of the efforts made by the old skipper to tell a good story to his owners, they mulct him and the crew of all that was due, and resolved that, in future, no more such "merry Christmases" should be passed by poor M'Culloch in their service. He died a broken-hearted mariner, laying Smith's death to his own soul, and declaring that nothing on earth could "enumerate" him for what he suffered. His long, hard life at sea had not "manured" him to disasters which involved the lives of his shipmates.

AUNT BETSY'S ANNUITY.

CHAPTER I.

"Crows and vultures," said the old lady; "crows and vultures, flocking about me for what they can get, or think they can get."

The old lady said this to herself only, and under her breath, and it did not disturb the somewhat shuffling, uneasy-looking gentleman who sat cross-legged on one of the faded old chairs, which had, like their owner, seen better days; for Aunt Betsy lived in a lodging—a floor, her landlady called it—which she furnished herself, and she lived alone. She was considered odd, but she was not an old maid. Perhaps, however, any old lady living by herself year after year in a cramped London lodging would get odd. Aunt Betsy might have looked at the scissors-grinder, who so seldom got work for his wheels; the old clothes buyer, who never seemed to get any bargains; the young water-cress that nobody seemed to want; till her views of life had become distorted. Anyhow, she was alone, and imagined that she preferred being alone. Her

husband had been dead so long, that it is questionable if all the nephews and cousins to whom she applied the above polite synonyms ever knew that she had ever been married. She passed amongst them as Aunt Betsy, or indeed, in profane moments, Aunt Bet, an old lady who had had her day, and who ought, in all conscience, to have known that it was time for her to go, and to have made haste about going.

"You see," said the uneasy gentleman, uncrossing his legs, and reversing their relative positions, "I didn't come exactly to—that is, you were always very good, Aunt Betsy, and it's hard on a man to go through the Bankruptcy Court, and lose his credit. It's ruin—that's what it is."

"You should have thought of that before," said Aunt Betsy.

"Before what?" he asked. "I couldn't help it; I've been unlucky; and I've a family to hamper me."

Aunt Betsy sat bolt upright in her chair, and looked at him with a spark of fire in her old eyes.

"A man who speaks like that of the blessings God has been pleased to send him is a thankless scoundrel, Ted Bennet," said the old lady; "and I——"

"Stop—don't!" interrupted the nephew, hastily; "I—I didn't mean it. But I'm harassed and ground up—to powder almost—for want of ready money."

"And I may just as well put water into a sieve," said Aunt Betsy.

"If you could lend me this hundred pounds," pleaded Mr. Bennet, not answering, "I would give you good interest. I am not begging; I wouldn't do that. I offer good interest."

"But queer security," put in the old lady, drily. "Well, if I do lend it to you, I shall have the interest, and your note of hand. And now I have something to say to you, and you can tell the others, if you like. I am a lonely woman, Ted Bennet, and have only my own thoughts to keep me company, and sometimes they turn upon strange subjects. Now I don't know, of course, for certainty that you are all wishing me dead, but I think it likely. Some years ago I had a sort of dread of this; and so, as my property was not anything very large, I got my lawyer to see about sinking it in a life annuity. Do you understand? I have saved since then very little; some one hundred and fifty pounds. I lend you the hundred; give me your note of hand for it; and understand, if I were to die to-morrow, it is willed away, and not to you; so you will have to refund. And you can tell all the others or not, as you like. It is not my fault now if they go on expecting, to be disappointed when I die. Now go away, and be good to your wife. I am tired of you."

The nephew tried a few commonplaces and a few muttered thanks, hiding, as well as he could, the darkening of his face; but when he shut the door behind him it darkened still more. He turned and looked up at the window where the poor old lady's canary hopped about in its green cage, as solitary as she was herself; and he shook his fist at it, and with her hundred pounds

in the waistcoat pocket over his heart, he said to himself, "Old hag! old, selfish, grasping, miserable hag! Who would have thought of her doing this?"

But Aunt Betsy sat with her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her hands, staring into the fire. It was not a bright fire, and though it was Spring outside, and in the country far away the violets and snowdrops had almost finished their little reign, yet there was nothing bright in the faded parlor; nothing that seemed to belong to the living, moving world, except, indeed, the ragged canary, and the old woman who sat staring into a dull fire, thinking. As the hours came and went, and the dim old timepiece struck them wearily, as if that too belonged to a past age, and ought to have been at rest long ago, the heart of the old lady grew sad within her. Anon the faded room was gone altogether, and she was looking into one strangely different, and yet familiar to her. She saw a young girl come into this room, a slight, fair-haired creature, with roses that came and went in her cheeks; with bridal finery falling about her; and this young girl, waiting something or somebody, took up a pen, and began scribbling idly on a sheet of note-paper. The old lady looking, as it seemed, over the shoulder of this wraith of herself, saw that she was writing over and over again her new name—the name taken only that morning—Elizabeth Fennell. And then there came a step outside this visionary room, and the door opened. The old lady's lips moved involuntarily. "Stephen—my bonnie Steenie! Dead—how many years since?"

A falling cinder or a twitter from the forlorn canary sent back the dream into the dark chambers of the past, and the old woman, who had been an actor in it, looked up into the glass above the time-piece and smiled, a very bitter smile.

She had read in some of the wise books which sometimes beguiled her for an hour, that old age is calm, happy and hopeful, a very beautiful thing to see. The question was, were these wise writers old themselves when they wrote? Were they alone in the world, with no friends except such as came about them for what might be got from them—crows and vultures?

And in the night Mrs. Elizabeth Fennell, otherwise Aunt Betsy, had a strange dream. It was a dream, not about the crows and vultures; not about annuities, nor even about the young girl in the bridal dress. But sweet Summer air blew across it, laden with the freshness of the country; there were in it green fields and babbling brooks; trees where real free birds—not like the ragged canary—sang real melodies of their own composing; and there was a curious old farmhouse, all ends and corners, and stone mullions. At the gate leading to this, a dog came out and barked; some sheep were grazing in a meadow across the road, and in the next field to that four men in their shirt sleeves of red checked flannel were mowing the grass. The old lady saw it all with strange distinctness; the measured sway of the four right shoulders, the sweep of the scythes all keeping time, and the light wind making tiny waves all over the field amongst the ripe grass.

"It's the field where we used to gather the quakers and the cocks and hens to fight with, and the oat grass."

The words were soundless, as they are in dreams, yet the sleeper knew, in some half-conscious way, that she herself was the utterer of them; and then a tall young fellow came and leaned over the gate, and called out, "Cousin Betsy, give me joy! All's well! If it had been a girl, we would have named her Elizabeth; but it's a boy; and so, next best, he shall be Stennie, after—we all know whom."

Mrs. Fennell awoke, and there was no meadow, with sweeping scythes, no gate, and no tall strong fellow leaning over it; only the postman's knocks, already echoing from door to door down Newland Street and Catherine Street, and the never-ceasing watercresses, and a distant milkman.

"Why, he is as old as I am now," she said to herself. "Is he a vulture, I wonder? But of course they all are. It's the way of the world."

Then she got up and took her breakfast, and began to get through the day—this day, and many others, all of the same pattern, until they grew into weeks and months; and from time to time the dream flashed upon her memory like a sudden opening into some kingdom of beauty, the door of which was shut against her forever.

These country Fennells were nothing to her. Why should she think of them? Mark Fennell was her cousin, to be sure; but she had nearer relations in London—plenty of them. Mark and she had been like brother and sister once; but that was long ago. He must have forgotten all that, as she had—of course he must. Once a year, it is true, as regularly as Christmas came round, came up to her a hamper from the old farm at Barstein, with a big turkey, and big sausages, and big mince pies—everything big and comely, like Mark himself; and as regularly she wrote her stilted old phrases of thanks; but that was all the intercourse. Once indeed, years ago, they had asked her down to Barstein; but she had preferred her solitude then, and so the invitation was not repeated.

Thus the Spring ripened into Summer, and each day the old lady counted up the number of those dear nephews, and nieces, and first cousins, who had been accustomed to come and inquire so affectionately after her health, but who came no longer.

"I'll wait," she said, with the tightened lips growing tighter, and the steel look growing more frequent in the wistful old eyes. "I'll give them time. There's Ted Bennet, and Randy Serle, and—and honest Jack Newton." This last was uttered with a gulp, for she had once nearly believed in Jack. "Some of them might come once, for appearance' sake."

But no one came any more. It wasn't worth while. They all knew what a selfish thing the forlorn lady had done, and they could not countenance so iniquitous a fraud upon her probable survivors.

The Summer was growing old, and the dusty trees in the parks—whither, however, Aunt Betsy seldom went—were beginning to turn a sickly brown, when one night the dream came again;

and from it the old lady awoke with a sob; no tears in her eyes, though. She had never been given to tears, and they come with difficulty when the world has grown old. She felt a little feeble and upset as she went into the parlor to begin the day as usual; a little as if this thing we call life was a weary business after all, and it did not much matter how soon her solitary lamp was put out.

On the breakfast cloth—not quite so white as the cloths used to be at Barstein—she saw a letter, and took it up with an odd, instantaneous prevision of its contents.

Dreams are queer, whimsical things; sometimes shadowing forth events which actually happen, and then getting credit for being prophetic; and sometimes, perhaps oftener, foretelling events which never come to pass, and then never spoken of at all. At any rate they are mysterious wanderings, of which the wisest psychologists can tell us little more than that they *are*; and are not fully to be explained.

I don't think, however, Aunt Betsy began to speculate upon dreams in general. She only thought of her own dream months ago, and of its repetition last night; and she read with no surprise the kindly, but somewhat independently worded invitation to go and breathe a mouthful of the fresh air at Barstein before the warm weather was gone.

Mrs. Fennell's fingers trembled as she poured out the coffee; she ate her piece of dry toast because it was a duty; but she hardly tasted it. A curious fragrance of new mown hay had got into the coffee; a strange and foreign atmosphere of freshness into the close room.

"But they don't know," said Aunt Betsy, with a sudden recollection. "What will they say to the annuity? And what does it matter? It's their own doing to ask me. I'll go. *Shall I go?*"

CHAPTER II.

A lazy September evening, beginning to draw to its close; an old lady in a lace cap sitting by an open window, pretending to knit, but only pretending. Outside, there was the green lawn, with its few shrubs and many flowers. A big round bed of scarlet geraniums came just within range of her eye; standard tea roses sent out their sweetest breath as the twilight fell; and beyond these, a mixture of color growing dim already in the changing light; blue larkspur and pink dielytra; snapdragon and phlox and asters. In the fields to the right the reapers were gathering up their jackets to come home; and away in the west there was still a gleam of golden red to tell where the sun had gone down. It was still, and beautiful, and at peace, like one of Leslie's pictures, especially if you took in the quiet interior of the room, where Mr. Fennell sat by the bit of fire which it was his whim to have in the evenings, and the old lady with the knitting kept her place at the window.

You would hardly recognize this old lady just now, and yet she is not changed. It is only that her surroundings have somehow cast a bit of their

peace and freshness about her, and the bitterness is not now always to be seen tightening her lips and putting the cold steel into her eyes.

"It takes some trouble and time to keep this up," she said rather abruptly. "These flowers are very good, and well arranged too."

Mr. Fennell was reading his newspaper by fire-light, and he was interested; so when Aunt Betsy's voice disturbed him, he only rustled the paper and read the paragraph which occupied him aloud. He wasn't used to be interrupted.

"Consols 93," mumbled Mr. Fennell. "New trees—oh, the flowers did you say? Yes, those are Stephen's hobby; he manages all that."

Then he went back to the bank stock, and the old lady smiled—actually smiled—as she turned to the window again.

Presently Stephen came in and went up to her. He was a good-looking young fellow enough, with brown hair and sunburnt cheeks, and Aunt Betsy had a feeling that she rather liked him. He had a frank, easy way of talking, as if he were neither afraid of her, nor yet inclined to toady; and yet having about him a sort of chivalrous courtesy which was very soothing.

"You are a good gardener," she said to him, while the supper was being brought in. "It's work that doesn't pay, though."

The young man sniffed up the scented air with evident enjoyment.

"I don't know that," said he. "I think it does. People shake their heads over the pleasant things of this world, I know, and call it a howling wilderness, just as if they could have made a better, but I don't see why the flowers were sent if we were to be satisfied with grass. I should have thought you would enjoy them, too," he added, drawing down the blind and turning to the supper table, "coming as you do from a close London street."

"Who said I didn't enjoy them?" retorted Aunt Betsy, snappishly; "and how do you know the London lodging is close?"

Stephen's only answer was to place a chair for her, and then Mr. Fennell's widowed daughter came in with her little girl, who was rather spoiled, and who ought, in Aunt Betsy's opinion, to have been snug in bed long ago.

"What, pastry for you, little girl! In my time such a thing wouldn't have been thought of. But I'm old, and there are wonderful changes."

The old lady's tone was rather sour, but Mr. Fennell only laughed.

"It's her birthday," he explained, "and we've been too busy all day to take any notice of her. It's unlucky to have a birthday in harvest, eh, Trot?"

"Mark," said the old lady, "you spoil her."

But the sourness was gone from her tone. She was leading a wonderful new life, and was not always certain whether she liked it—how much she liked it—whether she was glad or sorry that she had come down to Barstein. It was very pleasant, certainly, sometimes. In the morning she got up, earlier to be sure than she used to do in Graham Street; but then what had she to get up for there? She breakfasted in a room all bright with sunshine, and sweet with air that

smoke had never touched; and after breakfast she went out for her walk in Stephen's shrubbery, where, to say the truth, she knew almost every flower by heart, and where, when she was quite certain that no one watched her, she would prop up some bent blossom with a stick, put her face down to the roses, or rub a leaf of sweet-briar between her fingers.

This morning, as she bent over the roses, a clock struck in the house, and the old lady started like a detected schoolboy, and turned towards the garden gate, which a young lady was opening. This was the daughter of the perpetual curate of Barstein, Mr. Grantley, but her dress was a muslin that had not cost very much, and she came, in fact, to teach Mr. Fennell's spoilt grand-child music. Hard work enough it was, but the perpetual curate had only one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and his wife was an invalid.

Mrs. Fennell looked through her spectacles, and over them, at this young lady, but left her to speak first.

"Yes, the roses are sweet," she nodded, in answer to the girl: "but they are Stephen's, my dear, or I would offer you one: he might be cross, you know." And then she looked after the little governess, and muttered, "Did that shaft tell, I wonder? What did I see the other day to put it into my head? Well, I'm a cross old woman, and it's no concern of mine. I shall soon be back again."

But she did not go back. There came a grand harvest home night and a supper; and there came up snatches of strange songs to her ears, as she sat in the parlor, and noisy rappings of the table, and by-and-by a lusty cheer, which set forth "Fennell for ever, and Twyford's" (less expeditious or less lucky in getting the harvest in) "down the river!"

Aunt Betsy sat and heard it all dimly, and went back again through a great many troubled years as she listened, and felt somehow that she was like a dry old tree transplanted into a land where all the green young shrubs were wondering what she wanted, and why she did not go away, or die, or something. They didn't want her. But still she stayed on.

"What! go away now the busy time's over!" broke out Stephen Fennell, when she spoke of it; "that would be shabby. I can take you for lots of jolly drives now, and we'll have a picnic in Barstein Dingle; it's just a nice distance. And Trot here shall be one of the party—that is, if she can persuade her governess to come and take care of her."

I don't know why, and probably Mrs. Fennell did not exactly, but when Stephen said this, he glanced suddenly across the table into her face with a look half-conscious, half-defiant.

"Miss Grantley is rather a pretty little girl," said the old lady, drily.

"Pretty," repeated Mr. Fennell, taking it up; "she's good, which is more to the purpose. Grantley is a poor man, you know, cousin, but he made a runaway match with the sister of a baronet. This Sir Francis disowned them both; but I fancy he finds himself a lonely man. At

any rate, he has offered to adopt the daughter, provided that she gives up all intercourse with her father and mother."

"And she refuses," put in Aunt Betsy. "I should think so, indeed, Mark. I see nothing very fine in that."

"Well, you know it's a temptation," said he. "Probably he wouldn't live very long; and if she won't go to him now, she is never to have a farthing. Then, you see, she would live in a grand place, and be mistress of it, and, at his death, she would be his heiress."

"Only for the little trifle of disowning father and mother, eh?" retorted the old lady. "Well, Mark, I really don't see anything grand in the refusal."

Again Mrs. Fennell was conscious of that half-defiant glance from Stephen; indeed the defiant predominated rather in most of this young gentleman's actions with respect to the little governess. The old lady felt it, and, feeling it, thought once more about the dry tree and the young plants that looked their very greenest to show her how much out of date she was, but somehow or other, when she got up from her seat, thinking this, there was Stephen, holding open the door for her as deferentially as though she had been a princess, and saying, with his face all genial, and the defiance gone out of it, "You'll stop, won't you? I've been looking forward to a bit of holiday after the work."

Mrs. Fennell hardened her heart, and said,— "I don't see what an old woman like I am should have to do with your holiday, Stephen."

"That depends upon what a holiday means," said Stephen. "I think we owe you some compensation for all the bustle and worry of this harvest which you have had to share with us."

"I don't want compensation," persisted the sturdy old lady, trotting off into the hall. Stephen followed to give her her candle, and, as she took it, she patted him on the shoulder, and said,— "Well, I'm an ungracious old woman—I'll stop, Steenie;" and she went up stairs, calling herself an old simpleton, and saying, over and over again, "But they don't know; I've said nothing to them about the annuity."

(To be concluded.)

RESURGENT.

GREEN the little leaflets shew
In the purple forest's bowers;
Golden, white, and violet, blow
All the crocus flowers.

Happy are the tender leaves,
Happy are the saintly flowers;
Ignorant how death bereaves
In this world of ours.

Petals like an angel's robe
Fall (to bleach and fade) in showers;
They may sigh whom pain can probe,
Not unconscious flowers.

Ah! 'tis whispered, does the year
Stainless raise the perished flowers?
Our dead and gone shall reappear.
Bright with Heaven's dowers.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"A merry Christmas to you all!"
Is passing now from mouth to mouth,
From east to west, from north to south,
From lowly cot and stately hall.

"A merry Christmas to us all!"
Is shouted by the cheerful host;
The windows barred against the frost,
We toast the season, great and small.

* * * * *

A merry Christmas! Hush—no breath
Of revelry must pierce the gloom
Of yonder chamber:—from that room
The spirit has passed out with Death.

The widow clasps her child, a kiss
Is pressed upon his rosy face;
A choking sigh—a close embrace—
"A merry Christmas?" What is this?

* * * * *

"A Christmas party—let us go!"
A wand'rer hopeless drops to die;
His brothers heedless pass him by,
Half frozen in the freezing snow.

* * * * *

A merry Christmas! What a few
Remain of those it welcomed last;
Another year has o'er us pass'd
And left us, wife, the only two.

The childish laugh we held so dear,
The toys that made us once more young,
The infant arms that round us clung,
Have vanish'd with the passing year.

* * * * *

But Christmas merry is—and those
Who strive to make it so do well;
For who can ever fitly tell
What comfort from this season flows?

"A merry Christmas!" let us bless
The season when our Lord was born;
And doubly bless the Christmas morn
That gave us "Christ our Righteousness."

"A merry Christmas to you all!"
Let it resound from mouth to mouth,
From east and west to north and south,
To humble cot from stately hall.

AN EPISODE IN AN EDITOR'S LIFE.

I AM an editor; and I must say that, of all professions, that of editorship is the most difficult and the most thankless. Still, it has its bright spots, its pleasant reminiscences.

Softening of the brain, hysteria, mania, monomania, paralysis and apoplexy, are thought to await the man or woman whose dire destiny has called him or her to this mode of earning his or her livelihood. Breaking stones on the road is thought to be easy in comparison to it. Statistics are said to inform us (and though a friend of mine maintains statistics are fallacious, I am a believer in them,) that a great proportion of the unhappy tenants of asylums are literary men, chiefly editors. Still, as I said, the editorial life has its bright spots.

In a back room, on the second floor of the house occupied by our establishment, I have spent

about six hours a day for the last six years. The carpet has been changed four times, for the marks of my steps pacing up and down, with manuscripts in hand, can, alas! too soon be traced on it. But the chairs have not been changed; the black horse-hair is worn in parts to white; the table-cover is dingy; the dust of twenty years looks down upon me from the window-curtains; the panes of the windows are made partly of clouded glass, but whether by ingrained dirt, or an artificial process, I have never yet discovered. A dim, religious light pervades the apartment. The close, mephitic odor of manuscripts blends itself with that indefinite and oppressive compound of smoke and gas which is known only in large cities. If I open my windows I look upon a black balcony where rot the fossil remains of some antediluvian plants. They are furry in texture, and spiky and brittle-looking in form. They may be rudimentary geraniums. The view from these windows is of the backs of other houses or warehouses, I think, for no opposite windows break the monotony of the bare, bald walls. It is utter desolation. The court is paved; but through the interstices of the flags some churchyard-looking weeds grow, colored faintly to a blue greenness. There is a broken pump in the corner, which occasionally is inspired by some evil spirit to leak, and then it drops, drops, drops, with uncertain yet sharp-toned splashes on the stones. That noise is horrible to me, and on the days I hear it my temper, I fear, is not all that it ought to be. Such is the *mi en-scene*, and the occupation carried on in this delectable spot is as follows:—

I arrive at nine o'clock. On one table are the letters which the first post has already brought, on another the manuscripts. I sit in an arm-chair, before my desk, at a third. On an average I read and answer daily about three dozen letters; I read every day several manuscripts. What some of these letters, what most of these manuscripts are, words are powerless to describe. There is a belief common to the mind of readers, that the editor of a magazine, besides accepting or rejecting articles offered for his magazine, can distribute patronage and shower pecuniary aid on all who apply to him. He is supposed to be at once and together a Cæsar, and a minister of grace and justice. (N.B. How completely Spanish and illusory is that last-named combination of qualities!) Some of the letters, though unutterably silly, are touching from the trust and confidence in blindness and sympathy which they reveal. Great sorrow, like great happiness, often teaches an Arcadian simplicity. But these are the minority. The majority are written by persons whose alpha and omega is their own puerile personality. And the manuscripts! To a Rochefoucauld, how much would their mere outsidings betray! Desultory, untidy, careless persons send manuscripts without addresses, or with false ones. Defiant of spelling, or subversive of grammar, with neither beginning, middle, or end, the melancholy spectacle, the pathetic record of their contents, would make angels weep. There are undoubtedly exceptions. It has occasionally happened that an author who has afterwards

found a world-wide acceptance, began his first timorous steps in the field of public favor by sending a story to my periodical.

But do the public or the authors ever remember the patient laborer who toils through reams of badly-written foolscap or cream-laid, to find the few pearls amidst all those shapeless oysters? I have always thought that Mrs. Hemans' poem of the Diver would find an answering chord in the breasts of many editors.

One bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year —, I sat as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscripts was one, written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, in a childish lady's hand. It was a little story of no great literary merit, but there was an aroma of youth and of sweetness in every line. There was a promise in it; it was like the light in the sky before the sun has risen on a fine day — an omen, a portent of sunshine and warmth, but no more. I put it down as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it—of course full of italics:—

—Street, Dec. —, 186—.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR—I send you a little story. I am only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know *anything* about it, but please tell me if it be worth anything. I *want* it to be printed; I *want* to be paid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I want the money to give my *dear* little brother a *nice little* birthday present.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, etc.,

EMILY —."

Then came the address and the signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript. But there was the same fragrance of dainty youth about it.

I held it a long time in my hand. I am an old man; at all events middle aged; perhaps something more; my beard is grey, my hair is grey, too. I have no doubt that to the *jeunesse doree* whom I occasionally meet I wear the look of Dickens's patriarch, but my heart is younger than my appearance. Little distillations came, or seemed to come, from the paper I held. Had I been a Foster or a Home I might perhaps have divined the writer; but, certes, it was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but I wrote gently and tenderly. I gave it as my hope and my opinion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised and corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I opened the window of my den after I had written my note. The weeds piercing through the flags below had a less dreary look than they had ever had before; a gleam of sunshine shone on them, and their frosty verdure borrowed something of Picciola brightness from it. I posted my letter and the manuscript to the address named, and went home, wondering if ever I should hear from the writer again. With that, however, all thoughts of the manuscript passed away. The author was too timid to reply.

On Christmas Eve I was asked as usual to dine with an old friend of mine. He was a married man, with a pleasant comely wife, and several small children, male and female. We dined *en petit comite*.

"The children are not coming down to dinner," said my hostess, "for they are going to give us a surprise afterwards."

I bowed and was delighted, both at the anticipation of pleasures to come and of privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went up-stairs after dinner we found the folding-doors which divided the front from the back room closed.

They were opened after a while. The Christmas hymn was sung, and a German tree of the most brilliant splendor was revealed; on its branches were hung gifts worked and embroidered by the children for their parents, and for the friends of their parents. The three little girls and their governess had done it all.

While my friend and his wife were embracing and thanking the children, I had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head and fastened in a loose thick loop behind. The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. The ear and cheek were, I should rather say they are, like those painted by Leighton in his "Painter's Honeymoon." Need I say more of their ravishing loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if they had cried a good deal; and there had been recent tears, for the eyelids were somewhat swollen. She was not sad at present, however, for she played on the piano for the children and for me, their old godfather, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind man's buff. When the children retired, she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said.

"She is most excellent," said my friend. "Although she is so young, Miss — is the bread provider of her family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter; the son is a fine fellow also. Both the son and daughter give the greater part of their earnings to the parents; but the son has not been very fortunate. My little governess, she is only seventeen (my children are so young they do not require a prim regular governess, for they only study with her three times a day), does more with her salary, mediocre as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is clerk in a bank." "And she helps him, I suppose?"

"I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on those points. I only know she would sit up all night, and work like a horse all day, to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow; but he, I fear, cannot afford the expense of the journey."

"Could we not help him?" I said, bashfully.

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home.

My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friends' governess. Must I say that from that Christmas Eve I was never heart-whole?

The following Easter we were engaged, and before the Christmas Eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope my life had now acquired!

We have a little suburban house, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labors, and return every evening, forgetting my work and my worries, knowing that the sweetest heart and the fairest face I have ever known await me in my modest but happy home. I have never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, truth to tell, had never thought of her since that Christmas Eve. Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies. Such babies! I will not rhapsodise; but if rosy flesh, and round contours, and lovely limbs can be called beauty, my girl and my boy would win the prizes in any show of babies in the world.

Their mother is always playing with them. She often puts her delicate, slender white hand under my baby girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it. What a picture it is! the pink toes, and the dent in the round little ankle, and the pearly instep, harmonize yet contrast so gloriously with the taper fingers, and the blue-veined white of that flower-like hand. It is like a rosebud laid on a white camellia. She then holds up the baby-girl to me, and I kiss it before I go. My two-year-old boy toddles after me and gives me his chubby little fist to hold till I get to the door. And so we live. I could not help, as I sat at my labors a few days ago, recalling the picture of motherly beauty and womanly loveliness I had left at home. How I wished all womanhood could be typified thus!

As I walked up and down the room reading a scratchy scrawly manuscript, and fumbling over it in desperation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness mulcted it of its last page, my thoughts flew far and wide, and by some association I cannot attempt to explain, the pretty manuscript from the youthful writer who had sent me no more was recalled to me.

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was present with me. I wondered what had become of her—had she written any more?—where and how was she?

Every moment I became more and more possessed with this memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have care and struggle in their lives. I looked out the address to which I had written before, and wrote to the unknown a few lines. I said that time had passed (five years, almost) that the youthful inexperience which had prevented the paper she had sent from being accepted must now be corrected, and that I should be glad and willing to see anything else she had written, if she had written anything since then.

Within two days I had an answer. The writing was in a feigned hand, quite unlike the round

hesitating girlish hand I had remembered. The words were, however, as sweet and innocent as the first had been.

"It is so good of you," ran the note, "to remember me, but I do not write any more. I am so happy. I have such a dear, kind, good, noble husband [Oh, these womanly exaggerations, I thought, as I sat in my editorial chair], and such darling babies. I wrote, for I wanted to help my dear ones, but they have been better helped by others than I could have hoped to help them. God has given them a better friend than I could be. If you seek to know me, you shall do so. If, when you go home, you see a woman with a rose in her hand, hold out yours, you will know me."

I smiled at the romantic fervor of this reply, and a faint desire arose that my wife and the writer of that letter should know each other, and then I went on with my stupefying avocations.

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition manifest itself.

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I see standing just within the threshold of my home? my darling, with her fair, child-like face, and bright hair; love, and joy, and youth crowning her with a triple crown, and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said, as I kissed her, "I think I loved you from the moment I had your kind, indulgent, thoughtful note. I had written that absurd little story, for I sadly wanted a little money to pay for Gerald's return home at Christmas, to be with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion I could write."

"And you were disappointed, my pet; what a savage I must have seemed."

"No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily, but I thought you good and kind all the same. And Gerald got home, too, and we had a happy Christmas after all."

I kissed her.

"But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?"

"I do not know," she said, archly; "meanwhile, you can write ours if you like."

TO TIMID WORKERS.

THE smallest things may work for good;
For every glistening drop of dew
That rounds without the bordering wood,
In nature hath a part to do.
Its pearl may win a flower to birth,
The blossom thrive and scatter seeds,
And year by year the nursing Earth
With its fair children plant the meads;
Till keen-eyed Notice find the flower
A use as well as beauty hath,
That in the fibre lives a power,
When drops the circlet on the path.
'Twill lead to wider thought the world
While minis'tring to growing need;
And Use on Nature's flag unfurled,
E'en heart-locked Prejudice will read.
Then think not thou a little act
Too slight to lend a noble fact.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

NOTICES.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*We desire short stories, elucidating the practical working and the teachings of Odd Fellowship. Will pay liberally for good stories of this character.*

MISSING NUMBERS.—In order to complete his files, the editor of the *COMPANION* desires to obtain the numbers of the "Ark" and "Memento" mentioned below, and will be obliged to any Brother who will send him one of the missing numbers, with a notice of the price at which he values it.

The following numbers of the "Memento" are wanted: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 10 and 12 of Vol. I; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12 of Vol. II; Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 of Vol. V; and No. 1 of Vol. VI.

The following numbers of the "Ark" are wanted: Volumes I, II and III; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, and 10 of Vol. IV; No. 5 of Vol. V; No. 1, 4, 5, 8 and 9 of Vol. VIII; No. 6 of Vol. IX; Nos. 1 and 10 of Vol. X; Nos. 1, 3 and 7 of Vol. XII; Nos. 1 and 8 of Vol. XIII; No. 5 of Vol. XV.

OHIO PROCEEDINGS.—We also desire to obtain copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio for 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844 and 1848; and of the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Ohio from July, 1849 to January, 1850; for any of which we will pay a reasonable price.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications should be in our hands by the 15th of the month, to insure their insertion in the following number of the magazine. An observance of this rule by all of our contributors will place the editor and the publishers under lasting obligations.

E. D. FARNSWORTH,

M.W. Grand Sire of the G.L.U.S.

E. D. Farnsworth, M.W. Grand Sire, whose portrait appears in this number of the *COMPANION*, was born in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, on the 16th day of December, 1818, and after various vicissitudes in life settled in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, in 1841. On the 4th of November, 1845, he was duly initiated a member of the Order in Trabue Lodge, No. 10, and from the first night of his introduction he became warmly attached to the principles inculcated, and manifested the same by his regular attendance at the meetings of his Lodge, and, as fast as the laws and regulations of the Order would permit, was a recipient of all the Subordinate Degrees, and united himself with Olive Branch Encampment, No. 4, in Nashville, where he received all the instructions in the Sublime Degrees of the Encampment. From that time down to the present date, although enjoying in the highest degree the confidence of his Brethren, and being by them called to fill many positions of honor and trust, such as Grand Master, Grand Patriarch, and Representa-

tive in the Grand Lodge of the United States for five successive terms, yet he has never neglected his Subordinate Lodge or Encampment, and even now, upon his return from the G.L.U.S., where by the partiality of his Brethren he was unanimously elected to the high position of M.W. Grand Sire, the first place in which we hear his voice in exhortation to his Brethren to a more strict attention to duty and fidelity, is in the Subordinate Lodge in which he was first taught the principles of Odd Fellowship! Thus it will be seen that Bro. Farnsworth well understands the duties of a true Odd Fellow, is a bright example to those young and aspiring members who desire the approval of their Brethren, and is ready and willing to work among the humblest, and in any capacity, to advance the great interests of our noble institution.

That Bro. Farnsworth will do honor to the high position he now occupies, none that know him will have the least doubt; and so long as the destinies of our beloved Order are intrusted to the care and guidance of such devoted and true men, its progress will be onward and upward, until its beautiful banner of Peace and Love will spread its folds over the whole civilized world. So mote it be.

W. CHIDSEY.

JEWELS.

The resolution of the G.L.U.S., requiring that all officers of Subordinate Lodges and Encampments shall wear the jewels of their office during the transaction of business, is causing many Lodges and Encampments to order sets of jewels. It may not be improper, therefore, to say that we regard the jewels marked "extra" in our price-list on the third page of the cover—they being the highest-priced sets respectively of silver-plated or coin silver—as by far the cheapest, the greater durability and beauty of design and finish much more than compensating for the greater cost.

OUR PERIODICALS IN IOWA.

Grand Representatives Erie J. Leech and J. Norwood Clark, at the conclusion of their very able report of the doings of the G.L.U.S. to the Grand Lodge of Iowa, call attention to the *COMPANION* and other of our periodicals as "worthy the patronage of Odd Fellows," and conclude:

"And we further say, we believe it to be the duty of every good and true member of the Order to subscribe for at least one of the above periodicals. In them you will find intelligence from all quarters of our vast jurisdiction, and abstracts of decisions which will keep you posted upon all the important

legislation affecting the Order. Who is there in our own jurisdiction, that does not take one or more of the political papers of the day? And yet we venture the assertion, that in the vast membership of *Seven Thousand* in the State of Iowa, not *Five Hundred* subscribe for, or even read a paper or periodical devoted to Odd Fellowship. Brothers this thing should not be so. We should study to improve ourselves and grow to be bright and useful members of our great and noble fraternity. In no way can we do it better than by reading and study. See to it then, Brothers, that you no longer neglect your golden opportunities."

We heartily indorse these remarks, except in one respect. It is said that "in the vast membership of seven thousand in the State of Iowa, not five hundred subscribe for, or even read a paper or periodical devoted to Odd Fellowship." We have the names of a great many more than five hundred subscribers from Iowa on our subscription books now, and their number is rapidly increasing; and it is to be presumed that others of our periodicals also have subscribers in that jurisdiction. But the Grand Representatives are undoubtedly right so far, that our periodicals should have three times the number of subscribers in Iowa, and in every other jurisdiction, that they have now.

THE ORDER IN THE CITIES AND TOWNS OF OHIO.

We have compiled the following table, showing the number of Lodges and number of members of the Order, per last printed reports, in the cities and towns of Ohio having more than one Lodge.

	No. Lodges.	No. Mem.
Cincinnati*	25	6284
Columbus.....	5	1208
Dayton.....	5	932
Cleveland.....	6	805
Zanesville.....	3	380
Springfield.....	3	307
Hamilton.....	3	274
Piqua.....	2	263
Mt. Vernon.....	2	233
Steubenville.....	2	231
Marietta.....	2	223
Pomeroy.....	3	205
Mansfield.....	2	198
Chillicothe.....	2	168
Troy.....	2	166
Tiffin.....	2	153
Toledo†.....	2	125
Youngstown†.....	2	117
New Richmond.....	2	116
Canton†.....	2	98

* 6 Lodges with 2190 members are German.

† The second Lodge in this place instituted during last six months.

CRAWFORDSVILLE AND ST. PAUL, INDIANA.

Bro. J. M. Brown, our traveling agent for Indiana, requests that we express his thanks to the Brethren at Crawfordsville and St. Paul, for the many favors shown him. He says that he has met with the best of reception everywhere, but that the kindness of the Brethren at the above named places was so marked, that he feels under special obligations to them.

MOVEMENTS OF THE GRAND SIRE.

Grand Sire E. D. Farnsworth has been making an extended trip through the Northern States, visiting Lodges and Encampments whenever possible, and undoubtedly doing a vast amount of good. On the 21st of November, he paid a visit to Capitol Encampment, No. 6, in Columbus, Ohio, where he met Grand Patriarch Turner, of Ohio, and many members of Concordia Encampment, No. 96, also of Columbus. As usual in Capitol Encampment, work was to be done, which occupied a large portion of the evening. The remarks of the Grand Sire and the Grand Patriarch were listened to with close attention, and were highly interesting and instructive.

IMPOSTOR.

We are desired again to warn the Order against James McKnight, who was expelled by Columbus Lodge, No. 9, Columbus, Ohio, on the 20th of August. When last heard from, he was at Newark, Delaware; but his operations have been very extensive. He holds a visiting card from Columbus Lodge, No. 9, dated July 6th, 1868, which has since been revoked, and should be taken from him at the first opportunity. McKnight is about thirty years of age, of dark complexion, has auburn hair, dark whiskers, stoops slightly, and is quick and nervous in his movements. He is about 5 feet 9 inches in height.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

FROM THE REPORT OF GRAND SECRETARY RIDGELY.

Before the annual advent of another assemblage of this Grand Lodge, time in its transit will have completed the cycle of fifty years since the foundation of our beloved Order was fixed by its patriarchs, all of whom have been called from labor to final rest. Fifty years! How full of meaning these few short but comprehensive words: what a wondrous work has been compressed within that period in the world's history, what changes in its map, what progress in the culture and development of religion, arts, science, genius, philosophy, civilization, literature, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and all the elements which make up the moral, intellectual, and material supplies of life, and so profusely administer to the comfort, happiness, and wealth of man? A comparative review of the relative influence upon nations, peoples, and varied communities of this progress during the long interval would profoundly interest the gleaner of statistics and memorials for the enrichment of history; but our more especial office is to look back upon the scene as it is spread out before our vision in our own annals, and in our experience and labor of love among the children of men. To us the question recurs, what have we done during half a century to vindicate our profession as philanthropists, as active workers in the myriad hive in an age supereminently humanitarian and benevolent.

In 1819 Odd Fellowship set on foot its mission under the auspices of five plain and unpretending citizens; with feeble voice it uttered its proclamation of peace and good will to men on earth; its banner was flung to the breeze of Heaven, with its noble motto inscribed upon its fold, Friendship, Love, and Truth, the fatherhood of God over all, and the universal brotherhood of man. Moving forward from this noble standpoint, in half a century it has enrolled in its army over a half a million of votaries,

most of whom this day are at active labor. To a single Lodge of five members it has added thousands upon thousands, scattered over all the wide earth where civilization prevails, and still its stately tread is onward among the islands of the sea. This mighty host have pursued a single idea continuously, unremittingly and with inviolable fidelity, turning neither to the right nor to the left, no matter how grave, exciting or momentous the collateral issue—always ignoring self, and consecrating its massive energies and resources to the cause of humanity. In this behalf, accumulating during fifty years millions upon millions of money, which, under careful supervision, has been applied to the relief of the sick, the burial of the dead, and the education and support of the orphan. The value and influence of such a ministration upon the human family who shall attempt to aggregate, or even approximate, however gifted his power of description; all conjecture on such a subject would be as vain and fruitless as the field of labor and the resources employed in it have been vast and immeasurable. The reflective mind can much better conceive its magnitude than can language or figures attempt to portray it. Great as has been this material fruit of our mission, greater still have been its achievements in the moral field. It is our just prerogative to claim that we have reared an empire within the State, "*Imperium in Imperio*," which, vast as is the surface over which it extends, and varied as is the character and nationality of the people among which it dwells, is so consolidated and identified as to present an unbroken unity among a brotherhood numbered by thousands and tens of thousands in every quarter of the earth; and these divided and subdivided into hundreds and thousands of distinctive Lodges, each acting independently within its sphere, yet in perfect harmony, all speaking a common tongue, acquiescing in a common law, and recognizing one central power as its great healthful heart.

The bare recital of these salient facts, without the aid of comment, will at once forcefully suggest the immensity of power for good which such an organization has the ability to exert, not only within its own household, but also upon every community within the scope of its influence; nor will its contemplation fail to awaken in every reflective observer the highest admiration for the earnest mind, active labor and great ability, which have wrought out so grand a consummation. To the great and noble principles of the Order do we owe much of its success; but to the well digested system of its government and administration, and their peculiar adaptation to the end, combined with the individual and personal instrumentalities of a devoted membership, are we mainly indebted for the glorious truth that we have not lived in vain. Each department of the Order, from its supreme head down to the humblest subordinate in the jurisdiction, has acted nobly its part—working up in admirable fidelity to the high obligations of its office. The Grand Lodge of the United States, rising in its attained strength, in spite of the restraints, by which its primitive organization had been fettered, summoned to its councils a personal representation from every jurisdiction in the federation, and from that initial point the careful reader of its history will discover that Odd Fellowship entered at once with a vitalized constitution and an improved ritual upon a splendid career of prosperity. The example and influence of the Supreme Body diffused itself throughout the entire Fraternity in all its subordinate departments, inspiring corresponding life, ardor, system and efficiency of administration. The organic law was everywhere conformed to meet the demands of an enlightened experience, and the intelligence of the age; proper checks and balances were thrown around the common treasury, and a standard of character exacted which

at once adorned the Order and challenged public approval.

Thus have we built upon the foundations laid in 1819 a superstructure whose lofty dome towers heavenward, opens wide its portals to the weary and careworn, and cordially invites the good and the true to co-operative labor in aid of suffering man. While our hearts swell with just pride in the review of our labors and their fruits in fifty years, and our imagination, taking wings and vaulting into the great future, fifty years hence, looks out upon the scene then existent, let us not be led to exultation: let us never forget that it is God who hath given us the victory; that it is His wisdom which has guided our counsels, His providence which has shielded us from external danger, and saved us from internal dissensions, by the inspiration of a unity and concord which challenge comparison in the affairs of men. Let us thank Him earnestly for an enlightenment which has lifted us often in advance of the age in which we have acted, and which has supplied us with nerve and energy so effective as to enable us to counteract ignorance and prejudice, and to overcome the vexatious delays and hindrances which these weapons have often interposed in our path, and, above all, let us thank Him for the magnitude and value of our offering upon the great altar of humanity.

WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This company, whose headquarters are at Nashville, and of which Grand Sire E. D. Farnsworth is President, is, we are informed, meeting with great success. It has received the strong indorsement of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, as will appear from the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted by that Grand Body:

"WHEREAS, Life Insurance is one of those beneficial organizations established for the amelioration and protection of the Widows and Orphans of our brother man, and is so closely identified with the great principles of our beloved Order, as to be embraced in the two leading commands adopted and promulgated to its initiates by the R.W.G. Lodge United States, Therefore,

"Resolved, That the organization lately inaugurated in this State, under the name and style of "THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY," and which is owned and controlled by the Lodges and Members of the Order, meets with the hearty approval of this Grand Lodge, and we do cheerfully recommend said institution to the Brethren throughout this jurisdiction, as one well deserving their kind consideration and support."

Although in existence for less than a year, the beneficial results of the workings of the company are already beginning to be felt. Mr. John T. Gordon, of Lincoln County, Tennessee, effected a policy with the Widow and Orphan Fund Life Insurance Company in August last, died on the 10th of October, and on the 3d of November his widow acknowledges the receipt of \$2500 through Bro. Wm. Chidsey. This widow was left with a family of nine children, eight of them being girls, and no doubt was saved from much suffering through the providence of her deceased husband.

THE BROTHERS in Dayton, Ohio, have formed an "Odd Fellows' Building Association," and contemplate the erection of a new hall, as soon as they can obtain a suitable building lot.

THE INTELLECTUAL CAPABILITIES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY GRAND SECRETARY JOS. B. ESCAVAILLE.

It is a pleasing fact, and no less instructive than pleasing, to observe the great improvement evidenced during late years, in the intellectual power and general intelligence of the Order; which, to whatever cause it may be attributed, is one of the most certain proofs of the stability of the foundation on which Odd Fellowship is reared. No institution can stand the test of increasing intelligence, unless its object and design be the improving of the condition of man: all institutions of a contrary tendency, have invariably shrunk and decayed before the rising of intellectual freedom; but the progress of Odd Fellowship has been unparalleled among all established societies, and its ratio of increase has been proportioned to the general dissemination of knowledge during each era. The Order now numbers among its ranks several names of the highest literary repute, and more than one son of the muse could be named, who have struck the lyre with true inspiration of the poet's art, and who are worthy candidates for a fame as genuine and lasting as that which America has awarded to many illustrious names standing first and highest on the roll of literary fame.

One thing, however, has long struck me as being wanting to bring the intelligence of the Order into effect, *in connection with the Order*, which it might reasonably be expected to possess; and it is much to be regretted that the legislators of the Order have not turned their attention earlier and more directly to this subject. I allude here to the advantages which might be expected to result from the establishment of associations throughout our Union, having for their special object the spreading of useful information among the members of the Order, by libraries, lectures, schools and other means similar to those forming the principles of mechanic's institutes.

There appear to me to be far too many inducements, under the present system, though we are still far in advance of most other societies on this point, for the Brethren to spend time and money in places, where things worth knowing are sooner forgotten than acquired—the public house and other popular resorts; and we fancy that in most places a plan might be arranged by which they would have the opportunity of acquiring more instead of forgetting those already obtained, and not only without any additional tax, but at a great saving of time, money, health, and happiness. This is not a mere theoretical scheme—it is now in practice, in a small degree certainly, but sufficient to prove its possibility.

If any one doubt the utility of such a scheme, or have any misgivings as to its possibility, let him look at the Mechanic's Institute, the Lyceum, and similar establishments now existing in almost every town; let him see the interest taken in their welfare and success, and ask him if a lecture or reading-room filled with honest artisans and intelligent

mechanics is not better than the reek of tobacco, the shouting of songs and other accompaniments usually attending places of public resort.

There is another great advantage which would arise from the establishment of such associations—man is a social being, and is also by nature a domestic being; and this arrangement would furnish means of social qualification, in which the other members of the domestic circle might participate. It is a circumstance often regretted that in the present constitution of society, there is scarcely any kind of recreation in which the female portion can participate; and the great objection against all tavern attractions is the alienation of the husband from his own fire-side, and the loss of domestic quiet which is too often the consequence. We, as Odd Fellows, are bound to show to the world that our Order has a tendency to make better husbands, better fathers and better members of society; and surely no plan can be more suitable for such a purpose than an association which combines both amusement and instruction of so varied a kind and at so small a cost. A small, well selected library is a perpetual source of novelty and delight, not confined to time or place, but extending to the humble fire-side of every one of its members, and forms a bond instead of a lessener of the union of home and family.

Let it then be impressed on the mind of every Odd Fellow who wishes to prove himself a true one, that one thing is wanting for the completion of the credit of the name; and that is the attempt to establish, in every town where Odd Fellowship exists in sufficient numbers, an "*An Odd Fellow's Library and Scientific Association.*" No discredit could attach to the failure of such an attempt, and oh! how great would be the triumph of success! Experience has fully proved the beneficial effects of such associations in society at large, in promoting the happiness and temperance of all classes; and why should it not be equally advantageous to us? There is no reason why Odd Fellows should not have schools, lectures and libraries as a branch of their system, as well as a magazine. No reason why they should not have sources of rational enjoyment among themselves. No reason why they should not, as a body, seek to enjoy from their union the same advantages, in a moral and intellectual point of view, as they already do in a pecuniary manner.

Let us just consider what are the benefits we must ultimately expect from the movement of popular education; we are only yet in the seed-time of this great work, and cannot be said to have realized any of the perfect fruit; but there is a glorious harvest before us. The originators of this scheme may not behold the accomplishment of their wish; many of these men now sleep with their fathers, and many more who are now active in the cause must follow them before the labor of their heart is crowned with complete success. But how cheering is the thought that they are performing a work for which ages yet unborn shall revere them as benefactors of the human race. They are erecting for the honor of this one day

a monument of intellectual enterprise, great as their country's greatness; imperishable as that country's fame.

In conclusion, let us not be discouraged by the seeming slowness of success; by the opposition of some of our members, or the apathy of others; but let us begin and persevere. When Virgil was asked why he studied so great correctness in his verse, and so carefully harmonized his metre, he replied, "I am writing for futurity," and so it is with the institutions of which we have been treating. Their progress has been laborious; they have had ignorance and prejudice to contend with; and they have had the opprobrium common to all who attempt to explode long existing fallacies, of being the objects of pharasaical reproach—but they are working for futurity; they are laying the foundations on which the character of succeeding generations is to be founded; they are giving the first impulse to a power which must affect the interests of future ages to an extent of which we cannot venture to form an estimate. Century after century has elapsed since the Roman poet ceased to exist, and the hand that chronicled the praises of the Cæsars, has ages since mouldered into kindred dust—but his *Æneid* still lives; the records of his genius and his labors are with us, blooming in freshness and beauty—enriched, rather than tarnished by the hand of time.

BALTIMORE, November, 1868.

EDUCATION BY ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. A. B. GROSH.

Odd Fellowship being based on simple humanity, and not on any distinctive creed of party or of sect—on *no* religious creed, in fact, except the single item of faith in God as our heavenly Father—receives each member as a man; deals with him as a man, and strives to develop within him all that is manly and humane. It has naught to do with him in his relations to family, church or State, or with his peculiar opinions in philosophy, politics or religion. But receiving and regarding him merely as a man—a member of the human family which has God as its common Creator and Parent—a Brother to be educated, trained, and thus elevated in all the knowledge, duties, and virtues of the Brotherhood of the Order as a preparation for and introduction to those of the great fraternity—it makes certain requisitions, and lays certain obligations on him, and imparts to him peculiar instructions, and exercises him in specific duties, that thus it may accomplish this great purpose and end of its mission.

It requires a proper developement of his manhood—physical, intellectual, social and moral—that he may be a capable, willing and suitable subject of its instructions and labors. He must have attained the age of manhood. He must be in good health, and have such use of the powers of body and of mind, as will qualify him to be a co-laborer with his Brethren, and fairly entitle him to reciprocity of aid and support. He must be in such employment or circum-

stances as will probably be required to earn a livelihood, and enable him to contribute his pecuniary portion of the common fund of Lodge and Order. He must possess a good moral and social character, and be of such repute in community as will make him a likely recipient of the Order's instructions, and a credit to the Fraternity. And he must have such faith in God, as to perceive and realize that He is our Father, and that, consequently, all we are Brethren, so that he may have the necessary zeal to labor and to endure in our good and great cause. Such are our requisitions.

In accordance with these requisitions are the obligations Odd Fellowship requires its candidates to assume. As he is to receive aid and support, he is obligated to give them in return. As he asks to be trusted, he obligates himself to be trustworthy. In like manner he is required to perform his duties as a Brother in all the offices of mutual aid and relief—in all our teachings of mutual instruction by precept and example—in all our exercises of mutual watch, care and discipline, whether in the Lodge or in our intercourse with the world at large—but always without interference with the duties he owes to himself or to others—to his country or his God.

And that he may properly discharge all these obligations, Odd Fellowship carefully instructs him by initiation, by lectures and charges, by the language of signs and emblems, and by certain significant modes of working, kept secret from the world at large. These are so conducted and communicated as to produce the most solemn and salutary impressions on his mind and affections—to be frequently and, if possible, continually impressed on his memory—that whatever he sees and hears, especially in the Lodge, shall be a reminder, and a stimulus to press forward in the way of human improvement.

But as teaching by example is more effective than by mere precept, and as training has a greater formative power on character than mere inculcation, Odd Fellowship strives to *exercise* its members in the actual, personal *practice* of the duties it enjoins. It requires of its members self-control and self-direction—subjugation of passion and appetite to reason and the moral powers—self-abnegation and sacrifice for the good of others—deeds of mutual aid in seasons of danger and distress—acts of benevolence to the poor, the helpless, the sorrowing and the suffering—charity in feeling (as well as in word and deed) to all who need it, (as well as all who deserve it) without regard to nation, party or sect—and kindly forbearance and toleration in all those opinions and beliefs wherein men cannot (or think they cannot) agree, as well as hearty co-working in all good wherein men are agreed. The special *exercises* toward these great duties, in which Odd Fellowship trains its members, are briefly summed up in the comprehensive command engraven on the Seal of the Grand Lodge of the United States: "We command you to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to bury the dead, and to educate the orphan." But even this summary does not include, much less speci-

fy all the exercises by which Odd Fellows are trained into a full developement of their manhood, their humanity, their fraternity in "Friendship, Love and Truth," and their childhood in exalted "Trust in God." All the business and debates in Lodge meetings—all committee work, watching with the sick and visiting bereaved families, dispensing aid abroad, and even social recreations and public ceremonies have their influences in this onward and upward direction.

Every precept of every enlightened creed—the restricted humanity of the Law of Moses, and the world-wide benevolence of the precepts of Jesus, and the entire morality of both—all are embraced, or at least involved in the preceptive teachings of our Order. Men may differ in tenets of faith, and disagree in forms of worship, but all readily admit the teachings of duty between man and man. Even *should* some alleged duties be doubted, all will agree as to what is generous and humane. So, however Odd Fellows may differ in opinions and creeds, as members of sects and parties, they agree as Odd Fellows, as to what are their duties, whether faithful or unfaithful in performing them—all readily receive the morality of the Law as contained in the two tables given by Moses; and of that code contained in the precepts of Jesus of Nazareth. To do them is the real, ultimate "work" enjoined on Odd Fellows.

And this *training*—these *exercises* of its members by Odd Fellowship—is not designed to be limited or restricted to Lodge or to Order. That is only its school, and this only its field of apprenticeship. These deeds of duty—these exercises in the development of human character—are to begin in the Lodge, and to extend throughout the Order, and to end only when there is no more human distress to relieve, or sorrow to assuage. For we teach, not only that all Odd Fellows are Brethren, but that all mankind are Brothers, for that one God is the Creator and the Father of all. Odd Fellowship therefore directs not only that we exercise ourselves in relieving distressed Odd Fellows, and visiting and watching with sick Odd Fellows, and burying the deceased of our Order, and educating the orphans and aiding the widows of Odd Fellows; but its teachings extend these duties away out—to the utmost bounds of our means, our power and our influence. The Lodge is only the small family in the larger family of the Order; as the Order itself is only a large family in the still larger family of mankind. In the Lodge we may best begin learning and practising the alphabet of mercy, benevolence and charity—from whence we may advance into more extended and extending readings and trainings of the great duties of human life, until we are rooted and grounded by these exercises in godlines to behold in every human being flesh of our flesh, and the vein of the same blood and nerve of the same life, that constitutes us living and sentient beings—and to *know* that all these are children of our Father—Brethren of our race.

Such, then, are the foundation, the requirements, the teachings and trainings—the means and measures

of Odd Fellowship to accomplish the *great end* it has in view, the elevation of human character, by developing aright all man's God-given capabilities, and filling unto fullness all his Heaven-derived capacities—until one law shall bind all nations, kindreds and families of the earth, and that law be the law of Love to God supremely and to man universally.

LAWS OF A LODGE IN 1748.

In the first number of this volume we published the records of a Lodge meeting in 1748, copied from "Spry's History of Odd Fellowship, M. U." This excited so universal an interest, that the article was copied by every one of our periodicals, if we mistake not. Perhaps the following rules of the Lodge referred to, taken from the same book, may prove of equal interest:

RULES OF THE ARISTARCUS LODGE, G.L.C.

1. That the loyal Aristarcus Lodge, No. 9, of the O. of O.F.s., shall meet at one of the following places: the Oakley Arms, Borough of Southwark; Globe Tavern, Hatton Garden; or the Boar's Head, in Smithfield, according as the Noble Master may direct in his summons.
2. That, at the four Festivals observed by this Lodge, every Brother shall be present, or a fine of 6s. 8d. (a noble) shall be paid, unless the Noble Master shall remit the same on being petitioned so to do.
3. The Festivals shall be held on St. Janus or St. Concord day in January, St. David's day in March, St. John the Baptist day in June, and St. Michael's day in September.
4. The Noble Master, his Wardens, assisted by the Recorder and Almoner, shall in all cases arrange for the comforts of the Brothers, and see that the loving cup is replenished three times at each meeting. At the Toast of Loyalty—the Three Georges, "the past, the present, and the future." At the Toast of Fidelity—the Great Old Master, "Invisible, Incomprehensible and Eternal." At the Toast of Sympathy—"Our poor and distressed Brothers."
5. The Fees to be paid to this Lodge shall be—

	£	s.	d.
On initiation and taking the Test Degree...	1	11	6
The Obligatory Degree	1	1	0
The Royal Arch, or Promise Degree	0	10	6
The 5, 7, and 9 Perfection Degree	0	7	0
	£3	10	0

6. That no tipstaff, bailiff, marshalman, or runner shall be eligible for admission; nor any body-servant, or laborer, except it be by special dispensation granted; and any who shall propose or petition on behalf of a person who may be rejected by a majority, shall pay a fine of 3s. 4d. for his inadvertance.

7. The Contributions in support of the Festivals, Fund of Charity, and Grand Circuit Quartermage shall be Two Guineas annually, one to be paid at the Festival of St. Janus, the other on the Feast of St. John.

8. The Noble Master shall, at least seven clear days before the intended meeting, instruct the Recorder to forward by the Guardian, in cypher, the date and place of the next meeting, and the business to be transacted to every Brother whose demands were paid at the last festival.

9. The Noble Master shall hold in charge the seal, dispensation, and emblem; the Almoner shall pay all bills under the order of the Master and his Wardens; the Secretary shall hold the vellum roll, the minutes, and the charges; the Guardian shall have charge of the loving cup, the chalice, the cloaks, and swords.

HISTORY OF REBEKAH, WIFE OF ISAAC.

FROM "THE BROTHERHOOD," BY REV. T. O. BEHARRELL.

Rebekah was the daughter of Bethuel, of Nahor, a city in the country of Mesopotamia. She became the wife of the illustrious Patriarch Isaac, the son of Abraham.

When Abraham was one hundred and forty years of age, he called unto him his faithful servant Eliezer, for the purpose of sending him on the embassy of procuring a wife for Isaac, who was then about forty years of age. He bade the ruler of his house go to his former country, and take of his kindred a wife for Isaac. In obedience to the wish of Abraham, Eliezer made ready, and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor. As he approached the city, he beheld a fountain or well outside its limits, and there he tarried, as evening came on. Being exceedingly anxious in his embassy—for he had solemnly sworn to Abraham—he prayed earnestly to God to give him "*good speed*," to make his journey a prosperous one; and while he was praying, Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, came out from the city, with *her pitcher upon her shoulder*, to procure water. As she approached the well, Eliezer left his camels and ran and met her, and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." The request he made of her may have been for the use of the pitcher to draw water from the well for himself and also for his camels. This Rebekah would not allow—knowing that the traveler was fatigued with the journey he had made, with the true feelings of a true woman, she said, "Drink, my lord, and I also will draw water for thy camels;" and she hastened and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave the stranger to drink, then watered the weary and thirsty camels. Here is an exhibit in the daughter of Bethuel of *pure friendship*—the first link in the chain that afterward binds the beautiful maiden of Nahor to the devout son of Abraham.

Eliezer, confident in his own mind that the Lord was prospering him, asked Rebekah of her kindred, and she told him. She then cordially invited him to tarry that night at her father's house, assuring him that there was room, and moreover, plenty of straw and provender for the camels. If the servant of Abraham wondered at the simplicity, innocence and benevolence of Rebekah, when she drew water for his ten thirsty camels, how must he have wondered still more at her cordial invitation for him to tarry that night at her father's! Ah! little did she think, when she waited upon him, and received at his hands the presents of an ear-ring and bracelets in gold, that the camels she had watered and the man from whom she had received these gifts, would the next day bear her away from her father's house and her native country, to be the wife of one she knew not, nor had even heard of; but so it was. Rebekah introduced the stranger to the household, and while the repast was being prepared, he asked the attention of Bethuel, the father, and Laban, the brother, to the errand on which he had come. He stated clearly the object of his visit, viz., to procure a wife for his master's son, and he told them of the dealings of God with him so far in his journey. "And now," said he, "tell me, will you give Rebekah to be the wife of Isaac?" They owned at once that the thing proceeded from the Lord, and dare not speak against it; they consented to the marriage. Early the next morning, Eliezer having made still further presents to Rebekah, to her brother and her mother, desired them to send him away with her to his master. At first they were unwilling to part with her so soon, but wished her to remain at least ten days with them; but Eliezer pressed his suit, on the ground that the Lord had prospered him—hence, they referred the matter to Rebekah, empowering her to decide, she said, "I will go."

On the following morning, attending the stranger, she began her journey toward her new home, with the blessings of her kindred upon her.

Isaac, it may be, was expecting the return of his father's servant from Mesopotamia with a wife for him, and on the evening of the day Eliezer returned, he was walking out in the field, meditating. What the subject of his meditation was, we do not know; but as in all probability he was not far from the well *Lahairoi*, which signifieth "the well of Him who liveth and seeth me," he was meditating on the being and attributes of God. But he chanced to lift up his eyes, and saw the camels coming. Just about this time Rebekah, raising her eyes and looking ahead, saw Isaac, and turning to Eliezer, she asked, "What man is that, walking in the field to meet us?" He answered her, "It is my master." She quickly took a veil and covered herself, and lighting off the camel she was riding, she was introduced by the servant to Isaac. Thus these two remarkable personages for the first time look upon each other. They are at once united in marriage, according to the ceremonies that were then in use in the patriarchal families. The solemn and important contract made a few days before in the city of Nahor, between Eliezer and the father and brother of Rebekah, was consummated; for "Isaac brought her into his mother's tent, and she became his wife, and he loved her."

Rebekah was honored, as the wife of Isaac, in being the mother of two noble sons, Jacob and Esau, who each became the head of a great and mighty nation.

NEWS OF THE ORDER.

CALIFORNIA.—During the terrible earthquake by which California was visited on the morning of the 21st of October, the town of Hayward's was almost totally destroyed. But one building escaped injury altogether, and that the highest in town—the new Odd Fellow's Hall in course of erection, which had been just closed in, and is standing on a brick foundation. Its dimensions are forty by seventy, and eight thirty-four feet. Every other house was knocked off its foundation, chimneys torn down, ceilings fallen, ground burst open, etc.

At San Jose the Brothers were not so fortunate. The "Patriot" says: "The Odd Fellows' Hall, a large brick building, corner of Market and Santa Clara streets, has been considerably shattered and much of the plastering broken off. It is said to be moved out of line."

Santa Clara Encampment, No.—, was to be instituted at Santa Clara, by Grand Patriarch Fox.

Dispersation has been issued for the institution of Wildey Lodge, No. 149, at Tuolumne City, California.

CONNECTICUT.—The Rebekah Association of New Haven meets on the third Friday of each month. It has a membership of about 100, and a visiting committee of six.

DELAWARE.—In Wilmington there are nine Lodges and three Encampments, the Lodges having a membership of about 1,800. One of the Lodges pays \$250 for funeral benefits, another \$150, and none of them less than \$75.

TEXAS.—The Order in Texas is rapidly recovering from the effects of the war. At its close only thirteen Lodges were working, their number has now

increased to fifty-three, eight of which are new, and the others re-organizations. Thirty-five Lodges are still defunct. Much of this revival is due to the untiring exertions of Grand Secretary J. W. Bradford, who is canvassing the entire State.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of this jurisdiction were in session in October. The attendance was large, and the proceedings harmonious. Charles H. Brown, of Manchester, was elected Grand Master; Geo. W. Varnay, of Rochester, Grand Patriarch; Joel Taylor, of Manchester, Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe, and J. D. Stratton, of Dover, and True Osgood, of Concord, Grand Representatives. The next session of the Grand Bodies will take place in Manchester.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Grand Secretary John H. Honour, Jr., writes to the A. O. F. that the regalia and jewels of South Carolina Lodge, No. 1, were, during the war, sent to the house of P.G.M. Richard Caldwell, of Columbia, for safe keeping. Bro. Caldwell's house, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. Bro. Honour thinks it not impossible that the jewels fell into the hands of some soldier, who would like to restore them to the proper owner, if he knew who claimed them, and desires to have the attention of the Brotherhood called to the facts.

KENTUCKY.

The session of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, which met at Louisville on the 27th of October, was very largely attended—so much so that the Odd Fellows' Hall proved entirely inadequate to accommodate the number of Representatives present, and another hall had to be prepared for their use.

Grand Master W. T. Curry submitted a very able report, embracing a large number of decisions which were all endorsed by the Grand Lodge except two, that were modified to correspond with the action of the G.L.U.S. at its recent session.

Dispensation was granted for the establishment of the following new Lodges:

1. Rainbow Lodge, No. 165, Robert's Store, Henderson County, instituted by Grand Secretary White.
2. Good Intent Lodge, No. 166, Covington, Kenton County, instituted by P.G.M. Amos Shinkle.
3. Salem Lodge, No. 42, Lebanon, Marion County, instituted by the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, and P.G. Farnsworth.
4. Locust Grove Lodge, No. 167, Locust Grove, Trigg County, instituted by D.D.G.M. H. H. Poston.
5. Sonora Lodge, No. 168, Sonora, Hardin County, instituted by Grand Secretary.
6. Lagrange Lodge, No. 169, Lagrange, Oldham County, instituted by Grand Secretary.
7. Canton Lodge, No. 170, Canton, Trigg County, instituted by D.D.G.M. H. H. Poston.
8. Verona Lodge, No. 171, Verona, Boone County, instituted by Grand Secretary.

"All the above Lodges," the Grand Master says, "are in successful operation, and bid fair to be bright ornaments in the ranks of our Order." On the subject of visitation the Grand Master expresses his regrets that it was not in his power to call on as many Lodges as he desired; but thinks that the

visits of P.G.M. Dowden, P.G.M. Durham, and P.G. Rev. John J. Cook, as agents for the Widows' Home and Orphans' University, to a great extent obviated the necessity of official visitation by the Grand Master. The financial condition of the Grand Lodge is stated to be excellent, and the success of the movement for the establishment of the Widows' Home and Orphans' University regarded as certain.

Grand Secretary Wm. White has kindly furnished the following statistics:

Hebron Lodge, No. 19, at Springfield, and Taylor, No. 34, at Elizabethtown, have surrendered their charters; and Fleming, No. 30, at Flemingsburg; Owen, No. 85, at New Liberty; Nelson, No. 96, at Deatsville, and Rosling, No. 112, at Brandenburg, are virtually defunct, though their charters are still unreclaimed. The number of Lodges now is 122. The statistics of the year are:

Initiated	895
Admitted by Card.....	132
Re-instated	66

Total admissions .. 1,093

CONTRA.

Withdrawn by Card	228
Suspensions	288
Expulsions	33
Deaths.....	69

Total demissions .. 618

Net gain in membership..... 475

Whole number of members .. 6,791

Number of Brothers relieved	595
Number of Widowed Families relieved	207
Number of Brothers buried.....	60
Amount of Relief to Brothers.....	\$10,581.45
“ “ Widowed Families.....	4,923.70
“ “ for Education of Orphans.....	931.15
“ “ for Burying the Dead	3,165.10

Total Relief.....\$19,601.40

Brothers M. S. Dowden, A. Shinkle and J. W. Venable were appointed a special committee on Degree of Rebekah Lodges, and reported the following constitution, which was adopted:

"SECTION 1. This Lodge shall be constituted by at least ten members, five of each sex, and one qualified to fill the office of Noble Grand, holding a charter legally granted and unreclaimed by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and shall be hailed and known by the name and number given in that charter.

"SEC. 2. This Lodge shall possess the full powers and privileges of a Rebekah Degree Lodge, as set forth in its charter, and may adopt such by-laws and amendments thereto from time to time as may be deemed expedient, provided, however, that by-laws or amendments thereto, adopted by Rebekah Degree Lodges, shall not take effect until ratified by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

"SEC. 3. This Rebekah Degree Lodge shall have power to confer the Degree of Rebekah on such Scarlet Degree members and their wives as present a certificate from a Lodge located in the district designated in the charter of this Lodge, and also to confer said Degree on widows of Odd Fellows presenting certificates from Lodges of which their husbands were members at the time of their decease.

"LAW II. SEC. 1. Should this Rebekah Degree Lodge fail or refuse to comply with the requirements of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, or with the instructions of the M.W. Grand Master or his District

Deputy, it shall thereby forfeit its charter, and become extinct; and it shall become the duty of the last installed officers, to transmit or surrender to the Grand Master, or to any one appointed by him to receive them, the charter, books, furniture, funds and property of this Lodge.

"**LAW III.—OFFICERS.** SEC. 1. The officers of this Rebekah Degree Lodge shall be a Noble Grand, Vice-Grand, Secretary, (Financial Secretary when deemed necessary by the Lodge,) and Treasurer, who shall be elected at the last meeting of each term; I.G., R. and L.S. to N.G., who shall be appointed at time of installation by the Noble Grand; and R. and L.S. to V.G., who shall be appointed by the V.G.

"SEC. 3. Nominations can only be made at the two meetings next preceeding the election, except that when all the nominees for an office are withdrawn nominations may be made at the time of election.

"SEC. 4. In all elections for officers each member must be voted for by the ballot, and it will require a majority of all the votes cast to elect. When there are more than one candidate, the one having the fewest votes shall be dropped after each unsuccessful balloting; and all votes cast for other than regular nominees shall not be counted or considered.

"SEC. 5. Any officer absenting himself or herself at any time after his or her election or appointment for three successive meetings, their seat shall be declared vacant, except in cases of sickness, or where leave of absence has been granted by the Lodge.

"SEC. 6. Offices cannot be declared vacant until the fourth meeting night after such vacancy, and shall then be filled in such manner as the majority of the Lodge may determine.

"**LAW IV.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.** SEC. 1. The duties of the various officers of this Lodge shall be such as are prescribed in the charges of their office, in the laws, and in the by laws of their Lodge.

"**LAW V.—DUES.** SEC. 1. Each member of this Lodge shall pay into its treasury dues at the rates fixed by the by-laws of this Lodge, and members becoming in arrears for one year's dues shall be dropped from the roll of members, provided that no member shall be dropped until notice of his arrears for the time above specified has been duly given or sent to him, nor until after the fact of his dues being in arrears and unpaid for twelve months has been announced in open Lodge at two regular meetings.

"SEC. 2. Certificates of membership shall be applied for in open Lodge, and be granted to an applicant for a fee of twenty-five cents and the payment of dues for the time for which said certificate is to run.

"**LAW VI.—MEETINGS.** SEC. 1. The stated meetings of this Lodge shall be held weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, and on such day as may be fixed by the by-laws, and the Noble Grand may convene the Lodge whenever he may deem it necessary.

"SEC. 2. Regular terms shall commence on the first stated meeting in May and November, and shall end when the succeeding ones commence.

"**LAW VII.—DONATIONS.** SEC. 1. This Lodge may pay and disburse from the funds of the Lodge for the relief of the sick, the destitute or the distressed from time to time as a majority of the members present shall determine, or as shall be otherwise provided by the by-laws.

"**LAW VIII.—BY-LAWS AND RULES OF ORDER.** SEC. 1. This Lodge shall establish such by-laws and rules of order not inconsistent herewith, or with the rules, usages and general regulations of the Order, as they may deem proper, subject, however, to the approval of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

"**LAW IX.—DOUBTS AS TO MEANING REFERRED TO G.L.** SEC. 1. Any questions as to the meaning of any part of these laws shall be referred to the decision of the Grand Master, whose decision is to be binding

upon this Lodge until reversed by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky."

On the evening of the first day, the officers of the Grand Lodge, by invitation, dedicated "Odd Fellows' Central Hall" in Louisville to the purposes and uses of Odd Fellowship. On this occasion Judge M. J. Durham, P.G.M. and G.R., delivered a most eloquent oration before a very large assembly.

The Grand Encampment met on the 28th of October, at 2 p. m., Grand Patriarch Peter Beall in the chair. At the evening session, Grand High Priest J. C. Welch presided. The reports of the Grand Officers give a very encouraging account of the Subordinates under their care. Dispensations were issued and charters granted for the following Encampments: Willey, No. 36, at Glasgow; Goethe, No. 37, at Louisville (German); No. 38, at Rock Castle, Trigg County, not yet instituted. With No. 38 there are now 25 Camps in Kentucky, with 1524 members, a net increase of 94. The disbursements for relief amounted to \$2,905.91.

Bethel Encampment, No. 27, received permission to remove from Pembroke to Trenton.

The names of the new officers of both Grand Bodies appeared in our last number.

We are indebted for the above data to Dr. J. C. Welch, P.G.H.P.

NEW YORK.

TROY.—*Editor Companion*: Thinking you would like to hear how the Order is progressing in this place. I thought I would give you an account of the formal opening of our new hall on the evening of November 17th. The affair was very pleasing and enjoyable. Many of our most prominent citizens, and large numbers of members of the Order, and their families, packed the hall completely. The edifice is now one of the finest in the State. The visitors were entertained by the rendering of choice music and a few brief addresses. Mrs. John P. Colby presided at the organ in her usual happy manner. Mrs. Laithe, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Searle, Miss Baily, Messrs. Whitehead, Stracton, Dewey and Prof. Hodgman, all assisted in the vocal exercises, and were in most excellent voice.

The frescoing was very much admired, and harmonized finely with the new furniture and fixtures. The members of the Order in this city are well pleased with the new arrangements, and are under especial obligations to their committee, under whose superintendence these improvements have been made. The Order was never in a more prosperous condition in this section than at the present time. We have in this city three Lodges—Trojan, No. 27, Rensselaer, No. 53, and Athenian, No. 96—and Troy Encampment, and Rensselaer Degree Lodge. All are in a most flourishing condition. TROY.

NEW YORK CITY.—Olympic Lodge, No. 207, was instituted at No. 132 Bowery, by D.D.G.M. Jacob P. Solomon on Thursday, the 19th of November. A large number of candidates were proposed, and the prospects of the Lodge are said to be excellent.

Missouri Department.

ANNIVERSARY OF MISSOURI LODGE, NO. 11.

We are indebted to Bro. Wm. H. Brewster, N.G. of Excelsior Lodge, No. 18, of St. Louis, for many kind favors. He has again placed us under obligations by an account of the exercises at the celebration of the 24th anniversary of Missouri Lodge, No. 11, in St. Louis. We extract from the letter:

"The address of welcome by Bro. W. H. H. Russell, Secretary of No. 11, was brief, giving the reason of the celebration, and welcoming the ladies, friends and Brothers. The music was vocal and instrumental, both grand and cabinet organs being used, and several quartettes, duets and choruses participated in by the ladies and others. E. B. Cullen, P.G., was the musical director, assisted by Bro. Geo. Little and others. The introductory overture on the cabinet organ, prior to the opening ode, was composed by Bro. Cullen in part for this occasion. I can assure you it was excellent, and met with decided approbation.

"P.G. Sire Isaac M. Veitch addressed the assembly on 'The rise and progress of the Order in Missouri.' The address was interesting and very instructive, combining many historical points and facts relative to the growth and prosperity of the Order in this jurisdiction. During his remarks he feelingly alluded to many honored citizens who were very active and zealous in times past, and who have since joined the Celestial Lodge above, leaving nothing save the memory of their glorious deeds.

"Our Grand Master Bodeman was prevented from being present by sickness of his wife, and sent his compliments and regrets to the Lodge, expressed through P.G. Master Sloan, Grand Secretary.

"The remarks of P.G. L. M. Lauck, of Excelsior Lodge, No. 18, were brief, but touching on historical and bible subjects relative to the Order. He beautifully and eloquently exemplified that portion of the bible history in reference to Abraham, Isaac and Rebekah. He also spoke upon local incidents in his own experience of thirty years, and complimented Missouri Lodge, No. 11, on her prosperity, material, growth, etc.

"Past Grand Master's remarks on 'old times' were well received; notes of his remarks could not be taken accurately, owing to the distance from him and noise in the street during the time of their delivery. Judging from frequent applause and merriment, he was well received. The same will apply to the remarks of Past Grand Master Forbes, although they were interspersed with brilliant points of genial good nature for which Bro. Forbes is justly celebrated. The concluding portion of his remarks was very interesting. He told the ladies *confidentially* the reason why their husbands made their weekly pilgrimage to the *Mecca* of Odd Fellowship and worshiped at her shrine.

"Our veteran friend from *over the creek*, P.G. J. W. Geo. F. Adams, of Golden Rule, No. 374, of East St. Louis, Illinois, was called upon, and responded briefly and amusingly, but pertinent to our talented friend and Brother, W. H. H. Russell, in regard to his (Russell's) remarks made about a year ago on the *Rebekah* question. Russell responded in a manner characteristic of his legal profession.

The evening was beautiful—the large Lodge-room of the hall was literally jammed, and everybody happy."

UNION HALL IN BRIDGETON.

The Masons and Odd Fellows of Bridgeton, fourteen miles from St. Louis, on the North Missouri

Railroad, contemplate the erection of a hall for their joint occupancy, and to aid in raising the necessary means, a series of festivals have been held, at which tableaux, scenic representations and readings were the order, and pleasant social reunion the rule.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE POCKET COMPANION.

We publish the following extracts from a correspondence between Deputy Grand Sire Stuart and Grand Secretary Ridgely as an act of justice, not only to Brother Ridgely, and to the publishers of other manuals of Odd Fellowship, but principally to the reading public, who ought not to be deluded into purchasing a book by a wrong statement as to its authorship:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 1st, 1868.

"Jas. L. Ridgely, Esq.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: * * * * *
I notice that an 'Odd Fellows' [Pocket] Companion' is advertised in our periodicals as your production, and believing, from my acquaintance with you and your labors, that your name is thus used without authority, I desire such information in relation thereto, as you may think proper to be generally known.

"Knowing that you have no pecuniary interest in that or any similar work, and having, in common with our vast Brotherhood, great confidence in your judgment, my love for the Order and desire that its members should be correctly informed, leads me to ask, also, which, in your opinion, is the best work we now have on Odd Fellowship.

* * * * *
Fraternally yours, in F., L. & T.,
FRED. D. STUART.

I. O. O. F.

OFFICE CORRESPONDING & RECORDING SEC'Y, }
R. W. G. L. U. S., Oct. 6th, 1868. }

Fred. D. Stuart, Esq., Deputy Grand Sire:

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Yours with enclosure is received. I have only to report what I have replied to many Brothers who have inquired of me concerning my authorship of the Odd Fellows' Pocket Companion, published in Cincinnati. I may say with strict truthfulness that I have no connection with it of any kind or sort. Some 18 years ago, when Bro. Paschal Donaldson was its proprietor, I furnished some statistics for it from this office, which I consented should be credited to my name. Subsequently, when a new edition was about to be published, application was made to me to revise and enlarge those statistics; which, having no time to do, I referred to the Grand Messenger, Bro. Chamberlain, who made the compilation, and was credited accordingly in the new edition. Since then I have not seen the book, nor had any connection with it, and I have been quite surprised to find that my name is persistently put forth as its author.

"As to which is the best work published on the Order, I reply, that if you refer to *Text Books*, I am free to say that, in my judgment, the Odd Fellows' Improved Manual, by Bro. A. B. Grosh, has no equal, and that I consider it a great acquisition to the Brotherhood.

* * * * *
"Yours, very truly and fraternally,
JAS. L. RIDGELY."

CAPITOL ENCAMPMENT No. 6, of Columbus, Ohio, has for some years been the largest Encampment in the United States. It has 488 members.

Illinois Department.

GR. SEC. SAMUEL WILLARD, M. D., EDITOR.

LEGISLATION AND DECISIONS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS, 1868.

The Grand Master reported several decisions which are of interest as interpretations of general principles of law in the Order, though they are binding only in this jurisdiction. The following treats of a point of much interest sometimes to individuals and to Lodges. It was given on a case in which a member of a Lodge knew that another was expelled for immoral conduct; they were both members of a church, the former an officer; he could not avoid showing in his conduct knowledge of something against his brother church-member, which could be explained only by stating to outsiders that which he knew through the proceedings in the Lodge, and by letting others know, too, that the Lodge had vindicated her character by discipline. The Grand Master decided on this:

"That when a member is suspended or expelled for immoral conduct, or any other cause, it is not obligatory upon members of the Order to keep the fact a secret from the world. I would recommend, however, that such matters be not unnecessarily published, but in cases where the community or the reputation of the Order might suffer in consequence of their being kept a secret, justice requires that they should be made public."

This decision the Grand Lodge approved, with the modification that only organized bodies can authorize such divulging; thus, that in the case above it was proper for the fact to be made known, but only after the Lodge had authorized such publication.

The next decision that we give, is a peculiar one, but such as must arise occasionally. The Grand Lodge confirmed it.

"Case.—O. was expelled by his Lodge on charges and trial. He appealed, and the Grand Lodge reversed the judgment of the Lodge, and ordered a new trial. While action on the charges in the new trial was pending, he came to the Lodge and asked the Permanent Secretary what amount was due from him. That officer added to the amount due at expulsion the amount accruing since the Lodge had received notice of the action of the Grand Lodge, but not computing any dues for the intervening time, while the sentence of expulsion had prevailed. O. was intending to pay his dues; but finding the amount so small, left without doing so. Subsequently the Lodge ordered dues charged against him for the interval during which he had stood expelled. Soon he was reported sick, and by the By-Laws the amount due from him would deprive him of benefits. The Lodge voted him a donation for immediate relief, and submitted the case to the Grand Master. On the new trial he was acquitted.

"Decision.—The case having been remanded for a new trial by the Grand Lodge, and upon the new trial, the Brother having been acquitted, the sentence of expulsion was decided to have been wrong. Thus he was restored to good standing as if no charge had ever been preferred. The whole action of the Lodge was thus made void. Consequently Brother O. was liable for dues during the interval, and would have been entitled to benefits had he been sick in that time. Had he not afterward been wrongly informed

by the officer whose business it is to know how such accounts stand, he would not, when taken sick, have been entitled to benefits, but under the circumstances he is."

The next decision elicited quite a discussion in the Grand Lodge, but was finally confirmed.

"Question—Has a Lodge the right to initiate a man with a chronic disease, say consumption, upon the applicant's signing an agreement not to claim benefits in consequence of disability or sickness by said disease? And if a Lodge has so admitted a member, can it refuse to pay benefits to him because of the agreement, when he is sick with such disease?"

"Answer—A Lodge has no right to initiate any such person, because he has 'an infirmity which may prevent his gaining a livelihood.' It may be said 'he has ample means to support him during life;' but this is not a sufficient guaranty against his becoming a charge upon the Lodge, for riches sometimes take wings and fly away, and he may be left in a destitute condition. Besides, the Order is beneficial, and its laws require that benefits shall be paid in case of sickness to the rich as well as the poor. Such a person would necessarily be sick or disabled on account of his infirmity, and entitled to benefits. In answer to the second part of the inquiry, I think that the agreement on the part of the individual not to claim benefits would not release the Lodge from its obligations to pay them as required by the Constitution and By-Laws, unless he should decline to receive them. Should he not so decline according to his agreement, I think it would be right to convict him of 'conduct unbecoming' and expel him."

The Judiciary Committee reported upon this decision, approving the first part of it, but not the second. On that part the committee contended that the agreement was illegal, and that a person so admitted must be got rid of and should be expelled, as there is no other way of casting him out. Past Grand Representative E. A. Rucker, author of the committee's report, obtained leave to take an appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The following decisions will probably be held correct everywhere:

"A Lodge working under the Model Code has the power to inflict a penalty upon an officer for non-attendance at Lodge caused by his attendance at divine service; but it is injudicious and detrimental to the interests of the Order so to do, except in cases where the Lodge suffers great inconvenience or sustains damage. Such reasons for absence ought generally to be held sufficient by the N. G. and the Lodge.

"The use of the 'Ratchet,' or 'Hatchel,' sometimes called the 'Bull-ring,' for making a hideous noise at the initiation of a candidate, is an innovation, and is positively prohibited; as is any other variation from the initiatory ceremony as laid down in the Ritual."

The Grand Lodge authorized Middleport Lodge, No. 74, which is no longer held at Middleport, but at Watseka, to change its name to Iroquois: and Rounseville Lodge, No. 213, was authorized to take the name of Orphans' Hope. It was named after a former Grand Master, who has long since left the Order, and is reported to be unfriendly to it now. And the Grand Lodge has ordered that hereafter no Lodge be named after a living person. The Grand Encampment authorized an Encampment bearing the same name to change it for Colfax; and that body does not adopt the prohibition adopted by the Grand Lodge.

Our Illinois laws require that when a member is convicted the second time of intoxication, he shall be suspended. A Lodge suspended certain persons so convicted for the terms of one minute and one day. The Grand Lodge decided that such action is not according to law, but tends to bring the law into disrepute. "A suspension that does not deprive the Brother of the privilege of meeting with his Lodge for at least one meeting, is no suspension." The Lodge is ordered to proceed to suspend the offenders for a suitable time.

A Lodge opposite the city of St. Louis, Mo., desired to receive a Lodge from that jurisdiction under the rule of the G.L.U.S. for visitation by Lodges in a body. The question was raised whether that rule applied to such cases. The Grand Lodge of Illinois decides that it does apply; that the Lodge in Illinois may admit a Lodge from Missouri in a body, when vouched for by its N.G. or V.G.; but also that it may receive other evidence than such vouching.

A Lodge asking permission to meet semi monthly, the Grand Lodge denied the request, and ordered another Lodge that had ignorantly adopted the practice, to discontinue it.

It was decided that points of order are to be decided by a Lodge, without appeal to any other authority.

Lodges which have kept a Widows' and Orphans' Fund separate from the general fund, are authorized to unite the two.

It was found that a Lodge had provided in its by-laws for burial of deceased Brothers by a funeral committee, consisting of the officers and six others; this was declared illegal, all funerals must be attended by the Lodge.

The Grand Master is instructed to call attention of the Lodges to the fiftieth anniversary, and urge celebration thereof.

A new law was adopted respecting application for Degrees; heretofore it has been necessary for a Brother to apply by name in open Lodge at its regular meetings; now—

"A member desiring to obtain any of the Degrees must notify the N.G. thereof, who shall, after the member has paid the proper fee therefor, announce in open Lodge that Degrees have been applied for, but without giving name of applicant; and thereupon the application shall be balloted upon in Degree session of the Lodge when open in the Degree applied for; and such ballot shall be had in all things according to § 2 Art. II of this Constitution [of Subordinate Lodges]."

NO NEWS.

Immediately after the session of the Grand Lodge there is a period of no news. No new Lodges for a couple of months; nobody stirring or doing anything requiring notice; hardly any questions asked of the Grand Secretary; all quietly working and preparing for the January changes, public installations, etc. So we have little to report just now in the way of items.

Sangamon Lodge, No. 6, and Teutonia, No. 166, have lately fitted up a new hall in Springfield, which

was publicly dedicated October 26th. Grand Secretary Willard acted as Grand Master. Orations were delivered in English by Brother James H. Matheny, and in German by Brother Joseph Glueckselig, of Uhlund Lodge, No. 305, Bloomington. A festival and ball under the charge of Teutonia Lodge and for its benefit, were held on the same day and eve.

Manito Lodge, No. 378, was instituted at Manito, Mason county, on October 1st, by Deputy John W. Jones, of No. 143.

Minonk Lodge, No. 377, was instituted at Minonk, Woodford county, by Deputy James Thompson, of No. 308, during the first week in October.

FROM GEO. F. ADAMS, P.G.J.W.

EAST ST. LOUIS, November 15, 1868.

Editor Companion: Were you ever in a quandary? To tell the honest truth, I am at present; and the question is, how to condense to suit your views as an editor. When so much transpires, and all for the well-being of our Order, it is a hard matter to decide what to say and what not to mention.

Our Lodge, No. 374, is at work, steady and zealous, though not increasing as fast as we might do in members, were we so inclined. Many are reminded of the fact that not to every one who applies are the doors opened—our ballot box contains votes enough, when required, to separate the chaff from the wheat, and up to this time one-fourth of the offerings have been rejected as unround timber. With a good foundation, we intend to build an enduring structure.

Alive to the principles of Odd Fellowship, of course we attend to its requirements; and, satisfied that the Rebekah Degree is one of its best and fundamental ideas, we have had the same conferred on the wives of ten of our worthy Brothers. Several of the younger Brothers are in quest of candidates, and the prospect is flattering that we shall have a live working Rebekah Lodge.

The organization of our Lodge, so close to the eighteen Lodges of St. Louis, Missouri, has brought to mind a resolution on page 2990, Journal G.L.U.S., on the subject of Lodge visitation—something we believe in and practice. The law alluded to, I find is little known, and a surprise to many who should be posted on the subject. To us it has a peculiar bearing, situated as we are within reach of so many live Lodges in our sister jurisdiction.

We have made three visits as a Lodge, to Nos. 11, 18, and 138. On the first occasion, we were introduced by one of the Grand Officers, but concluded that our Lodge had the right to visit without such introduction, by a Grand Officer, Card, or the A.T. P.W. Some of the bright lights of our Order, one a P.G.M. of our own State, thought it might be done by a stretch of conscience; but we concluded that it could be done legally, and had the query presented to our N.G., whose decision was sustained, on appeal, by our D.D.G.M., and approved by our Grand Lodge. For the sake of uniformity, we also propounded the question to H. H. Bodeman, G.M. of Mis-

souri, who, on review of the law, gave the following decision :

St. Louis, October 18, 1868.

To whom it may concern :

Under the laws of the G.L.U.S., a Lodge from any jurisdiction, when visiting in a body, are entitled to admission into any regular Lodge of Odd Fellows in this jurisdiction, without card or the A.T.P.W., when accompanied by their N.G. or V.G., who is responsible for the members introduced by him as members of his Lodge in good standing, upon strict examination of said officer.

(Signed)

H. H. BODEMAN,
Grand Master.

Our neighbors over the river are at work.

The new Union Hall is under way, and begins to show its proportions.

Bellefontaine Lodge, No. 73, on last Tuesday evening conferred the Rebekah Degree on several ladies, and made arrangements to re-organize the Benevolent Rebekah Association in the northern limits of the city. They have an unexpended balance from last year of \$300.00, which will be disposed of to those who are worthy and need assistance.

Missouri, No. 11, held its twenty-fourth anniversary on Friday evening with open doors and a large assembly, who were well entertained, and all were pleased with the performance. As an account will appear from Bro. Brewster, I will leave the items to him for report.

On Tuesday evening, our Lodge will be honored with a visit from Pride of the West Lodge, No. 138, in return for ours. A good time is expected.

The foregoing is only a part of the news of our section, but your patience and space admonish me that enough is said. That we are alive to the best interests of the Order is certain, and with a like feeling everywhere, Odd Fellowship will continue to prosper.

Fraternally,

Geo. F. Adams.

NEW JERSEY.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 20, 1868.

Editor Companion : The Grand Encampment of New Jersey met in this City at 3 P. M. on Tuesday, the 17th inst., and adjourned at 10½ A. M. on Wednesday. A large number of members appeared; and much important business was transacted.

The proceedings of the Grand Encampment from its organization in 1843 to the present time were ordered to be revised and printed.

The affairs of the Patriarchal branch of the Order in this State are shown to be in a very prosperous condition,—new Encampments are being chartered, and old Encampments are making from the lethargy that has so long held them in inertness. There are probably 1500 contributing members in the Subordinate Encampments in this jurisdiction, and the cry is "still they come." This is a very large increase in a very few years.

The Report of Grand Patriarch D. J. Pierman was quite lengthy and of the greatest interest to the members; and the ability displayed in its preparation elicited the hearty approval of all who were so for-

tunate as to be present at its delivery. The officers elected at the evening session were :

I. D. WARD, of Perth Amboy, Grand Patriarch.
Wm. M. NUTT, of Trenton, Grand High Priest.
J. W. MATTOCK, of Camden, Grand Senior Warden.

JOHN O. RAUM, of Trenton, Grand Scribe.

DAVID CAMPBELL, of Newark, Grand Treasurer.

AUGUSTUS S. CLARK, of Newark, Grand Junior Warden.

JOHN W. ORR, of Jersey City, Grand Representative.

The Grand Lodge met at 12 o'clock A. M. and adjourned at 3 o'clock P. M. on Thursday. About 300 Past Grands, the largest number that ever attended a session in this jurisdiction, were present. The prosperity of the Subordinates was a matter for the congratulation of the assembled members. It is estimated that there are not less than 10,000 active members in this jurisdiction at this time. Several old Lodges have been revived and eight new Lodges besides one Degree Lodge and seven Rebekah Degree Lodges were granted charters at this session. It is our policy to revive the old Lodges in preference to issuing charters for new ones where it is possible to do so; and we find that the old Odd Fellows who have been out in the cold for a few years, make the best members when they return to their first love. Degree Lodges and Rebekah Degree Lodges were authorized, and Subordinates were requested to provide suitable flags of the authorized design, and cause them to be displayed from their Lodge-rooms from sunrise to sunset on the 26th day of April next.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania being in session, forwarded an invitation to the Grand Lodge of New Jersey and Subordinates to participate in the Grand National Celebration in Philadelphia. The invitation was unanimously accepted, and arrangements authorized to be made to secure a respectable attendance of members on that occasion.

The visit of Deputy Grand Sire Stuart afforded the members of the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge much pleasure, and his superior instructions in both bodies were listened to with intense interest. It is well understood that Brother Stuart's familiarity with the work qualifies him for a most admirable instructor. He has enjoyed facilities that no other member can hope to have, and his retentive memory and happy manner of expressing himself, make it much more than ordinary pleasure to listen to him.

The officers for the present year are :

HIRAM H. DEGROFFT, of Penn's Grove, Grand Master.

JOHN S. STRATFORD, of Camden, Deputy Grand Master.

GEORGE W. HUBBARD, of Newark, Grand Warden.

JOHN O. RAUM, of Trenton, Grand Secretary.

JOSEPH L. LAMB, of Pemberton, Grand Treasurer.

DAYTON B. WHITAKER, of Bridgeton, and THEODORE A. ROSS, of Newark, Grand Representatives.

The session was very harmonious, and all felt that it was good to be there.

Wishing the COMPANION the success it so richly deserves, and hoping it may be the companion of every Odd Fellow in the universe, I am,

Yours, in F., L. and T.

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Ohio Department

GRAND SECRETARY W. C. E., EDITOR.

OF THE ORDER.

As items that may not be entirely devoid of interest to the Order, we proceed to chronicle certain of our doings that have not hitherto been published.

Saturday, Sept. 26th, by special request of Minerva Lodge, No. 222, I visited it, and gave such instructions and advice as the circumstances seemed to require. This Lodge has in the main a good membership, but like most others, is unfortunate enough to have a few who are not sufficiently mindful of the high moral duties they owe to themselves and to the Order. One of these was expelled upon the night referred to, and we incline to the opinion that the result of this case will tend to elevate the character of the Lodge, and give it a higher tone.

October 6th, I met the Brethren of Bellevue and neighboring Lodges, and dedicated for Bellevue Lodge, No. 123, one of the handsomest halls in the State. The taste exhibited by the Brethren in fitting it up is highly commendable, and its neatness and cheerful appearance cannot but prove inviting to all, and make the Lodge-room a place of pleasant resort. From such quarters ought to go forth with the best effect, and emphasized by the best powers of manhood, the ministrations of our noble Order, to bless with cheerful hope and glad promise those upon whom they light.

October 19th, met the Brethren of Millersburgh, and fine delegations from Wooster, No. 42, and Fredericksburgh, No. 390, and dedicated a new and fine hall for Killbuck Lodge, No. 81. This Lodge has passed through some severe trials, but has now secured a solid position, and with prudent guidance will maintain a useful existence. The spirit of the Order seems to pervade the hearts of the Brethren, and the enterprise exhibited in fitting up the new hall encourages the hope that from within its walls will emerge an influence that will accomplish much good.

November 10th, at the request of the Brethren, I conferred the Rebekah Degree for Green Spring Lodge, No. 318. Though the night was dark and chilly, the attendance was good—the hall being filled—amongst those present being a dozen or more enterprising Brethren from Clyde Lodge, No. 380. There had been some differences amongst the Brethren as to the work, which detracted from its interest. This visit has probably settled these questions, and henceforth they will go on more effectively.

It is probably safe to say that one of the strongest reasons why the Rebekah Degree is not more effective, is that in many Lodges it is not understood.

November 11th I conferred the Rebekah Degree in Wapauconica Lodge, No. 38.

Letters coming from various quarters testify to the prosperity of the Order—which has been checked

only by the exciting political canvass just closed, and now that society is restored to its normal condition, there is good reason to expect a good degree of activity to be exhibited throughout the jurisdiction.

Complaint is made to the publishers, that in noticing the condition of Lodges in the preceding issues of the COMPANION, the name of that to which the correspondent belongs was left out, and inquiring the reason why. The only reason to be assigned is that the last report from the Lodge in question gave no evidence of especial prosperity. It may be in an entirely healthy condition, and no doubt is made up of excellent material. The purpose of these notices has been—as was intended at the beginning—to allude first more particularly to those which give outward evidence of vitality. Others that have been thus far unnoticed, may demand and receive attention before the series is closed. The idea is, to give merely an allusion to such Lodges as by their increase or activity, as evidenced in their last reports, may help to stimulate others less vigorous.

It is pleasant to know that Grand Patriarch Turner, having returned from his European tour, is giving much attention to the Encampment Branch of the Order. His visits will doubtless be attended by highly beneficial results.

Grand Master Semple has been circulating somewhat amongst the Lodges in regions which have not of late been honored by official visits, and where his presence will no doubt do good.

It is unfortunate that the Grand Lodge has not hitherto felt the importance of adopting more active measures to secure the visitation of Lodges. True, the Grand Master is authorized by himself or Special Deputy to visit any or all Lodges, yet in the face of the refusal of the Grand Lodge to provide especially for the discharge of this duty, and in view of the limited compensation allowed for such services, it is not strange that but a very small proportion of the Lodges are each year visited.

From this inattention there is no doubt that Lodges which might have been saved have at various times ceased to exist.

INSTITUTION.—On Wednesday, November 18th, Panora Lodge, No. 410, was instituted at Columbi-ana by Grand Secretary W. C. Earl. The petitioners had fitted up a very good and convenient hall, and had all things in readiness. The attendance was large, and represented Amity Lodge, No. 124; Concordia, No. 88; Canfield, No. 155; Alliance, No. 266; and Orion, No. 390. Bro. Horace Y. Beebe, of Ravenna, was also present, and rendered valuable assistance.

After the institution, a procession was formed, and marched to the Church—where music was furnished by the Washingtonville Band, and a short address delivered by the Grand Secretary. The procession then returned to the Hall, and adjourned to supper. In the evening, two candidates were initiated, and

full and thorough instructions in the work were given—the whole occupying the time until twelve o'clock, when the Brethren departed to their several homes.

The exercises of the occasion were highly interesting, and all seemed delighted therewith. The instituting officer feels deeply indebted to the Brethren for their kind assistance and able support in the work of the day.

The officers of the new Lodge were installed in public in the presence of as many ladies and gentlemen, in addition to the members of the Order, as could get into the room.

This Lodge starts out under favorable auspices, and in the keeping of good men, and we can conceive no reason why it may not prove eminently successful.

ALLIANCE LODGE, No. 266.—On the evening of November 17th we visited this Lodge, and found a large attendance to greet us. Alliance is one of the live Lodges, and its operations are marked by a spirit and energy that promise well for its prosperity.

Full instructions in the work were given, and several points of difference and questions of law settled. For the kindly reception given us we shall ever retain a pleasant remembrance.

FROM THE GRAND PATRIARCH.

DAYTON, November 25, 1868.

Editor Companion: Having just returned home from a partial visitation of the Encampments in this jurisdiction, and having a few spare moments, I thought it might be interesting to your numerous readers and the Order at large, to receive a short report of my experiences.

Returning home from my trip to Europe on the 17th day of September, invigorated in health and spirits, I immediately commenced work in fulfilling the promise made at the last session of the Grand Encampment, after the installation of officers, to wit: to endeavor and visit every Encampment in the State during my official term.

On September 24th, I visited Wm. Tell Encampment, No. 109, recently instituted. I found them at work, and numbering some fifty members. October 1st, I visited Frederick Encampment, No. 89, at Hamilton. October 6th, I visited Mad River Encampment, No. 16, held at Springfield, and found it wide awake. October 9th, visited Concord Encampment, No. 23, held at Troy, who have recently moved into their new Hall, and are busy at work in the good cause. October 14th, visited Lima Camp, No. 62, held at Lima, and found the Brethren full of faith and good works; they are preparing their new hall for work. October 15th, visited Wapakoneta, No. 101, held at Wapakoneta; found the Brethren true Odd Fellows. October 23d, visited Preble Encampment, No. 54, held at Eaton; found some good Brethren, but they seemed to need an official visitation; had a very good meeting. October 26th, visited Champaign Camp, No. 29, held at Urbana; found here a live Encampment. October 27th, visited Ma-

tion Camp, No. 61, held at Van Wert; found here a true set of Brethren. October 29th, visited Putnam Camp, No. 76, held at Ottowa; found them alive and at work.

November 3d, visited Morrow Camp, No. 93, held at Morrowtown; had a very pleasant meeting, that is calculated to do good. November 4th, visited Franklin Camp, No. 31, held at Franklin, who have lately moved into their new Hall, and are at work in earnest. November 5th, visited Lebanon Camp, No. 100, held at Lebanon; the Brethren here have plenty of work, and know how to perform it. November 6th, visited Philadelphon Camp, No. 53, held at Cincinnati, who had invited Anderson Camp, No. 83, to meet with them, and see them work and partake of their hospitality. Grand Sire Farnsworth met with us, and we had a very pleasant and profitable meeting. November 7th, visited Madison Camp, No. 60, in connection with Grand Sire Farnsworth, Grand Representative Fithian, Grand High Priest Maguire, and other Brethren from Cincinnati; this Camp had invited Milford Camp, No. 34, and Addison Camp, No. 85, to meet with them; we found their room filled with the members; after work and instruction, we had a very pleasant time; the meeting was certainly a success. November 9th, visited Fremont Camp, No. 64, held at Fremont; found this Camp in good hands, and doing good work. November 10th, visited Erie Camp, No. 27, held at Sandusky; found the members alive and at work in this branch of our Order. November 11th, visited Bellefontaine Camp, No. 12, held at Bellefontaine; found the light of Odd Fellowship brightly burning in their midst. November 12th, visited Golden Rule Camp, No. 92, held at Findlay; found this Camp awake to the interests of the Order; onward and upward is their watchword. And November 13th, visited Hobah Camp, No. 19, held at Tiffin; found those Brethren at work well, and exerting a great moral influence in the community. November 16th, visited Xenia Camp, No. 20; had work in all the Degrees; found the members in full force, and alive to the interests of the Order, and full of good works. November 17th, visited Middletown Encampment, No. 84, held at Middletown—who had invited Germantown Camp, No. 74, to meet with them, who were on hand in full force; and had work in all the Degrees, which was done well; the Brethren in these Camps are wide awake to the interests of the Order. November 20th, visited Miamisburg Camp, No. 82; this Encampment is doing a good work, are a whole-souled set of Brethren, and understand how to make visiting Brethren feel at home. November 23d, visited Miami Camp, No. 4, held at Piqua; these Brethren work very well—have taken off the rough corners, and are a good set of Brethren. Several members from Troy Camp met with us. November 24th, visited Capitol Camp, No. 6, held at Columbus, together with Concordia Camp, No. 96; found these Brethren full of work; had several Brethren present, on whom they conferred the Patriarchal Degree. The motto of this Encampment seems to be onward. We had the presence of

Grand Sire Farnsworth on this occasion, who made a short address to the Camp, and left a very good impression on the members present. This Encampment is the largest in the jurisdiction, and composed of good material.

During these visitations we have been met with fraternal greetings by the Brethren. We have endeavored to inculcate uniformity in the work, and by the plan adopted, fully expect to accomplish that object during the present year. While speaking in one of the Encampments, a good old Brother rose to his feet, and began to sing: "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, as we go marching along;" and when spoken to on the subject, exclaimed: "If I cannot sing, I must shout; for I cannot possibly retain my feelings."

I am pleased to say that the Encampment branch of our Order is progressive in its character, and still advancing in the good work.

JAMES TURNER, G.P.

CAREY LODGE, NO. 407.

Bro. J. D. H. writes from Carey under date of Nov. 9: "Carey Lodge, No. 407, as mentioned in your October number, was instituted on the 20th of August, 1868, by Grand Master J. A. Semple, assisted by Past Grand A. P. Cunningham, of Clermont, No. 49; Bro. Benner, of Clyde, No. 380; Chas. E. Niles, of Hancock, No. 73; and Robert Nichols, of Seneca, No. 35. A number of Brothers from the aforementioned Lodges, and from Oakley, No. 317; Fountain, No. 353; Comet, No. 344; Wyandot, No. 110; Croghan, No. 77; Forest, No. 394; and Ogontz, No. 65, were also present. Grand Master Semple obligated fifteen of the twenty-three charter petitioners. The following officers were elected and installed: D. Joy, N. G.; J. D. Hadermann, V.G.; A. Traus, R.S.; John Grear, P.S.; A. Carothers, Treasurer. After the installation, thirteen petitioners for membership were initiated, after which, although the weather was quite hot, and the room poorly ventilated, the Grand Master gave instructions in the five Degrees of the Order. The work was begun at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was finished at one o'clock in the morning. Every one was well pleased with the progress of the work, and the prospects for Carey Lodge looked well and pleasing. We have since then admitted on card four Brothers, and initiated four others, so that we have a membership now of thirty-six members, and still the march is onward."

GALLIPOLIS.—Bro. C. R. Minturn writes under date of Nov. 9th from Gallipolis: "Our Lodge and Encampment cannot boast of many accessions during this term, but our interest does not flag, and we intend to work on for the good of the Order, not knowing any such word as fail. We are now trying to revive the Degree of Rebekah; we have not had many meetings during the past seven or eight years, but we have a few live Sisters still with us, and hope that our efforts will succeed."

Indiana Department.

REV. T. G. BRHARREL, F.G.H.P., } EDITORS.
JOHN W. M'QUIDDY, F.G.

GRAND LODGE.

This body commenced its annual session at 2 o'clock p. m., Nov. 17, and upon the credentials being examined from the Lodges, over 200 were admitted at one time and instructed in the Past Official and Grand Lodge Degrees and took their seats as members and Representatives. Our Grand Lodge Hall was never so crowded as at this session. After the appointments of the usual standing committees and several special committees, the Grand Officers made their reports, all of which were received with favor—and they may well feel proud of the successes of the past year. The report of the Grand Representatives, which we herewith furnish, is, in our opinion, a model embodying almost everything of importance to the various jurisdictions in the way of changes made by the G.L.U.S. in the laws, rules and regulations, almost every one of which met with favor among us.

The Elective Officers of the Grand Lodge are as follows:

S. L. ADAMS, Grand Master.
J. A. WILDMAN, Deputy Grand Master.
W. H. DEWOLF, Grand Warden.
E. H. BARRY, Grand Secretary.
T. P. HAUGHEY, Grand Treasurer.
JOHN T. SAUNDERS, Grand Representative, and
LAZ. NOBLE, Alternate Grand Representative.

While many things of interest transpired during the session, as you will see by the printed proceedings when they are forwarded to you, I will only in this communication refer to the first report made by a standing committee. It was made by the Legislative Committee to whom was referred a resolution from Moore's Hill Lodge, No. 127, as follows: }

"Resolved, That our Representative to the Grand Lodge be and is hereby instructed to use his influence to obtain an amendment to the laws of the Order—to prohibit the sale at retail of intoxicating liquors by members of the Order to be used as a beverage."

The committee report that they are of opinion that any Brother has the right to follow any lawful avocation, and inasmuch as the retailing of intoxicating liquors is tolerated, and regulated by the Statute Laws of the State—legislation on the subject of the resolution by this Grand Lodge is inexpedient, etc. The report was concurred in. There are many of us who regret this action, because it seems to indorse the traffic or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, which is, as every observing man knows, the cause of more ills and woes to humanity than all other vices combined, and it is the occasion of more violations of the laws of Odd Fellowship by members of the Order, and the occasion of more expulsions, suspensions, etc., than all other things combined. We war as an Order against vice in all its forms—and especially, as the teachings of Odd Fellowship

show—we war against intemperance. The drunkard is a curse to himself—a curse to his family and race—miserable in the life and unfitted for the Eternal state; but the poor unfortunate victim of the appetite for intoxicating liquors is not the enemy to his race that he is, who for the purpose of filling his coffers with the cankering coin sells to create the appetite and thus feed it, till reason is dethroned, and the poor victim is ruined and hurried to the grave prematurely, while his wife is left a widow and his children orphans. I confess that I should have been glad to have had the report amended, so as to have given an expression, clear and unmistakable, as a Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, against any members of our Order becoming keepers of drinking saloons.

T. G. B.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

The R.W. Grand Encampment of Indiana met at Indianapolis in annual session at 9 o'clock, A. M., Nov. 17. The Grand Patriarch and Grand High Priest were present with all the officers, and the attendance of members was much larger than usual. Nearly every Subordinate Encampment in this jurisdiction was represented—and at the morning session sixty-five Representatives from Encampments were admitted and received the Grand Encampment Degree. To these new members, at the evening session, there were added eleven more, making an increase of seventy-six.

The reports of the Grand Officers exhibited a healthy condition of the Patriarchal branch of the Order in Indiana.

At the evening session the election of officers for the ensuing year took place, and there was more than the usual interest in making the selection from the list of nominees. The first two offices after several ballottings were filled by the election of W. C. LUPTON, Grand Patriarch, and RICHARD OWEN, Grand High Priest; E. H. BARRY was re-elected Grand Secretary, T. P. HAUGHEY, Grand Treasurer, and W. M. FRENCH, Grand Representative.

The Grand Encampment closed at 9 o'clock A. M., Nov. 18, after a pleasant and harmonious session and the P.C.P's. and P.H.P's. will return to their Subordinates to labor on in "Faith, Hope and Charity," for the increase and welfare of the Patriarchal family.

T. G. B.

EARLY RECORDS IN INDIANA.—NO. 5.

(Conclusion.)

In my last was introduced the organization of the Lodges which formed the basis of our present magnificent structure. The Brethren during the early part of the history of the Order in this State made slow progress in scattering abroad the principles of Odd Fellowship, for we find in 1841, six years after the organization of the first Lodge, but ten Lodges, and in 1850, fifteen years after, but eighty-nine Lodges are reported. What may have been the influences operating to produce such a result it would be difficult to divine. It is known,

however, that to a very great extent the influence which gave rise to anti-Masonry, and the prejudices engendered by that fearful ordeal to that organization, had a most deleterious effect upon all institutions known as secret societies. But soon the dark clouds began to disperse and the passions and prejudices of the masses of the people began to give way to the genial influences of our beloved Order. Its practical workings had endeared it to thousands of hearts, and the votaries at its altars were the most active in all good works. The really good and great were attracted to its portals, gathering strength with the passing years, and it assumed such proportions as rendered the influence of the membership a mighty power in deeds of benevolence.

We have shown the beginning of Odd Fellowship in Indiana, without attempting to trace the tiny rivulet from its source to the mighty tide that now flows so majestically, bearing before it all opposition and scattering broadcast its heaven-born principles. Practical effects can be better given by recurring to its effective benevolence as found in the distribution of its resources.

The following table will give the reader some idea of the good accomplished, in a financial aspect alone, during a period of only seventeen years and a half in the one city—New Albany—where it first found foothold on Hoosier soil.

The figures have been drawn from the books of the several Lodges of this city:

Amount paid for Relief of Members.....	\$29,646.30
“ “ Widow'd Families.....	2,373.19
“ “ Educating Orphans.....	9,733.53
“ “ Burying the Dead.....	6,036.90
“ “ General Relief.....	2,700.00
“ “ Other Charities.....	2,745.47
“ “ by the Encampment.....	9,559.00
Total.....	\$62,794.44

To such a record Odd Fellowship can point with pride and triumph. Where can be found any similar organization, with no greater numerical strength, that has expended so large a sum for the relief of the wants of the sick, in burying the dead, and educating the orphan? Nor has this been a tithe of what has been accomplished in its mission of mercy. The care extended the sick, when prostrated by disease, and the consolation afforded to those who have suffered in following our deceased Brethren to the tomb, has far transcended all questions of mere dollars and cents.

Nor is this all that can be said of our noble Order in Indiana. Turning to the record of the Grand Lodge, we find the following result of its operations from January, 1847, to May, 1868, a period of twenty-one years, nearly:

Number of Brothers relieved.....	19,654
“ Widow'd Famil's reliev'd.....	1,336
Amount paid for Relief of Brothers.....	\$268,418.04
“ “ Widow'd Famil's.....	23,614.87
“ “ Burying the Dead.....	61,226.74
“ “ Educating Orphans.....	27,825.15
“ “ Other Charities.....	33,559.70

Total.....\$414,644.50

If its noble work was here ended, it should receive the blessings of the good everywhere. In Indiana, but a single State of the wide jurisdiction of the Order, there has been a total of \$414,643.50 expended for relief, and this does not include the relief by Encampments, in less than twenty-one years; the widowed families of one thousand three hundred and thirty-six of our deceased Brethren have been cared for; the bedsides of nineteen thousand six hundred and fifty-four sick brethren have been watched. Are not these grand results of our organized efforts to relieve the distressed and provide for the wants of our fellow-men? We can feel that our labors have not been in vain, and ask that our fellow-citizens join us in our undertaking.

The following table will give the present status of the Order in Indiana, and from it a comparison can be drawn of what has been accomplished in the past thirty-three years. This table is made from the last reports of Subordinates to the Grand Lodge:

Number of Lodges.....	273
Members.....	14,737
Resources of Lodges.....	\$413,442.30
" Orphan Funds.....	131,610.07
" Encampments.....	25,244.96
Total resources.....	\$570,297.33

In closing this imperfect sketch of Odd Fellowship in Indiana, I feel that justice has not been done many worthy Brethren, who have ever been active in the good work; but the difficulty of reaching many facts necessary for these sketches has deterred me from accomplishing all I designed. To undertake a historical sketch of each individual Lodge would be beyond my power, and the local history of this city being the point of introduction, was the best for the contract. It gives an insight of our progress, and it is hoped will prompt the Brethren to renewed exertions in the future.

Odd Fellowship has not yet reached its zenith; its mission is not yet accomplished; neither will it be, until every city, village and hamlet has been permeated by its genial influence, and the world subdued by Friendship and Love. We have only endeavored to give a brief account of the beginning of Odd Fellowship in our State, and have not followed it in its different stages of progress from the night of the 25th of August, 1835, nor indeed was it expected that we would. Those who are still living of the party which met on that night, might perhaps tell more of the trials and difficulties that have been encountered and overcome in the thirty-three years of its existence among us, but our memory in connection with the Order does not extend so far back into the past. We have simply endeavored to lay before the reader something of the past. Who shall tell of its future? No one. Our children's children will be taught the principles and precepts of the Order for years to come, and it will still be handed down from "generation to generation, till it illuminates the darkness of human woe, and its portals shall be filled with the widows whose tears it has dried, and the orphans it has protected and blessed."

J. W. McQ.

AARON'S ROD

Is one of the emblems of Odd Fellowship and points to the settlement of the vexed question as to who should serve in the office of Chief of the Priests. We are told that God made Aaron's Rod, deposited in the Sanctuary, to bud and blossom and bring forth almonds in a night. As an emblem it teaches us that he who raised the eloquent brother of Moses to the important office of High Priest of Israel, will support and cheer all, who put their trust in him, and will defend them in the right. The Rod speaks of support, and its budding and bearing fruit speaks of cheering and comfort.

This wonderful Rod has a previous history fraught with intense interest, and although we hear nothing of it under the title of Aaron's Rod, until Moses went down into Egypt and appeared before Pharaoh, the King, and made his demand for the freedom of his people—yet its history begins earlier than this. When Moses fed the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest, and led them to the back side of the desert and came to the Mountain of God, even to Horeb—his attention was arrested by the strange phenomenon of a burning bush. From out the flame that enveloped that bush the voice of God came to his ears and heart, and a commission was given him to emancipate his down-trodden countrymen. He made objections to entering upon this great work; but the Jehovah who spake to him deigned to remove his objections as fast as he made them, until they were all gone; then he felt himself compelled to enter upon the important mission.

In the midst of the astounding signs with which he was favored, we have a *Rod* brought to our notice in the following way: "And the Lord said unto Moses, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A Rod. And He said, Cast it upon the ground. And he cast it upon the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it. And the Lord said unto Moses, Put now forth thine hand, and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand and caught it, and it became a Rod in his hand again."

Moses was required to take this Rod with him into Egypt with which to do signs and wonders amongst Israel's enemies. Accordingly he carried it with him and stood before Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, with it in his hand, while he demanded the freedom of his people. The demand was spurned by the King who wished to perpetuate their slavery. At this point the Rod of Moses seems to be transferred in part to Aaron—for after this it is indifferently called the Rod of God, the Rod of Moses, and the Rod of Aaron. Moses, remembering the sign that God had given him at Horeb—with the promise that he should work wonders and miracles, ordered Aaron to cast it upon the ground in the presence of Pharaoh and he did so and it became a serpent. The King was astonished and at once called the wise men of Egypt, who promptly assembled and looked with wonder upon the strange sight, but they could not understand it. They in like manner cast their rods upon the ground, and as they did so, each rod became a ser-

pent. This was as strange to them as the former scene, and as they looked at the crawling serpents, to their amazement the serpent formed from the Rod of Aaron devoured the serpents formed from their rods—like the lean kine, seen in the dream of a later Pharaoh, devoured the fat and fine favored kine.

In the miracles that followed, this Rod was still used, sometimes by Moses and sometimes by Aaron, for on the morning following this miracle above referred to, Moses met the King of Egypt at the river and ordered Aaron to stretch the Rod over the waters, and he did so, and they became blood so that the fish died and they could not drink of the waters. Seven days after this Moses commanded Aaron to stretch the Rod again over the waters of Egypt and the plague of frogs was brought about. Afterwards Aaron stretched out his Rod over the land, and the dust became lice in all the land of Egypt. And so one plague after another was brought about, the Rod of Aaron being used.

On their exodus from the land of Egypt the Rod was borne along, probably by Aaron—and when they came to the Red Sea, with their enemies pursuing hard after them, Moses, under God's direction, took the Rod and holding it in his hand he stretched his hand over the waters of the sea and they divided so that Israel passed over dry-shod—and when they were all over, Moses stretched his hand again with the Rod in it over the waters, and they returned again and Pharaoh's hosts were drowned.

When they came to Rephidim there was no water for the people to drink and they murmured, notwithstanding they had had a miraculous supply of bread in the desert of sin. Amidst their murmuring God commanded Moses to take the wonderful Rod and smite a rock. He did so and water came out for the people to drink.

When Amalek, without provocation, attacked Israel, as war-like wandering Arabs ever since have attacked caravans passing through that desert, Moses sent Joshua with chosen men to fight with them, while he himself ascended a slope of Horeb, from which he could view the contending parties, and he stood there with the famous rod in his hand—stretched out toward Amalek to curse them—and toward Israel to bless them. And with the help of Aaron and Hur to hold up his hands, when weakened, he continued till Amalek was discomfited and Israel prevailed. For as Israel beheld the Rod in the hand of their leader, it was a token to them of victory.

When the pattern of the Tabernacle was given Moses, with the decalogue and sundry laws to govern them, with the imposing ritual of the Mosaic religion, Aaron was designated for High Priest, and I suppose this wonderful Rod was transferred fully to him, for we hear nothing of Moses using it further, and if it was not laid up in the Sanctuary in the charge of Aaron as his Rod, with which so many wonders had been wrought—and was brought into requisition afterwards, we know not what became of it.

When the vexed question concerning the Priesthood that culminated in the meeting of Korah, Dathan and Aboram came on, it was probably brought out. These men had associated 250 Levites, "men of renown," with them. But the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up with their families. God commanded Moses to take a rod to represent each tribe of Israel and lay them up in the Tabernacle near the Sanctuary for a night, and Moses did as he was commanded. And the next morning he entered the Tabernacle and took out the rods and showed them to the whole congregation. And though there was nothing peculiar marking the eleven rods, yet Aaron's Rod was budded, and brought forth buds, and blossomed blossoms, and yielded almonds. This was a wonderful miracle—as wonderful as any one of the many that had been wrought in the use of the Rod. That Rod that Moses had when a shepherd, like the Rod of Aaron that miraculously budded and bloomed and bore fruit, was in all probability a piece of wood, without moisture or sap or bark, and I cannot see why (since it had been so wonderfully blessed and it would seem should be preserved as a memorial to Israel ever afterwards) it was not the same rod—and under the Divine direction was laid up in the sides of the Ark and was securely kept for many ages.

T. G. B.

CENTRAL HALL, LOUISVILLE, KY.

On the evening of the 27th of October, Central Odd Fellows' Hall, Louisville, was dedicated and set apart for the uses and purposes of Odd Fellowship. Grand Master Curry officiated, assisted by Past Grand Masters of the State. The hall is occupied by four Lodges and two Encampments and is situated in the most convenient part of the city. Odd Fellowship is in a very flourishing condition in our sister State, particularly so in Louisville, and this movement will add very much to the convenience, pleasure, and comfort of the Brethren while visiting the Lodges which meet in the new Hall.

J. W. McQ.

WISCONSIN.

TWO RIVERS LODGE, No. 66, had its hall badly damaged by fire which consumed an adjoining house, so as to render it unfit for farther use. The Brothers expect to enlarge the hall and refit it in better style.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.—Bro. F. C. Kendall, of Hartford, Wisconsin, writes: "Odd Fellowship is on the gain here. Six of us founded Rubicon Lodge, No. 110, on the 2d of January, 1866, and on the same date three were initiated, making nine members, and from them have sprung nine Lodges, with about five hundred members, and one Encampment. The Lodges are Hartford, No. 127; Wilsey, No. 128; Good Samaritan; Heinie; Iron Ridge; Delafield; one Lodge in the Western part of the State, and two more in progress of formation. Can you beat this in Ohio or any other State? If so, we will try again."

Pennsylvania Department.

OFFICIAL VISITATIONS.

On the 26th of October, Grand Master Peter B. Long, Grand Secretary Curtis, Grand Patriarch Maurice Finn, and Grand Warden Springer, left Philadelphia on a visit to Subordinate Lodges and Encampments in the interior of the State. At Scranton, their first halting-place, they were welcomed by a large number of members of the Order—delegations from Lackawanna Lodge, No. 291, Archbold Lodge, No. 292, Lincoln Lodge, No. 492, Alliance Lodge, No. 540, Capouse Lodge, No. 170, Scranton Encampment, No. 81, and Armin Encampment. No. 124. Two days were spent there by the Grand Officers, encouraging the Brethren, and instructing the Lodges and Encampments in the work of the different branches of the Order. Every one visiting the Lodges or Encampments in the interior of the State speaks with admiration of the superior manner in which they perform their work, and at this place the Grand Officers were not only pleased, but highly gratified at the interest every member, from the initiate to the elective officers, felt, and all appeared to vie with each other in the proper discharge of their relative duties.

From Scranton the party proceeded to Wilkesbarre, where they were enthusiastically received by a large number of the Brotherhood, and were conducted to National Hall, a large and splendid room, of which the citizens of that place have reason to be proud. There were awaiting them delegations from surrounding Lodges which fairly astonished them by their numbers. Wyoming Lodge, No. 39, mustered 150 members; Vulcan Lodge, No. 292, 175 members; Hoffnung Lodge, No. 425, (German) 225 members; and large delegations from Shawnee Lodge, No. 225, of Plymouth; Hazelton Lodge, No. 65, of Hazelton; Butler Lodge, No. 535, of Drums; and Elms Lodge, No. 264. The large hall engaged for the occasion was filled to its utmost capacity by members of the Order. Grand Master Long opened the meeting by some pertinent remarks as to the intention of the visit, after which addresses of welcome were delivered by P.G. Harvey and Judge Dana. The addresses of those distinguished Brothers were peculiarly happy, and commanded profound attention. The responses of the Grand Officers were received, as they deserved to be, in a becoming spirit. The large assembly of men devoted to a good work, evidently inspired the distinguished visitors with a double portion of love for their fellow-men, and zeal for the cause in which they have been so long engaged, having the evidence before them that their labor had not been in vain. This was unquestionably the largest gathering of the Order ever seen in Wilkesbarre, and there, as happily everywhere, the people have seen, and now feel, that Odd Fellowship demands the attention and co-operation of men in every class of society.

On Friday, the party proceeded to Catasauqua, in Lehigh County, and on the following day dedicated to the purposes of Odd Fellowship the substantial new hall erected by the Brethren of that place. This hall is a substantial building, excellently designed, and in every respect well adapted to the purpose for which it was erected. Previous to the ceremonies of dedication, a procession of the Lodge, and the Lodges in the vicinity, in full regalia, made a fine display and attracted the attention of the citizens generally to the Order, in a manner very different from that in which they had heretofore viewed it. Lodges joined in the procession from Easton, Allentown, Slatington, Foglesville, Bethlehem, and other surrounding towns, and many delegations from Lodges at a distance. Altogether the display of the Order on this occasion was but an additional proof, that the Brotherhood, as well as the people, are fully sensible of the benefits the Order is conferring, not only on the members themselves, but on the communities among which Lodges are located.

SESSION OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

The semi-annual session of the Grand Encampment was held on the afternoon and evening of Monday, the 16th of November. The attendance was unusually large for a semi-annual session, the regular business of which is generally little more than the nomination of officers for the ensuing year; but on this occasion, other and important matters were expected to be considered, first among which was the jubilee of April next, and the correct information regarding the change in the regalia to be worn during the meetings. On this different views were entertained. The Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in his circular to the Grand Bodies, made the laying aside the apron in the Subordinates to apply to Encampments and Lodges, while P.G. Sire Nicholson, who offered the amendment making the change, and Grand Representative Stokes, declared that it applied only to Lodges, and in explanation of the discrepancy, P.G. Sire Nicholson stated emphatically that the committee did not recommend any change in the Encampment branch, nor was any made by the Grand Lodge in adopting the report, but that it appeared that some one, after the matter had been disposed of, had interlined the resolution by adding *Encampments*, which had misled the venerable Grand Secretary in preparing his circular. The Grand Encampment under this explanation resolved, that no change should be made in the regalia of Subordinate Encampments under its jurisdiction, until after the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States in 1869.

The matter of the celebration on the 26th of April next being under consideration, the enthusiasm at the official announcement of Philadelphia having been selected as the place of meeting of the Supreme Grand Lodge was very decided. A committee of nine was appointed, with power to invite a delegate from each Encampment and to act in conjunction with a similar committee from the Grand Lodge. A

liberal appropriation was authorized, and there is no doubt that perfect harmony will prevail in *all the Order* in Pennsylvania.

The report of the Grand Patriarch shows that there are at this time in successful operation one hundred and forty-four Encampments in Pennsylvania—with over ten thousand members. In 1867 the annual report showed one hundred and sixteen Encampments with about seven thousand six hundred members, an increase in eighteen months of twenty-eight Encampments and twenty-four hundred members. Is not this success?

GRAND LODGE SESSION.

On Tuesday morning, the 17th ult., the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania met in semi-annual session, the first since the re-fitting of the spacious room in which it usually assembles; the meeting was an uncommonly large one for this session, and the resolves of the Grand Lodge of the United States appeared the absorbing subject of the day. The resolution of the Grand Lodge to abolish the use of the apron appeared to be well received, and those Representatives with whom I had opportunities of conversing, considered it a step in the right direction.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

When the subject of the Semi-Centennial Celebration in April next was introduced, there was a feeling of unanimity manifested, rarely seen in so numerous a body of men; everything that seemed to lead to making this *the* event of the Order, was at once agreed to; a committee of fifteen was raised, to which the elective Grand Officers were added, with authority to invite the co-operation of one delegate from every Lodge in the jurisdiction, and to act in concert with the committee from the Grand Encampment. The arrangements being nominally, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned, under the supervision and management of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, but really under the Subordinates of each of these bodies. The joint committees met on Saturday evening, the 21st of November, to devise plans by which every member of the Order might become interested, and the more readily to secure this desirable end, a committee was appointed to subdivide the work to be done, in order that committees could be appointed at next meeting, determined to be held on the fourth Saturday in December, to which a delegate from every Lodge and Encampment will be invited. The only matter on which there seemed to be doubt or difficulty, was in regard to the music for the procession. Some Lodges had already secured bands, and others had been in negotiation for them, but all complained of the exorbitant prices at which these associations held their services. The feeling was very general as to the propriety of the entire question of the music being left in the charge of a committee appointed for the purpose, and a resolution was adopted to respectfully request Lodges and Encampments to refrain from all negotiations with the music associations, till after

the meeting in December. The wisdom of this resolve cannot be doubted.

Unless some unforeseen circumstance intervenes, the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the introduction of Odd Fellowship will be one of the grandest displays Philadelphia or any other city has ever seen, and it is meet it should be so, as nothing has tended so much to the benefit of our race since the introduction of the greatest of all human blessings.

NEW LODGES.

During the session, four charters were granted for new Lodges, one at Summit Station, Schuylkill County; one at Mount Holly, Cumberland County; one at West Elizabeth, Alleghany County; and one at Harmony, Butler County. Some years since the friends of the Order were honestly alarmed when three or four charters were granted at any one meeting; now, so popular has the Order become, that every Lodge, old or new, is crowned with marked prosperity. In times past, when a Lodge was unsuccessful, the cause without minute investigation could always be traced to mismanagement, fostered by a want of the principles of the Order in the membership, as could prosperity and success in others fairly be attributed to their manifestation.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' ASYLUM.

The committee appointed at the last annual session on the Widows' and Orphans' Asylum project made a lengthy, able report, which in due time will reach the Order through the printed journal. I will therefore say no more on that subject than simply remarking that to all appearance the institution will soon be in successful operation.

NOMINATIONS.

Nominations were made for the various offices to be filled by election in each Subordinate Lodge on the second meeting of such Subordinate Lodge in April next, Past Grands only being invested with the franchise. After a very harmonious session of a day and a half, the Grand Lodge adjourned, to meet in May in Harrisburg.

PRESENTATION TO GRAND WARDEN SPRINGER.

Another of those pleasing features of the Order with us, took place some weeks since, in which Paradise Lodge, No. 127, was the donor; the recipient, John B. Springer, the present Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge, had been the faithful Treasurer of Paradise Lodge some twelve or fourteen years, and on his elevation to the higher position, he considered it proper to resign the office in the Subordinate Lodge. It was resolved that some testimonial from the Lodge would be proper and acceptable. A committee was appointed, and though by no means an old man, a cane was considered an appropriate gift. The cane was made of a part of the keel of the Frigate Alliance, of revolutionary fame, very artistically formed, and embellished with a very heavy bent gold head, on which were embossed the emblems of the Order, and an inscription engraved; as a piece of mechanical skill it is undoubtedly the finest cane, as

well as the most costly, ever gotten up in this city, and was a well deserved compliment to a faithful officer and devoted Odd Fellow. Those acquainted with Bro. Springer, well know that his numerous friends, present on the occasion of the presentation, left at a late hour, without cause of complaint at their treatment while under his hospitable roof.

PHILADELPHIA, November, 1868.

FOUNTAIN ENCAMPMENT, NO. 170.

Editor Companion: On the 28th day of October last I opened a new Encampment at Summit Hill, Carbon County, known as Fountain Encampment, No. 170, assisted by Patriarchs from Carbon and Scott Encampments, which were both largely represented. Good feeling and harmony prevailed, which is a proof of their unity and desire to carry out the principles of Brotherly Love. The sixteen Patriarchs to whom the charter has been entrusted, are men of enterprise, and fully devoted to the principles of our beloved Order, and willing to fulfill the duties devolving on them under such circumstances. Summit Hill is a coal-mining town, composed of representatives of different nations, tongues and creeds, and able to sustain a prosperous Encampment.

The officers elected and installed are Thos. C. Williams, C.P.; Thos. Arner, H.P.; William Holby, S.W.; Simon Andesner, J.W.; E. E. Jones, Scribe; and Thos. Warlow, Treasurer.

ELWEN BAURR, D.D.G.P.

WEST FAIRVIEW, CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Bro. S. D. Killian writes to us, in a recent business letter from the above town: "West Fairview Lodge No. 612, has the best attendance of any Lodge I have visited since I left Columbus, and they work 'right up to the handle.' I know of what I am talking, for I assisted at the initiation of two candidates last evening."

ALABAMA.

MOBILE, ALA., Nov. 20, 1868.

Dear Companion: The Order in this part of our great "Vineyard" is still plodding along about as usual—on the "even tenor" of its way. The Grand Officers' duties being just now of the sinecure order—as with the exception of digging up a buried Lodge now and then, and occasionally doing the same kind office to some stray A.O. by brevet, who desires his papers—they have little official business to attend to. The great agency, *anglice* election, is over, and we hope some little attention will now be paid to other things; though I must say, that during a twenty years' residence here I have never seen things look as blue—the "darkest hour," however, is said to be "just before day," and we live in the hope, as it can scarcely get any darker down here for us, that our troubles are near their termination—and that at least the "cloud" with the "silver lining" is not far off. Our climate—the weather—unlike the times—is everything, as I write, that could be desired. The mystic "3," be with you—good bye.

ALABAMA.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

SESSION OF GRAND BODIES.

The Grand Lodge met at Des Moines on the 21st of October, and was in session two days. There were some seventy Officers and Representatives present, and the usual business was transacted. The statistics of the Order have been published in a former number. The next meeting of the Grand Lodge will take place at Keokuk. The following are the new officers of the Grand Lodge:

WILL. P. SHARP, of Ottumwa, Grand Master.
W. W. MOORE, of Des Moines, Deputy Grand Master.
JOHN GUNDAKER, of Davenport, Grand Warden.
WM. GARRETT, of Burlington, Grand Secretary.
JOHN B. GLENN, of Bloomfield, Grand Treasurer.
ERIE J. LEECH, of Keokuk, and J. NORWOOD CLARK, of Iowa City, Grand Representatives.

The Grand Representatives, made an able report of the doings of the G.L.U.S., in conclusion recommending the COMPANION and other publications devoted to the Order.

The Grand Encampment met in the evening, and transacted the business in one evening. We changed the constitution, and hereafter meet the evening before the Grand Lodge meets. That will give us two evenings in which to transact the business, and will be much better. The officers of the Grand Encampment for the ensuing year are:

ORLANDO MCCRANEY, McGregor, Grand Patriarch.
H. D. WALKER, Mt. Pleasant, Grand High Priest.
E. W. HARTMAN, Indianola, Grand Senior Warden.
WILLIAM GARRETT, Burlington, Grand Scribe.
JOHN B. GLENN, Bloomfield, Grand Treasurer.
C. B. HENDERBOTT, Ottumwa, Grand Junior Warden.

JAMES SEMPLE, Wapello, Grand Sentinel.
JOHN B. GLENN, Bloomfield, and BENJAMIN RUPERT, Dubuque, Grand Representatives.

NEW LODGES.

Since the session, we have issued dispensation for Jasper Lodge, No. 168, to be located at Monroe City, Jasper County, and I am expecting petitions from two or three other places. Also for two or three Encampments—and from all the information received can say that both branches of the Order are increasing as fast this year as last.

A Brother writes me, dated the 3d, that Sioux City Lodge, No. 164, has 23 members, and Lodge getting along well.

NEW HALL IN WATERLOO.

Black Hawk Lodge, No. 72, at Waterloo, have just been fitting up a new hall for their use, in the brick building erected recently by R. H. Pardee. This hall it is proposed to dedicate to the uses and purposes of Odd Fellowship on the 9th day of December, 1868, on which occasion Representative Hardy will officiate. On the evening preceding the dedication, being the 8th of December, Bro. Hanson will deliver a lecture. Extensive arrangements are in progress for the occasion, and a grand time is expected.

Maryland Department.

PROF. THOS. LUCY, F.G., EDITOR.

THE NEW REBEKAH DEGREE LODGES.

The Institution of Odd Fellowship now consists essentially of three branches or organizations—Odd Fellows, Patriarchs and Rebekahites. Looking back a few years, what progressive changes for the better we have made! Fifty rapidly-passed years ago, we were a sort of Free and Easy Club, drinking and songs forming a part of the "Order of Business." But this abolished, we took a good step onward, and added to our pecuniary benefits, another of moral and intellectual charges and exhortations; to this we owe much of that liberality and toleration which has eventuated in the next step of admitting our wives to a partial co operation with us, in "visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, and educating the orphan;" a duty so essentially in accordance with woman's sympathies, that we need not be surprised at its success, nor that we have now opened to her the privilege of having Lodges, and a system of practically using the Degree given to her. The history of this part of our progress is interesting, and may be given in a few words.

In the year 1850 the subject of allowing females to participate, and to know personally the high objects and work of our affiliation, was agitated in the Grand Lodge of the United States; it met of course with very various opinions, remarks, suggestions, and forms of opposition, laughter, sarcasm, sophistry, and some serious argument; but to the surprise of all, even the movers of the idea, it so far prevailed, by a majority of 12, that a committee was actually appointed to prepare a "Ladies' Degree." Michigan, Indiana, Tennessee, Mississippi and Northern New York were decidedly for it, while Pennsylvania, Maryland and Southern New York were as strongly against it; the rest of the jurisdictions at that time undecided; but it was then supposed that nothing more would come of it, yet some were curious to see what possible form of a Degree could be framed that would be Odd Fellowship and suitable for women, so it was voted and the committee appointed. Outside of the G.L.U.S. there were some enthusiastic Brethren who much desired some such co-operation, and the committee were greatly encouraged to persevere. The first Degree prepared was more dramatic than the present, and not so full of scriptural examples; but it was thought that the proposed work would be too difficult, especially in the Warden's part, to have properly and effectively rendered in Lodges in distant country places: so the Degree was cut down and simplified; and in the G.L.U.S., when it got there, still further amended; yet it was not expected to pass, and certainly would not have passed, but for the untiring efforts and indomitable energy of the chairman of the committee, then comparatively a retired and unknown person, though now he is Vice President elect of the United States; and he is a standing example to all, of what

true and faithful perseverance will accomplish. He wrote to a friend on the subject:

"There was a stormy time but the Degree is CARRIED. I have been laboring for it night and day, and although most of the Western members, friends of the Degree, gave it up as lost, I never believe in giving up till the last hour, and so we hung on to it, till we carried it."

The vote on the Degree stood—yeas 47, nays 37. A question was raised by Kennedy, of New York, and Ely, of Massachusetts, whether it was not an alteration or amendment of the "work" and consequently required a four-fifth vote for its adoption. The Grand Sire, though personally opposed to the Degree, decided, that the "work" related to the initiation of, conferring degrees upon, and advancement of the free white male persons who by our laws are entitled to membership in the Order. Also that this was a new feature separate and apart from the regular work, and could be adopted by a majority vote, and could be repealed by a similar vote. An appeal was taken, and the opponents of the Degree put in three or four brief spicy speeches against the decision, and on the question whether it should stand as the judgment of the Lodge, the vote twice resulted in a tie, 40 to 40. The Grand Sire was just about to decide that the decision was *not* sustained, when his attention was called to the constitutional clause declaring that he *shall* vote whenever the Lodge is equally divided, and he of course sustained his own decision. On such a nice point depended the introduction of that feature which gave us the Degree of Rebekah and the final adoption of Rebekah Degree Lodges.

No sooner was it known that a "Ladies' Degree" was actually adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, than a strong opposition to it was organized in some jurisdictions, and carried so far that in a few the receipt of the Degree was positively refused, and the very curious anomaly resulted of having a Degree of Odd Fellowship in some Grand Lodges subordinate to the Grand Lodge of the United States, which was not to be found or introduced in others. In the Maryland jurisdiction the opposition to it was long and bitter, often resulting in warm but good natured debates. One poor fellow who had taken a rather more active part than others in favor of the Degree, and who went by the name of "Isaac," was brought up for speaking disrespectfully of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, in calling it inadvertently the Grand Lodge of Baltimore. This pinched, as it was contended at that time that the city representatives held all the power in the Grand Lodge, and the country was hopelessly nothing, which finally led to much distraction and excitement, but happily all was compromised and good feeling and harmony prevailed. The Degree of Rebekah, however, was still refused, although often brought up, and all that has ever been permitted is, that the D.D. Grand Masters might confer the Degree on such Scarlet Degree members as desired it. But much of the violent opposition has now calmed down and it is thought that at the next session of our Grand Lodge the Degree will be adopted.

Such is a very brief outline of the rise of this important Degree which after many vicissitudes of sunshine and storm during a period of sixteen years, has been made a foundation for a new and distinct set of Lodges where Odd Fellows and their wives can act together. It is a stride onward greater than has been taken by the Fathers in the Order for a long time, and we have no doubt will be attended with the most beneficial results. So many good things have resulted from small beginnings that this establishment of Rebekah Degree Lodges is but one of the many examples that it is pleasant to look back to and contemplate.

It may be well to see, for a moment or two, what this Degree has done, and what it is expected to do. It may have had some effects of doubtful utility, it may in some few cases have caused Lodges to be troubled with applications for aid, with that persevering tenacity for which woman is proverbial; but it has certainly accomplished in those jurisdictions, where it has been free to work, a cordial co-operation of man and wife in the humane duties of Odd Fellowship, where too often before there was a jealousy and dissatisfaction that rendered Brothers unable to enjoy their Lodge meetings. It has done more, it has caused married Brothers to advance in the Order, and pay their dues punctually, lest their wives lose their connection with the Institution. We have thus a good and powerful monitor that urges many a lagging Brother to go forward and settle his dues. So enthusiastic were some wives in Odd Fellowship, when they saw, in this their Degree, what a noble institution it really was for practical good, that they carried the matter out much farther than the law contemplated, and only a session or two ago, new laws were necessary to restrain them. Now, however, they can go on, too, and the result will be, a noble and generous rivalry in doing good between the male and the mixed Lodges, which will give Odd Fellowship a great impetus, and establish it more firmly among all nations, for it has just the elements for prosperity; providing for the wants of both body and mind, and binding us together as members of a great family, more lasting, more obedient to the injunctions of the Gospel, than the favored and chosen people of old, whose rites and doctrines form a part of our own work, whose virtues we emulate and whose faults we shun.

MARYLAND ITEMS.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—By the report of this body just printed we see that there are now sixteen Encampments in this jurisdiction, two of which made no reports, the others give an aggregate of 1584 members with a revenue of \$6,562.66. There were 65 initiations during the past six months, and the general prosperity of this branch of the Order is unexampled. The total amount paid for relief for the half-year ending June 30th is \$4,536.

MOUNT VERNON LODGE, No. 26.—On the 31st ult. this Lodge received an official visit from Grand Master Herring. This Lodge is located at Abington,

Hartford county, where the Order is becoming quite popular. The Grand officers were very courteously received, and there was a large attendance of the members which shows the interest they take in Odd Fellowship. G. M. Herring made some appropriate allusions to the duties we owe to ourselves, our Lodge and society, and the whole affair was a very pleasant and profitable one.

INDEPENDENCE LODGE, No. 77.—This Lodge visited Philadelphia on the 20th ult., on the invitation of Philanthropic Lodge, No. 15, of that city. The occasion was of more than common interest; a special car was provided the Lodge by the agent of the railroad company, and comfortable quarters for the members at the Merchant's Hotel in Fourth street. Grand Master Long, of Pennsylvania, made an excellent speech to the visitors, giving in his experience in Odd Fellowship. At the banquet at the Quaker City Dining Room Past Grand Sire Nicholson presided, and made one of his most effective and touching addresses on the good works that so often flow from the teachings of Odd Fellowship. Toasts, speeches, and some fine songs closed the evening programme, and the next day the visiting Brethren were waited on by a committee of Philanthropic Lodge and escorted around the city to all the places of interest; this is only one of the many good things that grow from the germ of Friendship, Love and Truth—Fraternity.

GOLDEN RULE LODGE, No. 58.—Bro. Holbrook of this Lodge, a highly esteemed gentleman and Brother in the employ of Adam's Express Company died unexpectedly in Columbia, Tennessee, on the 19th ult., in the 39th year of his age. His remains were brought on to Baltimore, his native place, and attended to their final resting place by the officers of Golden Rule Lodge, I.O.O.F., Warren Lodge of Free Masons, the Hook and Ladder Company, and the city employees of the Express company, of all of which associations he was an esteemed member.

SCHILLER ENCAMPMENT, No. 12.—This flourishing Encampment paid a fraternal visit to Mount Ararat Encampment, No. 13, on the 10th ult. This is the second occasion of this Camp's visitations, showing that there now exists a closer intimacy among Odd Fellows, brought about by a better comprehension of the practical teachings of the Order. It was a very pleasant and instructive occasion; several excellent little speeches were made by Patriachs Simeon and Parsons and Past Grand Master Harrison; all tending to make Odd Fellowship one of more earnest friendship and practical good.

ENCAMPMENT AT CUMBERLAND.—The Encampment for which a charter was granted at the last session of the Grand Encampment was duly instituted last week at Cumberland under very favorable auspices. Another application for a Camp in Baltimore was received, and the progress of this part of our "work" is unusually great. This is only what it should be for a more beautiful ritual than that comprised in the Patriarchal, Golden Rule and Royal Purple Degrees could hardly be devised.

Michigan Department.

DETROIT, Nov. 17, 1868.

Esteemed Companion : Since my last communication the all-absorbing topics of popular interest connected with National affairs have had a tendency, of course, to detract in a measure from the interest ever due to the active operations and upbuilding of our Order. But, nevertheless, the interests of Odd Fellowship have not been lost sight of in this jurisdiction. Some new altars have been erected to the ever-living principles of benevolence and charity. On the 2d of June, Fayette Lodge, No. 16, was re-organized, after a sleep of years. On the 2d of July, our worthy Grand Master Blackman instituted "Gun Plains" Lodge, No. 120, in the village of Plainwell, Allegan Co. On the 15th of July, he instituted "Beacon" Lodge, No. 121, at the village of Manistee, the first Lodge in Manistee Co. On the 22d of September, "Iron Mountain" Lodge, No. 122, was instituted at Negaunee, Marquette Co., on Lake Superior. This is among the ironminers of that region, and was opened by Bro. S. P. Murch, of Marquette, Special Deputy for that work. On the 29th of Oct., "Mendon" Lodge, No. 123, was opened by the G.M. in person, in the village by that name, in St. Joseph Co., where the Order is in a highly flourishing condition.

"Heart-in-Hand" Encampment, No. 31, has been instituted at Allegan.

Petitions are in the hands of the Grand Master for a new Lodge at Bath, Clinton Co., and at Fentonville, for re-organizing a defunct lodge.

On the 3d of December, prox., Portsmouth Lodge, No. 104, will dedicate a new hall at Bay City. On the whole we are enjoying a satisfactory degree of prosperity.

A synopsis of the proceedings of the last session of the G.L.U.S. indicates it to have been a working, and not a sight-seeing session. I see much in its work to commend, and some to complain at, which, I suppose, is the privilege of the "rank and file." The recommendation in favor of using the public press to a greater extent, to bring our Order before the public, is *excellent*, and what should be done by all Lodges. The amendment regarding Regalia, puts another credit mark to the good judgment of Bro. Nicholson and the Grand Lodge.

The legislation to facilitate the opening of new Encampments and Lodges distant from existing ones, is just what was required in many places.

The authority given to institute separate Rebekah Lodges, I hope will be well weighed and carefully considered before it is adopted as a rule for the whole territory of any jurisdiction. While it would work admirably in some *localities*, I fear its success in others.

The lack of necessary progress to secure the "revised" work, was an unfortunate failure—in my judgment. I also think it would have been a wise and salutary amendment to have all Lodge work done in the Scarlet Degree, and I also think that the office

of Recording Secretary should *not* be continued as requisite for advancement to the Vice Grand's chair. No Lodge ought to have an incompetent Secretary, and when it gets a good one, it ought to be allowed to keep him in the place.

Since our Order is opening its arms and taking constituents within its embrace, and since our principles are limited to no sphere or clime, the propriety of changing the title of the Grand Lodge to meet the growth of our Order cannot be questioned, and among all the proposed names I like that of "Supreme" the best, it would seem to be most appropriate.

I am glad to see the attention of the proof-reader called to the many errors heretofore so often appearing in the official revised proceedings of the G.L.U.S., especially in the figures and footings. There is no excuse for them in the future.

It was a wise proceeding to appoint our "Father Dennis" to missionary work in the Green Mountain State, which will figure more conspicuously in future Grand Lodges, if his health will permit him to enter upon and prosecute the work.

I doubt the propriety of remitting to the Subordinate Lodges the eligibility of any particular class of candidates for membership. The question of eligibility should be as near *uniform* everywhere as possible, and I fear the privilege may lead to confusion.

I am not pleased with the *shelving* of that old and able and worthy Odd Fellow, P.G. Chaplain WILLIAMSON, because he happened to be afflicted and unable to attend the session. He is *entitled*, if anybody is, to die with the harness on, and I regret that he was not re-appointed to the office which he has so long held, side by side with the Grand Recording and Corresponding Secretary.

Yours,

PAST GRAND.

VIRGINIA—A CAUTION.

RICHMOND, Nov. 30, 1868.

Editor Companion : Allow me to caution our Brethren in the jurisdictions of Ohio and Indiana to be on the look-out for one J. T. Cropper, a tailor by trade, who has figured to considerable extent in your jurisdiction for the last twelve months, and who holds a traveling card granted by Roane Lodge, No. 130, and Excelsior Encampment, No. 22, located in this city. For the last six months reports of his bad conduct have reached us, but not until recently has such information been received that has enabled the Lodge to sustain charges. He was expelled on the 14th of November by his Lodge on charges preferred and sustained by evidence furnished by the Secretary of Madison Lodge, No. 70, London, Ohio. It is to be hoped that the benevolence of our Order may not be imposed upon again by this individual. I have waited for a long time for something to take place here that would interest your readers; the above interests some, and may prevent much imposition.

Our Order here has been sadly out of joint for the last few years. The lowest point on the grade has, we hope and believe, been reached, and now we soon hope to see Odd Fellowship flourish again as of old.

Efforts ordinary and extraordinary have been made by our Grand Bodies and Subordinates, aided by the munificent donations of our more prosperous Brethren, which, it is hoped, will after many days bring forth much fruit.

We are much pleased to see that the great principles of our Order are taking such deep root and bringing forth such rich fruit in jurisdictions North and West. "Truth is mighty"—our principles are "truth," and will live and spread, until our entire country shall feel and know their mighty power for good. We of the South are under a cloud, while you of the North are enjoying the bright and genial rays of the sun of prosperity. We hope soon to see the dark cloud disappear, and the bright rays of prosperity will soon warm us to a new life, when we shall come up with a mighty band of Brethren, led by such brilliant intellects and noble specimens of a true Odd Fellow as our Fitzhugh, to welcome our Brethren in grand council.

A. T. BURR.

"ON THE ROAD."

Being in Galena, Illinois, on Lodge night, I had the pleasure of meeting with Lodge No. 17, and found the Brothers orderly and attentive to the business of the evening—everything in working order. Their hall is neatly furnished, and the Lodge prosperous. They number eighty-five members. There are three Lodges and one Encampment in the city, present population between six and eight thousand. The Odd Fellows of Galena are a wide-awake set, as my large list of subscribers will attest.

From Galena to Earlville, Iowa, where is located a healthy Lodge of fifty members, who are in possession of their own hall, and have money on hand for any emergency. Would return thanks to Bro. G. W. Harper for favors rendered me. May himself and family always be prosperous, is my wish.

Next on my route was Manchester, a thriving young city of some 2,000 inhabitants. A flourishing Lodge of one year's growth is located here, now numbering upwards of forty members. The town is handsomely located, containing many evidences of improvement. The Maquoketa River runs by the town, giving the citizens abundant water, which is duly appreciated by the people of the town.

This is a beautiful country, and if the many thousands who are toiling day by day upon the poor and rock-covered land of the over-crowded East could behold this Garden of Eden, soon would they emigrate to this rich and most beautiful prairie land. Comfortably seated in the rail-coach, my mind almost involuntarily reverted to a poetic Brother's song, and I hummed to myself, as we were

"Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over Bridges,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless us! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail."

Brothers sojourning at Manchester should call upon that genial Brother, Jacob Phillips, from whom they will receive a Brother's welcome.

Ft. Madison, Iowa, is a town of some 4,000 inhabitants. The Iowa State Prison is located here, and in good times the city has a good trade. Considerable attention is paid to the cultivation of the grape. Three Lodges with a membership of some 160, and in good working order, are located here. Had the pleasure of meeting with Madison Lodge, a new Lodge, and found it made up of good material. This new Lodge is of one year's growth, and now numbers forty members. Am under obligations to P.G. J. M. Layton and P.G. J. H. Reynolds, Deputy Warden of the State Prison, for favors rendered me.

At Carthage, Illinois, I found Central Lodge, No. 190, in a healthy state. This is an old Lodge, and in former years has had much to contend with, but is now safe, and able to stand the storms of adversity. Found that genial Brother, William Somerville, located here. Will is a good, social fellow, ever ready to welcome the stranger Brother. This is the town made famous as being the place in which the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith was killed. Under the guidance of Bro. Somerville, I visited the old jail which is in the same condition as it was at that exciting period. The Lodge numbers fifty members.

At Camp Point is located a Lodge of some seventy members, and an Encampment numbering thirty Patriarchs. Both branches are flourishing.

Next in my travels I came to Clayton, a town of 1,500 inhabitants, presenting appearances of thrift and enterprise. The Lodge here numbers eighty members. One year ago it numbered only seventeen. Where is there another Lodge that has done as well in the same time? During the war this Lodge suspended work, but soon, by the exertions of a few noble members, there was a revival, and to-day it ranks No. 1, with material that any Lodge can be proud of. I met with them on Lodge-night, found the hall crowded with earnest workers, and spent a very agreeable evening. On the following night met with them in Degree Lodge, and found the Brothers well posted, and everything in working order. By invitation, am spending this pleasant Sabbath day with that genial Brother, P.G. John Hays. The attentions received from this kind Brother and his wife shall always be held in grateful remembrance.

Fraternally,

JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

COLORADO.

NEVADA, October 26, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Grand Lodge of Colorado met in First Annual Communication, in Central City on the 20th instant. The session was well attended and harmonious throughout, and perfect good feeling prevailed. The Order is in a very flourishing condition in Colorado. We organized on the 30th of November last with four Lodges; since that time two new Lodges have been chartered, and the Territory of Wyoming attached to our Grand Lodge jurisdiction with Cheyenne Lodge, No. 1, at Cheyenne, making seven. Before the next session of the G.L.U.S. we expect to have ten Lodges, which will entitle us to mileage and *per diem* for our Grand

Representative, and thus place us on an equal footing with the Sisterhood of Grand Lodges.

The Grand Lodge of the United States at its recent session passed a resolution granting to the jurisdiction of Colorado the right to re-admit to membership in our Lodges, in accordance with the law regulating the admittance of Ancient Odd Fellows, members who have been suspended in their Lodges (in the States) for non-payment of dues. This will greatly benefit the Order in our jurisdiction.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held in Denver on the third Tuesday in October, 1869.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are:

H. E. HYATT, Nevada, Grand Master.

C. H. McLAUGHLIN, Denver, Deputy Grand Master.

OMER O. KENT, Denver, Grand Warden.

J. W. RATLIFF, Nevada, Grand Secretary.

H. H. HEISER, Central City, Grand Treasurer.

C. P. ELDER, Denver, Grand Representative.

WM. T. ELLIS, Central City, Grand Chaplain.

ROBT. S. WILSON, Denver, Grand Marshal.

ORSON BROOKS, Denver, Grand Conductor.

JAS. S. TAYLOR, Denver, Grand Messenger.

JNO. H. JAY, Denver, Grand Guardian.

J. W. RATLIFF, *Grand Secretary.*

NEVADA, Nov. 9th, 1868.

Editor Companion: The Order in this jurisdiction, in the Subordinate and Encampment branch, is in a flourishing condition. The privileges of the Amendment of 1865 to Article 16 of the Constitution of the G.L.U.S. have been extended to the jurisdiction of Colorado, and we are weekly adding to our numbers under its provisions, such as will reflect credit on the Order.

I have just sent the warrant and books for a Lodge at Canon City, Colorado, which will make eight Lodges in our jurisdiction. One year ago we had two hundred and fifty-five members in our jurisdiction, now we have above three hundred and fifty.

Fraternally,

J. W. RATLIFF, *G.S.*

WEST VIRGINIA.

FAIRMOUNT, October 30, 1868.

On Tuesday, the 28th, in company with Grand Treasurer Richard T. Roberts, and a delegation from Brooke Lodge, No. 5, proceeded to the town of Fairview, in Hancock county, where we were met by a large delegation from East Liverpool, Ohio, and organized Hancock Lodge, No. 44, with D. H. Yant, N.G.; J. C. Allison, V.G.; Thomas Lloyd, Secretary; Saml. Moon, Treasurer. There were nine petitioners, and six initiations, in all fifteen members, giving a good start to the Lodge. There were some other applicants, but as the Brethren had made arrangements to give a supper on the occasion, time would not permit their introduction.

It has seldom fallen to my lot to organize a Lodge under more favorable auspices. All the members are highly respected citizens, and those seeking admission are of the same stamp.

The supper was done up in Mr. Morrow's best style, and did his capabilities as a host great credit.

Some fifty did ample justice to the good things set before them. We were agreeably entertained with music from a piano. Many thanks to the performer, whose hands struck the keys so skillfully.

I take this opportunity of thanking the Brethren from East Liverpool and Brooke Lodge for their able and needed assistance.

Yours, in F. L. & T.,

THOS. G. STEELE.

REGISTER OF CLARK ACADEMY.—We are in receipt of a neat little educational monthly, bearing this name, edited by the teachers and pupils of Clark Academy, No. 1813, Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—Bro. JNO. M. KERNER, a member of Columbus Lodge, No. 9, and Capitol Encampment, No. 6, at his residence in Columbus, Ohio, on Tuesday, November 17, 1868.

Bro. Kerner was born in Bavaria, November 11, 1825, emigrated to this country in 1843, and succeeded in gaining the reputation of an upright, honest, enterprising man in his new home. He amassed considerable property, and filled the responsible offices of Township Trustee and subsequently of County Commissioner to universal satisfaction. His remains were escorted to their last resting place by a large number of the members of the Order, who were not in regalia, the attending clergyman refusing to officiate, unless the mourners would regulate their dress to suit his fancy.

DIED.—Bro. JAMES DRURY, a member of Lonaconing Lodge, No. 85, at Lonaconing, Maryland, on the 7th of November, 1868.

Bro. James Drury was an honorable and worthy citizen and a good Odd Fellow. His Lodge adopted the usual resolutions of respect, reported by a committee composed of Bros. Adam Thompson, George G. McKay and James Thompson.

DIED.—At St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday, October 24th, 1868, Dr. CHAS. J. FORD.

Bro. C. J. Ford, P.G., was a prominent member of the Order in St. Louis, being at the time of his death Permanent Secretary of Excelsior Lodge, No. 18, and Junior Warden of Wilkey Encampment, No. 1. His body was taken to the home of his parents at Middlebury, Vermont, the funeral escort being very numerous, every Lodge and Encampment in St. Louis, and Golden Rule Lodge, No. 374, of East St. Louis, being represented. Dr. Ford was a quiet, unostentatious citizen, and the ruling principle of his heart was inspired by the sublime precepts and teachings of Odd Fellowship. His dying moments were passed in repeating a portion of the ceremonials of the Order closing with the words—"and when our days are finished on earth, may we meet in Thy Heavenly Temple above never more to separate, but to dwell in Thy presence forever." These were the last intelligible accents uttered by the departed Brother, beloved and respected by the Brotherhood and all who had the pleasure of his friendship and acquaintance in life.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

PENNSYLVANIA—Continued.

No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
530	R B Roberts	Pittsburg	Th	584	Uhland	Philadelphia	Th	14	Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne	M
531	Waymart	South Canaan	Sat	585	J B Nichols	Wilkins PO	M	15	Lafayette	Lafayette	Tue
532	Veranda	Altoona	M	586	Centralia	Centralia	Wed	17	Wayne	Cambr'ge C'y	Sat
533	Wiconisco	Lykenstown	M	587	Tarentum	Tarentum	M	18	Centre	Indianapolis	Tue
534	Long Swamp	Long Swamp	Sat	588	Six Mile Run	Six Mile Run	Sat	19	Harmony	Fort Wayne	Th
535	Butler	Drums	Sat	589	Oil City	Oil City	M	20	Wabash	Vincennes	Tue
536	Nocka- maxon }	U. B's E'y PO }	Sat	590	Marysville	Marysville	M	21	Covington	Covington	Sat
537	Rhizoma	Wilmore	Fri	591	Shenandoah	Shenandoah	M	22	Friendship	Lafayette	Fri
538	Locust	Ashland	Tue	592	W. G. Brown	Sheakleyville	Sat	23	Hoosier	Centreville	Sat
539	Mountain			593	W Middlesex	W Middlesex	Sat	24	Spartan	Laurel	Sat
540	Alliance	Irwin's	Sat	594	Saxton	Saxton	Sat	25	Heneosis	Hagerstown	Th
541	Latrobe	Station	Sat	595	Renovo	Renovo	M	28	Adelphon	Delphi	M
542	Carmel	Salem X	Sat	596	Hamilton	Philadelphia	Fri	29	South Bend		
543	Auburn	Roads	Sat	597	Schubert	"	M	30	Penn.	South Bend	Wed
544	Colerain	Auburn	Sat	598	Silver Spring	N. Kingston	M	31	Fayette	Brookville	Wed
545	Greensboro	Kirkwood	Sat	599	Iobel	Lancaster	Wed	32	Charity	Connorsville	Tue
546	Scott	Greensboro	Sat	600	Bloody Run	Bloody Run	M	33	Attica	Perryville	M
547	Allaquippa	Bakerstown	Wed	601	Orrstown	Orrstown	M	34	Elkhart Co.	Attica	Wed
548	Elysburg	Hopewell	Sat	602	Magnolia	Phillipsburg	Fri	35	Franklin	Goshen	Th
549	E Wildman	Elysburg	Sat	603	Uniontown	Pillow PO	Sat	36	Laporte	Rushville	Wed
550	Herndon	Pittsburg	Tue	604	Elon	Easton	Th	37	Shelby	Laporte	Fri
551	Mahanoy	Cressona	M	605	Cherusher	Philadelphia	Sat	38	Logan	Shelbyville	M
552	Ten Mile	Mahanoy	Sat	606	Saucanna	Hellertown	Sat	41	White Water	Logansport	M
553	Humboldt	Amity	Th	607	Well's Val- ley	Well's Tan- nery	Sat	42	Lafontaine	Richmond	Fri
554	Worth	Philadelph'ia	Sat	608	Amor	Marchand	Sat	43	Philozenian	Huntington	Tue
555	Youghio- gheny V }	Henderson's le Duncan PO }	Sat	609	Monitor	Penn Station	Sat	44	Putnam	Indianapolis	Wed
556	Perryville	Port Roy- al PO }	Sat	610	North Wales	North Wales	Sat	45	St. Anas	Greencastle	Tue
557	Caernarvon	Lees X	Fri	611	Freeburg	Freeburg	Sat	46	Mesnil	Wabash	Wed
558	Hoshimka	Roads	Sat	612	West Fair- view	West Fair- view	Sat	47	Rochester	Rochester	Sat
559	New Salem	Coalmont	Tue	613	Triumph	Brownsville	Sat	48	Lebanon	Lebanon	M
560	Manor	Newburg	Th	614	Augusta	Lower Au- gusta	Sat	49	Mt. Vernon	Mt. Vernon	Th
561	Coalmont	Gratz PO	Sat	615	Mineral	Apollo	Th	50	Carlisle	Carlisle	M
562	Newburg	Dalmatia PO	Sat	616	Rich Valley	Mansfield	Sat	51	Terre Haute	Terre Haute	Fri
563	Gratztown	Mason town	Sat	617	Naomi	Centreville	Tue	52	Miami	Peru	M
564	Stone Valley	Mifflintown	Wed	618	Casco	Port Trever- ton	Sat	53	Tippicanoe	Lafayette	M
565	Colfax	N Wash- ington }	Sat	619	CO Bachman	Watson town	Sat	54	Chequeuk	Valparaiso	M
566	Last Creek	Ellsworth	Sat	620	Ft. Augusta	Sunbury	Sat	55	Warren	Williamsport	M
567	N Wash- ington }	Sacramento	Sat	621	Paxton	Dauphin	Sat	56	Columbus	Columbus	M
568	Ellsworth	Hill PO	Sat	622	Valley Echo	Beavertown	Sat	57	Fidelity	New Castle	Sat
569	White Oak	Williamsport	Tue	623	Beavertown	Beavertown	Sat	58	Pulaski	Elkhart	M
570	Williams- port }	Wind Ridge PO }	Sat	624	Slatington	Slatington	Sat	59	Ridgely	Ladoga	M
571	Rich Hill	Philadelphia	Wed	625	Lingiestown	Lingiestown	Sat	60	Kosciusko	Warsaw	Wed
572	W Phila- delphia }	Sandy Lake Po }	Fri	626	New Buffalo	New Buffalo	Sat	61	Protection	Metamora	Sat
573	Sandy Lake	Oak Forest	Sat	627	Mt. Carmel	Mount Carmel	Sat	62	Princeton	Princeton	Sat
574	J. F. Temple	Mahanoy C'y	Fri	628	Lyons	Lyons Stat'n	Sat	63	Angerona	N. Madison	Th
575	Gen. Grant	Summit Hill	Tue	629	Live Oak	Harford	Sat	64	Ringgold	Lagro	Sat
576	Summit	Slaron	Th	630	Klingerst'n	Klingersto'n	Sat	65	Salem	Salem	M
577	Calvin	Philadelphia	Tue	631	New Albany	New Albany	M	66	Eden	Kewana	Sat
578	Gen Steuben	Broad Top	Sat	632	Monroe	Madison	M	67	Howard	Rockville	Fri
579	Broad Top	City	Sat	633	Jefferson	Jeffersonville	M	68	Madison	Madison	Wed
580	Goethe	Philadelph'ia	Sat	634	Friendship	Rising Sun	Th	69	Mount Ida	Vernon	Wed
581	Oliphant	Philadelph'ia	Sat	635	Morn'g Star	Evansville	Tue	70	Muncie	Muncie	Tue
582	Eilert	New Hamb'rg	Sat	636	Union	Lawrenceb'g	M	71	Meshekun- noquo	Liberty Mills	Sat
583	Nineveh	Nineveh	Sat	637	Patriot	Patriot	Sat	72	Johnson	Franklin	M
				638	New Albany	New Albany	Th	73	Burlington	Burlington	Sat
				639	Washington	Madison	Th	74	Chapman	Dillsborough	Sat
				640	Chos'n Fr'ds	Aurora	Tue	75	Magnolia	Fairfield	Sat

INDIANA.

THE COMPANION

A Monthly Magazine

FOR ODD FELLOWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1869.

No. 6.

WHEN THIS OLD CHAIR WAS NEW.

"FULL humble were their meals,
Their dainties very few :
'T was only ground nuts, clams, and eels,
When this old chair was new.

" Their greeting very soft,
'Good-morrow' very kind :
How sweet it sounded yet,
Before we were refined.

" Humility their care,
Their failings very few ;
My heart ! how kind their manners were,
When this old chair was new."

SO felt the descendants—or one of them at least—of "The Pilgrim Fathers;" and thus he wrote on William Brewster's chair—a relic of their primitive life in the land of their exile.

As they grew and rooted in the soil, and prospered and became rich, their hearts lost that strong attachment which a fellowship in suffering begets. There were divisions and strifes; they were "refined," and their "very kind good-morrow," elegantly expressed now, lost its earnest cordiality; their "failings" increased with their possessions, and their "humility" did not prosper when good dinners superseded "ground nuts, clams, and eels." Thus thought the poet of the chair, no doubt not altogether without reason.

But in the past, mellowed by distance, harsh coloring and rude outline are lost. We compare it with the present, and the present fares hard with us. Look on *that* and on *this*, we say; where is the simplicity, where the truth, where the geniality of olden times?

There was necessarily much less of artifice and churlishness and other evil things among the Pilgrim Fathers than afterwards appeared in their children; for their numbers being multiplied, so were their corrupt tendencies. But the poet of the chair, if he had made this allowance for increase of population and its inevitable effects, might have found under the guise of advanced civilization (the result of prosperity) as much in comparison to admire as in "the ground nuts and eels" time. A special purpose bound the settlers to act in harmony and merge separate interests in attaining one great end; that end had been attained, and now there was breathing room for individual concerns; but the stern curb which had restrained the appearance of self was self-love exhibited (through circumstances) in a highly respectable form.

It is a way we have, of grumbling at what is, and fetching unfavorable contrasts, from memory we think, but more truly from imagination.

"When I was a boy," says a grandfather; "When I was a girl," says a grandmother; and remarks follow which ought to impress the hearer with a sense of shortcoming and shame, such wonderful things were said and done in the days of the past.

"Such servants as there are now," says a mistress; "they do no work, think of nothing but dress and pleasure, and the wages: wages are really fabulous!"

The charge is unhappily true of many who call themselves servants; and the mistress will go on and say, "Formerly, a girl would be ashamed to be seen with long sleeves except on a Sunday; she could clean and cook and wash and brew and bake, she was up with the lark and went singing through her work, and didn't mind taking a turn at the spinning-wheel, or putting a patch on a housecloth when the evening came. Those were the days!"

Yes, they were the days—but only half the story is told. Servants are altered indeed, but so are the mistresses. Let it be remembered that the mistress of a servant who worked in that fashion had no idle life. She was in the forefront and thick of all the work herself: the servant followed in her wake, and didn't object to labor under, not orders only, but good guiding. So the complaint should go on, and tell how mistresses then knew how to teach a servant, and set a good example, could themselves take a hand in cleaning, cooking, brewing, and baking, and not fail at the spinning-wheel or needle in the evening. The fault is not in nature. Servants now are made of the same material as they were then; it is the state of society that makes the difference in them and in their mistresses. Most of the mistresses who complain that their maids cannot work and will not, are unable to show them how, and unfit for the exertion. The very same increase of "refinement" that spoils the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, has spoiled them and their maids. Neither in mind nor body are either of them, as a class, equal to the good old days over which our grandmother housekeepers sigh.

Education, dress, diet, amusements, are all of another kind in both classes. But the leading fault is in the higher class. The changed mistress has changed the servant. Let us go to the root of the matter. Can it be expected that a young person whose father, being in respectable circumstances, has been able to give her what is

called "an education"—but such only as has in it no useful elements scarcely but those of reading and writing (for all who are able to judge will allow that the prevailing education is very superficial)—is fit to be a mistress? Yet how many are? Her thoughts have been driven by trifling pursuits from home duties; she is more in earnest about the adornment of her person than any other thing. She is fond of amusements, she thinks scribbling in albums, or writing letters, or doing fancy work, or jingling on a piano, is her proper occupation, and expects her servant, who has shared in the altered training of the day, and knows nothing of work, and only wants to get out of it as much as she can, to do all her duty, to keep her in ease, and cleanliness, and comfort, by her own undirected efforts. And while she who, being a ruler, ought to be a guide, leads a life of idleness, she is angry, and surprised that her maid admires her notions of what is agreeable and is idle too. She is displeased with the excess of her dress, and justly; but the less said on this subject by all the womankind of the present day the better, for the infection of overdressing has so thoroughly spread, that to determine on any distinction of circumstances from manner of dress is impossible. The maid sees her mistress, whose husband is perhaps in any but affluent circumstances, dressed as handsomely as the wife of the opulent merchant or the rich banker: and it naturally follows that she goes to the extent of her wages (and demands a rise upon them too), that she may vie with these ladies' maids.

But the mistress will tell you that the girl actually leaves her dishes unwashed that she may answer a letter in time for the post; that she will not work at her needle even to keep her own clothes tidy, but spends every moment she can steal from her neglected duties in her voluminous correspondence.

But this is only a feature in the evil face of the idle life which example seems to justify. There is another—the mistress is indignant, shocked: she finds a novel in the kitchen drawer—one of her own library books—together with some publications of a very objectionable nature. How bad the world has become she cannot find words to tell. She quite overlooks the fact that she has sanctioned such reading by her own adoption of it, and that while works of at least a questionable character lie on her drawing-room table, she has no right to wonder at finding them, or others of a less polite description, but in the same direction, in the kitchen drawer.

"What! am I to read nothing but what my servant is to read?" cries the indignant mistress.

"Oh, yes; you ought to read much that is above her comprehension, that your mind may be trained and strengthened for the honest discharge of all your duties—among them that of a mistress. Whatever pollutes, whatever weakens, whatever in any way deteriorates, you ought to avoid; it disables you from being a faithful and efficient mistress, as the books you find in the kitchen drawer disable your maid from being a faithful and efficient servant."

"Oh!" cries the grandmother again—"Oh! for days when the mornings were spent by young ladies in culling simples, and the evenings at the spinning-wheel or tambour frame; when the pride of a young woman lay in the quantity of homespun she could show, and not in the endless finery in which she could array her person."

It is not becoming to contradict the aged, so we only cough slightly, and are silent.

"You agree with me, I am sure?" says grandmamma, a little sharply.

"Well, madam, my admiration of simplicity is great; but, if you will allow me to say so, there is a difference between the simplicity of dignity, and simplicity of ignorance (which is not dignified at all). I think those young ladies whom you remember with such approbation, if we may judge from the periodicals of the day, were not by any means pattern young ladies. They culled simples and spun flax, but those were the staple excellences of their lives. As to their reading, the novels of those days were as offensive to taste and as antagonistic to purity as any can be now. As to dress, remember, madam, their stay bodies and hoops, their trains and embroidered petticoats, their powdered hair and lappets, and their *paint and patches*!"

"Well, well?" says grandmamma, half smiling.

"Don't you think, ma'am, if the education of the present day were well directed, young ladies, instead of being the worse for it, would be all the better?"

Grandmamma cannot go so far as that. But the truth is, that a good thing is no less good because it is ill applied. Mix gold with alloy as you will, it is gold still, and the furnace will show it to be so. The advance in education in all ranks is no evil in itself; the evil is in the imperfection of nature, and in the father of evil, who is ever on the watch to turn a fresh movement to account.

If we could go back to those days of virtuous, industrious, and simple-minded young ladies, we should see but few in comparison of such as we expected to find, and when we had found them should most probably think they would have made better companions to a husband, and guides to children and servants, if they had been better educated, *i.e.*, enjoyed the advantages of this day; and those miracles of servants, those paragons—not to be spoken of without a groan—it is a question whether many would be met with (if we were landed in those golden times) that would not shock us by their coarseness much more than delight us with their excellence, especially when we found that they would no more "run alone" than the damsels of the present day. No, if we are to go back, let us fly farther.

There is a servant described in an old book, where the truth is told without exaggeration: his name was Eliezer of Damascus. You may read his history a thousand times, and always when you rise from it bow with respect to his memory, and wish you could find such a servant now. But who was his master? Why, Abraham, who commanded his household and his servants after him, to keep the ways of the Lord. Eliezer had

been trained by his master—by precept and example—to pray, to serve in the fear of God. *Then, as now*, this training was infallible in its results.

There is a portrait which, for symmetry, for grace, for loveliness, exceeds all that the masters of old ever painted; it is called, "The Excellent Woman." Let any young lady read that, pray that it may be her rule, study to make it so, and she will leave her grandmother little to complain of. Neither her husband, nor her children, nor her servants, will want to go back to the wonderful days of simple-culling, tapestry-working gentlewomen to find a wife, mother, or mistress. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Many do not look at all, many look only to find fault; but she looketh, and looketh *well*.

Times change, manners and customs change, our wants and desires, chameleon-like, taking a color from a changed society, change too. There is, however, no change in the golden rule for the making of an excellent wife, mother, and mistress found in the last chapter of Proverbs. As the women in the patriarchal times followed it, as the ladies of our grandmothers' regrets followed it, and as the ladies of this day follow it, so peace reigned and reigns in their hearts and in their households. In this universal outcry against servants there are such peaceful homes to be found. Happy the mistress who reigns in such a one, happy the servant who serves!

AUNT BETSY'S ANNUITY.

CHAPTER III.

"At my age," said Mrs. Fennell, "to be sitting on the grass like a young girl!" And then she thought how she had enjoyed Stephen's picnic, and looked round the scene, always with that dim sensation of being an impostor, which was so curious a feature of her poor old life.

Fields and woods stretching far into the distance, squirrels leaping about amongst the beeches above; copper-colored leaves swirling down at her feet, and the slanting sunbeams brightening them; below her the river, down which a barge floated lazily with its mast down to pass under the bridge, dim sounds of evening reaching her, the cracking of distant whips, the lowing of cattle, here and there a sheep-bell, and the whistle of a homeward-bound laborer.

Aunt Betsy was not poetical; she would have told you she had no patience with such nonsense; and yet the whole of this sent through her a wonderful momentary thrill of remembered passion, far away now, but once her own; and across it, strangely incongruous, fell the cries of the Graham Street costermongers. What would this day be like to her when the memory of it returned, suddenly, perhaps, in the dingy drawing-room?

All at once there came up just what had been wanting to complete the picture—visible human life and passion. Two figures passed over the bridge and paused, looking down into the water.

They were Stephen and Cathie Grantley. The bridge was so near that she could almost see the expression of Stephen's face; at any rate she could see enough,—the beginning of the eternal story, which even for her had its dulled, sorrowful interest. Mrs. Fennell looked at Stephen, and knew more perhaps than he knew himself just then. But there came no cynicism into her face, no cold steel into her eyes; she was only thinking, not sneering,—thinking about many things; this young fellow's future for one, and the monotonous, rather cramped life he led at home, and the little hope there seemed at present of his being able to do what every young man wishes to do, especially when he has opened the pages of the old story,—make a home for himself. Did he think about it, she wondered; or was his dream yet too new and sweet for harder realities to cumber it? The young fellow answered her speculations that same evening.

"You see," broke out Stephen suddenly as he drove the old lady home in the gig which he thought rather a slow affair, but which had been the height of his father's ambition, "these bits of holidays are nice enough; but a fellow has got to live his life, and they don't make that much easier."

Aunt Betsy let him see that she listened; but she made no answer, and he went on.

"It is not easy; that is, to some people. Now, not a word against my father; no son ever had a better, but his ways are—well they are old; behind the times; and it hampers one. Besides, I want to get on. I want—every fellow looks to have a home of his own in the future. Now, I can't see this. It takes such a lot to stock a farm; and then there's Reggie and Will; at school yet, poor chaps; but they'll want all that my father can give them."

Mrs. Fennell could almost have smiled at the inconsequent way in which the young fellow had spoken out his thoughts. It was rather odd too that he should make a confidant of her, though to be sure he had been very attentive to her always, and had seemed to like her society. Straight down upon the exultation of this thoughtswopped, like a bird of prey, the annuity. He did not know about that.

"I think, Stephen," said the old lady, "that young men are in too great a hurry to be rich in these days."

"Rich!" echoed Stephen, indignantly. "Is it wanting to be rich to covet a house over your head, and work for your hands?"

"It certainly is wrong to 'covet' anything," responded Aunt Betsy with unwonted moralizing. "And as to a home, you have that, Stephen, and work for your hands too."

"Ah," began Stephen; and then he added with a sigh, "but never mind; you don't understand. Come old fellow, wake up; we shall not be at home to-night, at this pace. Have you had a pleasant day, Aunt Betsy?"

But Mrs. Fennell wasn't going to be put off from the subject which she fully intended to touch upon now.

"Never mind about my pleasant day, Stephen," said she. "You have been a good lad to me,

and I'm sorry to think you should suffer yourself to be discontented. It has led many young men to ruin."

"Oh, as to that," said the young man, with a grim laugh, "I'm not going to the dogs yet, I hope. But I don't know—it seems to me there ought to be a chance for an honest English fellow in his own country; and as to emigration, what do you say?"

The old lady fairly started in her seat as she looked up at him. He had been driving in a slow, dreary fashion, so unlike his usual briskness; he looked so downcast and hopeless about the mouth, that an actual wish to comfort him seized her. She took a strange way to do it.

"You will probably have to wait long, and, I hope, patiently; it may be vainly, for disappointment comes to us all," she replied. "Money is a good thing, no doubt; but, after all, it is a mocker. As for mine," added the old lady, clearing her throat, "I told my nephews and nieces some time ago, and I now tell you, that I bought a life annuity many years since—no, not many, but some few years since. Perhaps it was wrong, but I am a desolate old woman, Steenie."

There was a touch of wistfulness about that softened name—a tone of sorrow, almost self-reproach, in it, that went straight to the young man's heart. He turned round upon her, with his honest face all flushing red through the deep brown sunburn.

"Aunt Betsy," said he, "do you suppose I was thinking of your money? I never knew how much you had, or anything about it. I never asked. I—why what a—a brute you must think me!"

Mrs. Fennell looked up in his face with a queer expression, which undoubtedly had for its basis mistrust.

"Thank you, Stephen," she said, quietly; "I never accused you. I simply told you a fact. I don't know why you should have taken it up so hotly."

Then Stephen could have bitten his own tongue for its folly.

The misfortune of this suspicious old lady was that she could not believe. The news was fresh to him now; she would wait, and see how it worked. She should see easily, she thought, as she had seen in other cases. There had seemed to be the ring of truth about his speech; but then why did the idea so readily occur to him? and why did he blush, and stammer, and suddenly break down? He could not have told himself at the moment why he did this. He wanted to think it out, and at present he could not. All he could do was to be scrupulously kind and ever tender to the old lady through the short drive, and attentive to her wants when they got home. He put the little thorn away from him until he should be alone; and then, in his bed-room, throwing open the window, and leaning out where the night perfume of the flowers reached him, he took it out and looked at it; and he examined it long and closely, with difficulty, as not being given to introspection. He was, as Mrs. Fennell had called him, a good lad. It was quite certain that no thought of wishing her dead, as she

phrased it, had ever entered his mind: but still Stephen Fennell was a poor man and a young one, with very pressing reasons for wishing to make his way swiftly. It was, perhaps, scarcely in human nature that no thought of a possible legacy from this old lady should have crossed him dimly at times; dimly, to be sure, and until now unexpressed; but it had been there.

"God help me," said Stephen, raising his head, "I had thought of her money; but it wasn't for that I was civil to her—I swear it wasn't. Only how could I tell her so? poor old soul! Well, I'll be better to her than ever, if I can. It's a terrible thing to have people hankering after one for the sake of what one's death may give them."

And then somehow the scent of the roses brought after thoughts. Aunt Betsy's keen face vanished into the moonlight like a dissolving view, and in its place he saw another, young, fair, very sweet to him—more to him than ever poor old Mrs. Fennell could have been to anybody; so he thought, in his royal time of youth and warmth and hope; lifting his head to the battle in which, for her sake, he would not be beaten down. He saw her, this queen of his distant kingdom, as she had stood beside him on the bridge; and he had been talking somewhat despondingly of emigration, and had broken off suddenly with a sort of excuse for troubling her with what could not interest her; to which Miss Grantley gave no answer; and of course then he should have gone on to other topics, taking it for granted that his affairs had no interest for her; but he didn't. He had said, with that sort of probing which is half painful, half sweet,—"You wouldn't care, Miss Grantley, whether I was at home or abroad—it would be nothing to you;" and then, turning from the parapet of the bridge, he added desperately, "Would it? If you won't speak, look at me. You know—no, you don't know—what it would be to me if you did care. Do you care? Give me a crumb of hope."

No matter what she said or did then. Stephen, as he thought of it to-night, turning away from the window, said softly, "Bless her!"

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

Of course! Oh, Summer days! when something that you did not understand, but only felt, came over the earth, and made it blessed; when one unit out of the mass grew so much to you, that the mass was nothing; when, indeed, for once, you fully saw the Creator's hand stamped visibly upon the creature, and this beatific vision became for you a something almost divine. Better for us, perhaps, that these days of dreaming cannot last—we should be too happy; and, after all, though they do fall into the past, and we cannot keep them, yet we have the knowledge that they once were. The dream goes; but of the memory of it, no one can rob us.

But Stephen Fennell, fair though his dream was, had hard realities to interrupt it as the time passed on. He had kept his resolve, and had been kinder and more gentle than ever to Aunt Betsy. She went away, to his astonishment, blessing him. Once when he was in town, on

business for his father, he made time to go and see her in Graham street, wondering as he found his way down Piccadilly to Knightsbridge, through Belgravia and Eaton Square, into the less grand regions of Coleshill street, at all the evidences of wealth which he saw everywhere, how it had been amassed, and how it was spent. Were these people, who were so rich, happy?

And the old lady, when she saw his healthy country face, and the hearty greeting in it, fairly put her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"Another if you like, Aunt Betsy," said the young fellow, laughing and reddening rather; "I don't get any of those sweetmeats at home, you know."

"None?" retorted Aunt Betsy, looking at him till the red deepened. "Stephen, you are a cheat. And an old woman's kisses! Well, never mind; how are they all at home?"

But that visit was long ago. Mrs. Fennell had been asked down to Barstein again, but she said she was growing old, and it was a long journey. She kept up a correspondence with them, however, and perhaps oftener than ever the hamper from the country found its way into the Graham street lodging. But things were no better at Barstein—that is, there seemed no nearer prospect of Stephen's being able to get a farm for himself. There were so many of them at home. To be sure, as he said, his sister and the little girl were provided for in a way; but then they lived at the old home, and Reggie and Will were getting big lads, and something ought to be done with them. Money came in certainly, as usual, but then it came no faster than usual—no faster than it went out. And suddenly one day another trouble, the sharpest,—fell upon him.

Stephen heard it rumored, and laughed at the rumor, pushing it aside as idle gossip. Then it was repeated, and it worried him. After that, his father looked in his face one day, and said, "Stevie, lad, I am sorry for thee. If I could, I would have scraped together something to put in the scale against Sir Francis; but times have been hard, and I dare say I am a bungler. Bear it like a man."

Stephen just suffered his father's hard grip of the hand, and went away out into the fields. He went away to the dingle where the picnic had been held. He stood on the bridge, where perhaps the sweetest memory of his life had been born. He leaned over the parapet, and watched a barge floating under, mast down, just as he had watched it then. Only—the difference to him! But over Stephen's face, as he stood there, came something that softened the hard lines, and made it gentle and tender as a woman's.

"The poor little girl!" he said. "My little girl yet, for I won't believe it. They have been teasing her into it; and I to blame her! But I'll go and know for myself."

And he did go. When he reached the garden gate of the parsonage it was getting dusk. Some of his own laborers were passing down the road, just as they had done then; the hollyhocks stared at him over the green palings just as usual, and the little dog which the invalid, Mrs. Grantley, petted, ran down the path for the purpose of

barking at him: all apparently the same, but yet there was a difference.

He grew impatient as he stood at the gate. Other evenings he was wont to find her in the garden, and it seemed to him in his unreasonableness that of all evenings in the year she should have been on the watch for him on this one. He didn't stop to reflect that he was unreasonable; the strength was going out of his heart again, and he shrunk back behind a tall Scotch fir, and began fighting the battle over again. All at once there was the sound of the house-door, the click of the garden gate, and a little cloaked figure, carrying a basket, passed out into the road. She was not looking for him, certainly; she was gazing with a dreary sort of speculation into the village, as if wondering whether it would be dark before she could get there.

"Stephen, you startled me!" she cried; for he was still standing in the shadow of the tree, watching her, and only some light rustle amongst the leaves made her turn her head.

"Stephen," she repeated, "what is the matter? Why are you there? Won't you speak to me?"

"Did I startle you?" said Stephen, coming forward. "I am sorry. I am here because I've been very nearly mad, I think. Cathie, is it true?"

"Is what true?" she asked.

The girl looked up in his face and laughed; not quite an easy laugh.

"What windmill have you been fighting now?" she continued. "Stevie, would you mind walking into the village with me? I've got to go; and I've been busy, and have left it so late that I'm a little afraid of the coming back."

Stephen took the little basket from her, and they walked on in silence. He hardly knew at the moment what he thought or what he should say next. When they reached the drive gate of Twyford's, (the pet farm of Barstein, Cathie stopped.

"Let us rest a bit, Stephen. I'm tired. I know what you have heard,—that Sir Francis has been teasing papa again about me."

"Yes," said Stephen; but the monosyllable was rather a groan than a spoken word.

"And that his terms are altered," proceeded Cathie, gravely; "that he will adopt me now, and take me into the world—that's the jargon—allowing me occasionally to correspond with my father and mother, provided there is no personal intercourse. Generous, isn't it? The other condition is that I give up all former friends and acquaintances, especially one Stephen Fennell, who would not be a proper match for my uncle's heiress. Is that what you have heard?"

"I heard," said Stephen, slowly, "that you had consented."

"And you believed it?" said Cathie.

"Not," stammered Stephen, "not till my father came, and said he was sorry for me."

"It's astonishing what a faculty for self-torment some people have," said Cathie. "If there were no Stephen Fennell in the case, do you think I would consent to give up my father and mother in that way?"

"But you were to correspond with them," said Stephen.

"But I was to give them up, virtually," she said; "to go into society, and dress, and be grand, and grow so fine, Stephen, that I should forget, or be ashamed of this mean little home of mine. That's what you thought?"

"No; forgive me," he said. "But Cathie, your father himself,—what does he—"

There came a sudden change over Cathie's face.

"My father urged me, sair, my mother dinna speak, But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break."

But Cathie broke down with a sob, and put her face into her hands; she wasn't strong any longer; she had been keeping calm only by a great effort, and she had gone through so much. In a moment Stephen's arm was round her.

"My poor little girl!" he said; "they have teased you, and now I have teased you; but I couldn't doubt you, really, Cathie."

Then Cathie looked up at him through her tears.

"I told papa," she said, "that if you heard this, and offered to give me up to-morrow, I would not let you go. Was that wrong, Stephen?"

"My bonnie love!" said Stephen; and then he looked away over Twyford's farm, and groaned. If he could only have taken her away somewhere at once, safe! If he only could have had a home to offer!

"I shall never feel safe till I have you under my own wing," he said. "And look here, Cathie—this is the very place of all others—a better farm than ours—in my hands; and it's to be had; and the landlord likes me—likes the lot of us. If I only could stock it! Never mind; there's nothing for it but patience and hope. I am sure I ought to be grateful to-day."

"There's plenty to be grateful for, and hopeful too, Stephen," said Cathie. "You are but a young man, and I'm not so very old yet; and, when the good fortune does come, it will be all the happier, won't it?"

Ah! when it did come—that was the thing; but, look which way he would, Stephen could see no sign of it.

I don't know how it fared with Cathie's business in the village. If the matter was really important, she certainly was very much to blame—either she, or young Fennell, or both. At any rate, they turned back, having been no nearer the village than Twyford's gate, and if Cathie was penitent, she did not look so.

Stephen met his father coming down the shrubbery path, and, holding open the gate for him, looked up, and saw the sorrowful pity on his face.

"You are very good, sir," said the young fellow, suddenly touched into more outspoken warmth than usual; "but Sir Francis isn't going to have my Cathie. She wouldn't go."

Mark Fennell did not answer at once. He could not see, any more than his son, those chances in the future which would make such an engagement ever likely to come to anything; and yet he was glad, for Stephen's sake, that the present sorrow was lifted away.

"Well, lad," he said, "we must wait and see, Nobody knows what may happen. Come in now; it's bedtime."

Stephen did not lean out to dream dreams amongst the roses that night. Instead of it, he slept, and his sleep was full of speculations over new countries, where there might be fortune waiting for him; and then—and then—Just as the climax was nearly reached he was roused, sharply and completely, by a violent knocking at the house door, and the barking of a couple of dogs, straining at the chains in their distant kennels. Stephen thrust his head through the window; but it was pitch dark, and no one answered his "Who's there?" He got up, and was going down stairs, but his father had been before him.

"Strike a light, Steve," said Mr. Fennell. "It's a telegram. I wouldn't open the door till the man shouted that."

Together the two opened the envelope, and read the message. It was addressed to Stephen Fennell, Esq., from the solicitor of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Fennell, who had died the preceding night, and whose funeral Mr. Stephen Fennell was requested to attend, as being interested in her property.

To do them justice, the two men's first feeling was that the old lady's death was rather a shock, and they were sorry; and then the elder Fennell, turning quickly to his son, said, "She must have been well off, Steve, very. She made a good match—though I don't approve of those first-cousin marriages myself; but Stephen Fennell was a prosperous man."

Stephen's hand shook a little as he twisted up the torn envelope.

"Father," he said, "she had nothing to leave. She bought an annuity years ago—she told me so herself. There can be nothing of any consequence."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Fennell, "I would go, lad, if only out of respect for her memory. I was fond of her once, and I do believe she liked you."

"I believe," said Stephen, "that she was sorry about the annuity when she was here. No, she had nothing to leave. Of course I'll go. There isn't much going on here, and you can do without me."

Stephen didn't come home for more than a fortnight. When he did come, it struck his father that he was changed somehow; his ruddy face had grown pale, and there was an air of repressed excitement about him that the old man scarcely understood.

"How everything has grown!" said Stephen, looking round. "Did you think I was never coming back? Is Twyford's farm let, sir?"

Mr. Fennell put his hand on his son's shoulder, and turned him towards the light.

"London has had an odd sort of effect on you, Stevie," said he. "I don't understand it. Don't beat about the bush and ask questions, but tell me—what is it?"

"Let me walk about, then," said Stephen. "I can't be still. Father, Mrs. Fennell left a letter to me to explain about the annuity. She cer-

tainly did buy one, but it was only with a few odd hundreds; and she did it, she said, in order that she might find out the true from the false. She never told any one that she had nothing to leave; she only said she had bought an annuity, which was true, you know."

"Well, go on, Steve," said his father.

"Well, sir, I am residuary legatee," continued Stephen. "There are two thousand pounds in Consols, some savings, and a bill for one hundred from somebody—Bennet, the name is—but that's no matter, for I shall never get it. He is going through the Bankruptcy Court. I never saw such general amazement and rage as there was when the will was read. Now, father, will you tell me if Twyford's farm is taken?"

It was not taken then, but it was—at least it was promised—the next evening, when Stephen went with it, so to speak, in his hand, to the perpetual curate, and asked for Cathie. I don't think there was a happier or a more thankful fellow on the face of the earth than he was that evening, as he walked once more up the road with Cathie, to look over the drive gate beside which he had stood three weeks ago with such bitter despondency in his heart. Possibly the dead lady had pleased herself many a time in the dim London lodging with imagining such a time as this. At any rate, if there was rage and mortification amongst those who had deserted her, when they thought there was nothing to expect, it must have been made up to her memory by the gratitude with which these two, in their happiness, thought of her.

"I wish I had been better to her," said Stephen. "Poor old lady! poor, desolate, lonely woman! What a life it must have been! And why should she have fixed upon me? Cathie, in that letter I told you about, she left her love for you, for my bonnie little girl. How could we think her hard and soured?"

We have so little patience with the living, so much silent, pitiful remorse for the dead. Perhaps Aunt Betsy had been hard and soured; many circumstances might have made her so; but she had made two people happy; and surely she deserved the poor flower which the young fellow laid tenderly enough upon the fresh grave far away in Brompton Cemetery.

"And Cathie," said Stephen, as they watched the sunset, "it is but a farm, you know, after all. You won't regret Sir Francis?"

Cathie looked away from Twyford's farm at the sunlight on Stephen's face; but she made no other answer.

HOW THEY MAKE POPES.

ASSUME a vacancy in the chair of the so-called Vicar of Christ: the Pope is dead. Who is to be his successor? First of all, the fact itself must be authenticated in proper form; and to do this, one of the officials of the Camera visits the death-chamber. Standing at the door, and striking it with a gilt mallet, the Cameolunga, receiving no reply, enters the room, taps the corpse on the forehead with a silver mallet, and then fall-

ing on his knees, proclaims the Pope to be no more. The tolling of the great bell of St. Peter's announces to the people of Rome that they have lost their sovereign, and the church her head. Consistently with the theory of personal government prevailing in the holy city, the announcement of the Pope's death is practically an announcement of the temporary suspension of all government. All political and all judicial authority ceases; the law-courts suspend their sittings; anarchy reigns. This state of lawlessness continues for nine days—that is, till the appointment of a fresh Pope—and this period was for centuries distinguished by outrages that were a scandal to the government of the holy city.

The day after the Pope's death, the cardinals meet, and break what is called the piscatorial ring. This ring has a history of its own—a more romantic history probably than any other ring in Europe—and if it could speak, it might tell us some startling secrets about the Vatican. It is, we believe, a plain gold ring, bearing the effigy of St. Peter. Its principal use is to sign apostolic briefs; and it has been used for this purpose by the Popes from the earliest ages of the church. Looking through the recently published correspondence of Napoleon I., a few days ago, we came across an interesting incident. When Napoleon issued his orders for the seizure of the prayer-books and papers of Pius VII., he laid particular stress upon this ring: he wished it to be seized at all hazards; and when it could not be found, his Majesty ordered an officer of gendarmes to demand it directly from the Holy Father. This was the crowning affront of Napoleon to the Pope; and Pius VII. hesitated for some moments whether to comply with the rude imperial request or not. A captive, however, and at the Emperor's mercy, it was impossible to resist; and at last the Holy Father, taking a little leathern purse out of his pocket, produced the fisherman's ring, broke it in two, as it is broken on the death of every pontiff, and handed the pieces to the gendarmes. Through Prince Borghese, the broken ring was forwarded to the Emperor at Paris; but it afterwards found its way to the Vatican, and now frequently adorns the finger of the supreme pontiff.

The funeral of a Pope is a striking and gorgeous ceremony. It is not till the ninth day after his death that the cardinals reassemble to elect a successor; and the Ballot Society will be glad to hear that the Pope is elected, like a member of a club, by ballot.

The right of election vests in the College of Cardinals; and this right is inviolable; nothing can touch it. It is a personal privilege, and one that survives even excommunication—the highest sentence of the church. Neither heresy nor crime can disfranchise a cardinal: once a cardinal, always a cardinal; and, though beyond the pale of the church, he may present himself at the Vatican on the day of election with his conclave, and assert his right to cast his vote with the greatest princes of the church for the sovereign pontiff.

The *modus operandi* is this. The cardinals, attended by their conclavists, and accompanied

by a host of high officials, assemble on the day of election at the Vatican, and are there all locked up together like a jury, till they have delivered themselves of their verdict—that is, till they have made a Pope. No name is proposed; no speeches are made; hardly a word is spoken; a Quakers' meeting could not be quieter. What takes place is this. In the center of the room stands a chalice, or what we may call an electoral urn. Each cardinal in turn writes upon a slip of paper the name of the candidate for whom he votes; and this strip of paper, doubled up, is by the conclavists deposited in the chalice. When the votes of the college have been thus collected, the names of the candidates are read aloud, and the number of votes announced. The Pope must be elected by a majority of two-thirds of the college; and if any name attains this number on the first ballot, of course there is an end of the business: the Pope has been picked. But if no one gets this number, the voting-papers are burned; and the people outside the college, waiting for the verdict, know when they see the puff of smoke that they are still without a sovereign. A second ballot is then taken, and, if necessary, a third. But it is understood that at the third ballot no cardinal will vote a second time for the same candidate. If, therefore, he still adheres to his first choice, he writes *nemine* on his voting-paper, which, being interpreted, means that he votes for no one; and thus, at the third ballot, by this process of casting out, a majority of two-thirds is obtained, and the Pope is made. No; not quite made; for the courts of France, Spain, and Austria possess each, in turn, a veto upon the vote of the College of Cardinals; and they may exercise the veto without a word of explanation. It is simply a case of black-balling. We do not find that it has been very frequently exercised; but as lately as 1830, the court of Madrid exercised their right by black-balling Cardinal Guisotiani. This power, however, can only be exercised once; and there are cases on record where the college, having set their heart on a man whom they knew to be obnoxious to one of the courts (say to France), have first of all put up a Pope in buckram—that is, a cardinal whom they knew must be black-balled by France; and then, having cleared the ground, elected their own man without risk. Portugal and Naples have at different times put in their claims to the privilege of black-balling a Pope; but these have never been allowed by the Sacred College; and now that Spain has thrown off the Bourbons, she, too, we suppose, will lose her right of controlling the election of the next Pope. If she does, the election will practically vest in the hands of France and Austria; and there can be but little doubt, in that case, that the keys of St. Peter and the fisherman's ring will pass into the hands of the dark-browed and silent young prelate who, by a rare stroke of fortune, possesses at once the confidence of the *Times* and the Tuileries, of the Pope and the people of Rome. What the conclave thinks of Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte, we have, of course, no means of knowing; but if we were making a book upon the event—and those who know Italy, know that this is frequent-

ly done—we should certainly lay on the first favorite.

Perhaps there is one more fact which we ought to mention—that is, that the Pope need not necessarily be either a cardinal or even a priest. The Sacred College may, if they think fit, make a Pope out of a layman: they did on one occasion.

HUGH CARMICHAEL'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADRIANA."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BUT sleep brought no refreshment to Mr. Carmichael; his slumbers, though protracted, had been fitful and uneasy, and when he awoke he dozed off again. Aunt Lotty sat in the shade of the bed-curtains, where she could watch her husband without being seen by him, for he had manifested a sudden aversion to her presence. The sight of Doris seemed also to cause him annoyance, therefore Doris did not venture into the sick-chamber. In Joyce alone he appeared to have confidence, though why this should be was surprising to her, since she had been the one to evince distrust of him, and this she knew Mr. Carmichael had more than suspected. Possibly, however, that she read him better than the others might afford him some inexplicable relief, and he might even feel thankful that she had partly penetrated his secret; that secret which it was now beyond his power to reveal. For the strong man was utterly prostrate as he lay breathing heavily with half-unclosed eyes, and almost powerless limbs, and very little of consciousness about him, though now and then he made a faint effort to rouse himself, and his lips moved slightly, as though he would speak, but the words he would have uttered died away in imperfect sounds.

Once he opened his eyes wide and gazed anxiously at Joyce, his lips worked as though he were endeavoring to tell her something, which she, drawing near, stooped down to listen to; but all in vain, for in spite of the earnestness with which he strove to make himself understood, she could catch no articulate words. Aunt Lotty's tears flowed fast, and she sobbed aloud. She drew the curtain back: "What is it? oh! what is it?" said she, half pushing Joyce away, "perhaps I can understand him."

And she bent over the sick man, whose strength had gone whilst hers was left. Her awe of him had vanished; she was now his protector, his guardian, he was so helpless. But she could understand him no better than Joyce, yet with a little touch of quiet dignity that at once moved and surprised her niece, she said,—

"I think, dear, I have a right to be here."

"You have, Aunt Lotty," returned Joyce; "it is your place and yours alone."

"But you must help me, Joyce, no one else shall come near." For she still believed that there was some revelation that the dying man would try to make; for that he was dying was

plain to see, though the fact in all its fullness had not yet entered into Aunt Lotty's mind.

Mr. Carmichael, exhausted with his efforts, again sank into a lethargic sleep, from which at intervals, he partially awoke with a gasp and stared wildly round. But he did not try to speak again. In one of these intervals, after a hopeless, imploring glance at Joyce, his eye fell upon a letter in Mr. Lynn's handwriting his eye dwelt upon it, and then again he looked at Joyce. Suddenly an idea struck her; she wondered it had not occurred to her before. He wished to see Mr. Lynn—of course he did, the secret must be in some way connected with his sister. How far was she right, and how could she convey comfort without arousing suspicion? for Aunt Lotty was eagerly watching every change of his countenance. Then Joyce wondered whether Mr. Carmichael would hear, would understand her words. Yes, he must be capable of understanding, or wherefore the imploring look that had almost framed itself into a speech. "I think, Aunt Lotty, that Mr. Carmichael would like to know that Mr. Lynn is expected to-night," she whispered, in order to prepare Mrs. Carmichael for what she was about to say; then, turning to Mr. Carmichael, she said slowly and distinctly,—

"Doris thinks that Mr. Lynn will be at home to-night."

Her intuition had evidently been correct, for a slight expression of satisfaction passed over Mr. Carmichael's face, and he remained quiet for a long time. And Aunt Lotty, watching him, felt her heart go out towards him; felt that he was all the world to her, and that she could not bear to part with him. Strange, one would think, after the life that she had led, fraught with so little affection on his part, to draw forth such devotion. But so it was; she had drawn up her own creed respecting him, and had held tenaciously to it through everything. In her estimation Mr. Carmichael could do no wrong; the fault lay in her own inferiority, and so she had worshipped the cold, selfish man, prizing the scanty crumbs he now and then vouchsafed to throw to her; and, as he lay there helpless, Aunt Lotty longed that he could speak but one word of pardon to her for any failure of duty she might have been guilty of.

"I can't think of anything myself," mused poor Aunt Lotty; "but I dare say Mr. Carmichael would be able to tell me of numbers and numbers of things I've done wrong, if he could only speak. I was always so stupid in seeing anything myself. Ah! if he'd had a better wife." And poor Aunt Lotty in her humiliation could have gone down on her knees and besought forgiveness for all her involuntary offenses.

Dr. Bennett looked grave when he saw his patient. "I will be in again in the evening," he said.

And Joyce slipping after him, inquired, "Is there hope?"

"None; he is sinking fast."

"How long can he last?"

"He may live until to-morrow morning."

Then Joyce began to calculate whether Mr. Lynn could arrive in time. With the utmost expedition, and provided the trains fitted in, he might reach Craythorpe by midnight, not before. Never had a day appeared so supernaturally long. The clock seemed to pause between every tick it made, as though the moments had suddenly become too precious to part with lightly.

Aunt Lotty stole softly to the fire-place where Joyce was standing. "Joyce, dear, what does Dr. Bennett say?"

"We can do nothing but watch," returned Joyce, partially evading the question.

But Aunt Lotty was not satisfied: with a little sob, she said, "Joyce, dear, you would not deceive me at such a time as this. Is there no hope?" And she gazed wistfully into Joyce's face, as though Joyce were the arbiter of life and death; her whole figure was trembling, and her hand convulsively clasped one of Joyce's. "The truth, dear," she pleaded; "I'll try to bear it."

"Aunt Lotty, dear Aunt Lotty," answered Joyce, throwing her arms around her, "we can do nothing but watch."

Very quietly Aunt Lotty disengaged herself from Joyce's embrace; very quietly she returned to the bedside, and seating herself there, tenderly took one of Mr. Carmichael's hands, and held it as though by so doing she could still keep him with her. Joyce could see that she never took her eyes from him as he lay breathing uneasily, and moaning feebly from time to time. Mr. Carmichael was dying! And there was something on his mind, something that he wished to get rid of before he died; and yet, was he aware that he was dying? Does a man always know when death comes so near? Is there always a prophetic voice that sounds the warning in the dumbest ears? If so, he might perhaps have heard it, and the awful voice have urged upon him, "Unburden thy soul; repent before it is too late. Vainly it urged, for he would never speak again.

Dr. Bennett came in the evening, but he could do no good; so he went down-stairs and sat with Doris, who was quite banished from the sick-room, as a nervous horror seemed to creep over Mr. Carmichael whenever he saw her. And yet she was his sister's child. Aunt Lotty could not understand it.

But an inkling of the truth was dawning upon Joyce, yet how would it be ever known? He was growing feebler, and midnight was approaching. Whether would Mr. Lynn arrive in time or not?

She listened and listened. The rain was falling steadily with a heavy drip—plash! plash!—so monotonously that it was torture to her to hear it. She seemed to feel each drop burst and split into fragments that were driving into her brain.

At length she fancied she heard the distant rumbling of a carriage, but whether coming towards Green Oake or going away from it she could not tell. Now it came nearer and nearer, and then it died away. She was listening so intently, that she could scarce tell whether the sound were real or imaginary. It was quite painful. She put her hands over her ears for a moment to shut them out; then she listened again. No, there was nothing.

Yes; there had been a stoppage; she could hear the sound of wheels distinctly. Doris had heard it too, for the dining-room door opened, and then the hall-door. Doris was looking out. Mr. Lynn had come. Yes; Mr. Lynn had set off the moment he received Doris's letter, and had traveled without stopping. He was just in time. Mr. Carmichael languidly opened his eyes.

"Mr. Lynn has come," said Joyce stepping by the bed-side, not knowing whether he would understand or not.

But Mr. Carmichael did understand, and it seemed as if a momentary vigor were imparted to him. He half raised himself. Aunt Lotty was astonished, and thought that after all he must be stronger than the doctor thought. But Joyce knew differently. Mr. Carmichael was still in his half-raised position when Mr. Lynn knocked at the door. Joyce opened it.

Mr. Carmichael's eyes dilated as he looked upon his ancient foe, so lately brought into friendly contact with him. Did old memories flash into his mind, as people say they do into the minds of dying men, carrying him back through long, long years upon the rapid wings of thought?

Mr. Lynn took the feeble hand of the dying man in his, and the dying man looked up at him? Then came the terrible struggle for words, the shrinking horror, when he found he could not utter them; and the heavy perspiration stood on his brow. Aunt Lotty turned away her face.

"Aunt Lotty," whispered Joyce, "won't you go down for a few minutes whilst Mr. Lynn is here."

Aunt Lotty shook her head.

"But it will do you good. You won't be able to hold out," and Joyce gently drew her away.

She gave her into Doris's keeping, and then returned to Mr. Carmichael. When she entered the room she found Mr. Lynn still standing where she had left him, gazing in mute compassion on the sick man, who was hopelessly endeavoring to make himself understood.

During the last few hours Joyce had been pondering deeply, and as she caught the beseeching glance of Mr. Carmichael fixed upon her, her resolution was made, and, as if by inspiration, she took the part of interpreter. Bending down she said, in a calm, distinct tone,—

"You would ask Mr. Lynn's forgiveness?"

A sudden gleam lighted for a moment the dull eyes of the dying man. Mr. Lynn would have spoken, but Joyce motioned him to be silent, and again she spoke. Clear and solemn sounded her voice; so solemn that she was almost awed by it herself, but some irresistible impulse carried her on.

"There is some trouble on your mind—some revelation you would wish to make, were it in your power. It is not for me to know what this secret is, but I believe it to be in some way connected with the packet that Doris had from her mother."

Mr. Lynn started, and Mr. Carmichael's dull eyes still gleamed with a strange, wild intelligence; and Joyce continued:

"You have in some way injured Mr. Lynn, and you would ask forgiveness at his hands for

that unknown injury, which now will never be revealed until the secrets of all hearts are made known. Mr. Lynn," she continued, "will you give full and free forgiveness to Mr. Carmichael for any wrong he may have committed against you?" and the dying man's eyes still shone with the strange hopeless light.

Mr. Lynn hesitated for a moment. The past, with all its wrongs, rose up before him. What new injury could this man have added under the garb of friendship? Joyce saw the hesitation and understood it, and involuntarily the words escaped from her lips—"As we forgive those that trespass against us."

Mr. Lynn was not conscious that she had spoken; the words fell dreamily upon his ears, as though some distant voice were whispering them; and his mind wandered far back to the time when he, a little motherless child, had said his prayers at Mrs. Carmichael's knee, and the mother of the dying man had been a mother unto him.

Then the dark shadow passed from his face, and he gently took Mr. Carmichael's powerless hand within his own.

"Hugh Carmichael," he said, "I forgive you for all known and unknown injuries as freely as I hope to obtain forgiveness of my own. May God forgive me as I forgive you."

The gleam of light in the dull eyes shot forth once more, once more the lips essayed to move, but in vain. The head sank back on the pillow; one gasp, one choking sob, and Hugh Carmichael had breathed his last. He was dead, and his secret had died with him.

CHAPTER XXXIX. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

THE house is quiet now. Aunt Letherby and Aunt Jane and their husbands have gone away, and Aunt Lotty, Doris, and I are alone.

How desolate a house seems when there has been a death in it. We move quietly about, as though we feared to disturb some one. We speak in low voices, and if we hear a door shut suddenly it makes us start. There is a cloud hanging over us that weighs us down, and we cannot free ourselves from its atmosphere.

I thought all these feelings would have vanished when the funeral was over, and the blinds drawn up, and daylight let in once more—when the house was relieved of the solemn presence of the dead man.

But we cannot shake off the weight that oppresses us, though we wonder that we should feel thus deeply the death of a man we so little liked as Mr. Carmichael—that is, Doris and I wonder, for Aunt Lotty mourns as an affectionate wife would mourn for the best of husbands.

But Aunt Lotty believes him to have been the best of husbands, and if she ever happened to see any faults in him, death has blotted them all out, for death is a great obliterater of failings. As a general rule, we remember more good of our friends after their death than we ever did in their lives; perhaps, also, we have a superstitious reverence for the dead, and care not to speak lightly of them.

Aunt Lotty certainly remembers more good of Mr. Carmichael than ever belonged to him. If either of them was ever to blame, she fears it was herself. She was not good enough for such a man, so full of virtues, so superior in intellect. Poor Aunt Lotty! She has canonized Mr. Carmichael already, and he will for ever reign as a saint in her calendar.

Well, it is best that it should be so, and when time has dried up her tears, and healed her sorrow, she will have pleasant memories to look back upon, none the less pleasant because a loving heart and a kindly imagination have thrown the halo of pardonable fiction around them.

But it is not thus with me. I look back upon Mr. Carmichael's death with a feeling of awe.

My vision was clearer than Aunt Lotty's. She did not understand as I did the struggle of those dying hours. She knew not that her husband had descended to the grave with a heavy load upon his conscience—some wrong committed, that it was past his power to obtain forgiveness for, or even to reveal. No, Aunt Lotty knew not this, and I fervently pray that she may ever be kept from such knowledge.

Will any of us ever know what this secret is? They say that, deep as some secrets are hidden, yet shall they be made known, even as oftentimes both earth and sea reject the murdered victim, and cast it back at the murderer's feet. However, there seems little chance of this present mystery being cleared up. Mr. Carmichael is dead, and Doris's packet is lost; and what other hope remains of a revelation?

Still one does not know what miracle will happen, for I am almost beginning to believe in miracles. Since I have emerged from the Wonder Age, I have left off wondering, and am gradually drifting into the Age of Faith. At least, I am trying to drift into it, and to believe that everything has a deeper significance than appears upon the surface, and that each event we are disposed to look upon as trifling has some well-ordered end: that nothing is small or unimportant, but that everything is best as it happens. I am trying, I say, to believe all this; but faith does not come all at once, though, when it comes in its full development, man may remove mountains; however, until then it is hard work enough even to clear away a molehill.

I hope Doris is not going to be ill. I found her yesterday lying on the hearth-rug in front of the porch-room fire, with her head resting on the great arm-chair.

"Doris, are you ill?" I asked; and when she lifted up her face I saw that she had been crying.

"I think," I continued, "that you and I may now change places, and I may tax you with looking wretchedly ill. What ails you?"

"I'm not ill, and yet I am ill," answered Doris. "I'm sick at heart, Joyce, and very unhappy," and her face was again hidden.

"Surely you have nothing to distress you? You heard from Mr. Chester yesterday, and——"

"I was not thinking of Gabriel. I am not troubling myself about him. It's Lynncourt, Joyce. I dare say it's wrong, but the feeling

grows stronger and stronger upon me that I cannot go there. Joyce, I do believe in presentiments; I can't help it; I have such a strong feeling that there's something not right in this matter. I don't know what I think. Sometimes I dare not think; but if I could only stay with Aunt Lotty, or go to Mrs. Howell, I should be so much happier than I shall ever be at Lynncourt."

"But you will not have long to stay there, Doris," I said.

She looked up at me with a searching glance.

"Why not?"

"You know why, Doris, as well as I do. It will only be until Mr. Chester returns from the continent."

"Uncle Carmichael's death may make a difference. Aunt Lotty will not like a wedding to follow a funeral so soon."

"I don't know. I never saw any reason why a marriage need be put off for a death, that is beyond a few weeks. It can be as quiet as people like to have it, and of course yours will be a very quiet wedding, Doris."

"I have few friends to invite to it, certainly, Joyce; but the wedding may be put off for other reasons."

"Doris! And is that what is fretting you?"

"No," returned Doris sharply. "I told you that it was Lynncourt that troubled me, Joyce," she continued, suddenly springing up and standing before me. "I've had strange thoughts lately, waking dreams that seem so real, dark shadows that fall across the little light that's shining upon me now. I feel as if I belonged to no one, as if I had no place, no home; as if I wanted to go forth into the world, and wander about until I had found a quiet resting-place for myself, and had forgotten all about Green Oake and Lynncourt, and could remember only the happy days when I was poor and with my mother. Joyce, I can't help it, and I'm sorry to speak ill of the dead; but I believe that Uncle Carmichael has gone to the grave with a lie on his soul."

I was startled by her energy. Besides, what had put this thought into her head, for I had not told her of Mr. Carmichael's last moments.

"Doris, Doris, be calm; don't speak so loud, Aunt Lotty might hear you."

She lowered her voice.

"Joyce," she went on in a subdued tone, "do you think that there was anything on his mind when he died? You were in the room, you saw him. I know he could not speak, but was there no sign by which you could judge?"

What did I know? How could I answer? Like herself I had suspicions, but my suspicions even yet were so vague that I dare not form them into words; yet still that one unproved and haunting theory was at work within me, and involuntarily the hidden thoughts of my mind burst forth,—

"I wonder if he tampered with your mother's packet?"

"When?" "The day your seal was lost."

Doris grasped my arm, she looked eagerly into my face.

"And you never said a word of this thought of yours to me?" said she reproachfully.

"I did not dare to breathe such an accusation on such slight grounds. I had no evidence, I had only an intuition to go upon."

"And now——"

"Mr. Carmichael's death-bed makes me feel convinced that I was right. There was something upon his mind, Doris, something that he strove to reveal when it was too late; and that something was connected with your mother's packet."

Doris sat still for a few minutes, very still; she held my arm with so tight a clasp that it was painful, but I did not move. Presently she loosed her fingers and rocked herself backward and forward, every now and then uttering a low moan like to some dumb animal in pain. At last she spoke, and her voice was forced and unnatural.

"Joyce, is it possible, do you think it possible, that my mother, that Ellen Carmichael was *not* my mother?"

I gave an irrepressible cry, the haunting suspicion born of the unproved theory was at length clothed in words, and stood out clear before me. Yet how could I bear to dash to the ground the fond belief of a life-time? I could not speak. But Doris, seizing both my hands, implored me that I would be truthful with her. That I would tell her if such a thought had ever crossed my mind. And I, with my arm round the poor trembling child, in broken accents answered,

"I have thought so, Doris."

"My mother, oh, my mother!" sobbed Doris.

And then in a low, sad voice she quoted this passage from the poor wife's story,—

"Two living women and two living babes were in the boat at night, but the dawn saw only one living mother, one living child—the other two had perished."

"One mother and one child were saved," said Doris, "but we are not told which! Oh! Joyce, Joyce, I see it all. How wicked, how cruel of uncle—no, thank heaven, he is not my uncle, I am no niece of his—. And yet *she* was his sister; my only mother; my blessed, angelic mother; the only mother I ever knew; no mother could have been tenderer to me. Oh! Joyce, I see it all."

And so did I, and seeing, wondered I had had not known it all along. It was wonderful how the scales had at once fallen from my eyes, and I was blind no longer. A hundred trivial circumstances I had not heeded or had overlooked rose up before me, and now the overwhelming certainty seemed stronger than ever the doubt had been. I marveled why I had not understood it all before; why I had hesitated to speak to Mr. Chester, even why I had not said to Mr. Carmichael upon his death-bed, "Doris is not your sister's daughter." And yet I had not shaped my thought clearly even then. It had come suddenly, now this moment, like a flash of lightning from a dark cloud that had been hovering on my horizon for many a day. So clear a revelation it now appeared that I wondered why it had ever been hidden from me.

Yet why should I thus reproach myself,—conviction does not force itself upon the mind all at once; there are many phases to go through ere one arrives at the truth, and until one has viewed a matter thoroughly in all its bearings, it is impossible to form an impartial decision. When one only half knows, or half suspects, everything is so vague, so dim, that it is useless to reason calmly, or to form any kind of judgment; one must wait until the whole lies mapped out before one, and one point can be set against another, one circumstance weighed with another, and facts and reason brought to bear where only suspicion and doubtful evidence existed before. Therefore I need not reproach myself; had it not been for that death-bed struggle, I might even now have had only dim surmisings instead of being in undoubting knowledge of the truth. For truth both Doris and I felt it to be, though we saw no means of ever proving it.

Very plain it now appeared to us that, on that morning in August, only a few months ago—and yet that seems so very far back now—Mr. Carmichael had, in some way, obtained possession of Doris's key, and had, during our absence, mutilated and arranged the contents of the packet in the manner that suited his purposes. We understood now the blots, the erasures, the torn sheets, the seeming omissions, and I remembered the two kinds of wax with which the seal was evidently made.

"Joyce, we can do nothing without Gabriel; he must come back."

I felt as Doris did, he was the person to consult; better even than Mr. Lynn, under the circumstances.

And poor Aunt Lotty! What a grief to her to know of her husband's guilt. But she must never know it. Surely Mr. Chester can help us in some way to keep the secret, or poor Aunt Lotty's gentle heart will be broken, and her recollections of the past be marred. Heaven grant that she may be spared the shattering of her idol, unworthy though he be.

I am not one of those stern iconoclasts who, for the sake of what they call candid speaking, and letting people know the whole truth, would deface an image in some weaker heart because loving fingers had chiseled it with too flattering a touch.

Aunt Lotty moves about the house quietly, looking very gentle and very sad in her black dress and widow's cap. Her tiny ringlets are brushed smoothly back, and her face looks none the worse for being a little paler. Poor Aunt Lotty, she believes herself to have suffered an irreparable loss. When she has got over her first grief, she will put up a monument in Craythorpe Church, setting forth the virtues of Hugh Carmichael, Esq. I almost think she is looking out appropriate texts now, for I see her making notes from her Bible, and it was open for a long time at the first psalm.

Oh, dear! What are inscriptions on tombstones worth? When I die, I shall leave a request that on my headstone may be written no other words than these: "Here lies Joyce Dorrmer."

CHAPTER XL.

MR. CHESTER was again in Rome,—in the wonderful city, the queen city, before whom all other cities must bow down, even in these later days, despite their high pretensions; for the past has cast a royal mantle over her, such as no other city shall ever boast; it was ages in weaving, and it will be ages ere it shall wear out, and to its last thread it will show a texture that can never be imitated; for the loom in which it was wrought is broken, and it is past the power of human skill to mend it.

Mr. Chester was in his studio, working at the painting whose completion was to send him back to England.

It was a brilliant picture, the deep blue of the sky was almost lost in the rich gold and crimson tints of sunset. The pillars of a portico stood dark and clear against the gorgeous mass of coloring. Upon the worn and broken steps a group of beggar children played, their dark locks seemingly fringed with a golden halo; whilst at a little distance stood two Carmelite monks, whose white garments assumed a grey tinge as they contrasted with the vivid glow that illumined the back-ground.

Mr. Chester stepped back a few paces to contemplate his work, but he was not satisfied. His hand had moved mechanically, but there was no spirit or force in the last touches. He was doing more harm than good. He was not in the humor for painting. He threw his brush aside and flung himself into a seat. He remembered that journey into Essex, and how he had longed to be at Rome once more, away from every one. Yet now that he had returned he felt restless and almost discontented. "The lines," had not fallen as he wished—places were not pleasant to him—"Glorious Rome," was beginning to lose her fascination. The syren-song had failed to lull him to repose as he had trusted it would. He had been in a restless, fevered state ever since his return. What had he done, how fixed his fate, so that no hand could unmake the life that he had planned out for himself?

The same feeling of treachery to Doris that had struck upon Joyce, smote upon him also. And Doris was to be his wife. Why had he acted so hastily? Did he repent? Supposing after all that Joyce—

Pshaw! Of what was he dreaming? He and Doris would be very happy together, and would soon forget Green Oake, and no—he should never forget; he wished himself at the antipodes, anywhere, and he restlessly paced the apartment. There was a gentle knock at the door, and a little Italian boy, whose face, beautiful as one of Raffaele's cherubs, had won him the place of errand-runner and non-descript-attendant to Mr. Chester, entered the room.

"A very large letter for the signore."

"It is a very large one, Antonio," replied his master, glancing at it mechanically; "leave it on the table."

The boy did as he was bidden, and then left the room, and Mr. Chester still paced up and down. He was in no hurry to read the letter,

for, in his mechanical glance, he had perceived that it was not from England, and he therefore felt no curiosity about it.

He was still absorbed in his reverie, and it caused him more pain than pleasure. He was battling with himself, and striving to reason himself into that philosophic state of mind that decides that "everything happens for the best."

It is the would-be consolatory theory of the greater part of the world, to judge by the continual repetition of the proposition, but it fails to carry all the comfort with it that it is designed to give. For when the "everything" has gone wrong, it is beyond the power of humanity to take up the proposition as a creed, and to say, "I believe it to be right," with whole heart and soul.

One has to let the edge of grief, indignation, disappointment, mortification, or whatever the adverse "everything" may have called forth, wear itself away ere one can in any way derive from the trite saying the smallest particle of consolation, and even then men rather settle down to a sort of discontented acquiescence in the turn matters have taken, through another philosophy that teaches that "what is once done cannot be undone."

In time Mr. Chester's reverie came to an end, and his return to this everyday world brought with it an impulse to open the "very large letter" that had been lying so long unheeded. It was from a friend with whom he had met on his last journey to England, and with whom he had traveled for nearly two days. What could he possibly have to say that involved such a bulk of correspondence? Mr. Chester leisurely broke the seal. Then he started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. For the parcel contained a very short note from his friend, accompanied by Doris's packet!

"Don't think me a thief," wrote his friend, "for I have not the slightest knowledge of how the enclosed came into my possession. All I can tell you is, that I found it a few days since amongst some papers that I had with me when you and I last met, and in some unaccountable manner your letter was, I suppose, spirited off amongst them into my portmanteau. I trust that its temporary loss has been of no great importance. I am inclined to believe that it cannot have been, as the letter, from its outward appearance, bears the marks of having been kept by you for some time."

So Doris's packet was found. Mr. Chester had something to occupy him now, he must at once despatch it, and this involved writing a letter. He was rather glad to be obliged to write a letter, for he could not help acknowledging to himself that he had not written to Doris quite as often as, under the circumstances, he might have done, but he had excused himself on the ground that he and Doris understood each other so well that a very vigorous correspondence was unnecessary. Nevertheless, conscience had not been altogether satisfied with this argument, and it was with a more hopeful feeling than he had lately indulged in, and with some gratitude to his friend, that he now sat down and wrote a long letter to Doris.

Now that the packet was found, he wondered that this chance of finding it had never occurred to him. It almost seemed to him as if he could remember the very moment at which it must have been transferred to his friend's papers. And he also distinctly recollected having seen the letter on the evening that he and his friend had been together, but he had until this moment entirely forgotten the circumstance. It was strange. How could he have forgotten it? Why had he not remembered it? Why? He was almost tempted to answer as Joyce would probably have done, "because it was otherwise written in the book of destiny." This wonderful book about whose paragraphs none can come to a conclusion, because it is written in an unknown language and with an invisible pen.

However, Doris's packet was found, he was glad of that, it seemed as though a weight were removed from him which he had scarcely felt until the moment of its removal. How would its finding affect Doris? How affect Mr. Carmichael? To the first question alone would there be an answer, for Mr. Carmichael was lying stiff and cold. His lips would never move again to speak truth or falsehood, his eyes would never unclothe again to look upon this world, wherein he had woven his tangled web. Good and evil were alike to him now. He was dead, and the world went on without him. A higher hand had held the secret that living he strove to keep, and dying he strove to reveal, and now it would be divulged, and he should have no part in its unraveling.

There was news upon the road that Mr. Chester little anticipated.

CHAPTER XLL FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY. A FEW DAYS LATER.

I SAID that I was beginning to believe in miracles, though why people should account one thing a miracle more than another, perhaps even if I went deep into the matter I could not determine. For if one sits down and considers the wonders and mysteries with which we are surrounded, everything is so wonderful that we are apt to get bewildered, and in our bewilderment to fall back on the old saying of "wonders will never cease," as a sort of half explanation of the fact that wonders are still in existence, and we feel that there is much wisdom and truth in the old saying and in old sayings generally, and we are grateful to the person who first made the remark, that afterwards passed into a proverb, though, for the matter of that, I think that all proverbs must have had a great many ancestors.

There, if I do not pause, I shall get into one of my dissertations; it is such a temptation when one is sitting pen in hand just to note down one's thoughts. But I must forbear, as I have a long episode to weave into my story to-night, and I have to write a short preface to explain how it happens that I have it to tell. After our conversation the other day, Doris wrote to Mr. Chester, but there has not been time for an answer to her letter yet, though a wonderful answer has come.

This morning Mr. Lynn sent up a large pack-

et addressed to Doris, in Mr. Chester's hand, and when she opened it, what should it contain but her mother's lost letter? Mr. Chester had found it, or rather had recovered it; it having been in the possession of a friend with whom he met and traveled some part of his journey to England. In some way the letter got amongst the papers of this friend, and was accidentally packed away in his portmanteau, and Mr. Chester received it from him on the very day of Mr. Carmichael's death.

It was an odd coincidence, and I am almost inclined to go off into a disquisition on something verging on spiritualism. But that would lead me too far astray. So I return to my subject. I was in the drawing room, running my fingers very softly over the piano. I did not like to strike the notes loud, lest Aunt Lotty, wandering about the house might hear them, and they might jar upon her. But I was not destined to play long without interruption. Doris, with tears streaming down her cheeks, rushed excitedly into the room.

"It is found, Joyce, it is found, everything will be made clear; you must come with me and read it." And she closed the piano and hurried me away up-stairs.

"What is found?" said I.

"The packet, my mother's packet. Take it, Joyce, and read it to me. I can't read it, the letters are all swimming before me and I can't see a word."

No wonder she could not see, for her tears blinded her, and mine blinded me many times before I had finished reading the letter. I took it from her, and read as follows:—

MY BELOVED DORIS,—Only for your own sake would I put down on paper what I have kept secret for so many years. As long as I was with you there was no need to reveal it, and I believed it for your own happiness not to do so. But I look forward to a time when I shall have left you, and my Doris will be alone in the world. Then it may happen that the information I am about to give you may prove useful and for your interest.

Doris, it almost breaks my heart to tell you, it seems like severing the tie that has been so sacred between us, and yet I could not have loved you better than I have done, had you been my own child. For Doris, my darling, you are not my daughter, you are not my own child.

You have often heard me speak of that fearful night when the Albatross went down, and of the little boat wherein two helpless women and their babes were launched upon the wild, desolate ocean. One was a young French lady with her child about the age of my own.

It was an awful night; the waves roared around us; we were tossed hither and thither; but we clung to the boat, and gradually the waters calmed, though they still heaved mightily.

We scarcely spoke to one another, though now and then, to break the monotony of the sullen roar of the subsiding waters, I whispered a word of comfort to the Frenchwoman, and she answered me back.

She held her baby tight in one arm, the little

creature clinging to her mother's neck. Mine was fast clasped to my breast, with my shawl folded round it, to shield it from the piercing cold, for it was but a delicate creature; and, in silence, we still held on to the boat, for though the wind had abated, the sea swell was very heavy.

After awhile I spoke again to the French lady; I only said one word,—"Courage?" She did not answer me immediately, but at length in a low gasping tone she said,—

"Mon enfant; O mon Dieu! mon enfant!"

I bent forward.

"Is the child dead?"

And then the little thing began to cry, a healthy, lusty cry, and so I knew that it was all right. And the mother hushed it feebly to rest, and it slept again. Then once more she spoke to me, this time grasping my hand, so feebly, oh so feebly, and she said,—

"Mon enfant! O mon Dieu! mon enfant!"

And she never spoke again; the night was too dark for me to see her. And again there was silence. My own child never cried, it slept peacefully. I wrapped the shawl closer round it, for it seemed cold, and then I loosened the skirt of my dress and folded that around it too. I did not mind the wind and cold myself, so that my little Doris, my delicate one, could be saved from suffering.

Darker and darker grew the night, the morn was approaching, and the darkest hour comes just before the dawning. Ah! it was lighter—far lighter to me than the brightest morning, for I clasped my living baby to my heart. But when the sun rose my little child was dead. The pitiless storm had beaten down my flower; it was too fragile to bear exposure to the cold. My child was dead, my little Doris. I tried to think that she was but asleep: I spoke to her, I kissed her, I stroked the flaxen hair away, for the round shining ringlets had fallen over the brow. I tried to warm her hands and feet, but it was all in vain,—my little child was dead! So was the poor French lady. She had burst a blood-vessel in the night, and when I heard her moaning over her child she knew that she was dying. And the sorrowful cry sounded in my ears, "Mon enfant! O mon Dieu! mon enfant!" The mother had surely meant it as an appeal to me when with her feeble fingers she had clasped my hand.

Her head was resting on the side of the boat, and the child was still clinging to her neck. Could it be also dead? I gently laid my baby down, very gently, for I could not believe that it would never smile on me again.

And then I lifted up the other child. Its clothes were stained with its mother's blood. I unclasped its hands from the dead mother's neck and took it in my arms, and pressed it close to me to keep it warm; and then I sat down, overcome with grief and horror. In one arm I tenderly held my own dead child, and in the other the still sleeping orphan. And at my feet lay the poor dead mother. I covered her face with a handkerchief, and crossed her waxen hands upon her breast.

And the sun rose higher and higher; the sky was blue and clear, and not a cloud floated over it. And there I sat alone—alone, with not a living soul to speak to, with not a living creature near me, save the poor Frenchwoman's sleeping babe.

I could not weep, my tears seemed all dried up; I felt no fear, I felt a dreadful calm; I knew I must wait patiently until I grew fainter and fainter and death in mercy should stretch out his arms to receive me. I had no hope, and yet I had no fear.

I sat gazing dreamily around, not noticing, not thinking of anything; I was, as it were, in a trance. And suddenly a white speck appeared on the horizon, growing ever larger and larger. It was a vessel, that slowly and steadily made towards me; but still in my dream I never thought of it as a means of rescuing me from my perilous situation. Motionless I sat, with the dead and the living child on my knees; and the boat drifted hither and thither.

Nearer the vessel came, I could see the sailors in the rigging now. Presently I heard a shout, but I still sat in my trance, not heeding, not stirring. And the vessel came nearer now; men were unloosing a boat, then it was lowered and oars were plashing through the water. The sailors were foreign; I could not tell whether Spanish or Portuguese, as I did not understand the language. They would have taken me into their boat, but I pointed to the dead woman and shook my head.

They were evidently at a loss how to act, but after some conference they fastened a rope to the boat and towed it to the vessel.

There was a French priest on board, who spoke a little broken English, and I made him comprehend that I could not leave the bodies unburied, and I prayed him to use his influence that they might be decently committed to the sea. Nothing would induce the captain to take the bodies on board, the sailors were so averse to it, but they might be fastened up in a shroud, and the priest might say a prayer over them.

I kissed my dead baby over and over again, and placed it in the dead mother's arms. I wiped away the stains of blood from her face; and kissing her, I made a vow that I would be as a mother to her child.

So they were buried in the ocean, thy dead mother, Doris, and my dead babe. The priest said a prayer over them, and with a heavy splash they descended into the bosom of the deep. Then I woke up, for I had been in a trance till then; that splash had waked me up. I gave a shriek. I tried to spring into the water after them. My child, my child, my little Doris! Gone, gone, and I was quite alone now. One kindly woman held me back, and another took you gently and tended you; and I fell down insensible, and there was a long dark interval, wherein I remembered nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was lying on a sofa in the cabin, and at first I thought I was on board the Albatross. And they put you into my arms, and as I looked upon you and knew that you were not my own Doris, it all came

back to me, and I recalled that awful night on the waters, and the death of my little child, and a sob that almost choked me rose in my throat; I shrieked with the pain of it, it seemed as if it would rend my heart, and I should suffocate. And then a burst of tears came, and I wept on and on until I could weep no longer, and with those tears I christened you anew, and called you Doris after my lost babe.

Your mother and my babe went down to their deep resting-place together, and as I pressed the living baby to my heart, I vowed that unto death I would be as a mother to you, and that you should never feel the loss of her who died at sea. I know not if I did right, my darling; but we two were all in all to one another, and none could have guarded you more faithfully than I have done.

* * * * *

And now that I have revealed this secret to you, I desire you, in case of any trouble, to take this letter to John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt, and for my sake he will treat you as a daughter. Doris, he is my husband; he believes that I was drowned when the Albatross was lost on its homeward passage; and I have only lately known that he is still alive, for I believed him to have died a cruel death before I left Australia.

* * * * *

I shall give this to Gabriel Chester, who will take care of it, in case any accident should happen to the packet I intend to place in your hands. I can tell you nothing of your own mother, save that her name was De Ligny, and she was a widow.

* * * * *

I longed to see Doris's face, but it was hidden. I wondered how she would bear the information contained in the letter.

She was crying very quietly and did not lift up her face, but she said, "I shall always call her my mother, Joyce."

Then she was silent again. Presently she raised her head. "Joyce," she said; "I am very glad to know all this. It makes me independent."

I wondered what she meant, for it sounded somewhat enigmatical.

"I would rather be alone in the world and belonging to no one, and be able to shape my own course."

Had she forgotten Mr. Chester? Of what was she thinking? I was half inclined to ask her, but I scarcely knew how to do so. She seemed to perceive what was passing in my mind, for she said, "You are thinking of Gabriel."

"Yes, I was."

"I have been thinking of him too, a great deal more seriously of late than I have ever done before; but I think that he and I can arrange matters according to our satisfaction."

"Of course you can, Doris," I answered, somewhat energetically, for I feared she had misunderstood me; "this will not make the slightest difference to Mr. Chester. Why should it?"

"I am not Mr. Lynn's daughter now; I shall have no fortune," said Doris, demurely.

"Doris!" I exclaimed; "as if Mr. Chester

would care for that. You don't in your heart believe such a thing of him."

"You don't evidently," she answered; "you are beginning to appreciate him at last. Take care that I am not jealous, Joyce."

Jealous! Doris jealous of me! That I knew she would never be; but, somehow, her words sank into my heart and humbled me; for though I knew that they were spoken at random, they made me feel more keenly than ever how lightly Mr. Chester esteemed me by the side of Doris. Jealous! Ah no! The jealousy, if it existed, should be on my side. But I look into my heart as I sit here writing, and I am thankful that I can say with truth that no jealousy of Doris holds a place therein. I have kept my love free from such a taint, and I trust I shall do so unto the end. Jealousy is too contemptible for even poor Joyce Dormer to think of.

What I need is patience, most excellent of Christian graces. Not stoic indifference, not sluggish apathy, but that brave, gentle virtue that helps us to conquer life when all is dark and antagonistic around us. Doubtless he is a great man who can command an army, but truly I think he is a greater who doth possess his soul in patience.

CHAPTER XLII.

"LETTERS," said Aunt Lotty; "and one for you, Doris, with a foreign postmark."

And Doris, taking her letter, read it eagerly.

"Gabriel is coming, Aunt Lotty," said she; "he will be here in a day or two; perhaps to-morrow."

The first gleam of pleasure that had shown itself on Aunt Lotty's countenance since her husband's death beamed upon it now as she answered, "How kind, how thoughtful of him to come to us in our trouble. Ah, if he could but have been here to see poor dear Mr. Carmichael before he died! But that was not to be, or it would have been, and it's a great comfort to me, dear, that he's coming now; I shall have some one to talk to about business matters, and to advise me, and as he is going to be my nephew, I shall feel quite at home with him. There's something so friendly about Mr. Chester. To be sure Mr. Lynn's willing to do everything, and he's very kind; but then he has his own troubles, poor man, and heavy enough they are. And though he's your father, Doris, I can't help saying that he's not like Mr. Chester."

Joyce caught Doris's eye glancing at her, and she knew that Doris, like herself, was wondering how matters could ever be explained to Aunt Lotty, so that she should have no misgivings as to her husband's conduct.

To Joyce it appeared simply impossible. But, when Mr. Chester came, he did so manage affairs that Aunt Lotty remained in blissful ignorance of Mr. Carmichael's manifold transgressions. For Mr. Chester made no explanations, and Aunt Lotty, following the habit she had fallen into during Mr. Carmichael's lifetime, asked no questions. When Mr. Chester stated that the lost letter was found, and that from

from it they ascertained that Doris was not the daughter of Ellen Carmichael, but of the poor French lady who was lost at sea, she heard him patiently to the end, accepted the information as it stood, and made her own comments.

"I think," she said, "that poor dear Mr. Carmichael must have had some suspicion of this, and that was the reason he was so anxious about Doris's letter. But, of course, he would not like to breathe such a thing; it would have been so cruel to Mr. Lynn to cast a shadow of doubt upon his happiness. Mr. Carmichael was always so considerate, so thoughtful."

And Aunt Lotty was satisfied; and it never entered into her heart to imagine evil. It never had entered into her heart during her husband's lifetime, and now death had rendered such imagination more than ever impossible,

Oh, kindly veil, that death hath thrown over the dead man's sins! Oh, simple, loving heart, that thinketh no evil. The world is better for such hearts, despite their exceeding simpleness. There is something touching—something almost sublime in their credulity, that makes the wisdom of wiser people bow down and take a second place in their presence.

The sequel to the story was no surprise to Mr. Chester; he had from the first suspected that all was not as Mr. Carmichael had represented it to be; though why or wherefore it was not so, he would have been at a loss to determine. To break the intelligence to Mr. Lynn would, he felt, be a much more difficult and painful task than he had had with Aunt Lotty; and to tell the truth, he rather shrank from it. A man does not care to witness the emotion of another, to see him betray his weakness: it is, as it were, a reflection of himself that it hurts his pride to look upon. Wherefore Mr. Chester became cowardly, and spoke to Doris as follows:—

"Would not this explanation come better from Miss Dormer than from any one else? She and Mr. Lynn were together when Mr. Carmichael died, and it would be so natural for her to explain to him the meaning of Mr. Carmichael's distress,—the burden that he had upon his mind. And then it would come lighter from a woman's hand than from mine. I have no sympathy for this dead man, I don't profess to have any; but he is the husband of her aunt, and she can state the case better than I could. Do you think she would undertake it?"

"I am sure she would," replied Doris, "if you really wish it. Joyce is the best person I know, and the best person you know, if you would only confess it. As for faults—"

"Miss Dormer's faults,—" began Mr. Chester, but Doris interrupted him.

"I don't wish to hear you descant upon them. I don't care for people altogether without failings; they're not so loveable. Faults make people more perfect, Gabriel."

"You are incomprehensible, Doris. Do you mean that a person with faults is more perfect than a person without?"

"It is one of those theories, Gabriel, that you will not understand."

"Can not—Is it not?"

"I don't know. What I mean is this, that virtues become more perfect if they have something to strive against. The noblest natures are those that overcome the greatest imperfections."

"Then it is well for the character to have great faults in order to become perfect by exercising virtue. What do you say to most vices being merely degenerate virtues, and virtues but elevated vices,—firmness and obstinacy, carefulness and avarice, amiability and indolence, patience and apathy?"

"You can't make much of a list, Gabriel. No; I don't believe in anything of the sort; but when I began to talk about Joyce, I was not thinking of any of these things. There was a question I wanted to ask you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Do you like me well enough to answer an honest question?"

"Doris!"

She drew nearer to him, and put her hand on his shoulder, looking straight into his eyes.

"What is this very serious and important question?" said he, taking her other hand in his, and looking up into the beautiful eyes that were fixed upon him.

She did not hesitate,—she spoke very quietly and steadily:

"Gabriel, why did you ask me to marry you, when you liked Joyce better?"

Mr. Chester sprang from his seat and stood before her—

"What makes you ask such a question, Doris?" he demanded, almost sternly.

"That I may have an answer," she returned, still gazing up at him. "Is it such a very difficult question to reply to? Perhaps I can help you, if you will listen to me. Do you remember the night before you went away, that I was sitting looking into the fire, and I told you that I was making a story, and that I was farther advanced in it than was Joyce in hers, for of mine I knew the ending. I was sitting with my eyes half-closed, but I could see for all that, and I was shaping indistinct thoughts and memories into firm convictions, and as one light flashed upon me after another I wondered that it had been so long darkness with me. I laughed to myself to think how blind every one else was, for now that the bandage was removed, I could see so very plainly: I saw how you and Joyce had been misunderstanding and fretting one another; and I knew that you cared for Joyce."

Mr. Chester started; he had seated himself again, and Doris was sitting on a footstool at his feet, as she used to do in those olden days so far away, when he was her teacher and guide, and she a little child. But she was older now and graver, and she felt able to teach the strong man and to help him with her counsel—with her woman's clearer intuitions. And she went on—

"I saw that you cared for Joyce. Hush! you must hear me to the end," she said, for Mr. Chester made a movement as if to stop her words; "you believed that your love was hopeless. And then I was in trouble, and you thought to help me out of it by giving what love you had to give to little Doris, and you and I both hoped we

should be happy. You said you had no one in the world to care for you but me."

"Doris, my darling," said Mr. Chester, stroking back her hair, "what has put all these strange thoughts into your head to-night?"

But she looked up reproachfully.

"You must be true, Gabriel; you must not try to deceive me. Let me go on with what I read in the fire that night. I further read that you and I had both been wrong; that you, with another love in your heart, should not have asked for mine, and that I, with no love in mine, should not have promised to be your wife. For, Gabriel, although I love you very much, it is not the love I ought to give, and neither of us would be satisfied. Therefore I wish our engagement to be at an end."

Mr. Chester looked at her wonderingly.

"Is it my little Doris who tells me she does not love me?"

"I love you too well, Gabriel, to do what is neither for your happiness nor for mine. I have had a wish all along that you and Joyce should marry, and that I should come and be with you both. I cannot tell you Joyce's secrets, because she has not told them to me. But I read in the fire that both she and you were mistaken in each other. It may be true, and it may not be; but, Gabriel, promise me that you will try to find out."

"Doris——" began Mr. Chester.

"No," she replied; "I will hear nothing that you have to say. Nothing will change my mind. We two are not suited for one another, and I have broken off my engagement. Will it break your heart?" she added, laughingly; but the tears were in her eyes.

Not sorrowful tears, but tears that would come, she knew not why, making her heart feel lighter and happier than it had done for many a day.

CHAPTER XLIV. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

THE spring is almost here, and it will steal on quietly and swiftly to throw itself into the arms of summer, and when the summer comes, Doris will go. She and Mr. Chester are to be married then, and go to Italy, and my story will be over, and I scarcely think I shall have the heart to begin another.

I am sorry for Mr. Lynn; the link that bound him to his first wife is severed by this late counter-revelation.

It was a terrible shock to him to find Doris was not his child, I could perceive that, though he strove to conceal how deeply he felt Mr. Carmichael's cruel deception. I had broken it to him as gently as I could.

"Mr. Lynn," I said, "I have come to speak to you upon a sorrowful matter, something connected with the death of Mr. Carmichael."

"If there is anything in which I can be of use to you or to your Aunt, pray let me know," he answered, his thoughts taking a direction quite away from himself.

"There is nothing, Mr. Lynn: though there is a request, a favor I shall beg of you when I have told you what I have to say."

I paused, and he waited for me to begin; but it required some courage, and mine was beginning to ooze away. My heart was beating so fast that I could almost hear it, and my lips trembled so that it seemed to me I should not be able to pronounce a single word distinctly enough to be understood.

At length I spoke.

"There was something upon Mr. Carmichael's mind when he died—something that he wished to tell you of, if he had had the power—something for which he would have asked your forgiveness, but it was too late."

"Yes."

"I know now what that something was, that weighed so heavily upon him in his dying moments."

Mr. Lynn was silent, he waited for me to continue.

And then I began to be a coward. How could I tell him what I knew, and dash away the cup of comfort from his lips?

And still he waited. Then I debated in my own mind how to break the disappointing intelligence to him. And the longer I waited, the more cowardly I became. I had no diplomatic skill to break the tidings skillfully; I could not lead him step by step up a ladder of suspense, stabbing his heart at every forward motion, a cruel, lingering way of telling a hard truth that has to be known; for the heart knows that there is more to learn, and waits in mute agony for the final blow. No, anything is better than suspense. Better to learn one's misery at once better at once to feel the sore sharp wound than to watch in sickening apprehension the sharpening of the knife that is to make it.

I don't think I thought all this at the time, but somehow it came into my heart how I should like to be dealt with myself in such a case, and acting on the impulse of the moment I said—

"Mr. Carmichael has deceived you; Doris is not the daughter of his sister."

Mr. Lynn looked at me as though he did not comprehend what I was saying.

"Doris," I went on, "is the daughter of the French lady who died at sea. Your own child was the one that perished."

Still Mr. Lynn made no answer, but looked at me.

"Your little child died sleeping on its mother's breast, her arms were round it; her lips kissed it to its wakeless rest. It never knew care nor sorrow. Oh! do not grieve over it, Mr. Lynn."

I was half crying myself. Why did Mr. Chester ask me to do this?

At last Mr. Lynn spoke.

"Thank you, Miss Dormer, for taking this errand upon yourself. From no one could the words have come with less pain."

And then I fairly sobbed, and perhaps that was the best thing I could do, for it roused Mr. Lynn and gave another turn to his thoughts.

"You said you had a request to make: what is it?"

I had forgotten it, but now it darted into my mind.

"Poor Aunt Lotty," said I, "she does not

know how her husband has sinned. She has always been deceived in him."

Would Mr. Lynn understand me? Yes, he understood me, and he answered—

"Your aunt shall never know the truth from me."

I placed Doris's packet in his hands, and then I went away.

As I went I mused how sorrow seems to come to some and not to others. How some lives seem blighted at every turn, whilst others are so brimful of happiness.

They say that if we take one life with another, that we shall find happiness and misery pretty equally divided throughout the world. But this is a proposition the truth of which I have not perhaps fairly investigated, and so I will not decidedly pronounce upon it; still I may remark that at present I do not believe in it. Perhaps I may think differently when I am safely moored in the Age of Faith, for then I may see with other eyes, but at present my eyesight fails me; it may be a mental near-sightedness that will wear off and leave me with clearer vision as time wears on.

Just as I reached the hall-door, Archie and Ernie ran after me. They wanted to know where Doris was, and when she was coming to see them. And as I looked upon their bright, happy faces, I prophesied a fair future for Mr. Lynn in spite of his present sorrow. Yet what a pity it is that Doris is not their sister, and cannot take care of them. Still that would have been only for a time, for in the summer Doris would leave them. Yes, in the summer Doris and Mr. Chester will have gone, and perhaps I may never see them again. They are neither kith nor kin to any of us at Craythorpe, but have been drifted into the current and floated along with us for a time; but our way is not their way, and soon they will sail away.

And the last page of my book will record the marriage of my heroine; my romance will be brought to a close; my dream will be ended; and I, Joyce Dormer, shall awake to matter-of-fact life once more, such as I used to lead at Credlington.

CHAPTER XLV. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

"For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

And having written this down, I pause to collect my ideas. I thought it would be so easy to write down everything just as it happened; but now it seems to me that all is confusion, and I know not where or how to begin. My hand trembles so that I can scarcely hold my pen, and the letters run into one another and are misshapen. How foolish I am! Is happiness so much harder to bear than sorrow? Sometimes I think it is; for sorrow is a stern disciplinarian, and teaches one to obey orders. Sorrow keeps one in file, and so one marches on and on with the same monotonous tread, never breaking the ranks.

But happiness is an easy, careless general, who gives no strict commands, and makes life light service to us; yet perhaps not quite so safe,

as we are more off our guard when we need to be keeping a watchful look-out. Not that I have had much sorrow, but somehow there has been a weight upon me these last few months. I was trying to get rid of it, and I should have done so in time, but now that it is suddenly lifted off without any effort of my own, I feel as if I had not been brave enough—as if I ought to have dashed the weight to the ground long ago by my own strength. Perhaps, however, I cannot realize how great a weight it was, now that my happiness has cast it away. I feel now as if I had been crushed down too much by it, and that it took too firm a hold upon me. And so I have sunk in my own estimation, and see that I, Joyce Dormer, am a poor weak character, not fitted to battle with the world. And yet I did my best—my best! Ah, that is the mortification, to think that my best was no better.

How surprised Aunt Lotty will be when she knows what has happened; but she cannot be more surprised than I was when Mr. Chester told me.

And now I think the clouds are clearing away from my mental vision, and I can note down with more precision events as they happened.

Doris and Mr. Chester were in Mr. Carmichael's study. Not that I knew they were there, or I should not have gone in. I thought they had walked over to Lynncourt again; for Mr. Lynn seems able to talk to Doris about his first wife more freely than before this last revelation came to our knowledge. They have both received a shock through it, and can, perhaps, the better sympathize on that account.

I wanted a book, so I went in, and there I found Doris and Mr. Chester.

"Oh, Joyce!" said Doris, "you are the very person we were talking about. Gabriel wants to speak to you about something."

Mr. Chester looked very much confused, and I could see that he was not altogether pleased with Doris's speech, neither was I; but no one can guard against Doris's odd speeches, and I am beginning to get accustomed to them. Therefore I answered,—

"Some other time will do for that, Doris. I want a book now."

For I could see that Mr. Chester was annoyed. But Doris only laughed, and said that there was no time like the present; "and as it is half about myself, Joyce, I have a right to command Gabriel to tell you when I please."

And before I could make any reply she had darted out of the room, and left me standing by the book-shelves, and Mr. Chester opposite to me.

I think we both felt very uncomfortable, still I determined not to show it; so I sat down and said very quietly—

"I am ready to hear anything you wish to say about Doris."

Mr. Chester did not seem as if he had anything particular to say, or at any rate as if he particularly wished to say it; for he made no answer, and evidently did not know how to begin the subject.

I tried to think what it could possibly be, in

order to help him, and then it flashed upon me that it must be something about the wedding; so I said, "I think it is your marriage, Mr. Chester; perhaps you would wish it to take place sooner than you think Aunt Lotty would like after her husband's death. But, I am sure, in this case, Aunt Lotty will make no objection to anything you proposed. I think I can undertake any negotiation with her that you and Doris may wish. Please let me know if there is anything in which I can be of use."

I think my long speech had a beneficial effect, for Mr. Chester appeared to be more at his ease, and yet there was something so serious in his look that I could not understand it.

"No, Miss Dormer, it was something of the kind," he replied; "I am not going to marry Doris; she has broken off the engagement. She does not care for me."

"Not care for you?" I exclaimed, starting up; "not care for you, Mr. Chester? Surely you are mistaken."

"No," he answered calmly; "there is no mistake; she does not care for me, and our engagement is at an end."

"Oh, Mr. Chester, I am so sorry; I am so grieved for you!"—He looked at me earnestly as I said this—"Oh, cannot I help you?—it is not true?"

"It is quite true; she does not care for me."

He spoke very slowly, and I was surprised even in the midst of my other surprise, to hear him speak so calmly, almost—it seemed to me, so indifferently of the matter.

"Cannot I help you?" I asked again; "can I not persuade Doris?" Here I stopped, for I did not quite know what there was for me to persuade Doris to do.

"No," he replied; "nothing can be done. Doris and I have agreed that we do not like one another well enough to marry, therefore nothing can be done."

I was almost too much astonished to speak, but I managed to say, "No," in a very faint and perplexed voice; then I added, "I suppose Doris did not like to tell me this herself?"

"I do not know; but though I had intended to have left it to her to tell, I am not sorry that she has left it to me."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"Miss Dormer," he went on, "I cannot say I made a mistake; for when I asked Doris to marry me, I know that I liked some one else."

"That was wrong," I said, gravely, almost indignantly; for it seemed to me then that I comprehended how it was, and I knew what Doris's spirit was, and that she would at once give up Mr. Chester when she found out the state of the case.

"How could you do it?" said I; "poor Doris!"

Mr. Chester saw what turn my thoughts had taken.

"No," he said; "I am not to blame in the way you suppose. Doris never cared about me. She told me as much in the first instance; but we were both in doubt and difficulty and in some trouble, and so we trusted to getting out of it by

taking a false step, thinking it to be a very safe and eligible one."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"Surely, Mr. Chester, that was not the way to overcome any trouble. The best way is to face it and look at it steadily until one can bear to have it gaze steadily back again (that is, after the first shock is over, for perhaps one can't quite do that at first,) for trouble has to be borne in this world."

I had had a little experience of my own, so I felt that I could moralize with good effect. And so I spoke rather energetically, for I could not quite get out of my head that Doris somehow required compassionating. However, Mr. Chester replied,—

"You see Doris and I had not had time to get over the first shock. We were both harrassed, and vexed and grieved; but when we came to consider everything, we saw that we had made a mistake, and so Doris——"

"Then it was Doris who found out——"

"Yes, Miss Dormer; it was Doris who found out that there was some one I liked better than herself. Doris found out my hopeless love when she was reading her story in the fire that evening, if you remember."

I did remember; and then, for the first time, I also remembered that on that night I had felt the strange feeling of treachery to Doris, and then—no, I could not believe it—it was too incredible; and yet—— For Mr. Chester was standing close beside me, and he asked me, "Miss Dormer, have you no idea who that other person is?"

Then I knew it all in a moment, but I did not answer; and I suppose he knew that I knew it, for he asked again,—

"Joyce, do you not know?"

Then I said, "Yes;" for what else could I say but the truth? I did not speak very loud; indeed, it was quite a whisper, but Mr. Chester heard it and was satisfied.

And then—but I cannot tell exactly all that was said, so perhaps I had better not write it down as I like to be quite truthful in my narrations. I may, however, say that Mr. Chester made me fully understand all about his engagement to Doris, and that she desires with her whole heart that I should be his wife. And so this present marvel has come to pass; "the morrow" has brought forth that which I expected not; another river than that flowing through Dormer-land has rolled its waters at my feet; roses, such as grew not in Dormer-gardens, have bloomed forth suddenly within my grasp; and as I close my diary for to-night, I note down in wonder at my happiness, that Doris will have her wish gratified.

CHAPTER XLVI. JOYCE DORMER'S LAST ENTRY.

WAVE follows wave in the tide of time with ceaseless flow; on, on, to the ocean of eternity. No end to that which hath no beginning; the ages back are as countless as the ages that are to come, and man comprehends it not.

How quickly time flies! I can scarcely real-

ize that nearly six months have slipped away since Mr. Carmichael's death.

Yet so it is. The snowdrops peeped up in January to whisper that Proserpine was already beginning to weary of the darksome regions of Orcus; then the gold and purple crocuses crept forth to tell the same story, and soon the violets breathed forth the rumor they had heard underground of how Proserpine was fastening on her silver sandals, and that Pluto was grieving that he must part with his wife. But Ceres was getting impatient; so were the flowers; they had heard so much of the broad sun and the blue heavens, that they longed to wake up and look at them, but they could not open their eyes until Proserpine had come. Then suddenly upon a moonlight night she slipped through her prison gates and reached the wide free earth. And the forest boughs bent, and a deep murmur went through the woods to tell of her approach, and the waves lingered on the shore to sing a sweet song, whose burden was, "Hail, Proserpine!" And when the morning broke, the breezes wafted the news far and near, and the sun chased all the clouds away, and sat on a throne of pure sapphire, so that the flowers awoke to find the skies bluer than they had dreamed of, and they worshiped silver-footed Proserpine as she passed by, and prayed that her reign might be long.

Fairer and fairer grew the flowers to welcome her, and now her reign has reached its summit of glory, and it is summer in the land.

Ah, why need I go back to old myths to describe how spring and summer stole over the earth and loaded it with bud and blossom?

Joyce Dormer, thou wert ever a dreamer; thou wert ever wont to look back with longing eyes into that beautiful past, more beautiful now, inasmuch as time hath spread a veil of magic tissue between it and thee.

As I write I am looking from the little porch window upon the same peaceful landscape that met my tearful eyes scarcely a year ago. But it is even more beautiful now, for the shadow of decay has not yet fallen upon it. Trees, pastures, lands are in their richest garments, and my heart drinks in the beauty of the scene, and is refreshed and comforted as it was before.

O mother earth, how very fair thou art! how tender, how compassionate to thy children! How dost thou mutely appeal to them, suggesting thoughts of higher, holier, happier things than it is in the lot of most of us to grasp.

Well may the poor city toiler be tempted at sight of thee to fall down and worship, saying, "I have found heaven;" for peace comes with the sight of so much beauty—it is as if a voice were speaking to us:—

"The earth is mine and the fullness thereof; have I not made it for thee, O man? have I not given it unto thee? have I not cared for thee?"

Yes, I was comforted as in that time before, when my heart was sad and bitter, and well nigh rebelled against the cup I had to drink, and which I would fain have flung away. But better resolves came, and as I bent my lips to taste the bitter waters, behold they have turned sweet.

How short a time since I came here; and yet

how much has passed! I seem to have lived through another lifetime, and to have gained the wisdom of a lifetime in the last few months. I came here a child as regards the world, fresh from my quiet home and book-worm dreams; but I leave Green Oake a woman. Yes, I leave Green Oake to-morrow, and it will be my home no longer.

To-morrow will be my wedding-day, and Doris is to be my only bridesmaid. And I thought all through my story that I should have been hers. But she tells me now that that could never have been. Furthermore, she declares that I'm not half so good a story maker as she is, for my stories are not so true to life.

Perhaps I differ from her, still I only answer—"But how could I look forward to such an ending?"

"That is precisely where it is," says Doris, "your imagination failed you at the most critical point. You are not fit to weave romances, Joyce."

And maybe she is right.

Doris is going to remain with Aunt Lotty, and seems quite happy in the thought of it. Aunt Lotty has been drawn towards her more than ever since she has read that passage in the poor wife's story.

"Doris," she said, "she who was a mother to you had faith in me. Stay with me, and be my child, as you were hers."

And poor little Doris, throwing her arms round Aunt Lotty's neck, replied—

"I am a waif thrown on the kindness of strangers. I have nowhere else to go."

But that is not the reason that she stays, and Aunt Lotty knows it.

Doris is not known by her rightful name at Craythorpe. She is no longer Miss Carmichael, but Doris de Ligny, the adopted child of Mr. Carmichael's sister, and daughter of the widowed French lady who perished at sea.

Aunt Lotty holds Mr. Chester in as high estimation as ever, and I know it will be a life-long problem to her, which she will never solve, how it could possibly happen that Doris did not care for him.

Perhaps it may be a difficulty to me, also; but that is a fact I only note down in my diary.

Mr. Chester asked me the other day if he yet found a place in my story. I did not answer him, but Doris answered for me.

"You have been the hero all throughout, Gabriel, but no one found it out but myself. You see I had more penetration than you, despite your superior wisdom."

And Mr. Chester laughed, and Aunt Lotty brought out her staple quotation—

"The course of true love never did run smooth; and I think yours is sure to be a happy marriage, Joyce, because there has been a mistake about it."

Which paradoxical argument appeared to be perfectly simple and satisfactory to Aunt Lotty; and as we all understood it, no one offered any objection.

Uncle Dormer is here. He and Mr. Lynn are the only guests to-morrow, for Aunt Lotty wishes

the wedding to be as quiet as possible. So do I. Six bridesmaids, in tulle veils and wonderful dresses, would make me no happier; nor would they stand in the place of my dear Doris in her simple attire.

But the shadows of evening are falling across the landscape, and I have been sitting here so long that Aunt Lotty will wonder what has become of me.

I must close my diary.

Wait! One more look back into the past ere I shut the clasp upon Joyce Dormer's last entry.

I close my eyes, and, lo! the pageant of the past rises confusedly before me. A little child beside a shining river points to a tiny boat, and beckons me enter it, and float with her along the flower-crowned waters. And then fleeing through a snow-storm. And then a funeral sweeps across my vision. And all the while a medley of sights and sounds hovers around me, glimpses of light, and blotches of sorrow-spots, and nothing clear. Then I hear the low pealing thunder and the roar of heavy breakers, and through the blackness and the tumult can descry a stately vessel beating amidst the raging billows. Then comes a wail of despair, a shriek of agony. And then the storm is hushed, and, kneeling on her knees, I see a woman pray, and rise up patient and enduring. Oh! never will her story cease from my heart, but, like a dirge, sound ever mournfully therein, yet sweet and clear, for the strain floats upward to heaven, a long life-prayer that the angel Sandalphon weaves into his fairest garland.

The clouds dispel, the darkness flees away, and athwart the clear grey sky a rainbow of loveliest hues is thrown, and in its glowing colors I read one word—"Hope!"

And bluer grow the heavens, and in their midst a star is shining—a star so bright that the sun's light dims it not.

Shine on, O Star of Faith! shine on for ever through my life—through grief, through joy; in time of adversity, in time of wealth; through dark night-watches, and through fair bright days, until thou lightest me into the sure haven wherein I may find "Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved, and wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

I close my diary. Another epoch in my life is over, and with the morrow another epoch will begin.

The tale that I began half in my dreams to weave is told—"Joyce Dormer's Story" is ended.

SUSPICIOUSNESS

Who does not know Furtive? He is under the belief that all the world wants to deceive him and take him in, or play tricks upon him. He is like a dog that has once, in a moment of confidence, bolted a piece of meat well seasoned with mustard: he ever afterwards looks out for hidden mustard; smells whatever is offered him with distrustful nose; glances up at the offerer

with inquiring eyes; chews his morsel with grave deliberation; and swallows his mouthful in a gingerly manner, and with an air of resignation. If you don't see Furtive in the street, he thinks you are trying to avoid him; if you do see him and greet him cordially, he feels sure you are going to ask a favor of him; and if you do not make your request in person and on the spot, he believes in his heart that he will find a begging letter from you when he gets home. When you part from him he keeps looking back over his shoulder, for he fears that either you, or somebody who has witnessed his meeting with you, may be making derisive signs at him. He has been known to box the ears of a little boy whom he thus discovered with thumb on nose and fingers stretched out, though the little boy protested, with tears in his eyes and rude language on his lips, "It warn't at you, I tell yer, you old fool; it were at yonder boy with a basket." Furtive is not a pleasant employer; he always believes that the people he employs are hatching plots against him, or are taking liberties with his property, and that "it will all come out some day." Furtive once kept a tobacconist's shop, and had a shop-boy named William. One morning a customer entered and found poor William in tears.

"What is the matter, William?" asked the customer.

"Why, sir," blubbered poor William, "it's—it's—it's Mr. Furtive. He gets up and counts the cigars at three o'clock in the morning; and this morning he came and pulled me out of bed, and said he missed three cigars from one of the boxes, and I must account for them. I don't know nothing about 'em, and he knows I don't smoke—but he's always a suspectin' of somebody." And William declared that his life was a burthen.

Howbeit, Furtive ultimately found the three cigars in his own cigar-case.

Nor is Furtive the employed more pleasant than Furtive the employer. He fancies his employer has a spite against him; that he is always set to do the most disagreeable work; that his fellows harbor evil designs against him; and that he doesn't get his proper pay. Nothing but an actual comparison of figures will convince him that he does; and even then he has an idea that there is something wrong somewhere. Furtive, when he buys anything, is always under the impression that he has been cheated; he will inquire at several different places the price of the same article, and even then he will make up his mind that another person would have got it cheaper. Furtive, if he send a messenger to make a purchase, cannot doubt but that the messenger bought what he was sent for at a reduction. Furtive will look a gift-horse in the mouth. If you make him a present of a ring, or any article of jewelry, he will at the first opportunity have its quality tested. If you ask Furtive to dinner, he immediately smells a rat; appears at your table with an air of defiance, and makes up his mind that you shall not get what you want out of him; and if he ask you to dinner, he fancies you go, either because you really want a

dinner, or you hadn't any decent excuse for not going, or are desirous of criticising himself and his guests, and making fun of them at some other dinner-table. If Furtive enters a room where the sounds of laughter die away at his presence, he is anxious to know what the laughter was at; examines his chair carefully before he sits down; gazes doubtfully at everybody present; and goes home with a misgiving that the laughter was somehow connected with himself. If you ask Furtive to give you change for a bank-note, he will rejoice in his heart if he cannot do it; and, if he cannot very well refuse, he will do it in such a manner as to show that he is perfectly aware there are such things as counterfeit notes and spurious coins, and that he thinks it is the purpose of the world to palm them all off upon him. Furtive sees nothing but baits to catch him alive in the caresses of his wife and children, in the kindnesses of his friends, in the affability of his acquaintances, and in the politeness of strangers. At his wife's blandishments he has visions of new bonnets; at his children's kisses he wonders what will come next; at the kindnesses of friends he mentally shies; at the affability of acquaintances he puzzles his brains; and at the politeness of strangers he has dreams of swindlers, buttons up his pockets, and looks out for the police. Furtive, when he goes to church, imagines the sermon to be aimed especially at him; and when charitable persons come round to him for a subscription, he is haunted by a notion that the sums already set down on the list are intended merely to impose upon him and others. When Furtive is ill he has all kinds of fancies. The doctors do not understand his constitution; they keep him ill as long as they can; they are in a conspiracy to prevent him from getting well. For, of course, he consults more than one doctor, and tries to conceal from each that he has called in another. Then he supposes they must have found him out, made common cause, and agreed to punish him. Furtive, if he be a bachelor, is very circumspect in his dealings with women. He is not vain; he is not fool enough to imagine they are smitten with him; but he holds that unmarried women who are not engaged look upon a bachelor as spiders on a fly. So that, "let them be ugly, and let them be slim, young or ancient, he cares not a feather;" he puts on his armor of wariness, and treats them all with distant politeness. But there are faces and smiles and certain ways which can throw the most suspicious off their guard; and so Furtive finds himself married. And then he nourishes a misgiving that he was not accepted for himself, but for what he possessed, or for what he seemed likely to gain, or because nobody else came forward, and time was getting on; or even because another had once come forward and had retired unhandsonely. So Furtive keeps a sharp look-out for tell-tale locket, or traitorous portrait, or hidden gem; asks mysterious questions, and indulges in vain conjectures.

On the whole Furtive is a disagreeable character; but, perhaps, he inflicts more misery on himself than on others, though his wife and children are certainly not to be envied.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ALL on road and roof and ledge;
And the icy gable edge,
Cold and soft the fallen snowflake evermore is lying;
As yielding up his breath
To the shadow-land of death
In a weird-like hush of stillness the old year is a-dying.

Never murmur, never sound
Wakes the deathlike hush around,
Save the owls that in the churchyard from the belfry
tow'r call,
And the big moon lying low
Gleams athwart the silent snow,
While a million crystal starlights hang their lanterns
over all.

Here within my closet-room,
In the deep and slumb'rous gloom,
I watch the frosty firelight in the ingles rise and
fall—

Like elfin sprites at play,
In a mocking, madcap way
The lights and shadows mingle with the pictures on
the wall.

And as I pondering gaze
On the flickering wintry blaze
Old fancies ghost-like haunt me in the deathwatch
of the year;

While dim shadows of the past,
In deep cohorts thick and fast,
Come thronging on my fancies with a silent sort of
fear.

In a weirdly shapen dream,
Old faces round me seem
To look on me familiar from the middle of the gloom,
Till fain I am to hear
Old footsteps falling near,
Old whispers dropping softly all about the curtain'd
room.

Days that I loved to know
In the years long, long ago;
Old friendships, long-forgotten, in the golden times
of yore;

Old smiles that shed their light
On my sorrow's darker night,
Seem to burst in newer sunlight on my soul for
evermore.

Till sadly comes the thought
How each dying year hath brought
Its morals ever changeless through the lapses of all
time,
Of memories old and sad,
Of memories sweet and glad,
That come back to us only as a distant belfry chime.

How the gala days of life,
And the darker hours of strife,
Come and go by chance alternate ere we know that
they are gone.

How each for one brief day
Treads his weary pilgrim way,
Then the footsteps of his travel vanish faintly one
by one.

How life is one wild dream,
Whose record doth but seem
A story sad and checker'd of aims all unfulfilled.
Ever toiling, ever panting,
Ever yearning, ever wanting,
Till the restless spark for ever in the hollow grave is
stilled.

Gone our day-dreams one by one !
 As our sterner task is done ;
 For the Future is a phantom that is melted all too
 fast ;
 And our life-deeds only live
 As the raindrop that doth give
 A tribute all unnoted to the Ocean of the Past.

Yet grander still forsooth
 Updawns the glorious truth :—
 That all our meaner efforts tend onwards unto one,
 When all the earth may say,
 In the great dread Latter Day,—
 " Yea, truly has the purpose of the ages now been
 done."

* * * * *
 Thus I dreamed, till, almost fain
 To chase fancies from my brain,
 Came sudden chimes of music wild and sweet upon
 mine ear,
 And I watched and heard again
 The old familiar strain
 Of bells that in the starry night rang in another
 year.

ON THE NILE.

PASSING GLIMPSES — BENI HASSAN, MANFALOUT,
 GROVES OF ACANTHUS, THEBES.

It took us three weeks of fair sailing to reach Thebes. Once or twice, with a strong wind, we scudded over eighty miles in a day, but there were days in which we made but four. Thebes is five hundred miles up the stream. Time sped on, all too quickly with us, though, for we fell in love with this errant life. Day followed day, and eve succeeded eve, merely to deepen us in conceit with our big barge. We were getting attached to it as to a home. The straitness of its accommodations was forgotten in the coziness of its arrangements. We got to link pleasant associations with every nook and corner in it. Each one had his own favorite spot, in cabin or on deck, to read, write, or lounge in; and that, I take it, is half the battle in making a home of any place. Added to which, we were treated to an endless change of scene. Your dwelling was the same—same walls, same windows, same table for breakfast, dinner, supper—but the look-out was ever new. Besides, we could take our walks abroad, get on shore at any moment—for the captain owned a little four-oared felucca, which, noosed to the vessel's stern, dragged all day behind in our wake, like some unwilling lap-dog led by a string. We could take our walks, I say, and yet our house, snail-fashion, would follow on the same. There was no lack of excitement either, what with shooting rare birds, popping at crocodiles, exploring old villages, investigating the domestic arrangements of the natives, hunting among the hills for ancient tombs, or being run up a sand-bank by the illustrious Hadji. The latter diversion, I must say, was sometimes due to other causes than the bad steering of that venerable Mussulman, as he himself would touchingly point out. The fact is, there are strange errant winds abroad in the Nile valley, fitful and passionate, which, spite of an unclouded heaven, come upon you suddenly, and drive you whither-soever they will. In a moment, without warning, you are struck. The great sail is blown

loose, and on you drift to the nearest sand-bank or the shore. They are eccentric forces, these storm gusts. One would fancy them instinct with life—spirits of unrest. They rage and howl with ungovernable fury while the anger fit is on them, lash the quiet river into foam, and play all mischief with the sands of the desert; but before you have recovered from your bewilderment they are gone. The tormented river, and the air, thick with a sandy mist, alone tell of the late strife. Not less wayward are these gusty spirits in their milder moods. Dwarfed in dimension and self-contained, they will wander playfully, by zig-zag paths, over desert and green field. Often, in a perfect calm yourself, you may watch other vessels battling with them. It is their delight to catch up the desert sands (all elsewhere being at rest), twist them round into a pillar, and then, in high glee, travel on at random, worrying everything in their course.

" The whirl-blast comes, the desert sands rise up
 And shape themselves : from earth to heaven they
 stand,
 As though they were the pillars of a temple
 Built by Omnipotence.
 But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
 Is fed : the mighty columns were but sand,
 And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins."

Once, in the downward journey, we were indebted to one of these " ill winds " for an adventure. It blew us ashore under the frowning cliffs of Gebel Aboolfeda, and kept us there all day. For a while we amused ourselves watching the eagles and cormorants far above, battling with the blast. The blustering storm drove them hither and thither about their rocky eyries; five hundred feet overhead their shadows were crossing and re-crossing upon the sunshiny rock. Tiring of this watch, we determined upon a clamber. Groups of perforations could be distinguished high up on the bluff, rough portals, probably leading to tombs. Perhaps we might find something strange. The mountain was steep, impending in places, but we climbed from crag to crag until, on a dizzy ledge, we came upon a series of apertures that led into some ancient sepulchres, grottoes which afterwards served for the early Christians to take refuge in. From these, containing paintings of no very great interest, we were proceeding higher, when Smith stumbled into a pit.

There are numerous pits in Egyptian tombs, some very deep. We often explored them. This, luckily, however, was but eight feet down. In our efforts to extricate our friend, one of the candles dropped, and in picking it up from the bottom he lighted upon a horizontal passage, little bigger in girth than a drain.

" Who will follow ? " said he, diving in.

We crawled along this tunnel—wriggling, serpent-fashion, through its narrowest parts—by a circuitous way, leading more than three hundred feet into the stony heart of the mountain. Here at last, exhausted, dishevelled, reeking with dust and perspiration, we found room in the widening breach to stretch our cramped limbs and stand upright. Villainous fellows we looked, too, issuing from that dusty gallery.

When we brought the light of our three half-expended candles to bear on the scene, we were in a spacious and singular cavern, whose outlines the faint glimmer of our lights, held aloft, failed to reveal—a cavern fashioned by man in the heart of the hill, walled in by solid acres of rock above, around, and below. What the object of this mysterious excavation could have been we did not stay to inquire, but oppressed (morally and physically) by the strangeness of the situation, we made the best of our way back into outer air.

We passed many Christian monasteries in our journey between Sowadee and Thebes, mostly nestled in clefts of the rock, high on its scarred face, lonely and inaccessible. If you visit these mountain fastnesses, the monks pull you up in a basket, or there is a knotted cord by which, if you are good at gymnastics, you may climb.

The Coptic convent of 'E Tayr was perched fortress-like on a bealing rock above the stream. Very muscular Christians are they of 'E Tayr. On the approach of your dahabeeyah they swarm down from the precipitous heights of their romantic abode with an agility truly wonderful—dropping from crag to crag—and swim off *in puris naturalibus* to greet you as fellow-Christians on your boat. Peace attend those amphibious monks! We gave them some piastres, some bread, and some empty beer bottles; the first went into their mouths—harvested, monkey-fashion, between cheek and jaw; the second was balanced deftly on the head; and the third launched into mid-stream, and thrown onward and onward by the swimmer.

We passed the famous grottoes of Beni Hassan—a terrace of tombs high on the shelving Arabian ridge, overlooking a two miles breadth of fertile land between mountain and river. In them, as in some vast gallery—hall after hall painted in graphic wall-picturings, and glowing in yet unfaded tints—you may wander at will, and study the familiar every-day life of men who walked the land before the days of Joseph. In these mansions of the dead—eternal abodes, as the ancients called them—mimic men and women are wrestling, fishing, plowing and reaping, trapping birds, giving dinner parties, being flogged, *cutting their toe nails*, treading the wine-press, dancing, playing the harp, weaving linen, playing at catch-ball, being shaved by the barber, *playing at draughts*. Verily there is nothing new under the sun! What say you to an elderly lady robed in a dress having *three flounces*? And there are stranger things than that! Yes; the old, old story of human life is there, told as in a picture-book. Though seen through a gap of four thousand years, your eye moistens over it still. Here are life's festive scenes and revels—the wine cup and the garland; and here its scenes of sorrow—mourners are weeping over their dead. Nothing is lacking. And so, by a mystic sympathy, that touch of nature which links man with man, you reach out a hand across the ages in surveying these ancient scenes, and feel the throbbings of a humanity kindred with your own.

We passed that long wooded shore where, un-

der the eastern mountains, the ruins of the Roman Antinoe lie scattered. Young Antinous, friend of Hadrian, bathing in the Nile hard by, was drowned. And the emperor built the city in honor of his favorite. Palm-trees now grow in the forum, and flocks of goats browse over the ruined amphitheatre. Many a Christian martyr suffered at Antinoe in the fiery persecution under Diocletian. That mountain wall behind the city, and the rocky ravine to the southward, are pierced thick with grottoes (ancient Egyptian tombs), bearing the marks of our early ancestors in the Faith. There has been a Laura of monks in that ravine; and rough stairways were cut on the crags to afford easier access from ledge to ledge. These haunts of the persecuted Church, multiplied all through the land of Egypt, possess an interest of their own, and furnish an attestation to the truth of Christianity and to the full-heartedness of belief actuating its early followers, which ought not to be overlooked. Through the cool green reaches of Manfalout—past those picturesque terraces and gardens by the water side—along a range of flowery slopes swelling upward from the water's edge, and by crested minarets and fretted domes, we floated on to where the Arabian desert again closes in and mountain crags frown precipitous over the stream. The Thebiad begins here: we have passed into Upper Egypt. In this southern region doum palm-trees grow—a tropic palm, with bifurcated trunk and crown of broad, fanlike leaves, whose fruit, big as the quince, hangs in bunches tempting to the eye as the apple of Sodom, and about as delusive. Birds of very exquisite plumage (several rare species) reside here; and the Professor was busy from morning to night with his gun and arsenic pots.

At Sioout we stopped for our sailors to bake bread. Next in rank to Cairo, Sioout stands on the plain amid outlying thickets of lotus-trees. From the river bank you see its cupolas and spires glittering amid gardens and groves, watered artificially by the shady flow of little rivers babbling along from the sakias on the shore. Sioout, the ancient city of wolves, was famous in the annals of the ancient Church. Our sailors here provided bread for a month. They bought the wheat, ground it in a public mill, kneaded it, baked it in a public oven, cut up the loaves into thick slices, and spread them on the deck to dry. This coarse, brown bread (the staler the better) is their chief ingredient in pottage.

Onward, sailing by the classic groves of Acanthus which flank the western shore. Here are miles of mamosas to pass, a whole realm of trees, a billowy bank of golden green, on which the sunbeams sleep at noon. Under this massive foliaged roof, populous with doves, hoopoes, and birds of every bright plumage, there abides a perennial shadow, deep as the gloom of a temple. Once entangled in its rich, cool cloisters, you long to linger, and thread that leafy labyrinth throughout; to linger, and, like the philosopher of old in those other groves, to dream of the Elysian fields, and hold pleasant converse with the shades of the great and the good; those who, freed from the incumbrance of mortal flesh, wan-

der hand in hand, and pluck the flowers of imperishable asphodel.

Onward, under the picturesque little town of Girgeh, whose early Moslem towers and mosques are being eaten away piecemeal by the encroaching river. A little colony of Coptic Christians is found at Girgeh. The brethren are proud to receive you in their midst. Their church is half buried underground, and was built of stone from the old ruins. The Copts are a very ancient community. St. George, their patron saint, gives name to the town of Girgeh. The fussy fathers, robed in blue and turbaned with black, greet you with boisterous good-humor. Are you not a fellow-Christian? With whom, then, should they fraternize if not with a brother? So the good monks gather round you, inexorable with their salaams, embraces, and Scriptural salutes. You are led at once down to their sanctuary. You are taken by the hand. They almost bear you up, lest you should stumble. Heedfully, tenderly, they attend you down the steps. "Are they not dark and narrow? Gently; one more, only one—so;" and you are safely landed. Here their complacency is great; one will pull this way, another lead that, anxious lest you should miss any of their treasures. There is a handsome screen of fretted wood-work in their chapel, a wooden communion table (the Alexandrian Church prohibits stone altars), and some early MS. liturgies, with other Coptic scriptures, that will interest the traveler. Aforetimes the Christians were very numerous here, but a century ago the plague swept one-half of them away.

Onward still, winds from the western desert keep us ever on the wing. We pass Denderah as the sun sets. To eastward the range flashes up in the dying light; crags and peaks and promontories are transfigured into outworks of jasper and sapphire; and from the lustrous gloom which sleeps in those deep ravines rose-hued pinnacles peep out and point to heaven. Then in a twinkling all is dim. Dark against the deep crimson of the afterglow to westward, looms the great portico of Athor's Temple, a solemn mass of towers, doubly mysterious in that ghostly light. We look across to it wistfully, for this is the first temple we have seen. But we cannot linger, for our sail is bellying to a breeze that will carry us on to Thebes by the morrow's dusk.

And so, as the moon rose, we glided out of range, and Denderah, with its green borders, fertile meadows, and silent ruins, faded out into the night. Before the morrow's sun was set, we had anchored at Thebes.

OVER THE SNOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BEFORE a cheerful fire, in the best kitchen of a snug cottage, sat two persons, a man and a woman, both advanced in years. All around wore an air of homely comfort. Of mere ornament there was little; but the furniture, though plain as could be, and bearing the marks of long service, was good and solid; and its trim arrangement and spotless cleanliness spoke highly for the good housekeeping of its owners. The

whole aspect of the cottage betokened competence and modest independence. Nor were the inmates belied by appearances, for few among the inhabitants of the village were more universally respected than David and Mary Holt. In the same cottage they had lived for thirty years, paying their way, and asking no favor of any man; and for five-and-twenty of those years David had been parish clerk and schoolmaster, and in the estimation of the younger parishioners, little, if at all, inferior in dignity to the parson himself. His wife, with no less respect, won more affection; for David Holt was a stern and hard man, always just, but seldom generous; while Mary was ever tender-hearted, with a kind word and smile for everybody. To her the school-children came with all their troubles, whether arising from blow or cricket-ball or the perplexities of the rule of three, and rarely failed to receive some measure of consolation.

Such were the couple who sat, one Christmas Eve not very long ago, by the cosy cottage fire-side. A long clay pipe, a real old-fashioned churchwarden, just put aside, lay upon the snow-white deal table, and David Holt was reading aloud from a ponderous Family Bible, while his good wife, her hands crossed upon her knees, sat reverently listening. As befitted their solemn occupation, the faces of both were grave and quiet, but that quiet gravity seemed only to throw into stronger relief the characteristic expression of each;—David, square-headed and square-chested, with massive jaw and chin, heavy overhanging eyebrows, and deep-set keen grey eyes, hard, proud, unforgiving, the embodiment of stern self-will and rugged pride; the old lady, gentle and quiet, with downcast eyes, soft grey hair, and pleasant smiling lips, that told of nothing but love and charity. And yet, though the two faces were so unlike, a keen observer might have detected an element of likeness. There are some events (happy those who have known none such) which, coming into a human life, leave behind them a shadow for ever. It needed no second glance at these two persons to know that some such event (some great shame, or sin, or sorrow) had passed over their lives. But as natures differ, so the scars left by the fiery trial differ too. In David Holt's face the shadow bore the impress of humbled pride; in Mary's, that of wounded affection. The smile on the old lady's lips, the kindly smile that had rested there from youth, and that old age could not wear away, though still sweet, was sad as well; and the kind voice, that had so often spoken courage and cheer to others, had now a tone of weariness and ever-present pain. The rugged nature of David, on the other hand, seemed to have hardened under the rod; the hard features had become harder, the cold grey eye colder and sterner than ever. Even now, while reading the sweet Christmas idyll, the sweet story whose burden is the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men," his harsh voice lost none of its accustomed harshness, but uttered the sacred words defiantly, in tones suited rather to some tale of battle and violence, than to the glad tidings of everlasting peace.

Slowly and steadily, never raising his eyes from the sacred page, David Holt read on; but even above his loud harsh tones could be heard the unmistakable sounds of a storm raging without. The wind howled and roared, straining against the cottage eaves, wrestling with door and casement, and piling heaps of snow high against the lattice-windows. It was a night in which no one with a home to go to, would willingly have been out of doors; any shelter, even the poorest and roughest, would have been preferable to exposure to that pitiless storm. And yet, out in the cottage garden, under the full fury of the bitter wind and driving snow, a woman stood, bareheaded and motionless, gazing through the lattice with wild, longing, hungry eyes at the homely scene within. After a little while she crept into the porch, but not to ask for shelter. One knock at the door, as though dealt with a feeble or timid hand, was heard; and then, waiting not the result, she came forth again and fled swiftly, her long hair streaming in the wild wind, towards the open moor.

After a moment or two the door opened, the light from within casting a broad beam into the outer darkness; and Mary Holt, shading her eyes with her hand, peered forth into the storm. She caught sight of the flying figure and calling to her husband, the two gazed after it till it disappeared altogether in the darkness. David was the first to re-enter the cottage, saying, as he did so, "Come in, Mary, come in. It's some foolish prank of one of the village girls. She thought to frighten us, I reckon." His wife turned to follow him, but as she did so, stumbled against a bundle lying at her feet. "She's left something behind her, then," said she, stooping to examine it, when a faint wailing cry was heard, and she started back a moment, then hastily snatching up the bundle, rushed into the cottage. "Oh! Davy, did you ever; it's a child!" As she spoke, she laid her burden on the table, and letting fall the thick woolen cloak in which it was wrapped, disclosed a baby of three or four months old, his wide open eyes seeming to testify the utmost astonishment as to how he got there. With motherly instinct, the good soul took the child in her arms, pressing it to her bosom with murmurs of endearment. But David's brow was as black as night. "A pretty thing, the shameless jade, to saddle honest folk with her love-brat; but I'll find her out, I warrant."

"Nay, Davy, don't you be too hard on the poor soul. There's never a sin without sorrow; and she must have had a weary sight of pain and misery before she'd be willing to part with her child."

"And serve her right, the baggage!" replied her husband.

"Davy, Davy!" pleaded the good wife. "Sure you've forgotten that it's Christmas Eve, and the good words you were reading but now. Oh! don't be angry over much to night."

David was about to make a stern rejoinder, when his wife caught sight of a small locket of gold and blue enamel, which was hung about the child's neck with a ribbon. With a cry as if she had received a blow, she gasped, "Oh, David,

David, look at this! It's hers, it's Ally's, our own child's!"

A flash of indescribable emotion passed for a moment over David Holt's face, and lip and eyelid quivered. But it was only for a moment, and the stern face hardened again, a shade paler, perhaps, but dark and stern as ever. When he spoke it was slowly and distinctly.

"I don't know of whom you speak; I had a child of that name once, but she brought shame upon us. Take her who will, she's none of mine."

"She is our own flesh and blood, David," pleaded the old lady, in an agony of tears. "The Lord made her that, and bitter words won't alter it. Oh! to think that she should have been here, close by our door, and out in the storm! Davy, won't you—won't you fetch her back?"

David sat silent, sullenly gazing into the fire. "Davy, you call yourself a Christian man. You wouldn't turn a dog out of doors on such a night as this, and yet you'll suffer your child to be wandering about, without a place to lay her head."

"She can ask for shelter."

"Shelter! Likely that she who daren't face her own father and mother, would seek shelter of strangers!"

As she spoke she opened the cottage door, which, the moment the latch was raised, was flung heavily back by the wind, and a torrent of snow poured in. Like the timid bird, valiant in defense of her fledglings, the mother's gentle nature rose to arms, and battled on behalf of her child.

"Oh David, shame on you! Have you the heart of a man, to sit there like a stone image, when your own flesh and blood may be perishing of cold and wet? Lord help me, I'm but a feeble old woman, but my only child shan't die outside my door, and I sitting by the fire within."

With eager haste she fetched a pillow, and placing it upon the hearthrug, laid the child upon it. Then, her fingers trembling with excitement, she lighted the candle in the lantern, and throwing a thick shawl over her head, snatched up the cloak in which the baby had been wrapped, and rushed to the door.

As she reached it, David rose slowly. "Well, Mary, if you're bound to go, I reckon I'll have to go too. But mind this; I'll give her food and shelter this one night, but never more—never more, remember."

"I'm her mother, David; I'll remember that," said she, her affection for her child overcoming even her wonted awe of her husband. "And I remember nought else to-night."

David made no reply. Closing the cottage-door, the couple started on their quest. David was the first to speak.

"We're on a wild-geese chase, Mary. How are we to tell which way the willful girl has gone?"

"The Lord guide us!" said the mother, despairingly.

The two stood still in the wild storm, uncertain which way to turn; all around them, as far as the eye could see, a broad white sheet of snow. Their own cottage was the only dwelling near

them, and the remaining houses of the village lay beyond it, quite in the opposite direction to that which the object of their pursuit had taken. They gazed around them in all directions but the driving snow obscured their vision. Not a trace was to be seen of the object of their search, and there seemed to be no alternative but to give up the quest. But the quick woman's wit, outstripping the man's slower sense, leaped to a solution of the difficulty.

"We'll find her yet, Davy; with God's help we'll find her yet. Back to the house; and give me the light."

Hurriedly the pair retraced their steps. As they neared the porch, the mother held the light close to the ground, carefully examining the snow. After a few moment's search, she exclaimed—

"Here 'tis, sure enough, the print of Ally's little feet; I'd know them in a hundred. Now, David, we're in the right track, thanks be to the good Lord that sent the snow."

Holding the lantern low, and guided by its uncertain light, they followed the track of the small footsteps, already becoming blurred and indistinct under the still falling snow. Fearful of losing the trace before they could overtake the wanderer, they pressed on, weary and panting, but never halting, never wavering in their onward course. They had reached a considerable distance from the cottage, but still no sign, save the still advancing footmarks of her they sought.

Still pressing onward, David spoke, with a strange tremor in his voice, "Tell you what, Mary, there's something strange about this—where can the girl be going to on this side the swamp? There's never a house for miles."

His wife made no reply. Still they pressed onward, onward. Each could hear the other's breath as they panted through the driving wind, which blew in their faces, and buffeted them back, as though opposed to their errand of mercy. Suddenly a cry came from the mother's lips, a shriek so shrill, so agonized, that, for the moment it alone was heard, and the moaning wind seemed, by contrast, hushed into stillness. She clutched her husband's arm.

"Oh, Davy, hurry on! You're the swiftest, hurry on for dear life. Oh, God in heaven! she's making for the Black Pool!"

With a hoarse cry, like that of a wounded animal, a cry hardly less fearful, in its sudden anguish, than his wife's agonized shriek, David seized the light, and bounded forward, the mother following as best she might, her hand pressed to her side, and her grey locks fluttering in the night wind. The feeble glimmer of the lantern became dimmer and dimmer in the distance, and Mary Holt felt her strength fast leaving her, when a shout was heard from David, and the light came to a stop. With renewed energy she pressed forward, and in a few moments was kneeling with her husband on the snow, supporting the insensible form of her lost daughter in her arms. With passionate tenderness the mother chafed the cold hands and kissed the death-white face, striving by close embraces to bring back the spark of life. But all in vain.

The unhappy girl lay, as David had found her, a black heap on the snow; so still, so motionless, it seemed as though God had saved the wanderer from the last great sin.

Still the father and mother, clinging to the shadow of hope, relaxed not in their loving efforts. Wrapping the warm woolen cloak about their child's lifeless form, they half dragged, half carried her along till they reached the cottage. Then, while David hastened for the doctor, the mother essayed such simple means as her experience suggested, to recall the spark of life, if perchance it might not yet have faded into utter darkness. After a little while, her loving pains were rewarded by perceiving the beat of a feeble pulse, and the appearance of a faint flush of color on the white cheek; and, a little later, her ears were gladdened by the sound of the well-known voice, though uttered in the ravings of delirium.

But her happiness was of short duration. Soon the doctor came, and, with tears standing in his eyes, spoke words of doom. The frail form had suffered more than it could bear, and the little life left was but the fire of fever, which might, or might not, burn through the night. For a little while the light of reason might come back: but if it should so come, it would be but to flicker for a moment, and then be quenched for ever.

And meanwhile, all unconscious of its mother's life ebbing so fast away—of the wind and snow without, and the rain of tears within—of life or death—of sin or sorrow—the little babe lay sleeping before the fire; a dimpled arm supporting a dimpled cheek, on which the flickering firelight cast a rosy glory. And the clock on the mantelpiece still ticked on "Life, death—life, death." Each tick, each drop of time, as it fell into the ocean of eternity, bringing a stronger throb to the life that was just begun, and stealing one more pulse from the life that was passing away.

With quivering lips and streaming eyes the father and mother sat by their daughter's pillow, listening in silent anguish to her delirious moanings. Her dying fancy seemed to hover hither and thither about her life; straying far back in the past and recalling incidents of her childish days—incidents long forgotten, but returning now with strange vividness under the influence of her deranged senses. And then a sadder page was turned, and the parents knew (too late!) how their darling had been drawn aside from duty; and the father learnt, with bitter self-reproach, how his own sternness had repelled the loving confidence that had often risen to his child's lips; and which might, under heaven, have hindered that bitter ending. At one moment she fancied herself with her betrayer, and pleading, as though she had just left her home, for his permission to write to her parents. And here the listeners noted, with a strange feeling of surprise, that no thought of shame seemed to mingle with her pleadings; she begged as though for leave to communicate joyful tidings, rather than to confess her sin, and sue for pardon.

"Oh, Robert darling, if you would let me tell father and mother, they would be so glad and

proud. They will be a little vexed at first, of course, at our having kept it from them, but they will soon forget that. And if it must be kept secret at present, on account of your uncle, why, I don't think they would mind, at least not very, very much. And if the people did say hard things of me in the village, I could bear that, for your sake, darling, you know; and perhaps it would only be for a little while. And when you get your uncle's consent (and I'm sure you will, because you make everybody do just as you like, darling) why then it needn't be a secret any longer, need it? And I should be so proud, so proud of my darling Robert. You *will* let me write, won't you, dear? to please your little pet Ally. I don't mind about anybody else, but I can't feel quite happy till father and mother know that I am your wife."

The listeners started and bent forward with longing eyes, to hear more. But the feeble, fluttering spirit, exhausted by even so short a flight, had sunk down again; and the sufferer's eyelids drooped, and for awhile she seemed to slumber. Presently, however, she started up again, with a wild cry, and sat up in the bed, gazing with fixed, dilated pupils, and pressing her thin white hands upon her forehead—"Oh, Robert, don't say that. Even in fun, darling, don't say that. You don't know how my heart is beating, even now, when I know it's a joke. Just put your hands against it, dear, and feel. Why don't you look at me, darling; why do you turn away? Robert, it isn't, it *can't* be true. A false marriage! Oh, Robert, how could you do it, when I trusted you so?"

The loud passionate sobs of the dying girl, as she sat wringing her hands and rocking to and fro in her delirious grief, disturbed the sleeping child, which awoke with a cry. The sound seemed to touch another chord. She ceased her sobs and listened, smoothing her hair back from her forehead as though trying to recollect something. Her mother, with womanly instinct, put the baby in her arms. A look of sweet content came over the faded face, and she sunk back upon the pillow, nestling the little one to her bosom, and caressing the baby head with her wasted fingers. Then the wandering mind roved into another track.

"Baby dear! baby dear! Baby will never, never go away from his poor mamma, will he? Poor mamma! left all alone with baby in the whole wide world. Hush, dear, musn't cry; poor mamma Alice may cry, but baby dear musn't cry. Baby must be a happy baby boy, and grow up strong and handsome, like papa. Oh, baby darling, pray God you may never break anybody's heart! Hush-a-bye, dear, go to sleep on mother's bosom. Mamma will sing to him—sing him to sleep."

And then she softly crooned a fragment of a song that had been her favorite in old home-days, a sad song of a faithless love, and with a tender, plaintive burden of one hoping against hope:—

"He will return, I know he will;
He would not leave me here to die."

The effort of singing seemed to exhaust the sufferer's strength, and soon, still faintly mur-

muring that sad refrain, she sank into a heavy slumber. Her mother took advantage of the opportunity to disengage the child from her arms, and to give it some milk, which it swallowed eagerly. This done, the parents continued their quiet watch. The night waned, and the grey light of daybreak stole in at all the windows; their daughter still sleeping on, so calmly and peacefully that they would have fain hoped that the worst was over, and that the dawn of renewed life might come with her awaking. But one glance at the sufferer's face forbade them to cherish the fond delusion. The bright look of youth had faded away from it, and tears had washed away the spring-bloom; but in this last hour the graces of form and color were replaced by another and higher beauty—a beauty so spiritual, so unearthly, it seemed as though the robe of clay had fallen off, and the soul alone lay sleeping there, biding the summons to spread its wings and take flight to Heaven.

At last, when the sun was high in the heavens, shedding its morning glory far and wide over the crisp white snow, the sleeper awoke. The fire of delirium had given place to the calm light of reason in her eye, and she gazed round with an inquiring look. "Have I been ill, mother dear?" she said faintly.

"Yes, darling; very ill."

"I don't remember falling ill," said the dying girl; "everything seems gone from me."

A tiny cry from baby lips supplied the missing link. The white forehead crimsoned, and the blue eyes filled with tears of grief and shame. "I remember now. Oh, mother; can you ever forgive me?"

A loving kiss was the mother's only answer. But it said enough.

"And father, does he know? Will he forgive me too?"

David Holt rose and stood by his daughter's bedside, looking down upon her with ineffable love and tenderness. The old love for his only child, repressed so long, now swept away all barriers; pride, self-will, resentment, all were forgotten in the deep emotion of that bitter hour.

"My darling, may God forgive me as freely as I have forgiven you all that I have to forgive!"

"If you and mother forgive me, I can feel almost happy again. Oh, how nice it is to be at home! But how did I come here? Who brought me?"

The father and mother interchanged glances. "We found you last night, Ally, and brought you home."

"Last night! last night! I don't remember. It's all gone from me. I seem mazed like; and oh, so weak! Mother dear, am I dying?"

The old lady tried to speak, but grief choked her. David answered for her, himself little less moved. "My child, life and death are in the Lord's hands. His will be done!"

"Nay, David," said his wife, with an effort; "don't give the child a false hope now. Ally dear, we fear—indeed, we know that—that—" The mother's voice broke down, but her choking sobs told all the rest.

There was the faintest quiver of the drooping

eyelids, and a single tear rolled over the wasted cheek.

"Are you afraid to die, Ally?" said her father.

"No, father dear, I don't think I'm afraid: I've longed for death many and many a time lately, and prayed to be ready to meet it; and now it has come, I don't fear much. But it's hard to leave you and mother so soon after I have got you back, and my poor little baby. May I have him now, please, mother? it won't be very long, I think. There is such a strange feeling of numbness coming over me."

The babe was placed in her arms, and she kissed and fondled it with passionate tenderness. "Oh, my baby! my baby! it's very, very hard to leave my little wee baby all alone!"

"Not alone, darling, not alone," sobbed her mother.

"No, not alone," said the dying girl, smiling through her tears; "not quite alone, after all. Mother dear, I give him to you, the last gift of your poor wayward Ally."

"My darling, I take him, not as a gift, but as a precious trust—a trust to keep for his mother in heaven."

There was a long quiet pause, in which nothing was heard save the breathing of the dying girl, and the hard tick of the clock on the mantelpiece, counting her life away.

The solemn stillness was broken at last, by a voice so faint and low, the listeners had to bend forward to catch the parting words. "Mother dear, where are you? I can't see you! How dark it is getting. Hark! they are calling to me."

The dying arms drew the babe closer in a last embrace. "Mother dear—baby—don't forget. God bless—" And then the soul flew away with the blessing on its lips, and sped to finish its loving prayer at the foot of the great white Throne.

And now, as the freed soul shook the earth from its wings, and spread its pinions for its heavenward flight, the church-bells burst forth with their chime of joy and gladness, in honor of the Christmas morn. The sound of the joyous peal floated into the death-chamber, and brought sweet hope and peace to the aching hearts within. The mother's face was sad, but the look of weary longing had passed away. "God knows best, Davy dear. Without this bitter cup, perhaps we wouldn't have had peace and good-will in our hearts to-day. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His name!"

Amen! Amen!

THE MODEL CARRIER.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.)

A FEW years ago I was returning to Paris from Montmorency in one of those carrier's carts which at that time still lingered in the suburbs of the French capital, carrying, pell-mell, goods and passengers. The tilted wagon, with seats of unplanned planks, was drawn by a single horse who traveled at foot's pace over the jolting road. Half way, I lost all patience, and descending, walked by the side of the conductor.

He was still a young, good-looking man, whose

countenance showed that robust state of health which is the reward of a good conscience. At every hamlet where we stopped I saw him giving and receiving commissions, without once hearing any complaint. If he had to give change for a piece of money, it was not considered necessary to count what he gave in return. The women asked news of their children, the men charged him with purchases in the town. The conduct of every one, in short, proved the friendship and trust accorded him.

As far as I could judge, by conversing with my companion, he seemed to merit this confidence. Every word showed a good sense and kindness, to which the drivers of Paris had not accustomed me. He knew the improvements being attempted in the country; he named the proprietors of the different fields we passed, and took an interest in the state of the crops. I soon found that he, too, had a few acres of land, which he cultivated between whiles, and in cultivating which he made use of the suggestions he picked up on his road. He was telling me the history of his "domain," as he laughingly called it, when a poor, decrepid man, wretchedly dressed, with grey hair falling over his bloated face, crossed our path. I saw he staggered as he passed, and saluted our driver with the noisy animation of drunkenness, who, to my surprise, answered him in a familiar tone.

"Is he a friend of yours?" I asked, when he had gone.

"That man?" repeated he. "Why, he is my benefactor, my good genius!" I looked at my companion, thinking I could not rightly have understood him.

"That astonishes you," answered he, laughing, "but it is nevertheless the truth. Even the unfortunate man himself does not imagine such a thing. I must tell you that Jean Picou, that is his name, is an old friend of my childhood. Our parents lived next door to each other, and we received our first communion in the same year. But Picou was rather wild, and on coming to age he soon adopted the ways of a *bon vivant* (fast man). I had not much to do with him then, but at last chance placed us as workmen under the same master. The first day, on our way to work, Picou and the others stopped at a cabaret (small drinking house), to take their morning glass of *eau de vie*. At first I remained at the door, not knowing what to do, but they called me in.

"Is he afraid he should ruin himself?" cried Picou, mockingly. "Two sous of his savings! He fancies if he is careful he may become a millionaire!"

"The others began to laugh, which made me ashamed, and I went in and drank with them.

"However, arrived in the fields and occupied with my work, I began to think of what Picou had said. The price of that little morning glass was, in fact, a small sum, but repeated every day for a year, it would end in producing *thirty-six francs ten sous* (about seven dollars). I began to think what I might have for that sum.

"*Thirty-six francs ten sous*, said I to myself, is, if one keeps house, an extra room in one's lodging; that is to say, comfort for the wife,

health for the children, and good humor for the husband. It is wood in winter, so that one can have 'the sun in one's home,' even if the snow is outside. It is the pride of a goat, whose milk would increase the comfort of the family. Then turning my thoughts in another direction, I exclaimed again, *thirty-six francs ten sous!* Our neighbor Pierre does not pay more for the rent of the acre of land he cultivates, which enables him to maintain his family! It is just the interest of the sum I should have to borrow if I bought the horse and cart the town carrier wants to sell! With that money, spent each morning to the detriment of my health, I might make myself a position, bring up a family, and put by sufficient for my old days.

"These calculations and reflections decided me. I put aside the false shame which had once made me give in to the persuasions of Picou. I put by, from my first earnings, what he would have made no speed in the wine-shop, and soon I could enter into negotiations with the carrier, to whom I at length succeeded.

"Since then I have continued to calculate each expense, and to neglect no economy, while Picou, on his side, has persevered in what he calls 'the life of a jolly fellow.' You see our respective positions. The rags of that poor man, aged before his time, the scorn of honest men; and my comfort, my health, my good character, all arising from a habit once formed. His misery comes from the little glass of *eau de vie* he drinks every morning; my joys, from the two sous daily saved."

PLEASURES OF A RAILWAY RIDE IN ENGLAND.

[Most of our readers are probably aware, that passenger-carriages used on the English and most of the European railways are constructed differently from those of American build. Each carriage is divided into a number of compartments having no connection with each other, the doors opening on the sides of the cars. Our railroads afford a sufficiently dangerous mode of traveling; how much the danger to life and limb would be enhanced, if the cars were built as they are in Europe, our readers may judge by the following sketch of a railroad ride, which we copy from Charles Dickens's magazine, "All the Year Round."]

We were closely packed (in number, thirteen of us) in the middle compartment of a second-class carriage on the Midland line, some two years ago. Our carriage was the center carriage of a long train, and the compartments on either side were empty. The journey, from Bedford to London, was express, the pace nearly fifty miles an hour. We had stopped at only one little station, and we were now off on a clear run of forty miles, to be done in ten minutes under the hour, without stoppage. The oil-lamp in the roof of the carriage flickered pale and wan in the broad daylight—for it was noon-tide—and in the glass cup beneath, a spoonful of oil wagged and jogged and lurched about with the motion. The company was monotonous and taciturn. Being wedged in the middle of the seat between two gentlemen of enormous proportions, where it was impossible to command a window, I took to looking at this drop of wagging oil as the only avail-

able object that kept time to the jolting and swaying and clatter of the train. Although watching the drop of oil intently, and noting the lively interest it seemed to evince in our progress—leaping forward as we ran which-sh past a station, or vibrating a cr-r-r-sh-shoot as we shot by another train—I was aware of the wainscotted woodwork round it and the painted oak shingle that seemed to dance and quiver with our motion. I saw it without looking at it. What surprised and puzzled me, however, was this: my eyes told me the pattern of the wainscot was changing. New shingle seemed to rise up and swallow up the old, and then the whole appeared to rise and fall in tiny waves. The solution my mind suggested was, that I had biologized my sight, the oil-lamp serving as a disc.

My fellow-passengers began to talk. I heard them, my eyes were still fastened on the jolting drop of oil, which was beating time to a tune that engine, carriages, and rails, were playing in my head.

"Anybody smoking?" a deep voice said snappishly.

It seemed there was not.

"Then something is burning," another voice said.

"It's only the guard putting the brakes on," some one else explained.

I knew this was not so; our pace was unchanged; we had thirty more miles to run before the brakes would be put on. I saw why the pattern on the wainscot changed. The paint rose up in great blisters, and the smell of burning paint became powerful. The roof was on fire! Fearing to alarm the rest by an outcry, I momentarily scanned the faces of the passengers, who were loudly complaining of the smoke. I was trying to find a face that had a quiet spirit of help in it. I saw in the corner a calm-faced man of thirty, caught his eye, and pointed to the roof; for his was the only calm face in which I had confidence. I was right.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, addressing the passengers and pointing; "it is there—the lamp; it has just caught the woodwork a trifle; there is no danger; I am an engineer and will stop the train."

Looking up, we all saw a brown blistered cloud spreading over the roof, and heard the hissing and crackling of burning wood. The carriage quickly filled with smoke and became very hot; for the fire was fanned by a fifty-mile-an-hour blast.

"Do as I do," the engineer-passenger called to me, flinging me his railway key.

I got to one door, and opened it, as he had done the other. Leaning out of the carriage, the engineer-passenger then gave a long shrill whistle, produced with two fingers against his teeth, harsh and grating almost as a railway whistle. I imitated him as I best could, and by incessantly slamming the doors on both sides we kept up such a tattoo as one would have thought could not fail to attract the attention of the guard, or the driver, or both. But five minutes passed, and we had not even made ourselves heard in the next carriage. Meantime tongues of fire were

darting through the roof, and the volumes of hot pungent smoke became almost insupportable. The rest of the passengers appeared utterly bewildered; crouching together on the floor and against the draft of the doorways for air, feebly crying at intervals, "We are on fire!" "Fire!" "We shall be burned alive!" Two wished to jump out and risk certain destruction rather than burning or suffocation; but we kept the doors.

The engineer made a good captain; he found them something to do. "Use your voices then," he cried; "shout away, but altogether. Now!" And every one shouted "Fire!" with a will, and we resumed banging the doors. We had made ourselves heard at last in the next carriage, but the occupants were powerless to help us, and did not even know the cause of our dismay. As to communicating with the guard, it was simply hopeless.

Ten minutes had gone since first we saw the roof blister. We had twenty good miles to run, and the daggers of flame were leaping far down from the roof.

"Don't be afraid," said the engineer; "if we can't get the guard to help us, we'll help ourselves."

He tied handkerchiefs to umbrellas and sticks, and gave them to two passengers to wave out of window to attract attention at the next station we shot past; some one might see our condition, and telegraph on to stop us by signal. At least, it would serve to keep the passengers quiet by finding them employment, which was a great point. Then he said, turning to me:

"Whatever is the cause of the fire, it is something on the roof, and not the roof itself. Will you climb the roof on one side, while I do the same on the other? Only mind and get to windward to clear the flames."

We each set a foot on the door-rail, caught hold of the luggage-rod and swung ourselves up on the roof that was dashing along and pitching and tossing like a wild thing in a whirlwind. We could only kneel, for the rush of wind at the pace we were going would have carried us away had we stood up. The crash, the rattle, the swaying, the cutting draught, and the arches we shot through, that seemed to strike us on the head and make us cower down as we flashed by, the dazzling rails and the swift sleepers flying past in a giddy cloud, took my breath for the moment. But the engineer was busy cutting adrift, with his pocket-knife, a flaming pile of tarpaulins which the lamp had kindled, and which the wind was now drifting away in great pieces of fire along the line. I helped him with my knife and hands, and between us we quickly had the worst of the burning mass over in the six-foot way. The roof however was still burning badly, the fire eating out a large hole with red and angry edges that flickered fiercely in the draught. With the aid of bits of the unburnt tarpaulins, we managed to rub these edges and stifle and smother out the worst of the fire, until the occupants of the carriage had really very little to fear.

Whether the guard or engine-driver observed us on the carriage roof and so pulled up the train,

or whether the signals of distress were seen at some station whence the station-master telegraphed to a signalman to stop the express, I never ascertained; but as soon as the fire was well-nigh subdued, the train slackened and stopped. And I well remember that while the officials were busily engaged in drenching the now empty carriage with buckets of water, a director, who happened to be in an adjoining carriage, very severely reprimanded us for what he told us was an indictable offense, namely, leaving a train in motion. As we stood there with blackened faces and black blistered hands, it scarcely occurred to us to make the obvious defense that, in an isolated compartment, without any possible means of communication with the guard, we had had no alternative but to choose between burning, and breaking the company's rules. I do not know the engineer-passenger, and I have never seen him since, or I would have exchanged congratulations with him on the company's having had the merciful consideration not to take proceedings against us.

ON THE TEETH.

CIVILIZATION, whatever its defects, is usually conducive to beauty; but in respect to human teeth there is a marked exception. The ugliest savage races—the snail and snake and caterpillar-eating Australian savage, the man-eating New Zealander of a past generation, the Feejee cannibals of to-day, the Esquimaux, the Culmuck, whatever the savage or half-savage race we may choose for illustration—have finer teeth than have human beings nursed in luxury, fed delicately, and housed comfortably. The fact is plain to sight, but the explanation varies. To say—as many are content with saying—that the deteriorated teeth of civilized races are referable to the habits of civilized life is, in point of fact, to evade explanation; the question being, what *are* the habits and usages of civilized life to teeth so detrimental? Some hold to the belief that sugar is the cause—an opinion I conceive to be untenable, as in the sequel will more appear; others would refer to vinegar the teeth-deterioration of civilized humanity—a verdict irreconcilable with the subsidiary *role* fulfilled by vinegar amongst the constituents of human food. I believe that, more than to any other cause, the inferiority of teeth in civilized to those in savage life, is referable to the swallowing of hot food and drink; often in rapid alternation with cold. Be that as it may, failure of teeth seems a part of the price civilized humanity must pay for the boon of civilization; hence the due economy of teeth becomes of high importance, whether as a matter of beauty or of utility. Childhood past, a natural tooth lost is usually lost for ever. The cases in which a third set of teeth have been produced are so extremely rare, that the event is looked upon, when occurring, as one of Nature's wayward freaks. The loss of teeth has more than a local meaning; it is a sign in itself of lowered vitality, and it is a cause of further constitutional defect. In the negro slave-markets soundness of teeth was relied upon as a sign of

sound health and general bodily competence. "He who has lost a tooth," wrote Haller, "may consider that he has begun to die, and already taken possession of the next world with a part of his body."

Teeth, regarded as to material, are composed of a hard outer covering known as enamel, and an inner portion of soft bone furnished with nervous branches; as in toothache we discover. Chemically, tooth-enamel is remarkable in the circumstance of its holding a considerable portion of chloride of calcium, the material of fluor, or Derbyshire spar, in point of fact. The full complement of human teeth is thirty-two, four of which, however, coming late, are called wisdom-teeth. Everybody who is of suitable age remembers that, when a child, his first teeth fell out, these having been the first set, or milk-teeth.

The coming of those milk-teeth belongs to those obvious days of infancy and early childhood which, going, leave no memory behind. That order, however, was the following: the milk, or deciduous teeth were twenty in number, and they made their appearance thus: first came the four central incisors, about the seventh month after birth, but occasionally earlier or later, those of the lower jaw appearing first; next in order came the lateral incisors, the lower jaw again having precedence. Those teeth usually appear between the seventh and tenth month. Then there was a short period of rest, after which the front molars came forth soon after the twelfth month; these were followed by the canines, which appeared between the fourteenth and twentieth months. The posterior molars were the last, and being the most uncertain as to time, one cannot specify when they came for any particular individual, say any time between the eighteenth and thirty-sixth months.

The second dentition consists in the replacement of the deciduous, or milk, teeth by the second or permanent set. It usually commences about the seventh or eighth year. The gums of the new teeth, however, are prepared; ready, and waiting, a long time before this. The middle incisors are first shed and renewed; then the lateral incisors. Next are shed the anterior or milk molars, to be replaced by the anterior bicusped. About a year afterwards the posterior milk molars fall out, being replaced by other bicusped. The canines are the last of the milk-teeth to be exchanged. Next year the second pair of true molars will appear; but the third pair, or *dentes sapientie*—otherwise wisdom-teeth—may come at any subsequent period.

It has already been stated that, in exceptional cases, a third set of teeth has been known to come. Looking over the records of extreme old age, it will be remarked that any considerable extension of life beyond ninety has often been accompanied by the growth of one or more of a third set of teeth. A remarkable instance of this I find narrated by Dr. Slare, in a book written by him in advocacy of a saccharine diet, and published in 1715. Most of us are aware that amongst certain people sugar has the evil repute of destroying the teeth of persons much addicted to it, unjustly as the writer believes, and as he

has already recorded. He is not aware that the imputation rests on any firmer basis than that of the economical spirit of thrifty housekeepers. In the early days of sugar the teeth-destroying prejudice against sugar was much stronger than now. As an aid towards confuting that prejudice, Dr. Slare—the sugar-advocate of the last century—published the case of Mr. Malory, his grandfather by the mother's side. This very old gentleman led, testifies the doctor, an active, but sober and temperate life: loved hunting, a gun, and a hawk; was very regular in his eating and drinking; did make three meals a day, but did only eat flesh at dinner; drank every morning near a pint of good soft ale; then walked in his orchard as many turns as did make a mile; seldom drank wine, but when he did 'twas Canary: did this in the even of his old age. His eyesight was so good that, when between eighty and ninety, he could take up a pin from the ground. His stomach never failed him to the last, and—what concerns us most—when this old gentleman was past eighty-one, his hair did change somewhat dark, and certain of his teeth coming out they were replaced by new ones, and so did they continue to come until he had a new set quite round. He delighted in all manner of sweetmeats; used in the morning to spread honey upon his bread; at other times to strew sugar over his bread-and-butter. He loved to have all his sauces very sweet, especially his mutton, hashed or boiled, or any other sort of meat that would bear sauces.

The utility of teeth needs no expatiation; yet they are not in most cases treated judiciously, not with the respect the memory of "gone once for ever gone," demands. Amongst the evil habits most to be reprobated is the use of hard toothbrushes. The opinion prevails in some circles of injudicious people that some latent virtue, some strengthening power, resides in the bristles of a hard toothbrush. A greater error than this it would be difficult to imagine. The teeth, though bony, are organized. They have to receive their due blood-supply from vessels of the gums. When, from any cause, the blood-supply is cut off, then do the teeth loosen in their sockets, decay, and ache. Far from hardness being a quality desirable, the bristles of a toothbrush cannot well be too soft. If hard, they infallibly denude the gums after a time. When this has come to pass, decay and pain are not far off. In respect to dentrifices again, much error prevails. They are pretty often mechanical, often chemical. Some are compounded of hard, gritty materials, that wear away the enamel and mechanically abrade the gums; others hold chemical agents, that whiten the enamel-surface of teeth indeed, but at the price of destruction. Long before any admonition conveyed by pain, caries will set in. The fact can only be determined by examination by some intelligent dentist. Now is the time for preservation by filling, and not when toothache has established itself. A dentist is not a mere cosmetic- or beauty-artist, as he is too commonly regarded; he is a physician who works by giving effect to ordinary powers of digestion instead of physic. The importance of mastication as a preliminary to digestion can

hardly be overstated; and, of course, the perfection of this mechanical act will be correlative with the perfection of teeth. The remark is common enough that dentists are not what they should be; not reliable as men of honor; more chiefly intent on running up long bills. The opprobrium is far too sweeping; there are honorable and dishonorable dentists, as there are honorable and dishonorable doctors and lawyers. Wherever many opportunities for cheating exist, many provocatives to dishonor, there some men will be found to take advantage of them. As regards dentists, the proposition may in a general way be laid down, that the higher-priced men are in the end the cheapest. The work of such may ever be relied upon as the best; and to patients who may be unable to pay the full honorarium, such gentlemen are ever considerate. In teeth-economy the principle should be established of keeping a tooth as long as it is useful, but no longer. When a tooth has ceased to be good for mastication, or for ornament, the sooner it is removed the better. When removed, an artificial tooth should be established in its place. The time has gone by for natural artificial teeth to have preference; and the consideration of this fact should do away with the hesitation that some people have for using false teeth. Sentiment is a very powerful influence in this world. Reason about it as we like, sentiment is a feeling that must and will be respected. But for sentiment, the utilitarianism of life might attain to a wider development. We might eat cat's-meat, to make flesh and blood; we might convert our dead into smelling-salts, prussian-blue, lucifer-matches, skin door-mats, gloves, boots and shoes, and perhaps a hundred other useful products. Sentiment restrains us—even the most philosophical; and the sentiment against fixing the teeth of human beings in the mouths of living ones is undoubtedly potent. There is now no need for doing this, so many excellent materials of non-human origin standing in aid. Taken all in all, artificial teeth of hard enamel are chiefly to be recommended, and those of American manufacture are the very best known. The particular sort of teeth, however, will depend a good deal on the shape of the palate and number to be set in a block. Excellent sets are made of hippopotamus ivory; that of the elephant is too soft, and stains too rapidly, to be of any great use to the dentist. As a matter of sentiment, the advantages of enamel or porcelain teeth, as we may call them, need no expatiation. Being wholly non-absorbent, they never stain or otherwise change color. This leads up to an observation and a precept; one that wearers of this sort of artificial teeth should more frequently remember than they do. It is this—natural teeth are never white. Except sometimes in early childhood they have not the faintest claim to whiteness. A miniature-painter, or others having a discriminating eye for color, would not fail to discover in by far the majority of natural teeth those mingled tints of green, blue, yellow, ect., that, taken together, go to make up a general result of grayness of some preponderating shade. If this be so of natural teeth naturally, by how much more will the tint of teeth be

varied from white by the thousand contingencies of colored food and drink, of physic, and perhaps of smoking.

A common failing with middle-aged and elderly, nay too often young, people is, that they choose artificial teeth of the most brilliant whiteness they can find. Nothing can be more absurd. To commit this error is to reveal to any apprehension of ordinary acuteness the secret of false teeth. Another common error is that of having artificial teeth more regular and more block-like than is ever seen in nature. If the most regular set of naturally-grown teeth be examined as to absolute mechanical evenness, they will be found deficient in this quality, and still that very defect shall condense to the general result of beauty. The fact is certain, though the foundation of it lies too deep for easy revelation—maybe for any—that some degree of irregularity of feature is needed to awaken in an appreciative mind the highest sentiment of beauty. Few of us but can remember to have seen faces so wholly regular, no feature unexceptionable, that the result fell tame and unimpressive on the eye. As regards the teeth, it will generally be found that the most pleasing expression, male and female,—nay, the highest types of male and female feature-beauty,—is correlated with some sort of irregularity in the teeth. In one the precise irregularity is, perhaps, that a tooth slightly overlaps; in another the front teeth are slightly parted, it may be. Of whatever sort the natural peculiarity may have been, the dentist should be allowed to follow it in his copy. Here, too, in a general way, the remark may be made, that if by any chance a set of teeth gives admiration for its pure white tint and general evenness of run, when seen on a table or under a case, that set will not be satisfactory when placed to do duty, for beauty and utility, in the mouth. Persons who foolishly select artificial teeth of greater whiteness than is ever seen in nature will perhaps be surprised to learn at what cost of trouble and ingenuity varying tints are imparted by the manufacturer of artificial teeth to naturally white materials. Yellow tints are given by titanium; blue by platinum; bright blue by cobalt; bluish yellow by titanium and platinum mingled. It would be altogether too technical to particularize here the exact composition of mineral teeth. The best general exposition will consist in the statement that they are made up of a material holding felspar, borax, clay, occasionally flint-glass—though that is not advisable—and silica. They are moulded either in plaster-of-paris, porous stone, or metal; the last being preferable. They are next burned in a furnace like any ordinary porcelain. Sometimes whole blocks of this latter material are moulded, gums included; but whether blocks or single teeth, the process of enamelling is necessary. It closely resembles the enamelling or glazing of porcelain, especially real porcelain, of which New Sevres is typical, and it is conducted in the same manner as the glazing of porcelain, but more delicately. If the very whitest natural tooth be carefully examined, three distinct shades of tint at least will be noticed upon it. First there is the tint belonging to

the general body of the tooth; then that of the crown, or bearing-edge, or surface; lastly, of the part running into the gum. All these three tints must be imitated and indicated by the true dental artist. Occasionally entire blocks—several teeth, gums, and all—are made in one piece of this porcelain or enamel material. In this case, besides the three tints appertaining to the teeth proper, the roseate aspect of the gum must be represented. To accomplish this the coloring-matter used is gold; to which also are due the lovely red tints we admire so much in certain pieces of Bohemian glass. On the whole, block-teeth are not to be recommended, whatever the material of them may be. Far more efficient are teeth mounted on either metal or vulcanite. The metals used for this purpose are gold, palladium, and sometimes platinum—the only objection to which last is its extreme weight. Silver, considered as a metal for dentistry purposes, would be wholly objectionable, on account of the facility with which it blackens when brought into contact with sulphur, or things holding sulphur. In saliva there is much of this element; no inconsiderable amount in many varieties of food. Among condiments, mustard teems with sulphur; and perhaps, with the single exception of salt, no article of either food or condiment is wholly devoid of sulphur. From all this it follows that silver would not serve the dentist's purpose at all. Occasionally teeth are filled with silver instead of gold-leaf; concerning which practice all the chemist can record is—pity dentists don't know better.

In respect to gold, whether employed in mounting dentistry, or for any other constructive purpose, the fact need hardly be explained that the noble metal is never used pure; absolutely pure gold is scarcely more rigid, hard, and mechanically enduring than absolutely pure lead. No gold for dentistry purposes should have a lower quality than twenty carats; in other words, should hold more than four parts of copper or other alloy in the twenty-four. Gold-foil for filling teeth should be made of absolutely pure gold; in technical language, gold of four-and-twenty carats fine.

Toothache one needs must touch on. Why the two fell tortures of gout and toothache are so commonly regarded as ailments absolved from pity, I know not of my own knowledge, and never found any one who did. Toothache has this advantage over gout, that it is always alleviable, and that in most instances without removing the tooth. Few, very few, aching teeth will resist the application of aconite judiciously used; and though aconite be a poison, and the treatment sounds poisonous, yet in any but the most careless hands it may be used to stop toothache with impunity. The best mode of application is this; having immersed some cotton-wool in tincture of aconite poured into a dish and set in a warm place, wait until the tincture has evaporated and left the cotton-wool impregnated with aconite paste. This paste-mixture of cotton and aconite is what the tooth is to be filled with. Pain usually departs in about ten minutes. It is not intended that the patient shall swallow any part

of this aconite paste or its products; but even if deglutition do occur no poisoning will ensue, the quantity of the active principle of aconite thus capable of finding its way to the stomach being insufficient to develop any bad consequences. There is an incorporation of arsenic and morphia slightly more efficacious than aconite for alleviating toothache; but it is altogether too dangerous for domestic or private use.

GOING HOME.

THE traveler plods his weary way
Through many a distant scene;
Through chilly night and burning day,
Through pastures fair and green.
"Home" is his never ceasing thought,
"The end, when will it come?"
I shall not feel the trials then,
When I am safe at home."

"Home!" sighs the active sailor, as
He paces to and fro
The narrow deck, but thoughts have wings,
And far away they go.
They reach the mother, wife, and child,
And hastening back they come:
"I soon shall be across the sea,
And safe with them at home!"

"Home!" shouts the schoolboy, as he throws
His cap into the air:
"Good-bye to school and lessons too,
Good-bye to thought and care.
Good-bye to Latin, Euclid, Greek,
To exercise and sum;
Good-bye to master, books, and cane,
Hurrah! I'm going home!"

"Home!" whispers the tender little child,
With toilsome pleasure spent;
And wearily lays down its head,
And gives fatigue its vent.
But still the first soft words it says,
When back its senses come,
Are—"Oh, I am so very tired,
O, mother, take me home!"

The poor man looks and longs for home,
When all his work is done;
It is the place of household joys,
The place he calls his own.
Among his little ones he sits,
And welcomes all who come
With cheerful smile and hearty word—
For is it not his home?

There is another blessed home
Where pleasures never cease;
Where death and sorrow never come,
And all is joy and peace.
O may we make that heavenly home
Of all our hopes the sum;
Remembering, in our love for earth,
We are not yet at home!

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

THEY were about to hang him! Chance led me near the spot. I pleaded in his behalf, and my prayer was granted, but on two conditions: First, that I should pay for his keep during his captivity; and secondly, that I should take him into my service, and support him in a decent and respectable manner. I consented. It was true that my *protege* was by no means good-looking;

in fact, he was absolutely ugly; but I consoled myself with the reflection that he might not be so bad as he looked, and that the handsomest man would cut a sorry figure in front of the hangman. They cut the cord, and he found himself once more on *terra firma*.

Without making one single bound of joy common to the brethren of his race, he followed me in silence. One would almost have said that he was angry with me for having saved him from an execution which, perhaps, he desired. I confess that I was a little ruffled. Little as man likes the unrestrained manifestations of gratitude which would expose him to the gaze of an idle crowd, ever ready to ridicule the finer feelings of nature, he nevertheless desires that some acknowledgment, however slight, should be made of favors bestowed. He, however, had showed no sign, had done nothing. And who knows, thought I, perhaps he has only followed me because he couldn't do otherwise? All these ideas worked on me as I walked along; at length, arriving at a deserted spot, I signified to him that he was free. I even think that, in order to make him understand me better, I administered my foot to the ex-condemned; and then, without looking back, I continued on my route.

On arriving home, I was about to enter, when I heard a slight noise behind me. I turned round—it was he! I made another sign to him to be off, but he moved not. I threatened him, and this time he regarded me with an air at once resolute and resigned. He seemed to say, "You would strike me, eh? Never mind, you are free to do so; but if you think that the lives of condemned unfortunates are saved thus before the world, to be cast away immediately after, when there is nobody looking on, you are mistaken. You have engaged to give me board and lodging; and though I don't seem to please you much—and you don't please me either—I am determined to make you fulfill your engagements."

I understood him perfectly, although he maintained an obstinate silence—which, in fact, he preserved to such an extent, that up to the last second of our acquaintance, I believed him to be dumb.

Suiting the action to the word, if one may use the phrase, and while I was regarding him indecisively, he slid through the half-opened door, and passing before me without any ceremony, installed himself on all fours before a good fire in the parlor.

I sat myself down in my turn, and whilst he warmed himself, commenced to examine him at my leisure. I have already told you that he was not good-looking—that he was, in fact, almost hideous. But his eyes, before so sad and lifeless, at the sight of the flaming fire commenced to shed forth a brilliancy, in which I could read goodness, intelligence and honesty. And these qualities, when they are hidden beneath a rough exterior—as in his case—are (thought I to myself) often accompanied by others not less precious, and among them, fidelity.

He was small, but short and thickset; this denoted strength and courage. His moustache was bushy, but well trimmed; this showed that he

took good care of his toilette. His coat, however, was not in good condition; it bore numerous traces of the vigorous resistance he had made against his recent capture, and at certain unmentionable places the skin was clearly visible.

The following is all I had learnt respecting his character and antecedents. He had shipped on board a transport as it was leaving with a body of soldiers for the war. He had no doubt reckoned on passing unperceived during the confusion of the moment. But he was mistaken, for he was soon discovered by an officer, and turned ashore. The soldiers, among whom it appeared he had many friends, pleaded his case to the captain, but that functionary was inexorable. The anchor was weighed, and as the ship disappeared in the distance, he remained on the quays with his eyes fixed on the horizon. Night came and passed away, and the morning found him still there with his eyes riveted on the sea. And thus he remained, until hunger brought him back to himself. From that moment he was changed; he became nearly mad, and robbed and plundered in all directions, until one fine day, after a severe struggle with four officers of the public peace, he was captured. His fate was then sealed; no one for him, and all the neighborhood against him. He was tried, condemned, and was about to be hanged, when I arrived at the critical moment to save his life.

It must be admitted that what little I knew respecting him was not of a nature to inspire me with confidence. As he continued to take his ease before the fire, any stranger seeing him thus would have thought that he had inhabited the house since his birth.

On retiring to bed I took care to close all the doors, assuring myself that any desire of evasion on his part would be useless. However, judge of my surprise, when, on opening my bed-room door the following morning, I found him stationed there, waiting for me; he had brought me my slippers, which I had left in the kitchen. How he found them out is beyond my comprehension.

Breakfast done, I went out on business. He accompanied me, but still remained as silent and sorry as a mute. He always walked on my right, and never allowed himself to be attracted by anything. If I went into a house, he would always quietly wait for me at the door. Many a time I spoke to him, and tried to make him answer; he would look at me, nothing more. It was not that I was indifferent to him, for one day a drunken man having raised his arm against me, he seized the offender by the throat, and would have strangled him had I not interfered. At home also he took an affection for my servant, but this was only a sort of condescension. When I did not go out he consented to accompany her to market; but never, in spite of oft-repeated attempts, would he aid her in carrying the basket.

Two years passed away. At this epoch my servant fell ill. Judge of my surprise on seeing my silent friend take the basket and start to market! He returned without having forgotten a single article. The following day he did the

same thing, and at length my servant being obliged to leave me, he replaced her entirely, and always without uttering a word. No one could accuse him of slandering his master; he spoke to nobody, and in fact seemed to refuse to acknowledge his fellows. Many a time they tried to annoy him, to quarrel with him, because he was little, but the same individual never tried twice. He would put down his basket, seize his adversary by the throat—this was his great talent—and having laid him half dead on the ground, he would pick up his basket, and return to the house as if nothing had happened.

I had begun to think that I had obtained the pearl of servants—honest, discreet, and steady—when, the month of May having arrived, he took it into his head to go out for an hour every day exactly at sunset. This puzzled me amazingly; and yet what could I do? Question him? Useless; I should get no answer. Follow him? Impossible; for if in returning he took his ease, on going out he disappeared like the wind. I tried one day to shut him up in a room on the first story; but in vain. On going to the room at the hour of sunset, I found it empty; he had not hesitated, at the risk of his life, to jump out of the window.

From that moment I renounced all idea of discovering the cause of this singular habit of my domestic, and should probably have forgotten all about it, when one day the basket of provisions presented a noticeable deficit. I at first thought that it was the fault of the tradespeople, but they assured me that they had served my domestic as usual. I paid no more attention that day, but the day after, to my astonishment, the same circumstance occurred, with, perhaps, this difference—that the deficit was far more considerable than on the preceding day. He himself now seemed unable to look me fairly in the face; he seemed like one guilty, but little accustomed to dissimulate.

What! he a thief? I could not bring myself to believe it. And yet what should I do? I resolved to watch him.

The following day, at market time, I let him depart on his errands as usual. Nothing in me betrayed my design; I knew full well that I had to deal with a nature more instinctive than intelligent, and that a simple movement on my part would put him on the alert.

As it was evident that the larceny was not committed until he had purchased all his provisions, I proceeded to the shop where he would make his last purchase, and, hiding myself behind a column, awaited his appearance. He was not long in presenting himself; and, having accomplished his final marketing transaction, he took the street leading to my house, taking especial care of his full-stocked basket.

I followed him, and my confidence in his honesty increased the more as he neared home; I had already begun to abuse the dishonest tradespeople, who had led me to believe that I was betrayed by the most faithful of servants. I had already thought of lecturing them on the spot, when all of a sudden I saw my *protege* turn sharply to the right, and take a short cut leading

to a deserted quarter. I at once put my best leg forward, and only just in time, for as I turned the corner I saw him disappear down the area of an uninhabited house. I entered after him, and went from bottom to top of the deserted building, but could discover no trace of him. I thought I had been mistaken, and was about to leave the house, when, on opening a cellar door which I had passed unperceived, I discovered the whole mystery.

A poor mother and five or six young ones, on a miserable bed of straw, were partaking of the more delicate of my provisions! He, my domestic, touched nothing; he was looking on. I now understood all.

On seeing me enter the cellar he trembled from head to foot; but I immediately pardoned his daily theft, on account of the noble feeling that had led him to the act; I even spoke some consoling words to him, and then retired from the family scene, and returned home.

It was not long before he entered after me, and, having put the basket in its usual place, he took his customary seat before the fire, quiet and unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

At this very moment the sound of military music broke on our ears. He rose suddenly, as if moved by an irresistible influence; then he remained motionless, as if in doubt. The music ceased, but only for a few minutes, when it recommenced with redoubled vigor. This time there was no mistaking; the sound of old Scotland's pipes filled the breeze.

With one bound my domestic cleared the window, and, as fast as his legs could carry him, made his way to the port. I followed. A regiment of Highlanders were disembarking, and I soon discovered my fugitive in the midst of a circle which thickened every moment. Every one welcomed him, every one embraced him; even the colonel himself received him with sympathy.

The regiment having got into order, commenced to march; he followed it. As the regiment passed in front of me, my *protege* caught sight of me. He stopped, and fixed his gaze on me. Big tears were rolling down his cheeks. What did they mean? I know not; but somehow or other a strange sort of feeling crept over me. We continued to look at each other for some minutes. By this time the regiment was nearly out of sight, and the music all but inaudible. Suddenly a pipe stronger than the rest reached our ears. This was the feather which broke the camel's back. His resolution was taken: he threw a look of regret on the house that had welcomed him, another on me his friend, and a last, an indescribable one, in the direction of the poor family he had succored, and then rushed madly after the regiment. On arriving at the corner of the street he turned round for the last time, and, uttering a long and piercing cry, disappeared. It was the first time I had heard him bark!

WHEN the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "*Keep me, my God! my boat is so small, and thy ocean so wide!*" Does not this prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

"THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLS."

EVER since the introduction of tobacco into Europe, the gravest denunciations have been launched against it, and physicians of the highest rank have attributed to the practice of smoking and "snuffing" some of the most formidable diseases that flesh is heir to. We are not going to repeat these common places. But we believe that we shall do good service by laying before our readers certain striking facts which not very long ago occupied the French Academy of Medicine, and were published by one of its members, Dr. Jolly.

According to this learned physician, it appears from the French medical statistics, that diseases of the nervous centers have increased at a frightful rate among the French; that insanity, general and progressive paralysis, softening of the brain and spinal marrow, cancerous diseases of the lips and the tongue appear to have increased hand-in-hand with the revenues derived from the impost on tobacco. Nay, more—we are positively assured that the increase of the French population has been checked by the use of tobacco.

In all this there is nothing new. Precisely the same accusations were brought against tobacco by the earliest writers on the subject, some two hundred years ago. Still, it may be worth our while to listen to the recital of the modern evils which the continental physicians ascribe to the weed, however painful it may be to hear so bad an account of that which many a smoker prefers to food; and which so many believe to be an innocent enjoyment if not a positive mental support, equally acceptable after the labors of the body or the mind.

According to the statistics of Dr. Rubio, the number of lunatics is much greater in northern countries, where the consumption of spirituous liquors and the use of tobacco are much greater than in southern countries, where the people are very sober, and small smokers. According to M. Moreau, not a single case of general paralysis is seen in Asia Minor, where there is no abuse of alcoholic liquors, and where they smoke a kind of tobacco which is almost free from *nicotine*, or the peculiar poison in tobacco. On the other hand, insanity is frightfully increasing in Europe, just in proportion to the increase in the use of tobacco. It appears that from 1830 to 1862 the revenues from the impost on tobacco in France rose from 1,250,000*l.* to 8,333,333*l.*—a tremendous figure, certainly, to have disappeared from the pockets of the people into smoke. But, hand-in-hand with this increase in the consumption of tobacco, there appears to have been during the same period an augmentation in the number of lunatics in France from 8,000 to 44,000, or rather 60,000, if we take into account other lunatics besides those in the public asylums. Nor is that all; there are other diseases of the nervous centers referred to the same origin, and not mentioned in the statistics, which raise the sum total to 100,000 persons who in France alone suffer from the poisonous effects of tobacco smoke.

Proceeding with his inquiries, Dr. Jolly visited all the asylums, and consulted the case-books of private practice, in order to throw more light on this important subject; and the result is his firm conviction that among the men it is muscular or narcotic paralysis which predominates and constitutes the excess of the normal number of lunatics, whilst the other forms of madness disclose but slight variations in their number; and, among the antecedents of the cases, he always found that they could be traced to "the abuse of tobacco." In the asylums for female lunatics, on the contrary, he only found the older forms of insanity, and general paralysis was exceptional.

Of course in all this there might be only coincidence, but when coincidences become numerous they are equivalent to demonstrations, and it is positively averred that general paralysis preferentially attacks persons who smoke tobacco more or less saturated with nicotine. Soldiers, and sailors especially, who smoke more than others of the population, figure foremost in the number of paralytic lunatics, whilst, on the other hand, women are almost exempt from that malady. Those populations who do not smoke, or who smoke inert substances, such as hops or tea, enjoy the same immunity.

Perhaps it may be said that the abuse of alcoholic liquors is too often the concomitant of that of tobacco to allow us to separate the effects of the two causes; but without denying the pernicious effects of the Frenchman's favorite absinthe, cognac, and other spirituous liquors, in the progress of the evil, Dr. Jolly believes he has demonstrated that the abuse of tobacco must be regarded as the chief cause of the general paralysis of the insane, and for the following reason. He met with paralytic madmen who had been water-drinkers, but immoderate smokers; and Dr. Maillot, chief of the French Army Board of Health, found that among the very numerous cases of paralysis coming under his notice, there were many patients who were remarkable for their sobriety as to the use of spirituous liquors, but immoderate smokers of the pipe or cigar. Finally, in certain provinces of France—for instance, in Saintonge, Limousin and Bretagne, where there is as yet very little smoking, but where an enormous quantity of brandy is drank, general paralysis is almost unknown.

Considering that neither reasoning nor facts will ever induce mankind to give up their tobacco, Dr. Jolly makes certain suggestions by way of remedy for the consequent evils. He thinks that means should be taken to oust the strong tobaccos altogether and vulgarize those of Turkey, Greece, Arabia and Havana. This is rather a pleasant suggestion; but we fear it is very much like that of Lord Lytton, who makes one of his novel-speakers say that poor men, in order to escape gout, should drink champagne instead of ale. Another suggestion of the learned and considerate doctor seems more feasible, which is, that the French should get the nicotine extracted from their tobacco; and yet we fear that the poison clings too closely to the "sweet," as usual, to admit of a separation. If, however, the analytical chemists can manage to produce a

perfectly innocent tobacco, they will become the benefactors of mankind.

If one-tenth of the alleged evils of tobacco smoking be facts, the entire human race must be seriously injured by the "Indian weed;" for it appears that the average annual consumption of tobacco by the whole human race of 1,000 millions, is at least 70 ounces (4lb. 6oz.) per head, and the total quantity annually consumed is two millions of tons, or 4,480 millions of pounds weight.

It is, however, to the young that the evil of smoking is likely to be most disastrous. Whatever benefit may be derived from smoking in maturity and old age, it is obvious that the young can not need the factitious aid of a narcotic. Parents should look to this, and prevent the most deplorable physical and moral consequences of the habit in their children. Many a youth may date the ruin of his health and character from the first whiff of tobacco which, by dint of nauseous practice, he was at length able to smoke, in the foolish imitation of manhood. That smoking must impair the digestion and derange the nervous system of the young, seems certain, and that it may lead to drunkenness or excess in drink, is more than probable from the thirst which it necessarily occasions.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE following story of genuine heroism is told by Madame de Genlis, and, though not new, deserves to be printed again and again in letters of gold:

When the plague raged at Marseilles, and all the city was panic-stricken, the physicians assembled at the Hotel de Ville to hold a consultation. After a long deliberation they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which a post-mortem examination might throw light upon; but the operation was held an impossible one, seeing the operator must inevitably fall a victim in a few hours. A dead pause followed this fearful declaration, when suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said, firmly, "Be it so. I will give myself for the safety of my beloved country. By to-morrow morn I will dissect a corpse, and write down what I observe." He went away, calmly made his will, confessed, and received the sacrament. He then shut himself up with a man who had died of the plague, taking with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, he had never felt more firm or more collected; kneeling before the corpse he wrote, "I gaze without horror, even with joy. I trust, by finding the secret cause of this terrible disease, to show the way to some salutary remedy; and so will God bless my sacrifice and make it useful." He began—he finished the operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, sought the lazaretto, and died in twelve hours.

"Died," did we say? Nay, he lived. What life so real as that which casts itself into future generations to be a lasting benefit to men? What

better illustration of the Chief Shepherd's words, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?"

THE BURIAL OF THE OLD YEAR.

I dug a grave at midnight, there to bury
A sorrow-stricken, bent, and wounded form;
"Old friend," quoth I, "we've roughed the world
together,
Through sunshine and through storm:

"Take with thee to thy rest my sins, my sorrows,
My wrongs, my hopes all blurred with bitter tears,
Let them lie silent in thy breast for ever,
Nor darken coming years."

Beside the grave there stood an angel-watcher,—
"Nay, for their work is just undone," spake he;
"They must live on to teach thee truths learned only
Through long heart-agony."

Next cast I in the grave joys gone for ever,
Love, noble impulses, and god-like thought,
Lest that the longing after bright days faded
Should be to madness wrought.

"Bury them not," outspake the angel watcher,
"No noble deed but bears fruit manifold,
No drop of love but lives, though unrequited,
No truth but keeps its hold."

"Bury them not! When wilder storms are raging,
When darker clouds on thy horizon rise,
Like beacon lights through Time's touch clearer
glowing,
Shall shine their memories."

Then turned I to the grave I dug at midnight,
Where pale and cold in death the old year slept;
And bending down I kissed his lips so faded,
And bitterly I wept.

"Old friend," quoth I, "we part to-night for ever
And I must bear the burden thou hast borne,
Until I hear the whispered words from heaven,
'Blessed are they that mourn.'"

"Blessed, thrice blessed they," a voice made answer
And at that voice sweet bells began to ring,
Clear from a thousand belfry turrets pealing
To hail the New Year king.

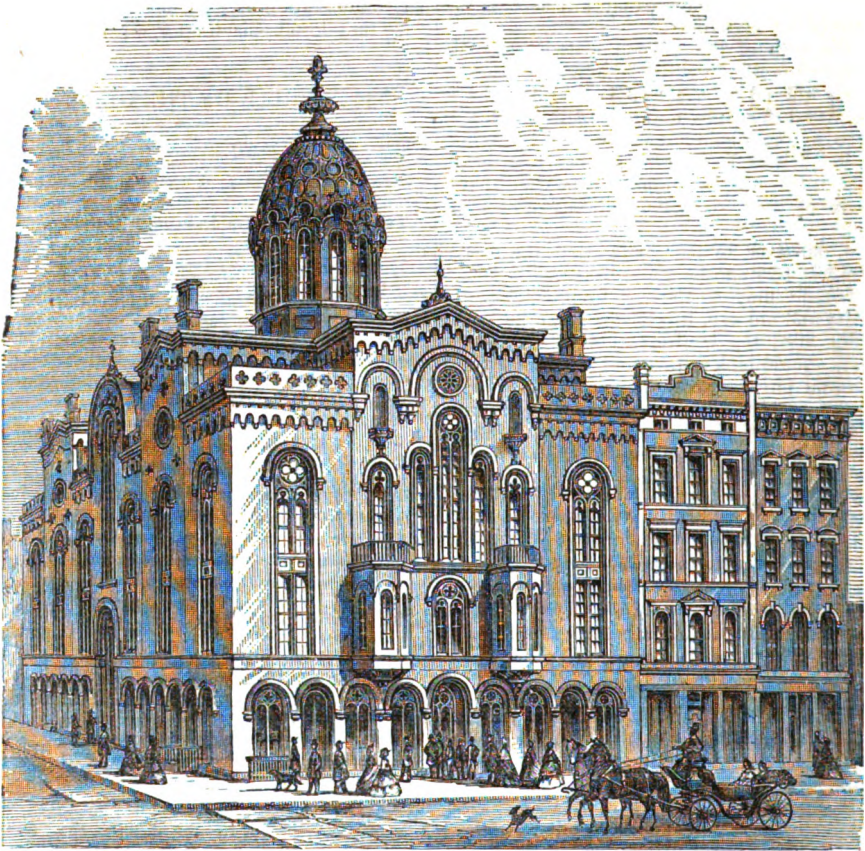
The New Year king, like to a fair child-angel,
Pressed down the sods upon the Old Year's grave
And lo, rare amaranth flowers of heavenly beauty
All glorious o'er it wave.

He plucked one flower, and in his bosom laid it,—
"Thus in the present aye shall live the past,
No grief, no joy, no hope the Old Year cherished
Shall to the winds be cast."

He stood there like the Resurrection angel,
Conquering the flesh through spiritual strife,
And I beheld the old year in the Present
Raised to immortal life.

He stood, his flaming sword still pointing onward,
My grief was hushed, and faith o'ercame each fear
I blessed the Old Year in his dark grave sleeping,
And hailed the New-born Year.

ONE reason why the world is not reformed is because every man would have others make beginning, and never thinks of himself.



ODD FELLOW'S HALL AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

The Odd Fellows of Indiana are the proprietors of one of the most handsome buildings in the hands of the Order that it has been our fortune to see. We present above a view of this structure, and desire in this connection to thank Grand Secretary E. H. Barry for the kindness with which he aided us in obtaining the engraving.

The hall is located at the corner of two of the principal streets of Indianapolis. The first story is occupied by business-houses, the second story as offices, in one of which Dr. Barry, the efficient Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe holds forth. In the third story are located a very large oblong Lodge-room, where the Grand Lodge and the Lodges located in Indianapolis meet; and a smaller Encampment-room, octagon in shape, both provided with appropriate ante-rooms. About three years ago the whole building was thoroughly repaired, and at that time the walls and ceilings of the two halls were frescoed; they are now the most tastily finished Lodge-rooms that we have ever seen.

The capital with which this hall was built, was originally raised by individual subscription of stock, at \$25 a share, many Lodges, as well as individual members, subscribing liberally. In addition, the

Grand Lodge of Indiana donated \$10,000, on condition that they have the right of holding their meetings in the building, and that they were to be paid ten per cent. interest on the donation, as soon as the income would be sufficient, which it has been for a long time. The stock has been bought up by the Grand Lodge as fast as it came into the market, and is now owned as follows :

	Shares.	Value.
Grand Lodge.....	554	\$13,850
Grand Encampment	42	1,050
Subordinate Lodges.	464	11,600
Subordinate Encampments.....	27	675
Total by the Order.....	1,087	\$27,175
Individuals	372	9,300
Total.....	1,459	\$36,475

Adding to this the donation of the Grand Lodge of \$10,000, shows an actual capital of \$46,475. The gross income during the past year from rent has been \$9,354.17; the expenses, including repairs, taxes and salary of trustees, \$3,407.45; thus leaving a net income from the building of \$6,434.26, or nearly fifteen per cent. The trustees have been dividing ten per cent. annually, holding the balance as a reserve fund.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

NOTICES.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*We desire short stories, elucidating the practical working and the teachings of Odd Fellowship. Will pay liberally for good stories of this character.*

BACK NUMBERS.—We have now mailed the August, September and October numbers, just reprinted, to all of our subscribers who were not formerly supplied. Should they have failed to reach any one, he will confer a favor by notifying our local agent or this office direct, so that we can supply the deficiency.

MISSING NUMBERS.—In order to complete his files, the editor of the COMPANION desires to obtain the numbers of the "Ark" and "Memento" mentioned below, and will be obliged to any Brother who will send him one of the missing numbers, with a notice of the price at which he values it.

The following numbers of the "Memento" are wanted: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9 and 12 of Vol. I; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12 of Vol. II; Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7, 9 and 12 of Vol. V.

The following numbers of the "Ark" are wanted: Volumes I, II and III; Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 7 of Vol. IV; No. 5 of Vol. V; Nos. 1, 4, 5, 8 and 9 of Vol. VIII; No. 6 of Vol. IX; Nos. 1 and 10 of Vol. X; Nos. 1, 3 and 7 of Vol. XII; Nos. 1 and 8 of Vol. XIII; No. 5 of Vol. XV.

OHIO PROCEEDINGS.—We also desire to obtain copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio for 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844 and 1848; and of the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Ohio from July, 1849 to January, 1850; for any of which we will pay a reasonable price.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications should be in our hands by the 15th of the month, to insure their insertion in the following number of the magazine. An observance of this rule by all of our contributors will place the editor and the publishers under lasting obligations.

THANKS.—We desire to acknowledge the receipt of printed proceedings from the Grand Secretaries of the G.L.U.S., Colorado, New Hampshire, Iowa, Kansas, from the Grand Scribes of Illinois and New Hampshire, and others. We are under obligations to Grand Secretary Willard, of Illinois, John F. Lincoln, P.G., of Columbus, Ohio, and Bro. B. F. Snyder, of Roanoke, Missouri, for some of the numbers of the "Ark" and "Memento" advertised for.

OUR BOOK-TABLE.

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.—The Odd Fellow's Improved Manual; by Rev. A. B. Grosh. Cloth, 12mo., \$2.00. Philadelphia: Theodore Bliss & Co.

Des Odd-Fellow's Verbeserertes Handbuch; von dem Ehrw. A. B. Grosh. 32mo., tuck, gilt edge, \$1.50. Philadelphia: Theodore Bliss & Co.

The Odd Fellow's Pocket Text Book; by Paschal Donaldson, revised by George Bertram. 32mo., tuck, gilt edge, \$1.50. Philadelphia: Moss & Co.

Packard's Monthly; the Young Men's Magazine. \$1.00 a year. New York: S. S. Packard.

The Casque; a weekly journal devoted to Literature and the principles of the Knights of Pythias. \$2.00 per annum. Baltimore: McGuire & Wolfe.

The above books and magazines will be noticed more fully as time and space permits.

DEATH OF GRAND SECRETARY WILLIAM CURTIS.

As our last form is about to go to press, the telegraph brings the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Grand Secretary Wm. Curtis, of Pennsylvania. He died of apoplexy, at his residence in Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 27th of December. Brother Curtis entered the responsible position of Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in the year 1840; he found forty Lodges with 3,194 members under the jurisdiction of his Grand Lodge. When death deprived the Order of his services, twenty-eight years afterward, more than 526 Lodges with over 66,235 members had grown up under his watchful care in the State. He has discharged the varied duties of his responsible position with great credit to himself as well as with benefit to the Order. He was Grand Scribe of Pennsylvania for a number of years, and occupied a prominent position in Masonry, of which Order he had been a member for thirty-five years.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN THE ORDER.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey the Representative of Germania Lodge, No. 121, of Newark, Bro. Oscar Wiener, asked for legislation looking toward the printing of the laws and digests of his own Grand Lodge as well as of the G.L.U.S. in the German language, but failed to attain his object. His Lodge has now adopted a series of resolutions, calling upon other Lodges working in the German language to assist them in procuring such legislation.

Even if but one Lodge were working in the German language with the consent of the G.L.U.S., we do not see how that body could in justice refuse to furnish its members the laws which they are asked to obey, in a language which they can read. But when as large a portion of the membership belongs to German Lodges, as the following tabular statement shows, it seems to be not only a matter of justice, but of imperative necessity to print the Digest of the G.L.U.S. in their language. In compiling this table, the membership of the Lodges in States marked with an asterisk (*) is wholly or partially estimated, either because the number of members of each Lodge is not published in the Grand Lodge report, as in the case of Iowa, or because we have not been furnished with copies of the proceedings for several years, as in the case of California, Delaware, and others. The proceedings of a few of the Grand Lodges we have never seen, probably because they have not been printed, and of course we do not know whether any German Lodges exist under their jurisdiction or not. But

our compilation substantially shows the number and strength of the German Lodges at the beginning of the year 1868 :

	Lodges.	Members.
Alabama*	2	60
California*	4	800
Connecticut	1	148
Delaware*	1	85
District of Columbia	1	277
Illinois	24	1,499
Indiana	12	1,028
Iowa*	10	900
Kansas	2	179
Kentucky	7	1,039
Louisiana	5	502
Maryland	7	2,058
Massachusetts	1	86
Michigan	1	224
Minnesota	3	95
Missouri	8	329
Nebraska	1	45
New Jersey	5	407
New York	26	3,226
Ohio	19	3,460
Oregon	1	16
Pennsylvania	29	6,942
South Carolina	1	55
Tennessee	1	105
Texas*	4	125
West Virginia	2	266
Wisconsin*	13	800
	191	25,256

Thus 191 Lodges, containing over 25,000 members, or fully one-tenth of the entire membership, use the German language in the transaction of their business.

We cannot refrain from here saying that in compiling this table we noticed but two German Lodges that had surrendered their charters, one in Maryland, that has become extinct; and one in Illinois, that was consolidated with another Lodge. And in nine jurisdictions—Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Michigan, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Wisconsin—German Lodges take the lead in point of membership, Guttenberg Lodge, No. 106, in Philadelphia, having more members than any other Lodge in the United States, it having 671 members on the 31st of March, 1868.

THE APRON.

Rather a strong opposition against the abolition of the apron as a part of our regalia manifests itself in a few places, although, so far as our observation extends, the large majority of the members acquiesce in the measure as economical and as doing away with an article of dress that most men wear but awkwardly. But an effort will undoubtedly be made to reinstate the apron, and those who own the article now, had better perhaps save them until after the next session of the G.L.U.S.

MINNESOTA.

Bro. C. C. Comee, Grand Master of Minnesota, informs us that he instituted Comee Lodge, No. 25, at Waseca, on the 8th of December. The Lodge starts with ten old Odd Fellows and initiated ten at the first meeting, and plenty of good material for additions left in the place.

MISSING NUMBERS.

If any numbers of the COMPANION have failed to reach the subscribers, from any cause, they are requested to notify our local agents or the publishers, and we will at once supply the missing numbers.

THE WRITTEN WORK.

Grand Secretary Escavaille, in a recent number of the "Mystic Tie," has an article urging that more attention be paid by our members to the "written work," and expressing his conviction, that its publication would be beneficial to the Order. The article is a very able one, and if our space permitted, we would like to reproduce it entire; we can not resist the temptation of copying the concluding paragraph :

"It is of far less importance, so far as the spread of Odd Fellowship is concerned, to know the unwritten than the written work. It is well to know both, but the former is the mere forms or protective shields, while the latter is the life, the spirit, the man. An Odd Fellow is not an individual skilled in manipulation of pass-words and signs, but an honest, upright, kind-hearted man, who desires to act for the benefit of his fellow man, and to do good to others while time and opportunity are his; to act out as far as in him individually lies, and to work out the written work of Odd Fellowship as he has heard it pronounced in his Lodge and in all those he has visited. We would like to see every Brother capable not perhaps of writing a tract, or describing what Odd Fellowship is with a pen; but to speak and act a tract in his whole life's conduct, and to do this effectually he should make himself well acquainted with the written work. Perhaps some zealous Brother and fluent speaker will take this winter for his subject in a course of lectures "The Written Work" and endeavor to put every hearer in full possession of it. There are more members of a high degree in Odd Fellowship, that we fear would pass but a sorry examination in the written work, than is generally supposed. The written work is, to the great body of the Brethren, a sealed book."

OUR PERIODICALS.

The "Olive Wreath," at Chicago, and the "Western Odd Fellow," at Detroit, two of our best periodicals, are with the new year to be merged, and will hereafter appear under the title of "The Odd Fellows' Wreath," at \$1.50 per annum.

We regret that we have to announce the discontinuance of the "Odd Fellows' Record," published in Philadelphia.

It is an old axiom that "competition is the life of trade;" it is true, because the natural rivalry between men engaged in the same branch of business has a tendency to make each more active in his exertions to improve the article he furnishes to his customers, and that improvement will secure to each an increased trade. But where one of the competitors allows himself to descend to misrepresentations of the goods dealt in by his rivals, the ill-considered statement is certain to recoil upon his own head, and will do him harm, instead of those against whom it was aimed. That the publishers of Odd Fellows' periodicals are subject to these laws

as much as other tradesmen, has shown itself very clearly in the past. Seven years ago, but one magazine devoted to the interests of the Order was published east of the Rocky Mountains; with no opposition, no incentive to improve, it ran along for four years, giving its readers each year 384 pages, without material change or improvement in the nature of their contents, and it lost money each year. Then other magazines of the same class were started; the opposition spurred the publisher of the one first in the field to greater exertions; he gradually increased the number of pages, until they were nearly doubled, and otherwise improved his magazine, and in consequence it has become self-sustaining. But when that publisher insinuates, that his is the only Odd Fellow's publication which publishes original articles, we are afraid he will not add to the subscription list of his magazine. We read all of our periodicals with some care, and we find original articles in each one of them—and if we like them, and our "original" contributors leave space at our command—which is not always the case—we copy these articles; for we think that most people care very little whether what they read is "original" in the publication where they find it, but they do care whether it is of interest to them or not.

UNIVERSALITY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. A. E. GROSH.

I use this heading as the best I can think of at present, to describe the adaptation and results of the teaching and training of our Order on its members in all their relations to their families, their churches, society and the world of mankind.

In the *COMPANION* for September, I set forth the real position of our Order as a religious institution, by showing that it was not a church or ecclesiastical organization of any kind, and therefore not opposed, as such, to any sect or church—that it required only the simple creed of faith in God, whom it taught to be the Father of all men, and that consequently all men are brethren; and therefore it excludes none of any sect or faith who hold that one item in addition to their other tenets—that while it does not recognize any one in his capacity or character as a member of any church, or party, or school in philosophy, it is not opposed to any, but only receives its members as men, and therefore brethren of the great family of man.

In the *COMPANION* for November, pursuing the same subject, I showed that our Institution required of its members only those qualifications (religious, moral, social, mental and physical) which are absolutely necessary to learn and practice those great duties and obligations which every man owes to his fellow-man—and that by teaching and training him in these duties, we aim to elevate and improve the character of our members as human beings.

I now propose to conclude and complete this exposition of the aims and operations of Odd Fellowship as an educator of our common humanity, and

thus show that although at first confined to a small circle and operating in a limited sphere, its end and aim, in theory and in practice, is really as limitless as human duty and obligation—as universal as the race—and that therefore the better the Odd Fellow, the better will he be in all his human relations. I will endeavor to avoid ground already trodden, hoping that my readers remember or will re-peruse what is necessary in my former articles to a clear understanding of this concluding one of the series.

The practice—and, indeed, the apprehension of universal precepts is necessarily on a limited scale in this world of limitations, and by the finite being man. The child bounds them to the inmates and visitors of his house—the youth to the mates of his school and the dwellers in his neighborhood—and good and wise is the man who can project them beyond his church, his party and his nation. Odd Fellowship is a human as well as a humane institution, and obeys the same law of human limitations in its humane operations and aims. It lays down the universal principle at the very threshold—as soon as the initiate enters its courts—before it greets him as an Odd-Fellow-Brother, it hails him as a brother-man. That universal principle continues to be taught, and the practice of the obligations it involves continues to be enforced at every step of the candidate's progress, even to the end of the highest Degree. But the practice and the training—and in many cases the apprehension of the principle itself—are necessarily limited, but self-expanding and self-extending. For it is almost impossible to visit sick Odd Fellows, to relieve distressed Odd Fellows, to comfort and aid Odd Fellows' widows and orphans, without awakening, increasing and strengthening sympathy and regard for other sick, distressed, widowed and orphaned members of the human family. And this is precisely what our Institution aims at—what our Order teaches and does in all our lectures and training. The means are acts of good will, charity and brotherly love in the Lodge, and in the Order, but the end is the fulfillment of the principle in the extension of these same feelings and doings to all men, as the children of God and our brethren.

We are censured by some for our restriction of good offices to Odd Fellows and their families. *We never restrict our members*—we even urge no restriction. As well might these persons censure the Apostles of the Lord Jesus for restricting church members in well doing; for they enjoined—"Do good unto all men as you have opportunity, especially unto the household of faith"—"He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." And how many narrow-hearted and close-fisted Christians have confined their benefactions to these "specialties," to the utter neglect of the universalities of Christian doctrine and precept! How many, quoting—"Charity begins at home"—have confined their charity so closely, that it ended its acts there, and died utterly even at the hearth-stone! Yet who knows not that these are perversions, and

even denials, of Christian and human teaching? So with Odd Fellowship—it always enjoins the universality of fraternal feeling and human kindness—it never restricts these sympathies and deeds—it only especially enjoins them in the circle of Odd Fellowship—to Brethren and their families of the Lodge and the Order.

A church loyal to its religious duties, beside agreement in doctrines held to be essential in its organization, teaches special performance of duties to its members which it also declares of universal obligation—and justly and properly; for it is in the church and by the church that its members should be educated and trained to be better men in national, social and domestic life. Hence, so far as these aims and these means go, the several spheres of churches and of our Order are not contradictory nor opposing—nor yet interfering or over-appropriating with each other. He in the church, and he in our Order, who will “visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world”—and who will “visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan,” may not be fellow-believers in creeds, nor vote the same ticket, but they are fellow-workers, and should own each other as fellow-men and brothers. And though they especially do this to those of church or Lodge, if they do it from principle and with the heart, they are preparing themselves to do it “unto all men as they have opportunity”—yes, they are thus doing it. For no man or woman can thus serve God and man without having their affections and sympathies widened, extended, deepened, heightened and strengthened. Just as a man who is tenderly and heartily engaged in ministering to the wants, assuaging the woes, and relieving the distresses of his family, is generally noted as the kind almoner and tender nurse and comforter among his neighbors—in society generally—even among strangers, when far from family and home.

If, then, our Order can thus educate and train its members to be good Odd Fellows—make them more thoughtful of human want, and more kindly to human woe, and more helpful to human weakness and distress—will it not—does it not by this process also make them (or qualify them to be) better men—better members of families and of societies—better church members and better citizens of the State? Most devoutly do we believe that such is the mission and such the results of Odd Fellowship; and most fervently do we pray that it may abound more and more in these teachings, labors and results. We hope, we entreat all Odd Fellows to give more earnest heed to our ritual and its teachings—more zealous obedience to our precepts and commandments—and to strive diligently, yet more to purify heart and hand for these labors, and thus to become better Odd Fellows, feeling assured that they will thus become better men.

STRONG as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered, without being killed.

THE ETHICS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

No. 1.

BY REV. A. W. BRUCE, P.G. REP.

Were man capable of only one mode or degree of action in each power of his nature and relation to his environment, he would no longer be a moral man, but an irresponsible creature, his life a simple uniformity of mechanical habits. He would be incapacitated for blame or praise, remorse or complacency, aspiration or loathing. But as he is made capable of numerous kinds and degrees of activity in every faculty, endowed with a discriminating perception of the different directions of behavior and ranks of motives, accompanied with a feeling of approval or condemnation accordingly as he chooses the higher or the lower of proffered alternatives—a sense of free will is born in him and the brilliant phenomena of associated morality break into consciousness.

I call it *associated* morality, because individual morality regardless of the welfare of those around us, is a misnomer. No morality is to be admitted that declines a “fellow feeling.” If a machine works in accordance with the design of its maker, moving smoothly and without friction in turning out the desired products, all is well: but if by some perversion its operation does violence to its arrangements, a jarring, an alarming wear-and-tear, and finally a fatal impediment or crash supervene. When the action of man is adjusted to his nature and conditions, the design of his creator in him is fulfilled in harmony, and the result is joy and content; he becomes “social and humane;” but when his action, in manner or degree, is different from the intention stamped in his structure, disorder ensues as a discordant friction, and the natural result of disease and death arrives. The truths of morality are the commands of the Creator impressed on our mental organism, and become the rules of life. But not more necessary are they to our welfare as improvable beings, than are associated efforts for making those truths prevalent, and their power and beauty felt. The sentiments of morality, or the feelings of worthiness and unworthiness, reverence and scorn, admiration and contempt, are divine indexes to those truths, reflex tests affixed to them, furnishing motives to obedience. Such is a brief hint at the conscious mechanism whereby we are prepared to fulfill our destiny as social and moral beings.

The final end of an oak or a sparrow is to furnish a perfect specimen after the type of its kind. A rose, a tiger, fulfills the end of its being, when it is a perfect rose, a perfect tiger. So the total business of a man is to be a perfect man, consummating the drift of nature in his production; in other words, carrying into full realization the purposes of God indicated in the scheme of his faculties. Those faculties have a wonderful scope, and indicate ability for heights of moral and social excellence as yet unconceived. The first great school for their development is social—a sphere where mutual wants, hopes, desires, aspirations, mingle, and where the elevation of all depends

upon the elevation of each. But the power of various choice inherent in man—the startling phenomenon of freedom—introduces into the problem of his destiny a portentous factor, unknown in the vegetable or brute kingdom, bringing him into subjection to the law of progress, opening to him the horrors of ignorance, pouring on him the splendors of knowledge. And as a social being, it is the peculiar office and obligation of man, out of all the varieties of action possible to him, to select those most truly fitted to exemplify the virtues of social life, most accurately attuned to the circumstances of society, and most truly calculated to purify and adorn the soul; that is, loyally to do what is right and refrain from what is wrong to the common welfare; cleaving to the best for the general good, and shrinking from whatever is selfish and unfraternal. The destiny of a creature without choice, is the destiny of the mole—the simple and immediate fruition of the functions of its nature. The destiny of man is the overseen and harmonised fruition of the functions of his nature in their proper order of rank, each in its due place and degree, the mystic multitude of propensities consciously governed by moral and associated intelligence, everything below obeying everything above, and all permeated with the idea of Brotherhood and Faith.

Such I regard as the problem of Odd Fellowship; a problem complicated by the addition of fresh factors, and at the same time with a scale immensely magnified. Let us trace the results. The first axiom of morality is that God in the fact of creating man gives him a right to the free exercise of his faculties. The purpose for which he is made cannot be any thing else than the fruition of the functions of his nature each in its proper gradation. Set now this individual amidst a world of individuals like himself, and behold what limitations of his rights, and what enlargement of his duties follow. By virtue of their common nature and destiny, every man being the equivalent of his fellow, they must have the same rights. But grant to all men absolute freedom to gratify their natural desires, and they would inevitably come into conflict in a hundred directions, the discord even heightening in complication and fury till it culminates in their annihilation. The necessity of the case, then, projects around that sphere of personal morals whose fundamental affirmation is, "I am my brother's keeper;" thus calling into exercise those social faculties that have to do with common interests, identical with individual desire for happiness. This shows that the right of every man to the fruition of his faculties stops at that point where it would interfere with the right of others. The aim of personal morals is by private inspection of the varieties of conduct possible to the individual to choose the best. The aim of associated effort is to group and give efficacy to the obligations resulting from the relations and circumstances incident to a common lot.

The primary selfish impulses of men are so much more energetic and constant than their secondary

generous impulses,—the power of instinctive love of control so much more fierce and invariable, than the regulative estimate of conscience, that were there only these two to counterpoise each other and keep human nature in the happy grooves of right, the balance would quickly be lost and human life become a bloody scramble. This exigency is provided for and this catastrophe is averted by means of a great faculty of wonderful beauty and power, intermediate between the unmitigated selfishness of the personal instincts on the one hand, and the cold insufficiency of the love of control on the other—the central faculty of sympathy which serves as the broad and vital basis of BROTHERHOOD. By means of social sympathy the breast of one man becomes a mirror in which all men are livingly and lovingly revealed. By it we slip in and out of each other's souls and adjust ourselves to each other. By it we associate together that we may "visit the sick, bury the dead, relieve the distressed, and protect the orphan." The emotional recognition by one man of all men in himself and of himself in all men, forces on him the feeling that they all have the same rights, the same claims, and the same duties. The beautiful lesson learned in the "GOLDEN RULE" comes home to the soul, and charity and toleration are the sweetest of virtues—all the more sweet because we each stand individually and constantly in need of them.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE ORDER.

CALIFORNIA.—Grand Master C. S. Haswell, assisted by a number of prominent Brethren, dedicated a new hall for Branceforte Lodge, No. 96, at Santa Cruz, on the 6th of November.

On the preceding day, at the same town, Lewis Soher, P.G.P., and Daniel Norcross, P.G.R., instituted Santa Cruz Encampment, No. 30.

The Grand Representatives of California presented to the San Francisco Odd Fellows' Library Association a number of mementoes of Father Wildey, among them his original will, in his own hand-writing, dated May 14, 1826, (cancelled); his naturalization papers, showing that he was born in the county of Middlesex, England, and admitted to citizenship on the 22d of September, 1828; and a manuscript history of his life in his own hand-writing.

Wildey Lodge, No. 149, was instituted on the 17th of November by George Buok, D.D.G.M., at Tuolumne City.

MISSOURI.—Harrisonville Lodge, No. 197, in Harrisonville, and Miami Lodge, No. 198, in Miami, have recently been instituted, and Sao River Lodge, No. 110, in Cedar county, re-opened.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Grand Master Brown has instituted Aurora Lodge, No. 49, at Hallis, for which a charter was granted at the last session of the Grand Lodge.

Morning Star Encampment was instituted at Lebanon, by Grand Patriarch Varney, on the 13th of October.

DELAWARE.—The Grand Lodge of this jurisdiction

was in session in Wilmington during the second week of October. The attendance was large. Daniel Farra was elected Grand Master, and Edward McIntire Grand Secretary. The Grand Representatives are J. Y. Foulk and Joshua Maris. The Order is said to be in excellent condition.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Order in East Cambridge propose to have a course of public lectures this winter. P.G.S. Nicholson is to be one of the lecturers.

ONTARIO.—Two new Lodges are reported in this jurisdiction—Bissell, No. 51, at Mitchell, and Covenant, No. 52, at Toronto.

NEW JERSEY.—Winona Lodge, No. 181, has been instituted at Pedricktown, Salem County, by Grand Master Mull.

INDIANA.—Farnsworth Encampment is to be instituted at Lewisville, Henry County.

The members of Winchester Lodge, No. 152, at Winchester, contemplate the building of a new hall.

A new Encampment will be opened some time in January at Martinsville.

NEW YORK.

THE ORDER IN TROY.

Editor Companion: I again write you a few lines to let you know what we are doing in this part of York State.

Trojan Lodge, No. 27, had an elegant reception at her new hall, which is now by far the finest in the State. The old spirit of over a quarter of a century ago seemed to pervade the hearts of all present. It was a sight to make a member's heart glad, to see the white-haired veterans and the novices of a week old interspersed about the hall. Old Trojan has outstripped her sisters for years in numerical strength, having about 200 members, and manifests her well-kept vigor by having initiated three candidates a week for several weeks; and a number are anxiously awaiting their turn. This success is mainly due to the careful manner in which the splendid lessons of the ritual are dispensed, and to the interest which the members manage to impart to their weekly meetings, by which the first love of the older members has been revived, and the enthusiasm of the neophytes kindled. Members of seven different Lodges were present on last Lodge night, and a cordial reception awaits all who give her the pleasure of calling. May she have a proud future.

On Christmas eve this Lodge celebrates her anniversary by holding a reception at Harmony Hall, for the success of which no pains or expense have been spared. It is expected to be one of the most enjoyable affairs ever held in this part of the State.

The other three Lodges in Troy are not lacking in enterprise, and the manner in which the work is done in Degree Lodge, No. 7, and Troy Encampment, No. 3, is surpassed by but few in the jurisdiction.

TROY, December 15, 1868.

TROY.

ITEMS.—The "Lodge-Room" advocates the establishment of co-operative stores by the members of the sixty Lodges in New York City.

Rochester claims to have the best Lodge-room in New York State.

Bro. John P. Hunt, jr., is lecturing before Lodges in this jurisdiction on "The condition of the Order in New York."

The "Lodge-Room" of December 2, contains a neat engraving of a design for an Odd Fellows' flag.

Emanuel Lodge, No. 208, was instituted on the 15th of December by Jacob P. Solomon, D.D.G.M., at 139 Division Street, New York City.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS AND MISSOURI.

EAST ST. LOUIS, December 18, 1868.

Editor Companion: The past month has been rather quiet in our settlement, being about froze in—yet the genial warmth of Odd Fellowship keeps us alive, and we are now preparing for a public installation of officers on the 5th of January, 1869. Several committees are at work preparing music for the occasion. Our worthy Brother W. H. H. Russell, of Missouri, is invited to deliver an oration, and several others will add their mite to make it an interesting occasion.

The Lodge at Lebanon are making inquiries and want to know how they can organize an Encampment—they will be duly informed of the programme, and perhaps taught the secret after a while. Information from the new Camps at Mascoutah and Belleville reports progression.

Our friends in St. Louis still continue their onward career of usefulness. Several visits to that jurisdiction show that they are on the right track. Bellefontaine, Wingenund, and St. Louis Lodges have been holding Rebekah meetings, and several have been added to the fold. Pride of the West will follow suit, while Golden Rule, our namesake, takes the lead, I understand, of all, holding regular meetings each month.

On this subject of Rebekah Degree, I see our worthy Bro. J. W. Orr, P.G.M. of New Jersey, is out in an editorial in favor of an amendment to it, whereby the daughters of Odd Fellows can also be admitted. I am a little progressive myself in such matters, yet I cannot agree with him in this respect, but would be in favor of discarding the Scarlet Degree as a requisite for admittance, and have every Brother and his wife eligible to receive it, thus making it a democratic concern, without respect to rank or title. This would augment our forces with the ladies, and would not deter Brothers from progressing in the Degrees, but rather, I think, be an incentive, as woman's pride would be enlisted to see them advance. What say you about it?

The regalia question is criticised considerably. Those who have fancy sets, generally do not like to give up the aprons—but on the whole, I deem it judicious, especially for young Lodges, whose means are limited. Those who want show, can pile on the bullion to make expense, and please themselves; the majority are pleased, I think, by the change. More anon.

Fraternally,

GEO. F. ADAMS.

KANSAS.

We are under obligations to Grand Secretary Burdett for a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Kansas, in October last. The reports of the Grand Officers show a good degree of prosperity in this jurisdiction. The number of Lodges increased from 26 to 32, the membership from 1,144 to 1,575. The new Lodges are: Schiller, No. 33, at Atchison; Holton, No. 34, at Holton; Samaritan, No. 35, at Barnesville; Oswego, No. 36, at Oswego; Wildey, No. 37, at Coyville; and Troy City, No. 38, at Troy. Two new halls have been dedicated—one at Leavenworth, costing \$50,000, the other at Ottawa, built by a Lodge not yet two years old; and the Lodges at Fort Scott, Iola and Emporia, all comparatively new, are engaged in building new halls.

Grand Master Henry O. Sholes in his report, which is quite lengthy, and shows that the Brother has been faithful to his trust, recommends the appointment of a "monitory committee" of three members in each Lodge, whose duty it shall be to remonstrate privately with any Brother who may stray from the path of rectitude, etc. He also recommends the establishment of a funeral aid association for the State, and the establishment of a fixed salary for the Grand Master.

The suggestion of Grand Secretary Burdett, that the per centage to the Grand Lodge remain at fifteen per cent., and that the surplus sure to accrue be used for the establishment of an Orphans' School, was acted on favorably, and referred to a special committee of three, to report at the next session—Bros. S. F. Burdett, B. J. F. Hanna and John A. Martin.

Special Committees were also appointed to draft a constitution for Rebekah Degree Lodges—Bros. F. P. Baker, H. J. Canniff and John Pipher; and to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a State Funeral Association—Bros. H. J. Canniff, J. B. Davis and John Martin; both to report at the next session.

The names of the Grand officers and other items of interest were published in the November number of the COMPANION.

ARKANSAS.

We are under obligations to Grand Secretary Thos. R. Welch for a copy of the Journal of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas at the session in November 1868. Eleven Lodges were represented. From the report of Grand Master P. Brugman it appears that during the past year two new Lodges were established—Good Intent, No. 26, at Jacksonport, and Friendship, No. 27, at Searcy. Telula Lodge, No. 2, at Helena; Independence, No. 4, at Batesville; and Caddo, No. 13, at Arkadelphia, have been re-organized, making twenty-four Lodges at work in the State. Grand Master P. Brugman, Grand Secretary Theo. R. Welch and Grand Treasurer F. A. Sarasin were re-elected—A. Cohen was elected Grand Representative.

Ohio Department.

FROM THE GRAND PATRIARCH.

DAYTON, December 12, 1868.

Editor Companion: Agreeable to promise, we send you a few items of our experiences, while we were swinging round the circle of the Encampment Branch of our Order.

On the 25th of November, we visited Delaware Camp, No. 52, held at Delaware; found the Brethren a noble set of fellows, and striving to disseminate the principles of our beloved Order. November 26, visited Johanan Camp, No. 57, held at Dublin; found the members here somewhat at sleep, having a disbelieving Thomas in their midst; while with them, we got them fully awake to their duty, and left them with confidence, that they will go to work in earnest, and build up their Encampment. November 27th, visited Butler Camp, No. 7, held at Hamilton; found there a good, live set of Brethren, armed for the fight, and fully at work in the ranks of Odd Fellowship. November 30, visited New Richmond Camp, No. 98, held at New Richmond; found a good set of Brethren, struggling on in the narrow path of Odd Fellowship, and advancing its interests.

December 1st, visited Lafayette Camp, No. 51, held at Ripley; found the Brethren awaiting my arrival, who gave me a hearty welcome; found them alive to Odd Fellowship, with a determination to build up their Camp. December 2d, visited Orient Camp, No. 26, held at Portsmouth: found Bro. Cunningham full of life and good works, who escorted me to his house; found the Brethren at this place whole-souled and full of faith and good works. December 3d, visited Southern Wing Camp, No. 86; had a large meeting; found the Brethren at work, having a good Encampment, and increasing in membership. Took the mail packet for Pomeroy, where we did not arrive until nearly two o'clock in the morning, December 5th; got a number of the Brethren together in the Lodge Room, and found them to be earnest workers, and disseminating the principles of our Order: gave the necessary instructions, and left for Bridgeport, where we arrived December 7th. Visited Hebron Camp, No. 49; found the Brethren here somewhat awake, and seemed to be earnestly at work, expecting this present year to double their numbers; had work in all the Degrees. December 8th, visited Nimrod Camp, No. 3, at Steubenville; Bro. Means met me at the cars; found the Brethren here alive and fully at work, with a good Camp, and increasing in membership and influence. December 9th, visited Eureka Camp, No. 24, held at Massillon; here I found the Brethren pressing on, although the path is narrow, teaching and practicing the teachings of our ritual. December 10th, visited Killbuck Camp, No. 17, held at Wooster; here I found the Brethren sowing the seed, and to some extent reaping and gathering in the harvest. December 11th, visited Mohiccon Camp, No. 13, held at Mansfield

here I found some of the old working members of the Order still with the armor on; the Order in this place is still advancing, although they lost their Lodge property by fire, have procured another hall, have it furnished, and are therein teaching the beautiful ritual of the Encampment Branch.

Everywhere I find the Brethren wide-awake and advancing the interests of the Order.

JAMES TURNER.

REBEKAH MEETING AT ZANESVILLE.

Editor Companion: The members of the Degree of Rebekah in connection with Mechanics' Lodge, No. 230, at Zanesville, held a meeting on the 27th of November—W. L. Laughton, P.G., officiated. The Degree was conferred on four ladies. The hall was well filled. After the Lodge closed, the tables were spread, and filled with the delicacies of the season; all were invited to partake, and willingly responded. We closed in harmony at a late hour. The D.D.G.M. of District 63, John Greiner, P.G., was invited to address the meeting, when he responded by singing the following song:

THE ODD FELLOWS OF ZANESVILLE.

Now, Daughters fair, you may prepare,
To hear a song that means well,
If you but call good looking all
Us Odd Fellows of Zanesville.
O Moxahala, young and tall,
These good Mechanics trains well,
Muskingum she's grandmother of all
These Odd Fellows in Zanesville.

Chorus—Stand by each other, my friend and Brother,
The Order so ordains well,
A social band—in heart and hand
Are Odd Fellows in Zanesville.

Odd Fellows' wives, you bet your lives,
At home they hold the reins well,
Her wings unfolds, she never scolds
These Odd Fellows of Zanesville.
For woman's ways we love to praise
Through losses, ills, or gains well.
For better, worse, she lightens the purse
Of Odd Fellows in Zanesville.

Chorus—Stand by, etc.

We feed the poor, infirm we cure,
Love, Truth and Friendship trains well,
We bury the dead, the widows wed,
We Odd Fellows of Zanesville.
In this Degree, Rebekahs see,
How each his part sustains well,
And learn to know it, how the goat
Rides Odd Fellows in Zanesville.

Chorus—Stand by, etc.

O Daughters true, I'll whisper you,
A secret none explains well,
This meeting-place is a disgrace,
To Odd Fellows in Zanesville.
Our hall is dingy, dark and dreary,
Its smoky walls retains well,
It needs repair, new carpet, chairs,
For Odd Fellows in Zanesville.

Chorus—Stand by, etc.

Rebekahs all, on you we call,
With hand and heart and means well,
Help raise the money, and make it sunny,
For Odd Fellows in Zanesville.
So shall our hall be frescoed all,
Our hearts with pride again swell,
And happy lives, attend the wives
Of Odd Fellows in Zanesville.

Chorus—Stand by each other, my friend and Brother,
The Order so ordains well
A social band, in heart and hand,
Are Odd Fellows in Zanesville.

Yours, fraternally,

JAMES.

VISIT TO MANSFIELD.

About forty members of Ogontz Lodge, No. 66, of Sandusky, paid a visit to the Lodges at Mansfield on Tuesday, October 1st. They chartered an extra train to Mansfield, where they were received, at the depot, by Richland and Mansfield Lodges, and preceded by a band of music, the Lodges marched in procession to the hall. After appropriate remarks by hosts and visitors, and completion of the Lodge business, the guests were escorted to Miller's Hall, where a magnificent lunch had been prepared for them, to which ample justice was done. At a late hour, the Sandusky Brethren returned to their homes, well pleased with their reception.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.

Bro. W. W. Fair, Secretary of Chillicothe Lodge, No. 24, of Chillicothe, Ohio, writes to the publishers, desiring them to warn against one Henry Willson, who is obtaining money under the false pretense, that he is a member of No. 24.

RIPLEY.—The Brothers of Ripley have organized the "Odd Fellows' Hall Association of Ripley, Ohio," for the purpose of buying real estate and building a hall for Lamartine Lodge, No. 118. Capital stock \$30,000 in shares of \$25 each. W. D. Young, A. A. Patterson, I. L. Vorhes, A. K. Williams and J. H. Williams, are the corporators.

Bro. A. Harris, jr. of Youngstown, says in a business letter: "The Order here is in a flourishing condition, and the Brothers are making a strong effort for a Camp."

MT. HOLLY LODGE, NO. 650, MT. HOLLY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Bro. S. D. Killian, our traveling agent for Pennsylvania, informs us (too late for notice in the Pennsylvania Department) that Mt. Holly Lodge, No. 650, was instituted on Tuesday evening, the 1st of December, 1868, at Mt. Holly Springs, Cumberland County, Pa., with very favorable prospects of success. The officers elected and installed were: John Humes, N.G.; Chas. H. Mullen, V.G.; Jas. L. McAllister, Secretary; Jacob Hemminger, Treasurer.

Indiana Department.

REV. T. G. BEHARRL, P.G.H.F., } EDITORS.
JOHN W. M'QUIDDY, P.G., }

I propose for the readers of your excellent monthly, now being read by thousands of Odd Fellows, a series of short articles on the principles inculcated in the various Degrees of Odd Fellowship, and being practiced by the faithful of our great Brotherhood all over the land, not only before the eyes and to the knowledge of each other, but before the world, for there is no institution the practical workings of which are more clearly seen than are those of ours. It is indeed remarkable, that though Odd Fellowship in the United States is less than fifty years old, she numbers nearly a quarter of a million members; and amongst them many of the most influential men of the land, men engaged in the holy office and orders of the ministry in the different churches, are ardent votaries of Odd Fellowship.

Some of the brightest stars that congregate in the senate chamber of the United States and in the house of representatives—governors, senators and members of the house of representatives of the different States—are many of them affiliating and working members of the Order. Magistrates and men of all honorable professions in the land are engaged with us, and their labors and influence is freely given to advance the interests of our fraternity, and why? because they desire the good of their race, the promotion of peace, morality and religion. The objects of Odd Fellowship are so well stated, so clearly defined, and, moreover, the workings of the Order are so sensible that they readily see its appropriateness to the wants of the great family of man. If there was no other presentation of the work of an Odd Fellow than that brief and beautiful sentence with which we are all so familiar, viz: "To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan"—that would be, or ought to be, enough to commend it to the attention of all the good throughout the land.

But I am intending to present in this paper a few thoughts upon

CHARITY,

the principle to which the First Degree is devoted. Though it is ranked as a principle by the spirit of inspiration first, and is declared to be greatest of them all, yet, in the order in which it is specified or stated, it stands last—"Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity;" and again, an inspired apostle says, "Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

Charity is a disposition of heart that inclines us to think favorably of our fellow men, and leads us to do them good so far as it is in our power. It involves the practice, as we teach it, of benevolence,

the free performance of acts of kindness to others even though those acts of kindness may cost us labor and sacrifice. This principle will lead us to succor the needy, clothe the hungry, feed the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted. We have a beautiful exhibition and pattern of this in what is styled the Parable of the good Samaritan. He had no reference to nation, kindred or religion. He saw a case of real suffering—it was a poor, unfortunate man who had been way-laid, robbed, and beaten until he was in a dying condition. He had been observed by two important functionaries who passed along, but with shocking indifference. There he lay, weltering in his blood, while his heavy groans invited their attention in vain. But the Samaritan came along, and the sight of suffering touched his heart and moved him to the noble deeds that followed. He broke over party prejudices and distinctions, and moved by *Charity* was led to foster pure compassion for a sufferer. He examined the wounds of the dying man, procured bandages and bound them up, then "poured in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn—and took care of him." He tarried with him a while and ministered to his comfort, and when he was compelled to leave, he gave the sufferer in charge of the inn-keeper and paid his bill in advance, for a while, then promised to return and pay all other expenses incurred.

There have been charitable Orders and institutions founded, especially during the Christian age, and many of them have accomplished much. Their history, as written, has recorded many noble deeds that have caused the hearts of those who have been ministered unto to bless their benefactors.

In the thirteenth century the Brothers of Charity, or Religious Hospitaliers were founded, and in their day accomplished much.

In the sixteenth century there was another Order similar in its character to the former founded by one who was styled St. John, at Grenada, and after the death of its founder it was acknowledged and patronized by Pius the Fifth, and afterwards by other important personages in authority. They nursed the sick, and ministered in various ways to those who were in necessity and gave the homeless a shelter.

The Sisters of Charity were founded in the seventeenth century by St. Vincent-de-Paul, near Paris, and in their history as an institution, have done much in caring for the poor, ministering to the sick, and educating the young. But what a difference there has been between these institutions, having charity as a grand principle, and the Order of Odd Fellows—what a difference in the quality of the principle. The institutions to which I have referred were eminently denominational; sectionalism and religious party has marked them in their history and operations. But the charity of Odd Fellowship goes behind all party trammels and distinctions, and ranges the entire race in one great company, with ties of kindredship binding them as one family, all

alike claiming the Supreme Ruler of the universe as their Father, and not binding the conscience to any dogma or tenet.

Under the banner of Odd Fellowship there are ranged those of every nation and kindred and tongue and people, and the representatives of the faith of the different religious sects, and they all agree and heartily do the works of charity—not only to those of their own fraternity, but to all mankind—demanded by their surroundings. And the abundance of *charity* is without parallel in the history of charitable institutions. During the year that has just closed, there have been 21,237 Brothers relieved and 3,898 widowed families. The expenditure for the relief of Brothers has been \$456,809.98, while widowed families have had expended for their benefit \$62,994.99, and nearly \$20,000.00 have been expended for educating orphans, and \$102,708.01 for burying the dead, and this does not include the work of the Patriarchal branch of the Order; and the charitable works of our Order have this beauty in them, that they are complete and noiseless.

There is no virtue or principle practiced among the benefactors of our race that gives pleasure of a purer type, both to the giver and receiver, than charity. The one who practices it has the approval of a good conscience and a sense of the favor of God, while the one who is blessed with the acts of charity is elevated in thought, gladdened in heart, and rejoices in the beauties and excellence of refined humanity.

The history of our race, as it has been recorded, directs us to a consideration of the character and work of true philanthropists. Who has not heard of John Howard? When at the age of twenty-five, he had a severe attack of sickness and probably would have died, but for the kind attention and faithful watching of his nurse? That lady so impressed him with her kind heart and good offices, that he felt that he owed to her his very life, and upon his recovery, though she was nearly thirty years his senior, he offered her his hand and heart in marriage. She became his wife and died in three years, when he, as a testimony of gratitude for the kindness showed him in suffering, turned his attention to the relief of the suffering, and his whole life thereafter was devoted to noble deeds of *charity*. He visited the sick, relieved the distressed, founded schools for educating especially the orphans who were destitute of competent guardians, and after a long and useful life he died, leaving behind him the savor of a good name.

Florence Nightingale was another whose name will live as long as time lasts. In early childhood she developed an unusually kind heart—an earnest care for the sick and suffering. During her girlhood she delighted in learning all she could about hospitals and other institutions for the sick, infirm, crippled, and schools for orphans, and as often as she could visited them. She heard of an institution for training nurses, and went to it for the special purpose of preparing herself for the work of ministering to the sick, and after a training of six months she held

herself in readiness for any opening of divine providence, and in a little more than a year she became the manager of an infirmary that was brought in a short time to a state of great efficiency. During the Crimean war she went out in charge of a company of forty-two nurses that was afterwards added to until there were nearly one hundred of them. The party of nurses arrived at Constantinople and stationed themselves in the barrack's hospital, and in two days afterwards six hundred wounded soldiers arrived. In twenty days after there were 3,000 sick and wounded, and still a few weeks later there were as many as 10,000 receiving the kind attentions in the various hospitals of Miss Nightingale and her associates. These noble deeds of charity and the immense labor of love she performed impaired her health and made it necessary for her to return to her home, where she has been idolized by the people as she was at the hospitals by the soldiers.

We have in the history of the Christian Church a condensed history of one whose life was a succession of noble deeds and works of charity. She was a Hellenist Jewess, whose Greek name was Dorcas, but her Syriac name was Tabitha. She was "full of good works and alms deeds" which she performed, i. e., she ministered to those who were in necessity, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and bound up the wounds of the afflicted. Under her kind treatment and benefactions, widows and orphans were often made glad and their smiles and tears blessed her, while the praises of the poor clustered around her, and when she died they all mourned.

They sent to a neighboring village where an honored apostle was, that he would come and mingle his sympathies with them and take charge of the solemn funeral obsequies. When the apostle arrived and approached the chamber where she lay in the sleep of death, he was met at the entrance by the sorrowing widows who began to show him the garments that Dorcas had made during her life-time, and they wept that a real friend had left them. Such a name and such a character is grand indeed, and more than pays in this life, but in the life to come there is a reward; for He who was the greatest philanthropist of all will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

T. G. B.

EDUCATION—ORPHAN FUND.

It is a source, to me, of infinite pride that Indiana Odd Fellowship takes high rank in the care which it has always taken of the children left by their deceased Brethren. From an examination of the report of the Grand Secretary of the G.L.U.S., we find that Indiana has expended a larger sum of money for the education of orphan children than any other State, although she does not rank first in wealth or numbers. Grand Sire Farnsworth, upon a recent visit to the Grand Lodge of this State, took occasion, when addressing that body, to refer, among other matters, to this fact, and spoke of it in the most complimentary terms. This special notice from the head of the Order speaks volumes for our care

and attention to the wants of the children of our deceased Brethren, and we may well feel proud of the position we occupy in this particular, in faithfully carrying out and practicing the greatest and most important of the principles which underlie the glorious structure we are engaged in erecting for the purpose of alleviating suffering humanity. But the question arises, is this the utmost of our ability? Cannot more be done than has been done? We think there can be still further advancement in this direction.

The care and protection of the orphan is a subject that is worthy of the most careful consideration, and is of the utmost importance to the Order, as by it we are enabled to so educate the orphan children as to fit them to become useful members of the community, and to assume honorable positions in society, who might otherwise be worse than lost to human society. Odd Fellows should cherish this heavenly principle, and seek by every means in their power to increase the good that flows from this source. The selfishness with which we are sometimes charged by our opposers in regard to the workings of our Order, is practically refuted in the performance of this part of our duties. It cannot be charged that we are personally benefitted by the expenditures made to educate, clothe, and rear the orphan children of Odd Fellows, but they show the disposition on our part to provide for those who are unable to provide for themselves.

Regarding this as one of the paramount duties of Odd Fellowship, how important does it become for a Lodge in the first years of its existence to provide and accumulate a healthy orphan fund, that the responsibilities which increase with its years of existence, may be fully and promptly met. At first, with some Lodges, there being no pressing necessity, this matter will be neglected until they have found that the orphans in charge have increased as the years roll on, to such an extent that the fund will not meet the demand made upon them to accomplish the end designed, consequently their embarrassments have rendered their efforts nugatory. Every Lodge should, therefore, in its early history provide by every legitimate means to increase their orphan fund, and hold it sacred for the purposes designed, and when they shall find these treasures of their departed Brethren surrounding them, they will be amply able, pecuniarily, to give them that protection and education that their pledges at our altars justify.

The importance of this subject, I fear, is too often overlooked by the membership, and if some Brother of a comprehensive mind, who wields a ready pen, would devote a few short hours to the subject, in elaborating it, he would render an invaluable service, not only to the Brotherhood, but to mankind. I may in the future review the practical workings of some of our Lodges, and the work they have accomplished in this direction, for the encouragement of those who have the subject of the education of orphans at heart, and who are con-

stantly laboring to bring the Order to that standard in this particular, that our laws justify.

J. W. McQ.

AN INCIDENT.

Some years ago a worthy Brother came to our city from Yellow Springs, Ohio, and after remaining here a short time, deposited his card in one of our Lodges. He became an earnest and zealous member, though not a conspicuous one. He had a family consisting of a wife and four children, and was very much attached to them. He seemed to enjoy good health, but about two years ago disease marked him as a victim, and he suddenly sickened and died, leaving his wife and children in care of his Lodge. The widow, fully realizing her condition, put forth all her energies and exerted herself, perhaps, beyond her strength, to support herself and children. She was a brave woman, and wherever a cent was to be earned she embraced the opportunity. She attended our market and sold such articles as she could procure, the Brethren of the Order patronizing her, giving her encouragement, and in this way she made sufficient, with the assistance of the Lodge, to keep herself and children. A few weeks ago she also died. Before her death she requested that her children might be sent to her friends at Yellow Springs. Members of the Lodge who were in attendance gave her the assurance that her wishes should be complied with, and her children watched over and cared for. This assurance was grateful to the heart of this dying mother, and she passed from earth with the utmost confidence in the promises which had been given her. She was consigned to the grave, and immediate action taken on the part of the trustees of the Lodge to fulfill the pledges given her. They selected W. E. Grove, P.G., to proceed to Ohio with the children, who were received by their friends who promised to raise them, with the assurance that they would, although distant from our city, be under the watchful eye of the Order, and that their father's Lodge would still protect and educate them. To the U. S. Mail Line, through Captain F. Carter; Metropolitan Hotel, Cincinnati; Col. O'Brien, Little Miami R.R.; Grand Master Jas. A. Semple; and Bro. Johnston, Yellow Springs Hotel, and others, the Order is indebted for the kindness and generous assistance extended to Bro. Grove and the children, while being conveyed to their friends.

Acts of this description should tend to stimulate us to greater usefulness in the Order. This simple act of justice to a dead Brother's orphans will tend more to give the Order an exalted position in the community, than the building of a thousand costly temples, and is one of the arguments we offer in combatting the false positions assumed by those who would deprive the orphans of that protection by the Order, which they offer no substitute for.

J. W. McQ.

A MERITED COMPLIMENT.

At the election of Grand Officers, at the recent

session of the Grand Lodge of this State, Samuel L. Adams, P.G.R., was unanimously chosen Grand Master, there being no opposing candidate. Bro. A. has devoted a life of manhood to the Order, and this complimentary action of the Grand Lodge must have impressed him gratefully. Bro. A. has been among us but a few years, but his kind and brotherly bearing towards all with whom he has come in contact has won him hosts of warm-hearted friends, and his election to the highest position in the State is but a generous tribute of a grateful Brotherhood to usefulness and worth. He is in feeble health, but full of the fire and enthusiasm of Odd Fellowship.

J. W. McQ.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The Grand Lodge of this jurisdiction was in session on the 16th of December, when the following officers for the ensuing year were elected and installed:

CHAS. B. R. COLLEDGE, Grand Master.
WM. KETTLER, Deputy Grand Master.
WM. A. YATES, Grand Warden.
PARKER H. SWEET, Grand Secretary.
SAMUEL WISE, Grand Treasurer.
WM. R. MCLEAN, Grand Representative.

The Grand Master made the following appointments:

JNO. T. CLEMENTS, P.G.M., Grand Chaplain.
JNO. C. SHAFFER, Grand Marshal.
HENRY C. ESFY, Grand Conductor.
WM. R. NEWMAN, Grand Guardian.
GEORGE TICE, Grand Herald.

Among other important legislation, the Grand Lodge determined to unite with the Grand Lodge of the United States at Philadelphia, on the next 26th day of April, to celebrate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the establishment of Odd Fellowship on this continent, and appointed a committee to make arrangements.

Action was also had in reference to the Degree of Rebekah, and Odd Fellows' Flag.

Interesting addresses were made by B. A. Kidder, the retiring Grand Master, and Chas. B. R. Colledge, the present Grand Master, which were ordered to be printed with the proceedings, soon to be issued.

COLORADO.

NEVADA, COLORADO, December 4, 1868.

Editor Companion: Canon City Lodge, No. 7, was instituted at Canon City, Colorado, on the 10th of last month, by Bro. B. F. Gloyd, P.G. of the State of Indiana, by virtue of a warrant from the Grand Master. The officers elected were: B. F. Smith, N. G.; B. F. Moore, V.G.; W. A. Helm, Secretary; A. Flourney, Treasurer. They commence with eight charter members, and elected two for initiation the night of institution. They are more than a hundred miles from any other Lodge, in a thickly settled farming country, and will doubtless sustain a good, healthy working Lodge. R.

The lowest ears of corn are the fullest; so the wisest are the most modest.

Kentucky Department.

DR. J. C. WELCH, P.G.H.P., EDITOR.

Information regarding incidents of particular interest, general news, or other items concerning the prosperity of the Order in any part of this jurisdiction, will be thankfully received by the editor of this Department, Dr. J. C. Welch, Nicholasville, Kentucky.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Every candidate for the mysteries of the Order must be a man of mature age, free from bodily infirmities, of good moral character, and able to earn a livelihood in some reputable business. He must also believe in the existence of God, the Great Architect of the Universe, as our heavenly Father. Implicit trust in God is the only item of faith that he is required to exercise. He is taught to regard the human family as one great Brotherhood, and eminently worthy his kindest consideration and regard while they practice the ennobling virtues of true manhood, without regard to their peculiar views of religion, politics, or philosophy. The Order receives him as a man, irrespective of any relations he sustains to the Church, to the State, or to the world at large, except so far as to regard God as his Father, and all men as his Brethren. He is received as a man, on the broad basis of humanity, and, therefore, is expected to be manly, moral, humane, social, and fraternal in his deportment. Man, in his nature and essence, is a compound being. He has a body, a soul and a mind as constituent elements of the same physical organization. Therefore it is assumed, that in becoming an Odd Fellow he will use all due diligence to secure the full development of his *true manhood*. The true Odd Fellow will lose no opportunity to exemplify in his daily intercourse with men the humanizing and elevating influence of the Order.

In order to receive and apply the various wholesome instructions which are given from time to time in the Lodge-room, it is necessary to possess a certain degree of intellectual and moral training. The Lodge-room is an admirable school for the inculcation of sound morals and intellectual improvement. In a word Odd Fellowship aims to elevate man; to give him clearer conceptions of his duty to himself, his family, his country, and his God. Its obvious tendency is to make men more social, more humane, more philanthropic, more considerate of the wants of the distressed and destitute, more grateful to God, and more fraternal to their fellow-men. In attempting to accomplish so much, it is palpably manifest that the whole man must be trained, or educated, for these special duties. The manner in which these lessons are taught and impressed upon the heart and memory will ever remain a profound secret to the uninitiated. But to all who have the requisite qualifications for membership, the door is open and the way is clear.

VISITING THE SICK.

This sad duty is invariably performed with cheerfulness, complacency and alacrity by all good Odd Fellows. It is no unpleasant task to watch night after night, at the bed-side of a sick Brother. The ordinary surroundings of the sick couch are not only unattractive, but really repulsive, to such as have no community of feeling or sympathy with the afflicted. The golden links of Friendship, Love and Truth unite the hearts of all Odd Fellows in offices of kindness and human benefaction. The "mystic tie" makes *Brothers* of all who have voluntarily assumed its sacred and binding obligations. Moreover, it is the imperative command of Odd Fellowship "to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to bury the dead, and educate the orphan." The manner in which these duties are performed has attracted no little attention from those who know nothing of the secret workings of our unexampled Order. If an Odd Fellow should be taken sick away from home, in a strange country where Odd Fellowship abounds, he would receive the same care and marked attention from the Order there, as though he were in the bosom of his own family.

The humblest member of our large Brotherhood ever feels confident that he would receive the kindest attention, sympathy, protection and aid from his co-laborers in the cause of God and humanity, should his necessities require them. The reciprocal nature of our obligations gives a zest to the performance of deeds of love and charity which is not found anywhere else. In discharging the melancholy duty of "visiting the sick," we are ever impressed with the fact, that we would receive like attentions if our relative situations were reversed. This reflection sweetens the labor of ministering to others in distress. In "*visiting the sick*," we prove our love for the Order and its half million of members. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, have been influenced to become Odd Fellows through the instrumentality of this characteristic feature in our affiliation.

ENCAMPMENT DEGREES.

Inasmuch as Degrees exist in every department of nature, art, and the sciences, why should they not be found in such an extensive Brotherhood as ours? Man—physically, morally, intellectually, and socially—differs from his fellow-man. Degrees give variety and novelty to many things which would otherwise seem monotonous and irksome. The differences in our surroundings, as well as our internal emotions, suggest a well-known fact: that happiness is attained by, or through, a variety of instrumentalities. The ill and misfortunes of life are not borne with the same fortitude and resignation by those who are brought to the same level of want or destitution. Neither do men enjoy rank, honor, station, fame, and riches with the same manifestations of delight. Finding degrees of pleasure and satisfaction, or of pain and sorrow, intimately connected with everything that pertains to this life, our Order has wisely

instituted the sublime Degrees of the Encampment, with a view to increase our happiness, and extend the sphere of our usefulness. It is a well proved fact that our obligations become stronger and our duties weightier, as we severally advance in the Order. Let none be deceived. Those who feel willing to labor more earnestly and more faithfully in the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity, should ascend by degrees to the "*Rest*" which awaits the pilgrim who has journeyed through the wilderness of life, gathering flowers of wisdom from many stand-points on the road.

The instructive, yet serious lessons which are inculcated in the Golden Rule and Royal Purple Degrees, are calculated to make lasting impressions for good upon the minds and hearts of all who receive them in their true spirit. None can fail to be favorably impressed, when these Degrees are properly conferred. All Odd Fellows can not, and should not, be Royal Purple Degree members. It is both right and proper, that those *only* who are Odd Fellows at heart, who love the cherished principles, and practice the sublime teachings of the Order, should be *exalted* to the Royal Purple Degree. None others are worthy this distinguished honor. It is necessary to the strength and durability of a building, that its several parts be duly proportioned to each other. The superstructure must not be too heavy for the foundation. So in Odd Fellowship, too many must not be exalted to the highest grade in the Order, irrespective of their peculiar fitness to discharge the higher duties that would devolve upon them in consequence of their advancement. While I would not persuade any to take upon themselves obligations that might prove burdensome in after-life, I would entreat all who have the great work of our benevolent Order at heart, to advance step by step in its gradations, until they reach the summit of its excellence—the Royal Purple Degree. No true Odd Fellow should stop short of this Degree. Many of the beauties and excellences of the Order are only fully unfolded in the sublime lessons taught here. All who desire to extend their sphere of usefulness, should seek an opportunity to do so by applying for the Encampment Degrees. They are vastly superior, in all respects, to the Degrees in the Subordinate Lodge. There is room in the Camp for many thousands more, who are willing "to war against vice in all its forms," while "Friendship to man prompts the contest, the gentle influence of Love supplies the weapons, and Truth consecrates the effort and leads to victory."

M'BRAYER LODGE, No. 118.

On the 28th of November we visited McBrayer Lodge, No. 118, in Mercer County. Found only eleven members present. Spent a happy hour with this noble band of Brothers. Obtained seven subscribers. Appointed Brother Mathew England, D. D.G.M., local agent for the Lodge, who will doubtless double the list in a few days. It is no trouble to canvass for the COMPANION. Its own merits guarantee its perfect success, wherever presented.

Maryland Department.

PROF. THOS. LUCY, F.G., EDITOR.

INTELLECTUAL ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WE seek to *improve* and *elevate* the character of man, to imbue him with proper conceptions of his capabilities for good, to *enlighten* his mind, to enlarge the sphere of his affections; in a word, our aim is, to lead man to the cultivation of the true fraternal relation designed by the Great Author of his being: and we are now powerful for the accomplishment of these things, fifty years have made us able to execute to a very great extent the profession of our fraternal relation; yet we have hardly more than practically begun to fulfill the noblest mission of all our vows, *enlightening the mind*, but we will go on, for with the next decade we must advance a step higher in our intellectual work. The command to "EDUCATE THE ORPHAN" is not more imperative to the Lodges than is that of enlightening the mind to the members. The immortality of Odd Fellowship will never depend upon its ministrations to the sick merely, but upon the improvement and elevation of the character of man; so with the commencement of the next half of our first century, now about to open, let us commence in earnest this higher work. Our membership is sufficiently large, extended and wealthy now to accomplish anything that we have adopted as principles of action. We know not fully our own strength; we have established a higher object in our affiliation than pecuniary aid, yet we have been too timid, so far, to put it into anything like a sufficiently organized action. A few enthusiastic Brethren have indeed written in favor of the intellectual advancement of Odd Fellowship; and some have tried to put some plans into operation, but the great body of the Order is passive: the great fountain of our laws and practices, the G.L.U.S., too, has been content so far with merely declaring what we *seek* to do, without legislating or giving facilities for its proper doing. Satisfied with its great success as a beneficial institution, we hesitate to go beyond that *time* of the intrinsic virtues of our beloved Order, that alone can advance man to a proper conception of his capabilities for good. But we never were in a better condition than we are now for this work; a membership scattered over the civilized world pledged to the practice of a true morality; the drones that in our earlier days clogged our progress, pruned out by suspensions, and a class of more earnest co-workers of intelligence and wealth everywhere joining us;—education sought for, the cultivation of the mind popular,—the advantages of mutual effort conceded; what more need we to set about in the second part of our centennial existence the second part of the work of our organization, and enlarge the sphere of our affections! Why is it, that the Odd Fellows of to-day are so different from those of twenty or thirty years ago? Simply because of the progress of moral sentiments and

ideas, and the absolute necessity of them, for man's happiness being admitted. We see already that he among us whose father was a devoted Odd Fellow, has higher, nobler views of his capabilities for good, and with it of that of the Order of which he is an elementary part, than many who had no such teachings and training; and what is true now, will be much more strongly manifested a few years hence, when our children take our vacant places in the Lodge, and carry out still more practically than we do those virtues and principles we have been content to read to them as officers in our respective positions. Depend upon it, Brethren, our success as an everlasting institution,—our hope of surviving all the turmoils of the world,—and our prospects for reward hereafter, lie in our earnest endeavors to improve and elevate the character of man, to enlighten his mind, to educate the membership, and to see that they educate their children aright, which is as far as our power in this world extends. We can do all this, we do do it now in part, but comparatively nothing to what we will be doing at the end of the next half century; and we would therefore urge with the coming in of our fifty-first year a more elevated aim in this, and indeed in all our Lodge work.

What a noble resolution it would be, in celebrating the completion of our fiftieth year, next April, to determine on some general system of a higher and more practical education, that should benefit not only our members but their families. If the G.L.U.S., for instance, would pass a law to encourage the formation of joint associations for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge. Will not some more join with the Maryland Department of the COMPANION in trying to establish standing committees whose duties shall be to devise plans and make arrangements, or to aid and assist in procuring lecturers for Lodges and Encampments on subjects of a scientific and literary education in a popular form? Would not distinguished speakers, think you, do as much good in urging upon the membership everywhere a higher education, as they do now in merely eulogizing the Order? Let there be once established a committee or department for the advancement of the intellectual features of Odd Fellowship, and plans will soon be found by which Lodges and Camps can be supplied with the most useful books judiciously selected for their libraries at very low rates; and lecturers sent them of real practical worth, to give proper conceptions of man's capabilities for good, with but little expense: and this will be, in the end, of more lasting value than the poetical declamations that are given now and then, at what are called public celebrations, and which generally cost a large sum of money for show, with perhaps very little profit. A Lodge or Camp of itself can do but little, but let several of them unite their best intellectual members in a joint association for the promotion of useful knowledge, as they do so often successfully for the relief of bodily wants, and their good effects would be equally sure. We need associations for the benefit of our minds quite as much as for other things,

only we have never tried them yet, and consequently do not know how much we want, or how much we could do in this sphere of action. But the sophistry sometimes used to excuse our negligence of this intellectual part of our duties as Odd Fellows is, that the State is attending to it, and there is no need for our interference. The State, however, merely provides certain means without using any influences, or any personal efforts to bring education home to every family. What we could do, if we would, is to seek out and make known to our membership the best schools—visit, urge, and see that all know this, and aid them to avail themselves of these schools. We need institutions that train the heart in all those sound doctrines of morality which Odd Fellowship professes, and which, if generally practised, would add much to the world's happiness in addition to the ordinary culture of the mind. If the committees on education were enthusiastic and would meet in convention, they would soon be able, by the large number of children, orphans and others, that they represent, to secure the *best* of schools for the very *lowest* price. People need, our members included, frequent solicitation to properly educate their children, but what we want to urge now and all the time is, to so act that Odd Fellows may be especially noted for the very great care they pay to education; that their children may be all well instructed, both in the usual branches of book-learning and in the principles that distinguish their fathers as good men and Odd Fellows.

We will continue this subject in our next.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

JOINT LIBRARY COMMITTEE.—Two excellent levees were held by this enterprising committee last month for the benefit of our fine library—one for the English and one for the German department. The music, dancing and supper were first-rate, and the profits by which a store of new books are to be obtained equally good. We have a regular income for the support of the library, contributed annually or semi-annually by all the city Lodges, but we have every year a sociable for the entertainment of the members, and a little additional sum for new books. The library is only opened during the evening; a singular jealousy lest those who could attend in the day-time would get all the best books, has hitherto prevented the much desired reform from being accomplished.

CUMBERLAND ENCAMPMENT, No. 23.—The following Brethren were elected and installed as the officers of this *new* Camp:—Wm. R. Beall, C.P.; John H. Young, H.P.; Wm. R. McCully, S.W.; E. S. Zevely, J.W.; W. A. Withers, Scribe; and Wm. Arm-buster, Treasurer. The Camp opened with twenty-two members, and more than a dozen applications. Mt. Carmel Encampment, also in Allegheny County, is also flourishing and the Patriarchal work popular on our western borders.

SALEM ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Thanksgiving day was the occasion of several pleasant official visita-

tions. Salem fraternally visited the German Encampment, Schiller, No. 12, and profited by the occasion to assure all of the good practical workings of the Patriarchal branch of the Order. This visit was highly appreciated by our German Brethren, as the remarks made clearly indicated that all are recognised in Odd Fellowship as one family, irrespective of sect or nationality.

ADAM LODGE, No. 35.—The Grand Officers by invitation visited Frederick City and the Lodge there in the early part of the month. This Lodge is happily distinguished for its earnest zeal and devotion to the cause in which it is in common with us all engaged. Full instructions were given in the "work," and some excellent speeches made to a very large attendance of the members. At the conclusion of the business the Grand Officers were taken in charge and escorted to the banqueting hall of the City Hotel, where a fine entertainment was prepared in splendid style. With the fine eating was much good humor, wit and sentiment, which was kept up until the early hours of morning. Social visiting is all the fashion at this season in this jurisdiction.

DEATH OF PAST GRAND MASTER SMITH.—The Order here has met with a loss in the death of Bro. John C. Smith. He died Dec. 10th, after a short illness, in the 58th year of his age. The Grand Lodge being specially convened to make arrangements for the funeral, the Grand Master announced the sad and unexpected event in feeling and appropriate terms; a committee of seven was appointed, who prepared a series of resolutions expressive of the respect and affection felt for him and the regret of all at his loss, which were unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge. The funeral took place on Sunday, and was attended by the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, Harmony Lodge, No. 6, Jerusalem Encampment, No. 1, and Ottoway Tribe of Red Men, with a large concourse of citizens, which attested how strong was the respect of those who had known him in life. Bro. Smith was for more than thirty years a member of Harmony Lodge, and for nearly twenty-five years its Treasurer. He was also a member of Jerusalem Encampment, for several years he was the Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and in 1861 elected Grand Master. He won the love of those who knew him by his quiet and unassuming manners, and the uniformity with which he carried out in practice the high principles of morality.

"The Bridge has been crossed, the Tent gained.
He is at rest."

SOLITUDE.—Solitude, though it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies, for solitude is essential to man. All men come into the world alone, and leave it alone. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appeals or fascinates us, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already we have passed, of another solitude, deeper still, through which we have to pass,—reflex of one solitude, prefigurative of another.—DEQUINCY.

Michigan Department.

DETROIT, DEC. 18, 1868.

Dear Companion: The most bigoted opponent of our noble Order is often forced to acknowledge that its record as an agent for the amelioration of the woes of human life is one that might well be emulated by others of higher sounding pretensions and claims. When the practical effects of our organization come face to face with others, comparisons often become "odious," and Odd Fellowship rises in the dignity of its quiet and unostentatious work. No member of our Order, whatever his rank or station, who studies and appreciates the principles that form the adhesive essence of Odd Fellowship, but will be a better man and citizen; and no one who is familiar with its results, in detail or in the aggregate, will blush to own that he is a member of the "Mystic Brotherhood." It is a fact that too few of our Order take the pains to post themselves in what our Order really does accomplish. They are content to watch its working in the narrow circle of their daily walks, or their Lodge jurisdiction, without reflecting how vast its influence when spread over a wide domain. The intelligent Odd Fellow, who takes a good magazine devoted to the literature of our Order, is ever doubly armed with weapons to meet and disperse enemies, however specious or vindictive their attacks. How few, in fact, really understand the magnitude of our work in a single year—say the past year of 1867—8.

The total disbursements of Odd Fellowship for relieving the distressed, burying the dead, educating the orphan, and other objects kindred to our Order, during the year, were more than *seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!* (\$750,000) in the United States alone!

Every month in the year more than...	\$62,500.00
Every week in the year more than	14,424.00
Every day in the year more than	2,054.00
Every hour in the year more than	85.50
Every moment in the year more than	1.44

Thus it is—not a month, a week, a day, an hour, and not even a moment or second of time passes, whether at the rising of the sun, at noon, or twilight, or during the dark and dreary hours of midnight, but what Odd Fellowship administers to the sufferings of humanity!—elevates human character. These stubborn facts should silence scoffers, and draw within our folds the good and benevolent of every class of society. And this is the tendency of our Order as it becomes better appreciated. The character of our membership, for large hearts, for kindly feelings, for fraternal acts, will compare not unfavorably with any other organization, whatever its objects or claims.

A word local. Portsmouth Lodge, No. 104, dedicated a fine new hall at Bay City on the 3d inst. Grand Master Blackman officiated. Dr. J. S. Curtis, our next Grand Master, several Grand Officers and

Past Grand Masters were present. The occasion was one that gave great satisfaction to those present, and gives signs of permanent prosperity to this young Lodge. Rev. Bro. C. P. Nash, of Bay City, delivered an excellent address giving brief sketches of the history of the Order and after picturing its aims and the principles that should govern every true Odd Fellow, he closed as follows:

"Benevolence and charity! Oh! what sacred principles are they. A charity that follows the unfortunate in this world so filled with the network of temptation, even to the haunts of vice; and a benevolence which furnishes him the means of reformation; a benevolence which seeks out suffering everywhere, throwing the mantle of charity over the cause that produced it, until relief is afforded, and which, then, with the heavenly sweetness of Jesus of Nazareth says, 'Go in peace, and sin no more.'

"These sacred principles we teach partly by oral instruction, but chiefly and most impressively, by a symbolry as chaste as it is instructive. We use this method, not to impress the world with the idea that there is something profoundly curious and weird in our ceremonies, but because we believe we can thus make a deeper and more lasting impression upon the mind and heart. These rites are lodged with the members of the Order as *secrets*, because to make them public would destroy their character and spoil their effect. If the candidate for initiation knew beforehand what the ceremony of initiation would be, it would have the effect upon his mind only of a *rehearsal*, instead of the revelation and unfolding of *new truths* as heavenly as angel-thoughts, and as eternal as the heavens. We have other secrets; but they are only such as serve to enable us to recognize each other and to guard us against impostors. Such is the work to be performed in this Lodge-room; such the noble principles inculcated, and to this sacred business it has been dedicated. Wives, when your husbands are absent from home attending Lodge meeting, know that these are the lessons they are learning, and that they are not in the saloon, listening to or joining in its bacchanal songs, nor quaffing its deadly draughts.

"That they are not drinking poison into their systems, poverty into their families and future wretchedness for all.

"Mothers, when your sons are here, know that they are being educated for noble deeds and good citizenship, and that they are not amid the allurements of the gaming table, learning to get money without honest industry, acquiring an education which may lead to the highway, and end in a dungeon or upon a scaffold. Do you ask me why, if our objects are so good, our aims so lofty, that you, our wives, mothers, sisters and daughters cannot enjoy them? The only answer I can return is, the institution in its organic law has decreed it so. There is nothing in our rites that the most refined lady could object to; and I hope for the day, though it may not come in your lifetime, or mine, when prejudices against sex shall so far have given way, that women will be admitted to the privileges in this regard, they ask. Until then, I can only counsel patience. Finally, my Brothers, the indications are favorable for entering upon a new career of usefulness and prosperity. The skies seem bright above us. Let us embrace the opportunities which surround us, and each with every other, make one united effort for the dissemination of the principles of benevolence and charity."

I regret that space forbids my quoting more from the address, which was full of Odd Fellowship, as its talented author is full of zeal and good work.

PAST GRAND.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

NEW LODGES.

Grand Master Sharp writes me, under date of December 12th, as follows: "I have been to Monroe and instituted Jasper Lodge, No. 168, with excellent prospects ahead. There were only eight charter members present; admitted one by card, four as Ancient Odd Fellows, four by initiation, and one petition was acted on, the candidate not present, making seventeen, and four more to come in. I think their prospects really very flattering. We worked until four o'clock in the morning. The officers elected and installed are: T. P. Burchinal, N.G.; Thomas Hawkins, V.G.; J. W. Johnson, Secretary, and William Howard, Treasurer. I set them to work as nearly right as I knew how, and we had a very pleasant time. At eleven o'clock we adjourned to Bro. Shaw's Hotel, where there was a most bountiful supper prepared for us all. Over forty sat down to supper. I was assisted by C. Howard, P.G., of Newton, and twelve to fifteen Brethren from Prairie City, and altogether we had a splendid time, as they are all live Odd Fellows. I will not be astonished if Jasper Lodge reports fifty members on July 1st, 1869."

We have issued dispensations for three Rebekah Degree Lodges, as follows: Bloomfield, No. 1, Bloomfield, Davis County; Scott, No. 2, Davenport, Scott County, and Council Bluffs, No. 3, Council Bluffs, Pottawatomie County, and on yesterday issued a dispensation for a new Lodge, viz: Mt. Ayer Lodge No. 169, Mt. Ayer, Ringgold County, which will be instituted soon by Grand Master Sharp.

STATE OF THE ORDER.

We will soon have Lodges at all the prominent county-seats. In the south tier of counties, we have Lodges at every county-seat except Corydon, where we had a Lodge until the year 1862 (Corydon, No. 103), and I am expecting Bro. Thomas and others to reclaim the charter soon, and go to work again. Wayne county ought to sustain a good Lodge. In the second tier, we have Lodges at all county-seats except in three western counties, and had a Lodge at Glenwood until last year. I am in hopes that Lodge will revive soon, and also that we will have Lodges at Red Oak and Quincy; there are Brothers at both towns, but they have not as yet been able to petition for Lodges. In the third tier, we have Lodges at every county-seat except Fontanelle, Adair County, and hope to have one there next year. In the fourth tier, at every county-seat except three west counties, and I am in hopes to issue dispensation to Brothers at Magnolia, Harrison County, during next year. In the fifth tier, in all except four west counties; and above that Lodges are scattering—one at Sioux City, in the north-west corner, and one at Lansing, in the north-east corner.

We in two years expect to have 150 Lodges at work, with 10,000 members.

Bro. Ireland writes me that Northern Light Lodge, No. 156, at Monona, Clayton county, is doing well.

Bro. Conner writes me that Nodaway Encampment, No. 29, Clarinda, Page County, which was instituted last spring by Bro. McCormick, of Chariton, has now twenty-two Patriarchs, and that they will be able to sustain their Camp.

Bro. Goodell writes me that Oneida Lodge, No. 132, at Earlville, Delaware county, is in a flourishing condition, and the meetings very fully attended.

PROCEEDINGS OF GRAND BODIES.

The proceedings of our Grand Encampment session in October last have been mailed to Encampments, and I hope to mail the proceedings of the Grand Lodge this week.

I have received the proceedings, within a few days, of the Grand Lodges of Ontario and Colorado, and of the Grand Encampments of Illinois and New York, and it is with pleasure I notice Iowa Brothers among the Grand Officers of Colorado. Grand Master Hyatt and Grand Secretary Ratliff were members of our Grand Lodge, and Grand Representative Elder and Grand Marshal Wilson were formerly citizens of our city.

BURLINGTON, December 16, 1868.

A WARNING.

EVERTON, IOWA, December 13, 1868.

Editor Companion: On the 20th of November Henry Kingery, then a member of Everton Lodge, No. 130, eloped with the wife of S. D. Shepherd, he leaving a wife and seven children, and the woman a husband and four children. She took her youngest child, a girl two months old, with her. They are supposed to have gone to Canada. Any information of their whereabouts will be thankfully received by the Lodge. Kingery is about five feet ten inches high, of rather dark complexion, with brown eyes, and has a small scar on his nose; he wore his beard, and is rather bald. The woman is about five feet high, of dark complexion, has dark hair and eyes, and for a woman quite a moustache. Her front teeth are decayed; some of them gone. The baby she took with her has red hair. Kingery was a Mason as well as an Odd Fellow.

Yours, fraternally, JONATHAN S. MILLER.

EXCELSIOR.

Put out thy talents to their use—
Lay nothing by to rust;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
And innocence thy trust.
Rise to thy proper place in life—
Trample upon all sin,
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.
So live, in faith and noble deed,
Till earth returns to earth—
So live, that men shall mark the time
Gave such a mortal birth.

Wisconsin Department.

L. B. HILLS, GRAND SECRETARY, EDITOR.

CO-OPERATION.

We boldly and confidently take the ground that co-operation is an essential of civilized society. Individually we can do much to make the pathway of life pleasant and profitable to those around us; but by joining hands in the good work, we increase the power, and from a circle that has no ending, draw never failing encouragement. Well-meaning men have many worthy thoughts and perform many kind acts; but they are necessarily desultory in their occurrence, depending much upon mood and circumstance;—to secure the constant and certain effect of worthy thoughts and kind acts is the object and benefit of co-operation. This forms the reservoir in which such collect, and from which they gradually issue, as occasion demands. The individual may often have the wish to do a kind act, when he lacks the ability; but co-operation enables him to make an investment of this power, which at the right time he can gratefully and surely draw on.

Co-operation in works of development and progress has been a triumphant and successful agent, under whose irresistible influence obstacles in the physical world have been overcome, its seas covered with sail and steam vessels, and its islands and continents with wonderful evidences of enterprise and industry, not only on their surface, where the rushing locomotive flashes in the light, but down beneath it, where hardy miners dangerously toil. And in the moral world its power is just as beneficially seen—whether in aiding the distressed, strengthening the weak, cheering the faint-hearted, rebuking the vicious, instructing the ignorant, rewarding the good, or punishing the evil.

Man has many blessings to thank God for, but not the least among them is the knowledge of the benefit of co-operation; for it has made rugged places smooth for many weary feet, kindled bright hope in many dark breasts, and supplied a sure and honorable haven, when want and misery threatened, and stiff-necked enemies rejoiced.

Now is a good time to call upon every man in the sparse and full places of this world to co-operate. We call upon him, here in thriving Wisconsin, and want other voices to give the call to him in all the other States of our co-operative union, to work with his Brother for mutual good, for protection, counsel, advancement, and joy. So shall his pleasure be increased, his woes diminished, his friends multiplied, his contentment assured, and realizing the cheering truth, that "one cannot help many, but many can help one," and seeing the practical working of this in many happy families, carefully guarded from life's contingencies, he will join in singing with heart and soul:

"How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth."

EMBLEMS OF THE ORDER.

What are they for? What use may, or can be made of them?

Any one having given this subject any attention, is fraternally requested to correspond with the committee appointed at the last session of the G.L.U.S., and let such committee have the benefit of their views.

L. B. HILLS, Madison, Wisconsin,
J. B. ESCAVALLE, Baltimore, Maryland.

Since the publication of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin at the session in January last, the following new Lodges have been instituted under dispensation:

Ripon, No. 144, Ripon, Fond du Lac County.
Aurora, No. 145, Milwaukee.
Pineary, No. 146, Chippewa Falls.
Dodgeville, No. 147, Dodgeville, Iowa County.
Good Samaritan, No. 148, Schleisingerville, Washington County.
LaCrosse Valley, No. 149, LaCrosse.
Ellsworth, No. 150, Ellsworth, Pierce County.
Bloomer, No. 151, Vanville, Chippewa County.
Heine, No. 152, Woodland, Dodge County.
Gateway City, No. 153, LaCrosse.
Prescott, No. 154, Prescott, Pierce County.
Iron Ridge, No. 155, Iron Ridge, Dodge County.
New Centreville, No. 156, New Centreville, St. Croix County.
Durand, No. 157, Durand, Repin County.
Middleton, No. 158, Mendota, Dane County.
Bloomington, No. 159, Bloomington, Grant County.
And the following Encampments have been instituted since the last publication of the list, in the Grand Encampment Journal:
Brandon, No. 25, Brandon, Fond du Lac County.
Barnett, No. 26, Black River Falls, Jackson County.
Iowa, No. 27, Dodgeville, Iowa County.
—, No. 28, Prairie du Chien.

The Grand Encampment will meet in annual session at Milwaukee on Tuesday, the 19th day of January next, and the Grand Lodge will meet at the same place on Wednesday, January 20th. Brothers who are entitled to seats in such bodies are cordially invited to visit us at that time.

REBEKAH MEETING AT HOPE LODGE, NO. 17, MADISON.

The efforts to awaken an interest in this most beautiful Degree seem at last to be likely to be crowned with success; and this success is mainly due to the example and influence of a few of the Sisters, who are always present at the meetings, and manifest a determination that this Degree shall be maintained.

AUGUSTA LODGE, NO. 142.

Bro. C. W. Morris writes to the publishers regarding this Lodge under date of December 6, from Augusta: "I see in the COMPANION a notice of a Lodge one year old, with fifty members, with the query, whether any Lodge can beat that. Our Lodge was instituted on the 17th of February, 1868, and now numbers fifty-three members, notwithstanding many rejections."

Pennsylvania Department.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

In my last communication to the COMPANION I stated that the committees appointed by the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment had met, and resolved to issue circulars to the Subordinates of each of those Grand Bodies; since that time the circulars have been prepared and forwarded, and the manner in which they have been received augurs favorably toward a universal interest in making the great occasion worthy of the State, and the Order; not only have many of the Lodges and Encampments in the interior elected or appointed delegates, but many have appointed special committees for the purpose of determining the part they shall take on the occasion, and the material aid they shall render. In the city this course has been universal, and many have signified their willingness to aid in making the day memorable, by contributing both men and money, and whatever else it may be in their power to do and give.

When we take into consideration what the institution is, the introduction of which we intend to celebrate—the immensity and rapidity of its growth—the grandness of its design and its eminent success, the man who considers that the fiftieth anniversary of the day the first Lodge was organized, is not worthy of the most marked attention that can be devised, is neither a good Odd Fellow nor philanthropist, and should there be any such, whatever his feelings may be, it will be wisdom to conceal them, as no opposition can stem the flood of gratitude that will flow over this land from the farthest North to the extreme South—from the rising to the setting sun on that memorable day. Little could the five obscure men who met in the tavern in Baltimore on the evening of the 26th of April, 1818, and opened and organized a Lodge, imagine that in less than fifty years from that hour, there could be under a jurisdiction to spring from that small beginning a quarter of a million of men, carrying out, with enlarged philanthropy, their designs for ennobling our race—little did they dream that the six and one quarter cents they bound themselves that evening each to contribute weekly, should be the nucleus that would swell, in less than half a century, to over two millions of dollars annually—could they possibly have anticipated that tens of thousands of men and women and helpless children would year after year have been saved from suffering or want by the Order. Even in their most sanguinely extravagant expectations could they have estimated an hundredth part of the good, morally, that has been done to men in every corner of this broad land—knowing all this, it would be ingratitude of unbounded dimensions and unpardonable magnitude in any Odd Fellow or good citizen to let this day pass as other days. But it will not pass unnoticed, but will be celebrated in this and every other jurisdiction in a manner that will

manifest how deeply we feel the benefits we have enjoyed, and how grateful we are that we have been made the instruments of conferring innumerable blessings on others.

CURTIS ENCAMPMENT AT RICHBOROUGH.

On the 23d of November the officers of the Grand Encampment re-opened Curtis Encampment, No. 77, at Richborough, Bucks County. This Encampment ceased working about fourteen years since, and until recently, no effort was made to revive it; the Brethren talked about it, it is true, but talking gave it no vitality until some of the former members found that nothing but work would re-animate it, so they resolved that it should be revived, and it has been done with flattering prospects of a prosperous future. No doubt they know the rock on which many years since they were wrecked, and we have reason to believe that whatever it may have been, it will henceforward be carefully avoided. To the Patriarchs of that and all others, under similar circumstances, whether Lodges or Encampments, we may be permitted to say, that success depends not alone on a few, but to secure it *all* must work, and the best evidence they can give of doing so, is faithful, regular attendance. It may be stated as an axiom that where attention is given to the meetings, none have ever failed, without it few are really successful. The Brethren who have undertaken the resuscitation, are men of intelligence, energy and apparent zeal, and there is little doubt, from the material in and around them, a good Encampment will be established.

NEW ENCAMPMENT AT PHILLIPSBURG.

On the 2d of December the Grand Patriarch, Grand Scribe, and Grand Representative Stokes proceeded to Phillipsburg, in Centre County, and organized a new Encampment at that place, No. 173, under very flattering prospects of success. The petitioners for the warrant, and the members of the Order uniting with them, are many of them tried men, and there is scarcely a doubt that this ere long will prove itself a good Encampment.

PRESENTATION TO GEORGE SLIGO, P.G.P., P.G.R.

I have repeatedly mentioned presentations of one kind and another, made to favored members of the Order, but on the 4th ult., one of these friendly manifestations was sprung upon an old and faithful member. It having been announced that P.G. Sire Nicholson was to address Lafayette Encampment, No. 5, in Philadelphia, as a matter of course there was a large attendance. At the close of an excellent address, the speaker turned towards the Scribe of the Encampment, P.G.P. and P.G. Representative George Sligo, who had filled the position of Scribe of the Encampment about twenty years, and after some justly complimentary remarks, presented him, as the gift of some of the members, with an elegant gold cased hunting American watch. The spectators could not doubt that the surprise was complete, and that the worthy recipient was entirely unprepared for the event. This is by no means the first surprise

that Bro. Sligo has had from his Lodge (where he has been equally long Secretary) and Encampment, yet it is doubtful if at any previous time was he so astonished, alike at the circumstance, and at the intrinsic value of the gift.

VISIT OF GRAND SIRE FARNSWORTH.

On Monday evening, the 14th ult., (the members and the Order having been informed by advertisement in the morning papers) the M.W. Grand Sire, E. D. Farnsworth, visited Star of Bethlehem Lodge, No. 190. This long-trying and devoted Odd Fellow was received as his high position in the Order and his individual worth as a man deserved. The spaciousness of the room, and the elegance of its furniture and appointments, were in strong contrast to many that the distinguished Brother finds at the present time in his own State. The room was filled and the audience listened with marked attention to the eloquent address of the Grand Sire, and to that of P.G. Sire Nicholson. Few evenings in an Odd Fellows' Lodge were ever spent more agreeably, or more profitably than was that evening in Star of Bethlehem Lodge. No. 190 was organized twenty-two years since by twelve men from ten or eleven different Lodges, and with a view of abolishing many customs then existing in the Order that could do it no good, and also to bring into the Order a class of men that had to a great extent, up to that time, stood aloof from Odd Fellowship as an institution only for workmen. The objects that actuated the founders of this Lodge have never been lost sight of to the present hour. The Lodge has never been what is called strong in numbers, as its portals have been carefully guarded against the unworthy; it has always been liberal with its funds for every worthy object, but discriminating in its giving, and has carefully accumulated an abundant fund for all its needs. Its work has been maintained in strictly parliamentary order, and in accordance with the commands of the Ritual, and to-day there are few Lodges better known in every jurisdiction than Star of Bethlehem Lodge, and while the members felt grateful that they had succeeded in securing the commendation of one so exalted as their visitor, they felt that for many years they had labored to merit it.

LIFE INSURANCE.

For some time past the Order here has had its attention frequently drawn to the subject of life insurance, and it is strange that it has not earlier made this the subject of consideration. It is true that life insurance companies abound, and that vast sums are annually paid into their treasuries, and that many of our members have had the good sense to take advantage of the benefits they confer, still I am persuaded that the Order should have one of its own, and I shall give you in my next some of my reasons for this opinion.

THE GRAND CELEBRATION AGAIN.

Before your next number falls from the press, the Order in Pennsylvania will be able to form a correct opinion as to the views of the one hundred and twen-

ty odd Lodges in Philadelphia, as well as of a great portion of the State, but as I have already said, all the indications are most favorable. Although the Grand Lodge of the United States has resolved to celebrate the day here, no doubt every other jurisdiction will have their celebration in their own way, and in a way to be a credit to Odd Fellowship, and give the world a better understanding both of its numbers and the respectability of its membership than it has yet had an opportunity of obtaining.

PHILADELPHIA, December, 1868.

MONONGAHELA CITY—PRACTICAL CO-OPERATION.

Editor Companion: We have a very nice working Lodge in our place, with a membership of one hundred and forty-two (142). We are in good working order; the D.D. who installed our officers, stated that it was the best working Lodge that he had visited for several years. We are adding to our numbers nearly every night. I have been a member of Nucleus Lodge for nearly five years, and we have not lost a single member by death, the members are all stout and hard-working men. We anticipate building a new hall in the spring—a three-story brick, with store rooms and public hall in it. The hall that we are occupying at present is too small for us.

We also have a good Rebekah Degree Lodge in operation, which meets every first Monday after full moon. Our Lodge donated them \$90.00, the proceeds of an excursion up the river to California on the 26th of August last. They number 50 or 60 members, male and female.

The members of our Lodge have a very nice grocery store, that is chartered by our State Legislature. None but members of our own Lodge can hold stock in it. It is one of the leading stores in the town, and is run on the cash system—no books at all are kept, their motto being: "pay to-day and trust to-morrow."

Our town has about three thousand inhabitants, and a good surrounding country. The Monongahela River divides us from Alleghany county. This river is noted for having some of the finest coal works in the State along its banks. The water is kept up for navigation with dams; there are six between Pittsburgh and Geneva. Four nice packets are running between these points—two daily.

B. L. G.

MONONGAHELA CITY, Nov. 28, 1868.

PATRIARCH ENCAMPMENT, No. 171.

MIDDLETOWN, Dec. 21, 1868.

Editor Companion: On Tuesday afternoon, the 15th of December, D. A. Bolt, D.D.G.P., instituted Patriarch Encampment, No. 171, at this place, assisted by Patriarchs from Dauphin, No. 10, and Olive, No. 56. The members of the Order met in the hall of Triune Lodge, No. 307, at 7 o'clock, when the Encampment was instituted in due form, and the charter delivered to the charter members, viz: Moses G. Cryder, John H. Crown, George M. Ziegler, Solomon N. Strickler, J. J. Rife, Robert P.

Long, and John Lutz. The following officers were then elected and installed :

C.R., Moses G. Cryder; H.P., Robert P. Long; S.W., John H. Crown; J.W., George M. Ziegler; Scribe, J. J. Rife; Treasurer, R. P. Long.

After appointment of the Subordinate Officers, four candidates were introduced and instructed in the rites and mysteries of the Patriarchal, Golden Rule and Royal Purple Degrees. During these ceremonies the principal chairs were occupied by D. A. Bolt, S. C. Wilson, William Hipple, and Joseph H. Meek, to whom too much praise cannot be given for the able and admirable manner in which they conducted the ceremonies appertaining to their respective chairs. This Encampment commences under the most favorable auspices; it is located on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, 90 miles from Philadelphia, and 10 miles from Harrisburgh.

Fraternally,

SWATARA.

Bro. S. D. Killian, our traveling agent for Pennsylvania, says in a letter from Chambersburg: "During the war the Brothers here lost their hall, furniture and entire outfit, but notwithstanding this, they have the largest and most handsomely finished hall I have yet seen in the State. I am under great obligations to the Brethren for the very friendly reception they gave me."

WEST VIRGINIA.

MASON COUNTY—NEW LODGE AT CLIFTON.

FAIRMONT, Dec. 2d, 1868.

Editor Companion: I spent a very pleasant week in Mason County, on occasion of organizing a new Lodge at Clifton, on the 18th of November. The following officers were elected and installed: Jacob Simpson, N.G.; Robert C. Wallace, V.G.; Abel W. Rock, Secretary; Jonas Anniller, Treasurer. The petitioners were fifteen, and two initiations. All seemed to be impressed with the importance of maintaining the principles of the Order, and to fully carry out its teachings.

On the 19th I visited West Columbia Lodge, and found it up to the standard in its work and usefulness.

On the 21st, I met Liberty Lodge, No. 21, at Hartford City. Here I witnessed an initiation after the form of the Ritual—nothing added, nothing taken away. The Brethren are all alive, and vieing with each other in the carrying out of the teachings of our Order; from West Columbia and Liberty, I obtained the requisite number of names to have the Encampment Degrees conferred in one of your Encampments in Ohio. We will then have two new Encampments, one in West Columbia, the other in Hartford City. I also visited New Haven Lodge, No. 35, and found it as its very efficient Secretary, Bro. Wilding, described it in your magazine.

Thus, my Brother, our Order moves on when in the hands of good and true men, fully impressed with

the motto of our Order, Friendship, Love and Truth. Your valuable magazine has contributed largely to this result.

I take this opportunity to tender my thanks to the Brethren of the Lodge at Middleport, Ohio, and Bro. Evans, their Secretary, for kindness and attention shown to me. May he ever find a friend when in need.

Your Brother, in F., L. and T.,

THOMAS G. STEELE, G.S.

CLIFTON.—Bro. R. C. Wallace, the V.G. of the new Lodge in this place, Clifton, No. 45, writes to us on the 20th of November, kindly giving us the items of the institution mentioned above by Grand Secretary Steele. He concludes: "We have a good field of operations. Thirteen petitions are now awaiting action; but we mean to follow the advice of our worthy Grand Secretary, who said that it was not the number that would give us strength, but the quality. Therefore we will work sure—holding always in view the philanthropic principles of our Order."

ANNIVERSARY OF WHEELING LODGE, NO. 9.

Editor Companion: On Saturday evening, Dec. 12th, 1868, Wheeling Lodge, No. 9, celebrated her twenty-first anniversary. Our large and commodious hall was filled to overflowing. Old and familiar faces once more appeared in their accustomed places, and the younger members were out in full force. It was an occasion that will long be remembered by those present, and cannot but result in great good to the Lodge. The committee deserve great credit for their efforts, which proved so successful, in bringing together so large a number of the membership, and in conducing to their comfort and pleasure while present.

The exercises commenced with prayer by the Chaplain and singing the opening ode. Then followed reports from the Secretary and Treasurer, both very interesting documents. The Treasurer's report showed a grand total of receipts during the twenty-one years, of \$14,754.32; paid out for the relief of Brothers and other charitable purposes, \$11,428.15. P.G. Ellingham, in concluding his report of the finances of the Lodge, says, "Considering the pecuniary embarrassment which affected the Lodge in the first few years of its existence, and the baneful results of war, which affected our State in latter years, the report will compare favorably with other Lodges, for the same time, and under similar circumstances."

F. A. Brentlinger, P.G., one of the charter members, gave an interesting account of the institution and early history of the Lodge. The address was replete in interest, and closed with appropriate remarks on the good of the Order. Bro. R. H. Barr and Bro. Joseph Willets each delivered appropriate addresses, which were listened to with great interest, and marked attention, by all present.

In the course of the evening, and during a pause in the exercises P. G. Hollingsworth, arose and said:

"I have a duty to perform which is as agreeable to my feelings, as it is deserved on the part of the recipients. This Lodge has been blessed with faithful and devoted members, with active workers in the vineyard of Odd Fellowship. Past Deputy Grand Sire E. H. Fitzhugh was one of the charter members, and until his removal from this State, one of our active workers. But on looking over the roll, we find there are three Brothers whose names for eighteen years stand prominent for regular attendance and interest in carrying on the work of the Lodge. During all these long years, these three faithful members have ever been present at the weekly meetings, except when provisionally detained by sickness. I am sure there is not a Brother present who feels the least jealousy in having them selected and paying them this deserved compliment. Such devotion to the work of the Order should ever receive proper acknowledgement, and due appreciation. The names of these Brothers are Past Grands Robert Taylor, B. H. Rennard, and George Carson."

These Brothers being present, P. G. Hollingsworth continued:

"Brothers, in presenting these certificates as a small token of appreciation from your Brethren, for faithfulness and devotion to the interest of this Lodge, for the last eighteen years, and knowing your dispositions so well—that you are men of 'actions,' rather than of 'words'—I feel that you would not appreciate any extended remarks on this occasion. I simply present you these evidences of the partiality of your Brothers, praying that it may please an all-wise God to bless you—temporally and spiritually—in your persons, and in your families. And when at last you have done meeting in Subordinate Lodges, may you have clear cards and traveling P.W.'s that will admit you to the Grand Lodge above, where the Great Grand Master will recognize you, and admit you to His presence, where is joy, and to a seat at His Right Hand, where is pleasure forevermore."

The recipients were so taken by surprise, that it was impossible for them to reply, and their emotion was sufficient evidence of their thanks, and spoke louder than words.

The certificates were handsomely framed and are a just tribute to deserved merit.

The exercises were enlivened with excellent music, furnished from the choir led by Past Grand Berryhill. Two pieces, entitled "Friendship, Love and Truth," and "Shun the Broad Road," were much admired for the music and moral contained.

Bro. A. S. Nelson, your accomodating agent here, is a member of the Lodge, and assumed his pleasant smiles for the occasion.

P. G. Willets offered the closing prayer, and the Lodge adjourned by singing the closing ode in grand style.

Success attend Wheeling Lodge. May she increase in numbers and in usefulness, dispensing her charities to the sick and distressed, relieving the wants of all, according to her means and circumstances, until the widow and orphan shall rise up and call her blessed, and suffering humanity have no more wants to relieve.

WHEELING, December 17, 1868.

Experience has been called the most eloquent of preachers; but unfortunately she never has a large congregation.

"ON THE ROAD."

All aboard! cries the conductor; ding, dong, dell, goes the bell; toot, goes the whistle, and away goes the train, over one of the roughest sections of the State. All the way from Clayton to Jacksonville the country is broken, and considerable timber. As the train dashes over the hills and through the valleys, one is reminded of similar scenes East. Our first stopping-place is Mt. Sterling, the capital of Brown county. Found a working Lodge here of some 40 members. Next on our route is Versailles, a town of about 800 inhabitants. The celebrated Versailles Mineral Springs lie near the town. A lively Lodge of some thirty members is located here. At Carrollton, the capital of Green county, there is an enterprising Lodge of upwards of 40 members. Had the pleasure of meeting with many of the Brothers, and found them worthy the name of Odd Fellows. An Encampment of thirty Patriarchs is in a flourishing order. The town is pleasantly located and enjoys considerable trade with the surrounding country. Am under obligations to Bro. W. S. Tandy, P.G., the enterprising artist of the city, for many kind favors. Onward to Jerseyville. This is a town of some 3,000 inhabitants, situated on high ground, twelve miles from the mouth of the Illinois River, in the midst of a splendid agricultural district. The Lodge numbers sixty members; the young Camp numbers some thirty Patriarchs with more on the way. The Lodge is owner of the building in which its hall is located, and is in receipt of a good revenue from the rent of the lower rooms.

Fourteen miles south-west of East St. Louis is the flourishing town of Belleville, capital of St. Clair county, a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, situated in a good farming country. This is the largest city in southern Illinois. Two Lodges are located here, one working in the English and the other in the German language. The English Lodge numbers some thirty members, the German, eighty; Camp, twenty-five Patriarchs.

By the aid of a horse and buggy, I drove twelve miles south-east to the city of Mascoutah, a town of some 2,000 inhabitants, settled mostly by Germans, as is its sister-town Belleville. This town lies in the great wheat-growing section of the State. The Lodge numbers sixty-eight members. The Camp, aged three months, now numbers sixteen Patriarchs.

At East St. Louis, a Lodge was organized in June last, now numbers twenty members, with more on the road. This is bound to make a good Lodge, for the material is of the best. Thanks to Bro. J. W. Chapman, for favors received by the writer.

On to Springfield, the capital of the State. The city of Springfield is situated on a beautiful prairie, stretching from the Sangamon River on the north, to the timbered lands which line its tributaries on the south. The city numbers some 19,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad and intersect each other at right angles. The capitol building is a massive structure

of limestone. Two Lodges are located here. The English Lodge numbers 73 members, the German 61, Camp, 40 Patriarchs. Would return thanks to Grand Secretary Willard for favors received at his hands.

Lincoln, a pretty city of some 4,000 inhabitants, presents evidences on all sides of enterprise. Two Lodges are working here. The English Lodge numbers 45, the German 33, Camp, 25 Patriarchs. The German Lodge is of one year's growth.

At Joliet, a town of some six thousand inhabitants, I found two Lodges. The English Lodge numbers thirty-five members, the German some forty.

While on a visit to Harmonia Lodge (German), which, by the way, is one of the most enterprising Lodges in Chicago, I had the pleasure of listening to a very able address on Odd Fellowship, by our worthy Brother, Grand Master J. Ward Ellis. Bro. Ellis is an eloquent speaker, and his remarks were of thrilling interest to every member present. As he in burning words of eloquence depicted the workings of the Order, the duties of Brothers one to another, every heart was stirred by the truths uttered. Grand Representative Foss, an old worker in the cause, was also present, and delivered a very instructive lecture on the Degrees. He is fully alive to the need of the hour.

Fraternally,

JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA, December 21, 1868.

Editor Companion: We have in this State eleven live and active Subordinate Lodges, viz: Omaha, No. 2, located at Omaha; Frontier, No. 3, in Nebraska City; Brownville, No. 5, in the city of Brownville; Rock Bluffs, No. 6, in a village of the same name; Platte, No. 7, in Plattsmouth; Allemannen, a German Lodge, in the city of Omaha; Interior, at the town of Pawnee City; State Lodge, at Omaha; and Capital Lodge, at Lincoln, the seat of government of the State—collectively embracing a membership of over five hundred. One hundred and twenty-five members have been added to the Brotherhood in the State during the past year. They have expended for relief four hundred and fifty-four dollars. There are ninety-two Past Grands in the State.

Covenant Degree Lodge has recently been instituted at Omaha, with fair prospects of success. A Rebekah Degree Lodge is also in contemplation among the Brethren and Sisters of Rebekah of Omaha, and the O.F. Relief Association still continues its organization, having accomplished much good in rendering relief to those outside of the Order. Four new Lodges will be instituted in different portions of the State, if Brothers accomplish what they now contemplate and are actively preparing for. A good feeling exists among those who are not members of the Order in reference to our organization.

What has been accomplished for Odd Fellowship in Nebraska, has been done mostly within the last eight years, although its first organization dates as far back as 1856, at which time our city was only in embryo, having dated its commencement in 1854.

Our progress and prosperity may be judged of somewhat from the fact, that until the meeting of the last Grand Lodge no provision had been made for Degree Lodges for conferring Degrees separate from the Subordinates; but at that communication both Degree and Rebekah Lodges were duly provided for. The following report providing for a Widows' and Orphans' Asylum, was made at the same session by P. G. Gant:

"That they deem it all important that the initiatory steps be taken at once for the establishment of such Widows' and Orphans' Asylum, as it must necessarily require some years of work in securing the necessary funds, and in applying all the necessary equipments of such an institution. The value and importance of such an institution, in order to carry out and fulfill the mission of Odd Fellowship must be deeply impressed upon the minds of all good and true Odd Fellows. To educate the orphan and protect the widow, are duties imposed by the first principles and noble purposes of our beloved Order and therefore should receive the early attention of this Grand Lodge."

Appropriate resolutions to secure the advantages of an institution for the purposes indicated, were passed.

Waw Ko.

OBITUARY.

DIED—On Friday, the 27th day of November, 1868, Bro. GRO. H. EARHART, a member of Capitol Lodge, No. 334, of Columbus, Ohio.

Bro. Earhart, who at the time of his death was about fifty years old, had passed nearly his whole life in the vicinity of Columbus, and had succeeded in gaining the esteem and confidence of his neighbors in an unusual degree, and when suddenly carried off by paralysis, had been the Sheriff of Franklin County, Ohio, for about a year. The high position he occupied in public estimation was shown by the large number who followed his remains to the grave, the funeral procession containing about three hundred Odd Fellows and ninety-three carriages.

DIED—At his residence, in Oxford, Ohio, on the 2d of November, 1868, Bro. SAMPSON GATH, a member of Invincible Lodge, No. 108.

The remains of Bro. Gath were interred on Wednesday, November 4, with the honors of the Order. A committee, consisting of Brothers Geo. W. Murphy, J. E. Chatten and G. W. Adams, reported the usual resolutions of respect and sympathy, which were adopted.

DIED—On the 20th of December, 1868, at his residence, in Cincinnati, Ohio, Bro. H. W. KLEINE, of Wm. Tell Lodge, No. 335.

Bro. H. W. Kleine at the time of his death was N.G. of Wm. Tell Lodge, No. 335, and a member of Wm. Tell Encampment, No. 109, and his remains were escorted to their last resting place by a large number of the members of these bodies.

DIED—At New Brighton, Penna., Mrs. HANNAH REEVES, wife of Bro. Wm. Reeves, P.G. and P.C. P., of Robertson Lodge, No. 450.

Sister Hannah Reeves was born in England in 1800, and departed this life, after a painful illness, on the 13th of November, 1868. Robertson Lodge, No. 450, adopted a series of resolutions, reported by Brothers C. G. Evans, J. M. Larimore and Smith Resinger, testifying to her worth as a tried and faithful daughter of Rebekah, and her unflinching trust in the sacred promises of the Divine Master.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

INDIANA.—Continued.											
No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
95	Herndon	Edinburg	Tue	166	Cecelia	Bloomington	Th	238	Larville	Larville	M
96	Missis- sinewa }	Marion	Fri	167	Saint Mary's	Decatur	M	239	Mt Pleasant	Metz	Th
97	Fall Creek	Middletown	Tue	168	Winamac	Winamac	Th	240	Illiana	State Line	Sat
99	Knights to'n	Knights town	Tue	169	Oxford	Oxford	Sat			City	
100	James	Cannelton	Th	170	Parker	Parker PO	Tue	241	York	Little York	Fri
101	Dufour	Rainsville	Sat	171	Richland	Newtown	Sat	242	Mitchell	Mitchell	Tue
102	Reserve	Montezuma	M	172	Delaware	Delaware	Wed	243	Young	Poplar Grove	Sat
103	Decatur	Greensburg	M	173	Oceola	Thorntown	Fri	244	America	Holton	Sat
104	Newburg	Newburg	M	174	Carroll	Delphi	Th	245	Lowell	Lowell	Fri
105	Russiaville	Russiaville	Sat	175	Pacific	Petersburg	M	246	Laughery	Hartford	Sat
106	Miriam	Elrod	Sat	176	Columbia	Columbia C'y	Th		Valley		
107	Monticello	Monticello	Wed	177	Shawswick	Bedford	M	247	Greensboro	Greensboro	Sat
108	Frankfort	Frankfort	Fri	178	Edwards	Fortville	Fri	248	Trenton	Trenton	Sat
110	Liverpool	Washington	Sat	179	Stewart	Owensville	Tue	249	Sulphur	Sulphur	M
112	Utica	Utica	Sat	180	Angola	Angola	Sat		Spring		
113	Orange	Orangeville	Sat	182	Phoenix	Vevay	Sat	250	Azur	Campbells'g	Sat
114	Bluffton	Bluffton	Wed	183	Rossville	Rossville	Sat	251	Ashboro	Ashboro	Th
115	Carp't'rs'v'le	Carpent'v'le	Sat	184	Greensfork	Greensfork	Sat	252	Cicero	Cicero	Sat
116	Auburn	Auburn	Wed			PO		253	New Haven	New Haven	Sat
117	Versailles	Versailles	Sat	187	Shan'ondale	Shannondale	Sat	254	Richmond	Richmond	M
118	Bucher	Madison	Tue	188	Brownsburg	Brownsburg	M	255	Carthage	Carthage	Sat
120	Chinkaroror	Williamsb'rg	Sat	189	Selma	Selma	Sat	256	Deer Creek	Miamitown	Wed
121	Winchester	Winchester	Th	190	Francesville	Francesville	Sat	257	Piercetown	Piercetown	Th
122	Crecent	Evansville	Tue	191	Wiley	Lewisville	Th	258	Dove	Fairland	Sat
123	Sileox	Danville	Wed	194	Purity	Mixerville	Fri	259	Osgood	Osgood	Sat
124	Capital	Indianapolis	Fri	195	Prairie	Crown Point	Sat	260	Utilis	Florence	M
125	Noblesville	Noblesville	Wed	196	Collett	Morgantown	Fri	261	Stidham	White Water	Fri
126	Indiana	Vevay	Wed	197	Waldron	Waldron	Sat	262	Hartford	Hartford City	M
127	Moore's Hill	Moore's Hill	Sat	198	Greenwood	Greenwood	Th		City		
129	Germania	Indianapolis	Th	199	Herrman	Rietmond	Th	263	Argos	Argos	Tue
130	Reliance	Paoli	M	200	Quincey	Duck Creek	Fri	264	North Man-	North	Fri
131	Anderson	Anderson	Wed	202	Ogden	Ogden	Sat		chester	Manchester	
133	Kokomo	Kokomo	Tue	203	Bourbon	Bourbon	Sat	265	Michigan	Michigan	Th
134	Fairview	Fairview	Wed	204	Seymour	Seymour	Tue		City		
135	Greenfield	Greenfield	Sat	205	Belleville	Belleville	Tue	266	Spiceland	Spiceland	Fri
136	Westville	Westville	Sat	206	Tell City	Tell City	M	267	Excelsior	Ligonier	Sat
137	Worthingt'n	Worthington	Tue	207	Perkinsville	Perkinsville	Tue	268	Jubilee	Etna Green	M
138	Schiller	Evansville	Fri	208	Farmland	Farmland	Wed	269	Poseyville	Poseyville	Th
139	Everton	Everton	Sat	209	Canal	Canal PO	Sat	270	Milan	Milan	Sat
140	Spencer	Rockport	Tue	210	Teaunia	Laporte	Wed	271	Caldwell	Oaktown	Wed
142	Eureka	Leavenworth	Th	211	Morgan	Mooreville	Wed	272	Tell	Jeffersonville	Wed
143	Iroquois	Rensselaer	Tue	212	Woodward	Richmond	Wed	273	Sigel	Lafayette	Th
144	Hebron	Boonville	Sat	213	Springfield	South	Sat	274	Callis	Martinsville	Th
145	Relief	Pennville	M			Whitley		275	Little River	Roanoke	M
146	Owen	Gosport	Tue	214	Stewart'sv'le	Stewartsville	Sat	276	Alto	Alto	Sat
147	Sullivan	Sullivan	Fri	215	Brazil	Brazil	M	277	Charl'tesv'le	Charlot'sv'le	Sat
148	Taylor	Taylorsville	Wed	216	Underwood	Crossplains	Sat	278	Robert Blum	South Bend	Th
149	Glenn	Darlington	Th	217	Waveland	Waveland	Sat	279	Acton	Acton	Sat
150	Silvers	Economy	Sat	220	Tipton	Tipton	M	280	White River	Edwardsport	Sat
151	Camden	Camden	Sat	221	Waterloo	Waterloo City	Sat	281	Omega	Portland	Tue
152	Union City	Union City	Wed	222	Necessity	Alexandria	Sat	282	Butler	Jarvis	Wed
154	Abingdon	Abingdon	Sat	223	Craw-	Crawfords-	Sat	283	Monroe	Monroe	Fri
155	Morton	Liberty	Sat			ville		284	Scuyler	Remington	M
156	Walnut	East Ger-	Th	224	Border	College	Sat	285	Zionsville	Zionsville	Wed
	Level }	mantown		225	Galveston	Galveston	Sat	286	Monitor	Mishawaka	Tue
157	Ft. Harrison	Terre Haute	Tue	326	Persever-	Hart's Mills	Sat	287	Spartansb'g	Spartansburg	Tue
158	North Salem	North Salem	Fri		ance			288	Magenta	Wheeler	Sat
159	Star in the	Lagrange	Fri	228	Concordia	Fort Wayne	Wed	289	Fortuna	Lawrenceb'g	Wed
	West }			229	Adullam	Michigan	Tue	290	Hillsboro	Hillsboro	Tue
160	Pontius	Westfield	Fri	230	Alamo	Alamo	Sat	291	Fort Branch	Fort Branch	M
161	Chegemink	Coffee	Wed	231	Steuben	Fremont	Tue	292	De Wolf	Wheatland	Wed
		Creek PO }		232	Losantville	Losantville	Wed	293	Deerfield	Deerfield	Wed
163	Covenant	St. Paul	Th	233	McCarty	Plainfield	Fri	294	Lynn	Lynn	Wed
164	Grand	Brookston	M	234	Humboldt	New Albany	Wed	295	Wildman	Kokomo	Wed
	Prairie }			236	Gregg	Corydon	Fri	296	Orleans	Orleans	Fri
165	Clinton	Michiganto'n	Sat	237	Star	Glendale	Sat	297	Ridgeville	Ridgeville	M
				238	Cadiz	Cadiz	Sat	298	Ellettsville	Ellettsville	Fri
				239				299	Kirklin	Kirklin	Sat

One page of this Directory of all the Lodges of the I. O. O. F. will appear each month.

THE COMPANION

A Monthly Magazine

FOR ODD FELLOWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

No. 7.

COMPANY MANNERS.

ALMOST all of us know what it is to have best things. In dress, furniture, rooms, and personal belongings generally, there are almost always an upper and an under crust, and a division into two classes—one for show, and the other for use. But it is not merely our persons and our rooms that we put into company dress for high days and holidays; we put our minds, our tempers, and our manners as well. Only the most marvelously amiable people have no company tempers at all, but are as sweet and placid on work-days as on Sundays; and only the very highest state of artificial good breeding, combined with this natural perfection of temper, makes us uniformly courteous to every one, irrespective of station or of degrees of intimacy.

Nothing is more rare than this unvarying good breeding; for just as most of us wear our best clothes only on particular occasions, so the gala dress of minds and manners, which is adopted for society, is dropped for the slipshod undress of home; and the people who have just now been the very pink of politeness in a neighbor's drawing-room, become nothing better than bores at the family fireside, where there is no one to dazzle or to win.

The perfection of manner alone, even if it go no deeper than the outside, is a charm beyond that of mere beauty. The one is the result of education—that is, intellectual and spiritual; the other is only the raw material—a natural gift, not won but bestowed, and, though attracting personal love, reflecting no honor. What we mean by a thorough gentleman or a high-bred lady is one who has no veneer of company manners, but whose whole nature is so penetrated with the self-respect of courtesy, that nothing coarser can be shown under any provocation. This is an immense power in those who possess it. Nothing weakens a righteous cause so much as intemperate language in supporting it; and nothing tells more against a good principle than bad manners in those who uphold it. When men swear and fume, and use hard names, and make themselves generally disagreeable and insulting, it does not signify to the aggrieved in what cause or in whose service they are so comporting themselves. Human nature is but a weak vessel for holding justice at the best, and we may be sure that the natural inclination of most people would be against the cause advocated by such unpleasant adherents.

Speaking broadly, and from the widest standpoint of national characteristics, we would say that the Italians, of all nations, have most of this solid courtesy throughout; not a stately, but a good-tempered courtesy—by no means chivalrous in the way of the stronger protecting the weaker, and for self-respect keeping watch and ward over the fiercer enemies within the soul, but rather deferential, as assuming that every one is better than themselves. When an Italian does give way to passion he is dangerous; but when in a good fair-sailing humor nothing can well exceed the almost feminine sweetness of his courteous demeanor. The French have a coarser core, that comes through the veneer on occasions when you touch their self-love or their jealousy; and the core of French discourtesy is very coarse indeed when really got at. We Anglo-Saxons have not a very fine veneer at any time, and the rougher grain below even that not over-polished surface rubs up without much trouble. But then we pride ourselves on this rough grain of ours, and think it a mark of honesty to let it ruffle up at the lightest touch. Indeed, we despise anything else, and have hard names for a courtesy that is even "clear grit" throughout; while as for that which is only veneer, stout or slender, there is no word of contempt too harsh for the expression of our opinion thereanent.

We are so far right, in that company manners put on for show and not integral to the character, nor worn in daily life, are an abomination to souls understanding the beauty of truth. But we need not be so frightfully severe against all kinds of surface smoothness as we are, and condemn the polish of material and the seeming of veneer as sins identical with each other. In this confusion of cases we are wholly wrong, and unjustifiable; the one being a virtue attained only as an ultimate grace and by immense labor—the fruitage of a long and well cultivated garden; the other being just so much poonah-painting, or poti-chomania, or wax-fruit show—got at with no trouble at all—pretense and pretentiousness, and nothing more.

What can be more detestable than things we see and hear at times from gentle folks, whose gentlehood is a name, and appearance, and style of living, and the banker's book, rather than in anything more substantial? Take the woman who rates her children and flouts her husband when they are alone, but who is all smiles and suavity to the people next door, whom she despises—the girls, who are snappish and peevish to each other, but who put on their sweetest

graces for the benefit of young Corydon and his sisters, diligently ironing down those rugged seams of theirs while turning the smooth side out-ermost, that young Corydon may think the stuff all of a piece throughout, with no jagged joinings anywhere—papa, who comes home “as cross as the cats,” as the Irish say, letting the home life go shabby and slipshod for want of a little of the courtesy he bestows so lavishly on his guests, not a man of whom he likes, nor a woman of whom he fancies—“the boys,” who make their sisters feel the full weight of masculine insolence and neglect, while to their sisters’ friends they are everything that is chivalrous and devoted, as “boys” should be—can anything be less of the substance of gentlemanhood than these? And yet how often we meet with them in the world! Each of these represents a distinct section of the coarse core veneered—just so much plausible hypocrisy covering up an inner sin, as a silken coat hides ragged linen—just so much domestic misery that might be avoided if folks cared more for reality than for show, and thought the solid pudding of happiness better worth having than the frothed cream of praise. The fiddle is hung up behind the house door in too many homes, and suavity is laid aside with the dress suit. And yet it would seem by the merest common-sense calculation, that as home is the place where we live and where nine-tenths of our days are passed, home happiness and family peace are far in advance of any outside pleasures or barren social reputation, and should be the possessions we ought most to cultivate. But common-sense calculations have very little to do with the arrangements of our affairs. We lay aside our company manners with our company coats, and make ourselves what we call “comfortable” at home; that is, we give way to any natural peevishness of temper we may have, and suffer ourselves to go slipshod and unpleasant, both in mind and body, for the benefit of those who are nearest and dearest to us.

There is no greater education into vulgarity than home carelessness. A man or woman brought up under such a system is ruined for all the reality of refinement in after years. The surliness too often allowed at home, where children are permitted to be snappish to each other, dis-oblighing and discourteous, ruins the manners as much as it hurts the mind. Hence we come to company manners, to a sickly sweetness put on simply for the occasion, to a formality of speech and an oppressiveness of attention, to an exaggerated politeness that is so terribly afraid of transgressing into liberties as to be absolute bondage, and to all the silly little affectations belonging to the condition.

We never know any one whom we have not lived with, and even then not always. To be admitted into the Temple does not include entrance into the sanctuary; and we may remain for weeks in a house where master and mistress and maids are all reticent alike, and may know nothing of the reality underlying the surface. People of whom I once knew something, and who were notoriously ill-matched but marvelously polite, could keep their house full of company, and yet allow none of their guests to find out that the husband

and wife were not on speaking terms. All the communication between them, that was absolutely necessary, was carried on by writing. Personally, these two, dispensing smiles and civilities to all around, held no direct intercourse. Yet they managed so well that no one saw through the screen.

With company manners and company dress, there is also a company voice. Who does not know that false voice in society? Mincing or thrown boldly forward, flung into the chest or pitched up into the head, it is all the same—the company voice, accent, choice of words, and register—all artificial alike. And there are company gestures. People sit and stand and walk, and use their hands according to the different degree of familiarity in which they stand towards their society. There is a vast deal of company make-believe among us; and if we would only give half the time we now bestow on “looking pretty” and “behaving pretty” in society, to being sweet tempered, and amiable, and careful of pleasing, at home, it would be all the better for ourselves and our families, and a gain in the way of true civilization.

TWENTY-FIVE DARK HOURS.

I’m what they calls a ganger, and have so many men under me when we’re making a new line o’ rail. I passed the best part o’ my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in Spain and France; but what I’m about to tell you happened in London, were we’d sunk a shaft right down, and then was tunneling forrards and back-rds—the shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It’s rather dangerous work, and a many men gets hurt; but then a great deal of it’s through carelessness, for lots of our fellows seems as though the whole o’ their brains is in their backs and arms, where they’re precious strong, and nowhere else; but I’d got so used to it, that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me, and now I was busy bossin’ the men digging, and sometimes bricklaying a bit, so that I thought werry little about danger when I’d seen as all the shores and props was well in their places.

It was just at the end o’ the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before work begun again, and I’d got my right-hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, about thirty foot deep, with ladders to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn’t tunneled more than p’raps some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—green, as we calls it; and I wasn’t quite satisfied about the shoring up, and so on, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they’ve got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they’re jest like a set o’ babies, and for everything else but their regular work, they’re quite as helpless. Tell ‘em to fill a basket, or skid a wheel, or wheel a barrer, they’ll do it like smoke; but as to taking care o’ themselves—but there, I needn’t say

no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lolling fellows! A man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bone and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected that he's going to have it all in brains too.

"That's giving a bit there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrer full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the day's over. That's the rain—that is. Take your mell and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' foot higher up. Mind how you does it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brickwork, so as not to be done by the men, nor yet dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after it comes down with a hollow sound; and then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I peeps out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, for I shouts out: "That's the wrong one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so, it seemed as though some one drew a curtain over the hole, and then I felt a tremendous blow on the chest, and was driven backwards and dashed up against the wood scaffolding in the tunnel, and I suppose I was stunned, for I knew nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I sorter woke up; but everything was dark as pitch, and silent as death, and, feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be anything the matter to me. It was as though something had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wink of light could get in. But there I was in a sort of dreamy comfortable state, and lay there perfectly still, till a groaning noise roused me, when thought come back with a blinding flash, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorched, for I knew that I was buried alive.

For a few moments I stood where I first rose up in a half-stooping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh groan made me feel about me in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for at the bottom there was about a yard space, and as far up as I could reach, it seemed a couple of yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and broken brick-work kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I would soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another groan sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the sound came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the uprights and cross-pieces, and bits of board all in splinters, and snapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I sat down

at last, panting as though I'd been running, and there was the big drops a-rolling off me, while I drew every breath that heavy, that I grew wild with horror and fear; for it seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! that did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts, and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something towards making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, after feeling a bit, I got my hand upon a broken board, when I felt a groan again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch, and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross-piece, so that I was half-stunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grubbing it out with my fingers. But I kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good one till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was at work, I had no time to think of anything else.

And now, though I could feel poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to set his face more at liberty; but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered, if I had not thrust myself against the earth and kept it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking, I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; elm coffins; workhouse shells; and inside every one of 'm I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance, and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further, till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions of people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone

falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig, till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long afore they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole, and now I began, for the first time, to think of home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was to become of them when I was gone. Quietly as could be, I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be for my people out o' the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening, I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as if they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I took off coat and waistcoat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried, "God help me!" and began to try to dig a way out.

"Every man for himself," I half roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and, after a good deal of groping about, I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only

to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very near me, and that my own time was pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning, how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spot amongst all the darkness. At last, I began to think it was all over, for a heavy, stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—to me, there, in that great darkness—like a great bird coming nearer and nearer with heavy, shadowy wings; and, as I tried to drive it off, it went back, but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times, I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Nex' thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thudding" noise, and it woke me up so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all came back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half-stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? Could I help them? Would they give up in despair, and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud," till at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull, distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now foaming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, when I could just faintly hear the sound of voices and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two, and it was well I did, for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout; saw a flash of light; and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I sat wedged in, I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a brother-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it appeared to me in the dark, and I could not speak to cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks." And then came that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurrying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say: "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream, and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say—"Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so, whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last.

"Twenty-five hours!"

HUMBUG.

A Greek sage who flourished more than two thousand years ago, and who noticed then amongst his countrymen such marks as we still find amongst ours, speaks about what will be here called humbug, though we include in humbug a great deal which he did not. He did not, it would seem, have in view the same thing as the fellow-citizen had, who wrote,—

In short, I firmly du believe
In humbug generally;
For it's a thing that I perceive
To hev a solid vally.

The Greek word he used has been put into English form, and brought into common use, but few people would think of it as being the same as humbug. His word in its English form is *irony*, which not many people will say is equal to humbug. And yet when you come to look at it you will see that, though irony may not be the same as humbug, there is a family likeness; and if we regard humbug as a great tree, we may regard irony as one of its branches. For when you use irony, you by your tone of voice give to your words a meaning different from what they ought to bear. As, for instance, when you say, "Upon my word, that's very kind of you to sit down on my new hat," you say one thing and mean another; and it is only because your meaning cannot be mistaken that your expression does not amount to humbug. Now the old Greek meant more than we mean by irony, but not quite so much as we have got now to mean by humbug. Humbug, however, answers better than any other word to the term used by the Greek, who would have applied it to the conduct of that old fox who, not being able to get at the grapes, said they were sour: and if that fox was not a humbug there never was a fox that was. But as politeness has increased to such an extent, that the softer term humbug is now used in cases

where fraud and swindling would strike plain, rude, honest folk as the proper words for the occasion, it is only right to remark that the humbug here dealt with will not be such as the fellow-citizen already spoken of perceived "to hev a solid vally"—and such as in nine cases out of ten involves acts which might be expected rather from other more unscrupulous characters—but such as is practised without any hope of "making anything by it." For example, the following anecdote told of himself, by one who has been called the "prince of humbugs," is no illustration of the quality here treated of. The "prince" being in want of money, and having a great name as a showman, gave out that he would on a certain day exhibit *gratis* to the public a "wild buffalo hunt," at a certain spot which could only be arrived at from the neighboring city by crossing a river. The "prince," therefore, bought up all the ferries on the day of exhibition, and charged enormous fares for a passage. Multitudes, not knowing what the "prince" had done, and rather than be balked of their "wild buffalo hunt for nothing," paid the heavy toll; and on their arrival at the place of exhibition found only a herd of feeble calves, which could scarcely be pricked and beaten into a slow trot. According to the views here taken, the smart trick of the "prince" should be considered an instance rather of "unprincipled money-getting" than of "humbug." Sycophants, also, and other creeping things, are often included amongst humbugs; but it is a degree too high for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Varnish have always a large circle of acquaintances; but, though the circle is always large, you continually miss old faces and continually meet new. The first time you saw Varnish you were at once taken with him. The moment he heard your name he asked if you were related to the great family of that name; was surprised to hear you were not; would have said there was a family likeness; and told anecdotes of several persons who, though working hard for their daily bread, and having no idea that they had any claims, were really the heirs to great estates. Varnish will give you to understand that he has a very great opinion of your outward and inward qualities; will declare he cannot comprehend how you can have failed in such and such a matter; and will "only wish" he "had known you were a candidate," and he "could have got you no end of assistance." Varnish will say to you: "I'll tell you what sort of fellow you are exactly;" and he will proceed to draw your portrait in such a manner as will induce you to allow that he is not altogether wrong; but will also cause you to look steadfastly in his face, to see whether you can detect anything queer in his eye, or any bump (such as might be caused by position of the tongue) in either cheek; and you will observe nothing more than unusual earnestness. Varnish will ask you whether you never performed such a feat as he has been describing with praise or reading of with admiration; and when you say that you never did, will show surprise, and will remark that he would "have thought you were just the

sort of man to do it." As for himself, he will regret that his natural gifts are so poor that he could never hope to be or do anything out of the common. Varnish will profess complete ignorance of a certain subject; will beg you to explain it to him; will lead you on by question after question; will assure you that he "only asks for information;" will excite a suspicion in your mind that he knows more about it than you know yourself; will thank you fervently; and will be all the while laughing silently in his sleeve. But if you should happen to touch Varnish on a sore point, so as to make him angry; or if you should ever hear Varnish talking freely amongst "his own set;" or if you should want his aid; you will find no difficulty in understanding why the old faces are continually vanishing and being replaced by new in the circle of Mr. Varnish's acquaintance. Under the influence of rage he will tell you plainly that "you were a fool to suppose" he "was serious." In the privacy of "his own set" he will make merry over you for having "swallowed all" he "said;" and, when you want his aid, you will either not be able to find him, or you will in time discover, that after promising you the warmest help, he has weakened its effect by a "but." He will say of you, "a cleverer, better, more industrious, more conscientious man I do not know, but"—and he will shake his head, and probably mention the words "cantankerous," or "crotchety," or "touchy," or some other fatal to your success, and implying blemishes which he never led you to suppose he saw in your character. Varnish, moreover, is master of contortions, grimaces, looks, and exclamations, to express such emotions as he should, but does not feel. In fact, Varnish may be just the sort of man who would be considered "nice" at "a small tea-party," but he is a humbug.

Mrs. Varnish is all smiles, and attitudes, and exclamations, and adjectives (generally in the superlative degree), and thanks, and good wishes, and compliments (until either she loses her temper, or is left to herself or to "her own set"). If you call upon her, she says, "Oh, how *very* kind!" as if she had never heard of such a thing; she swallows the vexation with which she heard your knock, and says, "*Most* delighted, I'm sure." She inquires after "pretty Marian," and "sweet Eleanor," and "dearest Kate;" she asks whether you didn't think Caroline looking "perfectly *lovely*" the other evening, and whether she would not look even better still if her complexion was not so uncertain. She "quite feels for those poor Flutter girls," who, she is "sure, would make the best of wives," and "yet the poor things have neither beauty nor money to recommend them" (and she shoots a quick, short glance at the looking-glass). When you take leave she nearly weeps with grief at your departure; and when you are fairly out she heaves a sigh of relief, and wonders how she had strength to bear it. She subscribes (very small sums) to nearly all the lists brought round to her; she puffs up the bringers by talking of their goodness and perseverance; and, so soon as she has got rid of them, she grumbles about nuisances.

Her son, perhaps, brings home to dinner a friend, whom she dislikes; and the manner in which she gets rid of him is a sight to see. After a passionate remonstrance with her son in his father's study, she sweeps into the room where Jones is waiting, and her black looks have all gone, and her face is as that of an angel.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones? I am so *very* pleased to see you; it is so long since you were here; you really ought to come oftener;" and so with quite a tender pressure of the hand she makes Jones feel as if he was a culprit. Then, after a few words of conversation, she exclaims, with the brightest of smiles: "It is so very unfortunate that we cannot ask you to stay and dine with us to-day; but my son, you know, is not aware of all our arrangements. We make engagements for him whilst he is at school that he knows nothing about; so pray excuse me—it is so very unfortunate—but I shall never forgive you if you do not come some day soon;" and she rises and holds out her hand, compelling Jones, aged seventeen, and on the head form of a public school, to rise and feel bewildered; to receive a squeeze of the hand which his own mother might have given him; to be shown out with a smile of surpassing benevolence; and to have the street-door shut behind him just in time to prevent him from hearing the words, "There, I told you, Thomas, I would not have him, and I will not; whenever you bring that young man home to dinner with you here I shall treat him in the same way." In fact, Mrs. Varnish is a humbug.

If there be a Miss Varnish she will display humbug after the fashion of her mother, but in a different line. Let Brown, with black hair and whiskers, Smith, with brown hair and whiskers, and Robinson, with sandy hair and whiskers, recollect what a Miss Varnish said about hair and whiskers, and the vocations of men: yet she married Black, who had red hair and no whiskers, and was not in the same line of life as any one of the other three. To say nothing of the occasion upon which she had asked Green whether he didn't consider Black "odious;" and the occasion on which she had asked White whether nearly all the great men had not been short. Now Black was six feet in his stockings, and White was five feet nothing (to speak of). Surely Miss Varnish was a humbug.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

'TINK,' 'Tink'—how that blacksmith's ham-
Stroke upon stroke for hours, [mored
In the grass while I've been dozing
Among the April flowers.
What is the use of toiling,
Beating at iron bars?
Isn't it better lying
Watching the daisy stars?

Let Vulcan ply the bellows,
And drive the hissing flame;
Let him sway the ponderous hammer
Till the anvil groan his name.
Let the red-hot iron soften,
And bend beneath his tools;
To-day I'll be a truant
From life's hard-working schools.

I'm idle as twenty sultans,
Crouched in the grass so green :
I wonder what those creatures
In black and orange mean,
Climbing with toilsome patience
To the top of a stalk and stem,
Once high above the meadow,
To just walk down again ?

O restless age, grow idle ;
Come bask in the sun, and sing ;
Wander and gather blossoms ;
Inhale the scent of spring.
Talk love beneath the hawthorn ;
Forget the struggling hive ;
Throw by your bags of coin,
And cease for an hour to strive.

Yet just as I'm growing drowsy,
A blustering, bullying bee,
In his black and yellow velvet,
Comes with a rush at me,
Wondering why I'm idle,
When all the world's astir ;
And ere he's past on the holly,
Or the topmost shoot of that fir.

A busy thrush comes singing,
And the wild notes from the tree,
Borne on the southern breezes,
Come chiding lazy me ;
And far above me rises,
In the blue air clear and far,
The lark that's ever seeking
The hidden evening-star.

That grasshopper 's vaulted past me
Five times since I turned to look
How yonder flashing swallows
Glance down the bend of the brook.
Oh, I alone am idle
In this never-resting world :
No ! there, for one brief moment,
That butterfly's wings are furled ;

But now again it 's poisoning
O'er the golden sun outspread
Of a dandelion, glorious
In the light that it seems to shed ;
And here, in a long procession,
Come a train of ants at work ;
Contemptuous, they pass me—
I, a mere sleepy Turk.

Yes ! everything is toiling,
Moving from class to class ;
Even the little mushroom
Is pressing through the grass ;
And I alone am idle,
Watched by the pitying sun—
I, I alone am shirking
The work that must be done.

The restless age is crying
To me to come and toil,
If I want my part of the treasure,
My share in the wine and oil.
These creatures are my warnings,
Their prophecies are plain ;
I'll up and away to Babel
By the fast 5.40 train.

HESTER'S HISTORY.

BY MISS MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER I. LITTLE HESTER.

I WOULD begin by telling how it came that little Hester once lived in Fairyland and was banished ; and in order to do so I would open this history into the midst of July sunshine, and all the summer glory of the gardens at Hampton Court. Not on a public holiday, that I may ask a reader to watch with me the city children casting bread to the swans, and stare over the heads of the crowd at the noble cartoons, and Elizabeth's wan face and ruff. But because there be people who have their homes in the heart of this fairyland of history, who eat their daily bread, and dream their nightly dreams under the palace roof. And because there be days when the birds make all the sound in the dreamy alleys, the flowers are sweet only for the bees, the swans doze undisturbed among the lilies, and the pictured company upon the walls in the show chambers have neither student nor admirer from sunrise till sunset ; nothing moving against them but shadows and sunbeams throughout the long lonely day.

On such a day about eighty years ago, a lady was sitting at an open window looking out on the great courtyard, and a little girl was playing all by herself up and down the king's staircase, and in and out those long pictured chambers, where an old woman was going slowly from room to room, on her knees, scrubbing the boards. When tired of chasing the sunbeams up and down the stair, "climbing the gold ladders" she called her game, this child would come and sit down in the middle of the floor, and, clasping her knees, talk up to the pictures, to Mary and Darnley and the rest, asking them why they looked so grave, and staid up there, so silent, on the prim walls ; assuring them that they should find the world outside very delightful with flowers and trees, if they would only step forth and try it. These painted people were so real and familiar to this child, and those of sad stern faces and stiff bearing touched her pity so much, that she talked quite aloud to them for sympathy. The old charwoman, catching the murmuring treble of the little voice, would come grumbling to the door now and again, and looking askance uneasily at the yellow head shining solitary in the middle of the great chamber, would listen in amazement to the small eager tongue that discoursed so nimbly and fantastically in the silence.

The lady at the window not far away was Judith, Lady Humphrey, widow of Sir John Humphrey, a distinguished naval officer. She was a middle-aged lady, tall and narrow in figure, with shapely features, and light hair, like braids of buff-colored satin. She might have been considered handsome but for her mouth, which was ugly ; chiefly, perhaps, because sweetness was unknown to it. There was also a drawback to beauty in the cold yet restless expression of her colorless eyes, whose pale sharp light was unsoftened by even the lightest penciling of shadow.

People who knew her well could have told that her manners would have been attractive but for occasional tones in her voice. And probably it was owing to these three characteristics—the curious light in her eyes, the corners of her mouth, and those odd tones turning up now and again when she was speaking—that no child, not even the little orphan who clung to her perforce, and who made idols of dim faces upon canvass for want of something warmer to love, could ever get its arms around her neck, or have courage to lift its face up to her lips.

This lady was writing to her son, Pierce, at his military college. An open letter, in a careless dashing hand, lay spread on the desk before her, and she turned back a page, and read.

"I am glad," said the writing, "that you got the pearl necklace and the buckles for little Hester. I know how much amusement it gives you to see the little monkey looking pretty and picturesque. I will do without the money if I can—"

The lady here turned from this letter to her own, and began writing with a bold, impatient hand.

"You speak," she said on the paper, "as if you had forgotten that your father was a gentleman, and that you also are expected to be the same. You talk about doing without money, as if that were possible, and allude to Hester's necklace as if its purchase must prevent your debts being paid. I only mentioned that item to show you how difficult it is to find money for everything. I have pawned the diamonds which your grandfather gave me before you were born, and though they were never a handsome set, the earrings being too short, and the brooch an awkward pattern, still they are valuable, and I send you the sum you require. As for Hester, the child is getting tiresome, and teases me with her questions. I have heard of a cheap school to which I think of sending her. It is almost a charity school, indeed; but I cannot afford a better one, and I dare say it will do for the creature very well."

Did the soldier boy smile or sigh when these lines came under his eyes, or had he leisure in the hurry of his own young life to pause and ruminate on the mystery of a pearl necklace and a charity school? One might wonder a little looking over this letter, seeing that Lady Humphrey had a determined appearance, and that one is apt to associate determination of character with strength of mind, or at least with common sense. But Lady Humphrey was determined in her indulgence of her smallest personal whims as in the dauntless carrying out of her most audacious plans.

Hester Cashel was utterly friendless, except in so far as Lady Humphrey had stood and meant to stand her friend. Some one had died abroad, and bequeathed an infant to the cold-eyed lady. What motives were at work to make the owner of so hard a voice open her heart and take the child in, has never been clearly ascertained by any one. People said she did open her heart! but I am disposed to think that she only extended her arms, maybe held out a reluctant hand, or a fin-

ger. But even a finger is enough for a toddling baby to grasp, and hold on by with its two tiny hands. And so this orphan became the property of Lady Humphreys.

The woman's husband was dead, her son necessarily removed from her, and she herself was not the sort of person to win her way into new hearts and draw them near her own. It followed naturally that the babe Hester, growing a strong and graceful child, should prove an interest and an amusement to her protectress. Her beauty had pleased the lady, and her prattle diverted her for some seven or eight years. She had been decked and flattered, indulged and neglected, trained and drilled, and left to run wild again, according to the humor and circumstances of Lady Humphrey. There had lately arrived a time, however, when the soul that was in the child had begun to trouble the worldly woman. Hester was growing too thoughtful, too questioning, too fanciful, too "old fashioned." Even the sight of the pretty figure, tricked out in trinkets and satins, did not compensate for the annoyance of the child's earnestness. So long as the small lisping voice would content itself with trilling sentimental ditties accompanied by chubby fingers thrumming a guitar, to the delight of Lady Humphrey and her visitors, it was all very well, and the clever little mite was charming. But it did not amuse Lady Humphrey to hear the words of wisdom coming out of the lips of a babe, nor did it please her at all to be convicted of ignorance by the truthful troubled gaze of two spiritual eyes, looking out of even so tiny a puzzled head. The child, too, was becoming less gay and lively, and getting a habit which the lady could not endure, a trick of talking to herself and to lifeless things. And it was this simple folly of the little one that sealed her childish fate at the last.

For on the evening of that summer day on which a letter was written mentioning a humble school, Lady Humphrey, after some seeking, found the missing Hester among the pictures alone, and it was almost dark. The child was leaning softly towards a dusky canvass, from which a pale face just glimmered through the shadows. "Come out, Mary Stuart," she was whispering, with her hands extended pleadingly towards the picture, "Come out, Mary Stuart, and hear the nightingales!"

The witness of this scene, the lady on whose mouth there had never been any sweetness, felt forcibly that a whole ocean of mystery lay between the opening nature of this child and her own, which was grown and matured, and never could know change. And she went to get the child out of her sight. And next day she drove to a dingy house in Islington to make inquiries. And very soon little Hester was carried away out of her dreams under the shadow of the great palace, from her talks with her dear kings and queens, and her raptures at the singing of the nightingales. And this is how little Hester was banished from Fairyland.

Her anguish and fear were terrible at first; they frightened the children of the school and wearied the mistress. But a week of punishment tamed the little spirit, and Hester settled meekly

to her lessons in the schoolroom. With pale cheeks and shadows round her eyes she announced herself "very happy," by and by, over her books. She hemmed some ruffles for Lady Humphrey and wrote her a letter. And the lady did not quite desert her. She missed the little presence about her more than she had expected. Besides, she was at this time much vexed by the failure of speculations, of cherished plans for the enrichment of her son, and sometimes needed a novelty to distract her thoughts. She called often at the dingy house, and brought Hester back to her paradise. It amused her to see the half-laughing, half-weeping ecstasy of the child at sight of the country. Not a wreath in the hedge, not a green-breasted duck among the sedges missed her eye, or was too simple a subject for her joy. Lady Humphreys could understand clapping of hands and merriment, and as gradually the little girl grew shrewd enough to keep her wonders and fancies to herself, and to refrain from asking difficult questions, she was found to be exceedingly improved, and a much less tiresome companion than she had been.

Thus she lived, henceforth, a strange two-sided sort of life. At her school she was driven about harshly enough, shrieked at and scolded for the smallest fault; mocked by rude schoolfellows for her daintier habits. Her garments became slovenly and her hair unkempt. Her recreation was making cockle-shell grottoes in a gaunt back yard with high walls. Yet here she existed contentedly, feeding her imagination upon history lessons, until wondrously at a moment's notice, there would appear the magic finger beckoning her into the land of enchantment. And the next day, with smooth ringlets, and in the delicate white clothing she liked to wear, little Hester would find her way back into the stately company of her pictured friends, and reveling in the congenial atmosphere of beauty and refinement, would make herself as rapturously happy as it is possible for a lonely child to be. Then were there no tasks to be learned, and no occupation was appointed for her, but only the following of her sweet will from morning till night among the flowers and pictures.

But too soon this brilliant heaven was overcast. At a moment's notice, and Lady Humphrey's word, back again and she was dropped into the lower life. The smoky city received her once more, and the door of the dreary house shut her in. Here were waiting for her just as she had left them—the close blank yard and the rude companions, the threadbare frock and the shoes with holes in them, the angry word and the hasty punishment, the rigid monotony and the utter unloveliness and unyieldingness of every thing and person, which yearning eyes might look upon or helpless hands lay hold of. There were quarrelsome voices for the singing of the nightingales; a patch of rank weeds, instead of acres of scent and bloom; boisterous humanity for delicate dream creations, and slow movements and a cramped will in exchange for a royal liberty of foot and fancy.

In her earlier days the woe of the little heart found its comfort in tears, and the passion of the

moment over, the child would content itself, child-fashion, with whatever materials for amusement might lie in the way. But when a few years had passed, and an unusual capacity for grief had grown strong within her, the sudden change in her life became more painful, the conversations of her schoolfellows more irksome, tears were less frequent with her; but a grave trouble grew up in her young life, the trouble of not knowing where her place was to be in the world. For with a true instinct Hester felt early that she had won no place in Lady Humphrey's heart, that her footing on that enchanted hearthstone under the palace roof was dependent on the humor of each moment that passed. And with a sure foreboding, she felt that any day might find her shaken off and forgotten.

CHAPTER II. HESTER, SOMEWHAT LATER.

WHEN Hester was twelve years old, she had rather advanced in Lady Humphrey's favor. Her progress in learning had pleased the lady, and she had sent her to a better school. The gratitude of the little girl was unbounded, and her efforts to profit by the boon incessant. See her bending over a book in the schoolroom—flushed, eager; her frock out at the elbows, her shoes broken, her stockings overrun with darns. Tomorrow she will be at the palace, and there must be a brave list of triumphs for Lady Humphrey. A medal is to be won, and some solemn books, and Lady Humphrey will look pleased. She will not smile much; but she will put on a satisfied look, and say approvingly, "Hester, you will be of use for something yet." And the vague promise of that something in prospect is sweet to Hester as the birds in the boughs.

And a fresh white frock will be handed to Hester, and it will be delicately frilled and crimped; and there will be Shakespeare on the drawing-room table, the mark in its pages never moved since Hester closed the volume last holiday. And she will nestle in the firelight by the glittering hearthplace with the book. And perhaps she will suddenly start to find that unconsciously her fancy has been clothing Lady Macbeth with the outward form and features of Lady Humphrey. And she will shudder and veil her eyes, lest her patroness should read the cruel libel in her glance. But the lady does not think of her so often, nor look at her so closely as to notice when a cloud or a shining light is to be seen on her eager face.

Then in the evenings the stiff brocade curtains (so different from Miss Hemisphere's dull green damask) will be drawn across the windows, and the wax candles will be lit all through the rare chambers, and the fire will pour its ruddy splendor over the curious andirons, burning grandly and with dignity, as a fire should burn under the roof where kings and queens have made their home. And the few dark pictures on the walls will retire farther than ever into obscurity, and only just peer in ghostly fashion from their frames. On the table in the corner with its Indian embroidery will be set forth the tiny, exquisite service of china and silver in which Lady Humphrey is wont to dispense tea to her guests. And the

lady's little page in his fantastic little costume will be tripping about, arranging seats in expectation of visitors. Lady Humphrey does not see company on an extended scale however. A few antique beaux and dowagers will drink her coffee and play whist at her card tables. And of these, though Hester has seen them coming and going for years, and knows every nodding, powdered head and painted smirk by heart, as she does the pictures in the gallery, yet she recognizes the identity of not a single one amongst them. They are all illustrious personages of history, the guests of bygone kings.

The first blush of morning will find her abroad, encountering his dread majesty upon the king's staircase. For the fierce Henry and his great cardinal walking about Hampton Court are as familiar to her as Miss Hemisphere or Lady Humphrey. Elizabeth will hold a pageant at high noon in the greenwood, and later, Lady Jane Grey reveals herself, musing melancholy in some quiet haunt, weaving herself and her sorrows into a poem for the reading of ages. And when twilight comes on, and the trees stand shadowless in the cool air, and the crimson begins to grow brown, and the violet black, in the darkening window of the great hall, then Hester, returning homeward by some shrouded alley, where the walls of olive foliage are draped in a purple mist and unseen birds sing lullabies to all nature, will find a weird ghostly troop coming out to meet her. Anne Boleyn is here in all her splendor, and the hoary trees sigh and shake their heads as she goes past. Wicked Henry, too, strides along, frowning, with the ghost of a murdered wife on either hand. There is a shadow and a whisper of every heart-broken thing that ever might have stolen from the gilded prison of that palace, to flutter wild about here with its anguish, sobbing to the singing of these nightingales. Thus ghouls and gnomes have grown up within the paradise.

It was at this time of her life that Hester gathered up all her childish strength and made an effort to crave the love of her protectress. It was not much for the child to ask, but it was too much for the woman to bestow. And who shall blame her? That which one has not got, how shall one give it away. Hester arrived one day breathless and panting, her arms full of prizes, a medal in her hand. She could not speak, but emptied the treasures in Lady Humphrey's lap.

"Softly, softly, child!" said Lady Humphrey. "Such sudden movements are very unladylike. Now take these things away. I am quite content. This is nothing but what I have expected."

And this was nothing but what Hester had expected also, yet her heart was crying out for something more. She went swiftly and suddenly down on her knees, and with passionate tears besought that the dear madam would love her, "just a little." And then she knelt trembling and sobbing in terror at her own boldness.

"Hester!" said Lady Humphrey, in her iciest tones, "I beg that you will not make yourself ridiculous. I had hoped that you had given up these childish vagaries. What more would you

have than I give you? There is no one in the world from whom you have the right to claim sixpence, and yet I feed you, clothe you, and keep you at school."

"Yes," said Hester, suddenly checking her wild sobs, and becoming quite still.

"You cannot expect these favors to continue all your life. It is better then for you to make much of them while they last, than to disturb yourself about nothing, crying like a great baby for more than you can get."

"Yes," said Hester, more steadily.

"And let me warn you," added Lady Humphrey, quite roused by the successful impression she was making, "that people who go through the world moaning about love, are only pretty sure to get laughed at for their pains. So take these things away, child, and go and wash your face."

And Hester took up her hard-won prizes and packed them all away into a dark corner. And she came back with a very quiet face, and nothing more was said on the subject.

But there was a difference in Hester from that hour forth, and after three silent days she spoke again.

"Lady Humphrey," she said, "will you tell me, please, what is to become of me when I am grown up?"

Lady Humphrey paused a few moments before she answered, as if considering the child attentively, her age, her manners, and her possible meaning. Then she said,

"I believe you will have to earn your bread."

"How am I to earn it, please, my lady?" said little Hester, eagerly.

"As a teacher, perhaps," said Lady Humphrey; "if I can afford to keep you long enough at school. Perhaps as a dress-maker."

Hester lowered her head, and retired, without a word, to her seat in the corner. Her eyes wandered round the handsome chamber, and her fingers went feeling to the dainty pearl necklace round her throat. Gradually she unloosed the fastenings as she sat, and the ornament lay glistening in her lap for a silent hour. Then she was again at the lady's elbow with the necklace in her hand.

"I would rather not wear this any more," she said.

"What do you mean, you strange creature?" said Lady Humphrey rather provoked and much surprised. "But you must wear it," she added. "I intend that you shall wear it at my pleasure. Put it on."

Hester obeyed, but still kept standing, as if all had not been said. Her hands were pressed together, so were her lips. The lady went on writing, as forgetting the child's presence.

"If you please, Lady Humphrey, may I go back to school to-morrow?"

"What now?" said Lady Humphrey, frowning darkly. "Will you tell me what is the meaning of this new idea?"

"If you please, Lady Humphrey, I would rather be a teacher."

"You shall at all times do just as I command you. Leave the room now, to begin with."

And Hester vanished at the word, and sought refuge among the pictures, weeping bitterly to her dear Mary Stuart.

After this she made rapid progress at her studies, and was left a whole year undisturbed in her schoolroom. At the end of that time Lady Humphrey had need of her, and she sent for her to come to Hampton Court. A carriage arrived at Miss Hemisphere's door, and the coachman had a note for the schoolmistress. Hester was packed into the coach without delay, and went wondering all the way to her destination. Lady Humphrey met her with more feeling in her manner than Hester had ever seen in it before.

"My son," she explained, "is shut up in a dark room yonder. His eyes have been injured by a hot blast in India, and he is not allowed to see. You must read to him, amuse him, help him to pass the time."

Hester promised to do her best, and was taken to the darkened chamber. Poor Pierce was extended upon a sofa, with his head tied up in bandages. Nothing was to be seen of his face, but a very rueful mouth and some black whiskers. Hester was obliged to make herself and her errand known, for Lady Humphrey was with the doctors in the drawing-room.

"Please, Mr. Humphrey," said Hester, "I am come to amuse you."

The rueful mouth broke into a broad smile. "Are you, indeed?" it said; "I am glad to hear it, I am sure, and I must say you have made a very fair beginning. And who are you, might I ask?"

"My name is Hester," said the girl, "and I come from Miss Hemisphere's school."

"Ah, little Hester! Well, you know I can't see you, but shake hands, little woman. Yes, that's a nice soft firm little hand, and I don't like the handling I get here, I can tell you. Nobody fit for a nurse to be had in these quarters, and the least jerk gives such confounded pain. You shall tie all my bandages, little Hester."

"Yes," said the little girl, and was as good as her word. And the young gentleman and she became great friends after that. She read him to sleep sometimes, and talked to him when he liked, and was a great little mother to Pierce Humphrey. And the young man, who was a kindly young man, grew very fond of her though he had never seen her face.

"I think you love me very much, little Hester," he said to her one day.

"Why?" asked Hester, in a wondering voice.

"Why?" because you are so good to me," said the soldier. "Confess, do you not love me very much?"

"I like you as much as ever I can," said Hester, earnestly.

The young man bit his lip and reddened. The answer was not quite what he expected.

"Come!" he said, "what fault do you find with me? Am I not a handsome fellow enough?"

"You are very handsome," said Hester gravely. "I never saw any one so handsome before."

The young man blushed again, this time with satisfaction.

"And am I not a good-natured chap?" he

said, "and very grateful for all you are doing for me?"

"Oh, yes," said Hester, eagerly.

"What is it, then, little puss?"

"I think," said Hester, making a great effort, "that you swear too much at the pain and the doctors, who are doing a great deal for you. And I think you ought not to grumble as you do at Lady Humphrey."

"By Jove!" cried young Humphrey, and the mouth under his bandages began to widen, and the fragments of black whisker to tremble with laughter. "Well, well, little sweetheart!" he said, "I must try and mend my manners. And now, though you can lecture a fellow so well, perhaps you would not mind sharing his troubles?"

"What troubles?" asked Hester, anxiously.

"Oh, fearful troubles!" he said, with an air of desperation. "I have a terrible debt, and not a farthing to pay it with."

"What is to be done?" cried Hester, in distress. "Have you asked Lady Humphrey for the money?"

The young man groaned. "She would not give me a penny," he said very deeply in his chest; "not if I went upon my knees to her. But, perhaps," he added, bent upon trying how far the little girl would go to serve him—"perhaps she would do it if you asked her."

Hester turned pale, but this he could not see. "I don't think she would listen to me at all," she said, trembling.

"Oh yes, she might," said Pierce Humphrey. "Will you promise me to try? It is my only hope," he added, tragically.

The next instant he heard Hester's light foot across the floor, and she was gone. Then Pierce Humphrey got a little anxious as to how his joke might end. He did want the money, but not that the child should get into trouble.

"Lady Humphrey," said little Hester, standing close to the lady's elbow; "if you please, Lady Humphrey, Mr. Pierce is in bad need of money."

"Is he indeed?" said her ladyship, sitting upright in her chair.

"Yes," said Hester, shaking with fear. "He wants a large sum of money to pay a debt. And I am sure, Lady Humphrey, that as you love him so much you will give it him, and not let him be unhappy."

"And pray, little madam," asked Lady Humphrey, with her hard mouth tightened, and her chin at a right angle with her throat, "when did you become my son's confidante?"

"He told me just now," said Hester, fading under the angry eyes, but not flinching.

"He did?" said Lady Humphrey; "yet he has not thought proper to mention the subject to his mother. I am to give you money for him because I love him so much. Pray, why do you presume that I love him so much? Do you love him yourself, little mistress?"

"No," said Hester, guiltily, hanging her head; "I like him very much, but I do not love him. But then," she added apologetically, "you know I am not his mother, Lady Humphrey. If I were

his mother, I am sure I should love him dearly; and I am sure I should give him everything he asked for."

Lady Humphrey took one long look at the pale, shrinking, persistent face, and said no more. She had a stormy scene with her son after that; but the debt (not so great as he had described it) was paid.

Pierce Humphrey's eyes were cured. Almost the first use he made of them was to take a peep of curiosity at his little nurse's face. Hester was sitting, unconscious, on her stool before the fire. It was a slender young figure, in the usual white frock. Her hair hung round her neck, a luminous cloud of curls, which were already getting cut, and always growing long. Her eyes were wide open and serious, fixed on the flaming wood. Her mouth was sweet; but tightened at the moment into an expression of almost pain. Her head leaned to one side in an attitude of attention. Her hands clasped her knee, an old babyish trick, which in a short time after this must be outgrown. It was the attitude of her infantine discourses to the pictures; her reveries of enthusiasm or trouble; her meditations.

She thought her patient was asleep. The fire flared and fell in. Burning sparks lay scattered on the hearth. What terrible scene in her days that were to come was Hester foreseeing through the medium of this tumult and debris? Crash went the wood, and the tall flame was felled.

"Mother," said Pierce Humphrey next morning, "that little puss will be a beautiful woman."

"Will she?" said Lady Humphrey, drily. And the next day Hester was sent back to her school.

Months passed away after that, and at last it did seem as though the time that Hester dreaded had arrived; and she felt herself shaken off and forgotten. The school-mistress clamored for the money that was her due, and Lady Humphrey listened, considered, remembered. Yes, to be sure, the little beggar must not starve. She ordered her carriage, and took her way to the school. A wild light of expectation sprang to Hester's eyes, as the well-known horses pulled up at the door, and she was quickly by the side of her benefactress. Ah, how tall, and awkward, and plain the girl had grown! Anxiety, it was true, had not beautified poor Hester. Her eyes had dark circles around them, and her cheeks were pale and thin. Her poor frocks were outgrown, making her look a grotesque figure.

"What is to be done?" said Lady Humphrey. "This creature must earn her bread."

CHAPTER III. HESTER, A DRESSMAKER'S APPRENTICE.

So, after a few more days, Hester was transferred to a new abode, a needle and thread were put into her hand, and she was told she had become a dressmaker's apprentice.

She sat in a gloomy room and sewed long seams without lifting her eyes. All round her were busy chattering young women, whose conversation informed her that they were well supplied with fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters.

Their gossip was of vulgar beaux and holiday treats, the last visit to the pit of the theater, the next Sunday's excursion to Ranelagh or Richmond. They criticised Hester, even audibly, when the mistress was out of the room, remarked on her outgrown frocks and broken boots, and tittered at the blushes in her face. By-and-by, when they began to suspect that pride as well as shyness kept her sitting in her corner aloof, they mercilessly sneered her down. There was Hester, desolate, against a whole laughing, joking, jeering band.

The mistress of the establishment was not an unkind woman, but her windows full of millinery were an ornament to Sloane street, and she lived amongst her bonnets and feathers. Her shop was gay, and her customers were many, and she had little time to notice Hester Cashel. She did not know that the girl was unhappy. But Hester was learning her business, all the more surely and rapidly, because of her painful isolation in the workroom. Hasty stitches had to do instead of sighs, and anxiety for the pattern of a trimming, or the goring of a skirt, often held off the necessity for tears. But by-and-by the assistant in the work-room began to whisper to the mistress that "that girl 'Ester had uncommon nice taste." And presently the apprentices began to pause in their persecution and stare when particular work was handed over their heads, and entrusted to the fingers of their victim.

After some time it dawned upon Hester that she was growing quite expert at her business. She could cut out a satin bodice, and plaid in a voluminous court train to fit a dainty waist as deftly as any mistress of the art who ever handled a needle. She had also devices of her own in the matter of trimmings which were apt to charm the fancy of fine customers. "Give it to young Cashel," the mistress would say at length, whenever there was anything pretty to be done.

She was seventeen by the time this point was gained, and womanhood was beginning to look out of her troubled eyes. She was still shabby Hester, untidy Hester, in spite of all her efforts to be neat; and the envy of others did not fail to make her conscious of her needs. Things that had once been indifferent now pressed upon her sorely. Shame oppressed, and bitterness afflicted her. The past, with its intervals of sunshine, was gone, and the fullness of the present was swelling painfully around her.

There came a day, however, when the sneers and the insults that had harassed her were silenced. Hester spoke out once, and frightened her bug-bear away forever.

One day an unusual supply of nice work fell to her share. An envious spirit had been making merry all the morning over the "embroidery," as she called the poor stains and discolorments of Miss Cashel's frock. Hester suddenly stood up, and spoke as no one had ever heard her speak before.

"Young women!" she said, "for two years and a half I have borne your ill-usage; but I give you notice that I will bear it no longer. What if I am poor and friendless, and wear shabby clothes? Is it an insult to you? You should rather thank

God that you at least have got plenty of fine flaunting gowns, and brass jewelry. If you please, then, you will annoy me no more."

It happened that the mistress entered the room just as Hester began to speak. The words "for two years and a half I have borne your ill-usage" smote her ears like a reproach; for she had known that there were many who were jealous of Hester. The girl did not attempt to hide her crimson cheeks and flashing eyes, but held herself erect amidst the amazement of the room, busying her trembling fingers with her work.

The apprentices sat thunderstricken, expecting a scene: but the mistress made no remark. It was in the middle of the night before that she had come upon Hester kneeling by her baby's crib, hushing the child to sleep, while the nurse snored close by; and this mistress was not an unkind, nor a stupid woman.

That evening, just when it was time for the apprentices to go home, she made her appearance in the workroom with a parcel in her hand.

"Ester Cashel," she said aloud, "I have brought you some fine gray stuff to make you a gown, a piece of black silk to make you a hapron, and a yard of blue ribbon that you may tie up your 'air as the other young women wear it. And as for the cost, I owe you much more than the price of these things for hover work, which you have cheerfully done."

The apprentices put on their bonnets in silence and went away to digest the shock. Hester was left sitting in the deserted workroom to plan and cut out her new dress. And she did it right skillfully.

"I declare that girl is quite a picture in her new things!" said the kind-hearted milliner to her husband. "And I do wish that that fine lady who sent her here would take a little notice of her sometimes. She's different like from the other girls, and they're not kind to her, and she don't seem to take to hany of them. She never takes a 'oliday, and never gets a breath of hair unless I send her to the park with the children. She does her work well, but it's plain she's too good for it."

"Why, does she grumble about it then?" asked the husband, a matter-of-fact person who kept his wife's accounts. These two worthies were at their tea when this conversation occurred, in their neat little parlor behind the shop.

"Grumble!" said the milliner. "Not a word out of her 'ead. And she'd work her fingers to the bone at a pinch. But it's plain to see she's been born and bred a lady. And I do wish that fine madam would come to see her now and again. I don't like the 'ole charge of such a one upon my shoulders."

It was characteristic of Lady Humphrey that one day about this time she made her appearance in our milliner's shop, being forgetful at the moment of the very existence of Hester. Her thoughts were very busy with strange matters at the time; but she wanted a new bonnet all the same.

"Sweetly pretty!" cried the milliner, taking a step backward, after having mounted her most stupendous chapeau on Lady Humphrey's severe

buff braids. "How sweetly pretty to be sure! And how exceedingly thoughtful of your ladyship to remember poor 'Ester. For I don't take this favor to myself, your ladyship; you'll excuse me for saying that I know something of the 'uman 'eart, and I can see through a noble haction as plain as if it was a pane in this glass case."

Lady Humphrey was so amazed at this digression from ribbons and laces that she was silent for some moments, and sat gazing rather suspiciously at the clever little woman, who, with her head on one side in the most innocent attitude, was busy nipping out an objectionable flower from the trimming of the headgear that had been purchased.

"I can see, too, that your ladyship is annoyed," she added, deprecatingly, "because I have served you myself instead of sending for 'Ester. But I assure your ladyship that she is hout on particular business of mine. I would not have disappointed your ladyship for the world. Had I known you was coming I should have gone hout myself sooner than sent her from 'ome. But about the dress, your ladyship; plum-colored satin. I think your ladyship said, with a tucker of point round the bosom, and a little flounce of the own round the 'em of the skirt. Very 'andsome indeed, it will be, and shall 'Ester go out to fit it on?"

Lady Humphrey could think of no particular reason why Hester should not fit on the dress. And so the milliner had her own way.

"Very hanxious she was to see you, my dear," she said to Hester on her return after Lady Humphrey's departure; "and a very nice little hout it will be for you; which you want it, if hever a girl did."

"I'd rather not go, ma'am," said Hester, doubtfully. "I wish you would send one of the other young women."

"Nonsense!" cried the milliner. "After all the arrangements I 'ave made. I sent to Mrs. Patacake's in Knightsbridge for a sallyun, and you shall have a cup of tea and a shrimp with me hearly, and a new ribbon for your bonnet, so that you may go on your business in the cool of the evening; for sure I am she will keep you all night."

So Hester brightened up, and fell to trimming her bonnet. She thought that Lady Humphrey must have been wonderfully kind when the milliner spoke so confidently.

That very evening about sunset a young man on horseback came cantering up the high street of Richmond, rode across the bridge, and took his way through Bushy Park towards Hampton Court. He was a very handsome young man, with a dark face, which ought to have looked pleasant, but his brows were knit now, and he looked rather fierce and troubled. Whatever were his uncomfortable reflections they were speedily disturbed by the shouting of boys' voices, a great clapping of hands, hisings, and the barking of a dog. A little farther on he met a group of ill-looking urchins, cheering with great delight; and a little farther still, in the distance among the trees, he espied the cause of their amusement. He saw an ugly dog barking and jumping, and

the figure of a young girl drawn up against a tree for protection, her little grey cloak almost torn from her shoulders, her bonnet hanging back upon her neck. One hand grasping a parcel was held high above her head, while with the other she kept beating down the dog, which flew savagely at her arm and her shoulder, sometimes leaping almost as high as the parcel in her hand.

"Fetch it, good dog! fetch it!" cried the boys, with roars of laughter.

"Oh, the satin, the satin!" the girl kept saying, desperately, too busy defending herself to cry out or make a noise. "Oh, the satin, the satin!"

And all the while the dog was leaping higher and higher, the girl's weary arm was relaxing, and the sun was coming dancing through the swaying branches, glittering over her bare yellow head and flushed face, as if in sheer merry mockery of her terror.

Then up dashed the rider. A few skilful cuts with his whip sent the enemy, dog and boys together, all howling in chorus, and flying at their utmost speed.

"The little devils! I have a mind to ride after them," said the rider.

"Oh, please don't punish them any more," said Hester. "They are only children, and they didn't mean to hurt."

By this time Hester had put her cloak straight, and was tying her bonnet strings, and tightening the bindings of her parcel, containing the plum-colored satin for Lady Humphrey's new dress. And the stranger was observing her earnestly.

"I cannot be mistaken," he said at last; "you are Hester Cashel."

"Yes," said Hester, smiling, "and you are Mr. Humphrey."

"And how in the name of wonder," said he, "do you come to be here alone with that great parcel on your hands? When did you return from your school in France?"

"I never was at school in France," said Hester.

"My mother told me——" he muttered, and stopped suddenly.

Hester turned pale. She had been indulging all the day in I know not what pleasant visions of a kinder and more helpful Lady Humphrey than she had ever known to be met with at the end of this journey. Her old distrust of her benefactress was now roused at a word; and she wished herself back again in Sloane street.

"Why will you not shake hands with me, little Hester?" asked Pierce Humphrey, as the girl persisted in not noticing his outstretched hand.

Hester hesitated a moment, and then laid her hand frankly and gravely on his, with an air as if to say, "I will do it for this once."

"What is the drawback?" asked Pierce.

"Why you see," said Hester, hugging her parcel, and regarding the young officer with a business-like air, "when I knew you before, I was a sort of young lady with your mother up yonder, but now I am a dressmaker's apprentice. I am only the young person from Mrs. Gossamer's coming out to fit on Lady Humphrey's

new gown. And dressmaker's apprentices are not expected to shake hands with officers in the king's service."

"Well, upon my word! what a bit of pride to be sure! A dressmaker's apprentice. I must see what is the meaning of this. A dressmaker's apprentice! You no more look the part than I look like the Emperor of China. Why, your father was a gentleman."

"No matter," said Hester, with an imperious little nod of the head that shook two great tears from her eye-lashes. "I earn the bread I eat, and that is better than being lady or gentleman. It is late now, Mr. Humphrey, and I must get on to the palace. I am very much obliged to you for sending that dog away."

"But you are not going to carry that great parcel," said Pierce. "Give it me and I will lay it across my saddle. I am going to the palace also."

"You forget how the people would laugh," said Hester, smiling in quite a motherly way at his good nature.

The young soldier reflected a little, and did not urge this point.

"Well, at least, I insist upon your allowing me to escort you," he persisted.

But Hester remembered some holiday adventures related by one Sally Perkins in the work-room, and she steadfastly refused the honor of the young officer's protection on her way.

"You will give me pain if you do," she said earnestly.

"Then I will not give you pain," said he, gallantly, and rode off at a quick pace towards the palace.

CHAPTER IV. LADY HUMPHREY'S DREAM.

By the time Hester arrived, Lady Humphrey was busy entertaining her son. As they sat together, she looking at him constantly, her face was softened and altered. He was her pearl of price, her single possession. It was the one great provocation that kept all her life angry, the fact that this son was poor. She could not thank Providence for anything that befell her, because this glorious creature had not been born a millionaire.

She had never shown him much tenderness of manner, she had chafed with him always when there was a question of money, she had expected from him much homage and obedience; but she had worked for him all his life. And she had worked without success. By the assistance of a cunning man of business she had thrown herself desperately into one speculation after another, and had uniformly failed in all. She was poorer at this moment than ever she had been before she had begun to plan and scheme. And Pierce was deeply in debt, had a talent for getting into debt which would be sure to reach a rare state of development in the future, in the fostering atmosphere of good society, and with the constant culture of expensive habits and a generous disposition. At this present moment Lady Humphrey was bankrupt in pocket, and embittered at heart. There was just one bright streak on her horizon, and she was speedily to see it overcast.

She had been sitting at her writing desk, a seat where she was often to be found, and she had been casting up figures in a dreary looking book. She was so anxious to gain money, this woman, so terribly, hopelessly determined to find possessions for her son. He had interrupted her at her task, and she sat opposite to him now, erect and grim, eager to question, to find fault, to direct. She did not kiss him, nor hold his hand, nor sit close to him, as many a fond lonely mother would have done. She only opened her grey eyes very widely, and gloated over him. He did not think she was very pleased to see him, this son. He never had felt she was at any time very glad of his society. Yet Lady Humphrey was a woman of strong passions, and love of her handsome Pierce was the strongest passion within her, except one.

As the two sat together there was a strange likeness and unlikeness between them. The likeness was in the shape and setting of the eye, the unlikeness in its glance and color. The likeness was in the massive cast of the nose and chin, the unlikeness in the workings of the mouth. The woman's face was all intellect and frozen passion. In the man's no marks were to be traced but those of gaiety and softness of heart, though a petulant trouble overcast it at this moment.

"Well, Pierce, what news?" asked Lady Humphrey, anxiously, seeing that cloud upon her son's face.

"Oh, there is news of all kinds," said Pierce, carelessly. "Our colonel's wife gave a ball last night, and a rebellion in Ireland is more likely than ever."

"You do not look so dismal merely for a night's raking," said the mother, impatiently. "Neither are you greatly concerned in the affairs of Ireland. Let the savages cut their throats if they like it. It is no affair of yours, nor of mine. At this moment I want to hear about Janet Golden."

"Yet, news from Ireland and news of Janet might mean the same thing at this moment," said Pierce, in a caustic tone, most unusual with him, "Miss Golden being in Ireland."

"Miss Golden being in Ireland," Lady Humphrey repeated, as if assuring herself that the words had been said.

"In Ireland with Lady Helen Munro. And it's all over between us. We had a quarrel, and I was sulky, and behaved like an idiot. Lady Helen Munro arrived in town at a crisis, and Janet returned with her to her glens."

A heavy frown gathered on Lady Humphrey's brows at the first mention of the name Lady Helen Munro, and grew dark at every word that followed it.

"And you allowed this thing to happen?" she said, turning almost fiercely on her son.

"Allowed?" echoed the young man, bitterly. "My permission was not asked in the matter. My opinion was not consulted. We had a quarrel, as I have said. I sulked and stayed away from the place for a fortnight. When I returned at last I learned that Lady Helen Munro had been there, and was gone; and in place of Janet

I found a small parcel containing the ring I had given her. No letter, no message. And more than this, when I saw her aunt, the old lady coolly reminded me of that story of a silly childish betrothal between Janet and Sir Archie Munro. She thought it very probable the old arrangement would be carried out now, according to the wishes of both families, that the marriage might take place this summer."

"Archie Munro!—Archie Munro!" murmured Lady Humphrey, almost in a whisper, and with an unwholesome light in her eyes. "I am very poor, Pierce, very poor, but I would risk ending my days in an almshouse to prevent such a marriage."

"Yes, mother, it was you who led me into this trouble," said Pierce, sadly. "I might never have met Janet had you not driven me to seek her for her money. I am punished now, for I love the girl, and I have lost her."

"All through your own foolish temper, as you confess," said his mother. "You have lost her for the moment, it is true, but you will find her again. She has gone off in a fit of pique, and is breaking her heart by this time. You must write to her at once, or follow her."

"I will do neither," said Pierce. "If I were not a poor man, and she a wealthy woman, I might think of it; but, as it is, let Sir Archie win her if he can. She must hold up a finger and beckon me before I go near her. I don't expect that she will do it, for she's prouder and stiffer than I am, if that be possible. So Sir Archie will get her, I suppose."

"Softly, Pierce; you run on too fast. I will own to you now that I know more of the progress of affairs in that wild country than I have led you to suppose. And, trust me, the coming year will be no time for marrying and giving in marriage in Ireland."

"Tush, mother! How women exaggerate all dangers. Some parts of the country are disturbed; but the glens will be quiet enough. Sir Archie's people are too happy in their lot to turn malcontents, and Sir Archie himself is as free to pursue the ways of peace in his castle at Glenluce, at this moment, as you or I. Only," he added, with a short laugh, "he has got a trifle better means of doing it."

"He may not be long in that condition," persisted Lady Humphrey, again in that soft voice. "Wiser men have not been able to keep free of suspicion in times of disturbance. Sir Archie has rebel blood in his veins."

"I wish him no evil," growled Pierce.

"Wishing will not alter fate," said Lady Humphrey. "I have more thoughts about these Irish people than you could imagine—more than you could imagine, you simple boy, if you sat here till midnight thinking about it. The danger of their position at this moment haunts me."

"I did not know you sympathised with them so very much," said Pierce, a little injured; "but of course they are old friends."

"Old friends," repeated Lady Humphrey, with a pitying, an almost tender glance at her son's troubled face.

"Older than I am," said Pierce, "therefore

you naturally dwell more on their concerns than mine." And he rose and walked about in a pet; like a cross schoolboy.

"It seems that your concerns have become strangely identical with theirs," said his mother. "Sit down, till I tell you a dream that I have had about you, and about them, a dream, that has returned to me night after night, till I can think of nothing else."

Pierce made an impatient gesture, as if he would say that he was not in a humor for listening to the recital of dreams. But Lady Humphrey went on without heeding him.

"In this dream," she said, "I saw Sir Archie Munro discovered to be a rebel and a traitor, and banished from his country. And I saw his forfeited lands, his castle of Glenluce, and all his various possessions of many kinds bestowed by the king upon Pierce Humphrey."

"After the approved, but irregular fashion of dreams," said Pierce.

"Nay," said Lady Humphrey, "but such a proceeding would not be in the least irregular. For I thought," she said, laying her hand on her son's arm, and looking narrowly in his face, "I thought that the gift was made to Pierce Humphrey as a reward for loyal vigilance in a time of danger and treachery."

Honest Pierce returned her strange look with eyes full of uneasy wonder. "Mother," he said, putting her hand from him, "I do not understand your conversation to-day. You cannot wish that such a dream might come true. Your words would bear a construction which I will not dare to put upon them."

A look of contempt passed over Lady Humphrey's face. "You are a fool, Pierce," she said. "If you were a thousand times my son, you are a fool."

"Let me be a fool then," said Pierce. "And you mother? It is because you are my mother that I will not consent to understand you. I will try to forget what you have said, and we will talk of something else."

He walked once up and down the room, while his mother sat silent, with her face turned away from him, frowning out upon the glory of the sunset, burnished water gleaming through the hazy trees: flower-beds flaming out of the gilded turf, like spots of colored fire. Lady Humphrey saw nothing of the scene. Her eyes took in neither color nor light, but fixed themselves on a little black cloud in the distance, steadfastly, greedily, as upon something that she desired to possess.

"The young person is here from the dressmaker's, my lady," said a servant at the door.

"Take her to my dressing-room," said Lady Humphrey, "and tell her to wait till I am at leisure."

"The young person from the dressmaker's!" said Pierce when the servant had gone. "So this is to be the end of poor little Hester."

"How do you know that this is poor little Hester?" said Lady Humphrey.

"I met her coming out, that is all," he answered. "She would hardly shake hands with me, poor girl, she was so proud, and so humble.

And she has the beauty and the bearing of a princess. It's a sin not to let her be a lady."

"I have no objection to let her be a lady," said Lady Humphrey. "I only profess that I am not able to make her one. She must earn her own bread."

"'Twould be no great bounty to give bread to such a creature out of kindness," said Pierce.

"I gave it her when I could," said Lady Humphrey. "Now I can do no more than find my own. I have done well in giving her the means of supporting herself, and I desire that you will not interfere."

"Something must be done to place her among people in her own class of life," said Pierce, hotly. "You must think of it, mother, or you and I shall quarrel."

"It seems there are a great many points at issue between us," said Lady Humphrey, growing colder as he grew warm. "We must leave it to time to decide upon our differences."

"If you will do nothing, then, I shall see about it myself," said Pierce, angrily, taking up his hat. "I must ask you for Hester's address."

"Which I decidedly refuse to give you," said Lady Humphrey.

"In that case I must find it for myself," said Pierce. And then he wished his mother a good evening, and was gone.

After he had gone Lady Humphrey's eyes went back to her little black cloud, which had spread and increased as the sunset faded. Lady Humphrey's eyes now carried and added to it that last little fume of her son about Hester. So in that moment Hester's future was overcast with and wrapped up in the shadow of that cloud which was one day to burst on Lady Humphrey's enemies.

"But I will win fortune for you yet, you wrong-headed simpleton!" she said, addressing her absent son, "and I will lay it at your feet when you are least expecting it. And you shall walk over those who scorned your mother before you were born." And then Lady Humphrey remembered who was waiting up-stairs; and she thought about her plum-colored satin.

"Well, Hester!" said Lady Humphrey, and gave the girl the tips of her fingers to touch. And this was all her greeting after the lapse of three years.

"I hope you have made the most of your time at Mrs. Gossamer's," she went on, while Hester was busy producing her scissors and her pins, and choking down a lump in her throat. The girl did not know what it was she had hoped for, hardly knew that she had hoped for anything at all; only now she felt the aching at heart of a disappointment.

"I expect you will take pains with this dress," said Lady Humphrey. "It costs more money than I can afford to pay for it. I think it was not very considerate of Mrs. Gossamer to trust the fitting on to an apprentice."

Hester knew her place by this time.

"If you will please to step this way to the mirror," she said, "you can watch what I do, and make your own suggestions. But I believe I know my business pretty well."

Lady Humphrey in her mirror watched the face that flitted over her shoulder, behind her back, beneath her arm, as Hester pinned, and snipped, and ripped, and stitched again; and she saw and recognized that it was a rare face, in which all the changes of expression followed one another in as perfect a harmony as do full chords of music when they are following out the method of a tune: with great sweetness and delicacy about the mouth and chin, great breadth and earnestness about the eyes and forehead, and much childlike grace in the little waving locks of warm golden hair that lay within the shelter of her bonnet. Passion and poetry, courage and simplicity, all were in that face, and Lady Humphrey knew it. And as the serious eyes criticised the fall of the satin on her shoulder, and the steady little fingers plied here and there about her waist with pin and needle, the woman felt the same antagonistic spirit rise within her against the girl that had risen once before against the child, when it had whispered, "Come out, Mary Stuart, and hear the night-ingales."

Hester, having finished her work, was not asked to take off her bonnet, nor invited to any refreshment. That it was cruel treatment, Lady Humphrey knew, for the girl looked fatigued, and decidedly not robust; but Lady Humphrey's mood was to be cruel on that evening. Her son had made her angry and disappointed. She had hinted to him of things that lay next her heart, and he had turned from her in disgust. She could no longer dare to think of him as an ally. He had left her at last in anger on account of this Hester. And now here was this Hester, at her mercy. Should she give her meat and wine, and lay her to rest upon her softest bed? No, she would send her out alone, in the rain that was beginning to fall, and let her find her way back, unprotected, to London. A girl whose pure spiritual face, shining unconscious over her shoulders in a looking-glass, could make her feel gross, and cunning, and wicked, deserved no better treatment at her hands.

"How do you purpose returning to town?" asked Lady Humphrey, as the large summer raindrops came sliding down the pane. Hester was tying up her parcel, and the room was growing dark. Lady Humphrey expected terror, tears, and a prayer to be allowed to remain in shelter till morning. After all, perhaps she hoped for such a scene. It gratified her at the moment to be harsh, but it would have suited her plans to be obliged to relent.

But Hester, nothing daunted, explained. She had been turning this matter in her mind while she worked, and had hit upon a means of getting home.

"Mrs. Gossamer's laundress lives in Richmond," she said, "and to-morrow will be her morning for starting at daybreak for London. She will take me in her cart, I dare say."

"But where will you pass the night in the mean time?" said Lady Humphrey, unwillingly.

"Oh, she will let me sleep in the crib with Baby Johnny. Johnny and I are great friends."

And so Hester went upon her way. "Oh dear! oh dear!" she wept as she went along; "I will never come back to Hampton Court again!"

And yet it would have suited Lady Humphrey to have taken her by the hand, kept her by her side, affected an interest in her, kissed and made friends. Within the last few hours, even, while her son Pierce had been talking to her, while she had mused alone after his departure, and again while Hester's head had gleamed over her shoulder in the looking-glass, a light had shone upon her difficulties which had shown her the necessity of withdrawing this girl from her wholesome distance and independence, to fill up a gap in the plan that was daily taking shape within her brain. She had wrapped her up in that cloud no bigger than a man's hand which had risen in the western sky. She had found a place for her in the economy of the scheme that lay at her heart. She had work marked out for her to do, with her innocence, her truthfulness, her beauty, and that well-remembered fervor of her nature, which had made her hostile, but might make her useful. She had had this arranged, and yet she had lost an opportunity, increasing the difficulties of the task that lay before her; and all for the gratification of an impulse of ill-will.

"I have been silly!" said Lady Humphrey; "but it is not yet too late." And she sent off a messenger to Richmond.

Hester was supping on bread and milk, with Baby Johnny in her arms. The cottage door was open, and the summer rain was falling, falling, pattering over the broad freckled faces of the laurel leaves, beating the fragrant breath out of the musk, filling the pink cups of the sweet-brier roses upon the gable, till their golden hearts were drowning, in refreshment. The laundress was packing up her snowy linens and muslins in their baskets, and Baby Johnny was falling asleep with his face buried in Hester's yellow hair, when Lady Humphrey's page arrived, and looked in at the open door.

The boy brought a note. Lady Humphrey desired earnestly that Hester should return and stay the night. The morning would be wet, and a drive in the cart not pleasant. And a nice soft shawl had been sent for muffling, and an umbrella to protect her. Hester could not choose but go. She looked round the homely cottage with regret, kissed Baby Johnny, and set out.

The night was not dark, and the gardens of the palace were delicious with the genial rain. Falling, falling, it quenched the fire at the earth's heart. So had melted that little cloud in the evening sky, that had spread and increased, and saddened the fierce glory of the sunset. Farmers in simple homesteads looked out from under the thirsty eaves and blessed Heaven for the relief of the parched fields. Was there no one to pray that that other cloud which was growing and darkening within Lady Humphrey's secret ken, might also come to earth in timely tears of refreshment and benediction?

But Hester, tripping along the wet lawns,

through those whispering showers, and all the fragrant breathing of the newly awakened perfumes, felt only that some echo of her childish raptures had come back to her for the hour.

CHAPTER V.—HOW SHALL IT BE DONE?

After Lady Humphrey had sent away her messenger, she found it very warm in her solitary drawing-room. The air seemed thick and feverish with the atmosphere of her own thoughts. She put aside the curtains from her window with her two hands, threw open the sash and looked out upon the gray twilight, creeping mistily over the dripping, silent, satisfied world. And then she began to walk slowly up and down the room, getting so dark that she could just see the path that she marked out for herself; up to a grimly beautiful little statue of Nemesis, on its pedestal in the farther corner, and back again; there and back again. The cool rain was blowing in, and there was not a sound to disturb, but the dabbling of the drops among the little pools upon the window-sill. So Lady Humphrey, having taken her first step towards a cherished end, delivered herself up to an hour's reflection. It was not so much that she was taken possession of by thoughts, at the first, as that she set herself determinedly to think some matters out.

Her face, as it moved through the shadows, with its gray hue, its knitted brows, and hard-set mouth, might have matched with some of those other faces of bygone plotters and spoilers of the peace of the innocent, which were hanging up on high walls, only the breadth of a few chambers removed from her, fixed for ever under the gaze of all time, with the story of their secret misdeeds written in the open daylight on their brows. But there was no observant dreamer present—no Hester, with straight open eyes, to take notes, and draw comparisons; and the statue of Nemesis looked on to its own goal, and knew nothing about the matter; and the rain was busy gossiping to the window-sill; and Lady Humphrey's thoughts were as far from the subject of the musty legends and faded pictures of foolish people who were found out, as any lover of fresh air and fair dealing could desire.

Lady Humphrey's thoughts surrounded her with brilliant scenes, as sweet and peaceful, as fresh and wholesome, as ever memory undertook to furnish. Mountains lying in an atmosphere of summer light, serene and magnificent; crags covered with heather; mighty ravines with the clouds dipping into them, and the slight ash lifting its tasseled head to meet the sky, and shaking its scarlet berries against the blue. A stream, perpetually descending, swift and flashing, like a sword dividing two hills, falling into the valley with foam and thunder, slackening, flowing, smooth, silvery, musical, taking all sweet things with it to the sea; children's voices, lilies, sedges, echoes of the blessings that arise from and return upon the valley homesteads, like the pigeons that soar from and alight upon the thatches.

For there is also a bay of the sea in Lady Humphrey's picture, with a village sitting at its

feet, and the brown sails of fishing craft floating to and fro in its harbor; and there is a castle, away up hillwards, half mossed over, and ivied up to its chimneys, with nestling there for so many centuries in its hollow among the mountains. In this castle there are venerable chambers, and ancient household gods. And there is plenty of life about, faces coming and going, in the light and in the shade; and there is a great peace and dignity about the place.

It is many a day since Lady Humphrey has seen this castle, and the date of her intimate acquaintance with it is thirty years back. So it is not to be expected that the faces which her memory beholds set in its atmosphere should bear the same features, or at least wear the same look, as those which at this actual moment inhabit it. The old may be expected to have passed away, and the young to have grown old. No one can know this better than Lady Humphrey, with those thirty years of life lying behind her, and yet they are the faces of thirty years ago that she sees with her mental vision. One is the face of an elderly woman, proud, keen, benevolent, and, albeit a good face, and one long since vanished from the earth, it is hateful, and life-like, and present to Lady Humphrey at this moment. Then there are the faces of two girls: one, with pale satin-like braided hair, and severely handsome features, is surely the very image of Lady Humphrey in her youth. She looks with envy and jealousy towards the other, who, with dreamy eyes, sensitive mouth, and aristocratic mien, stands slightly aloof, fearing a little, and pitying, and wondering, and sheltering herself by the elder woman's side. And there is a man's face too, sometimes of the group, and sometimes not of it, a genial, laughing, tawny face; and this last also has left the earth long ago; but its memory is not hateful to Lady Humphrey.

But these are not the people whom she has to deal with at this day, and with a stern shake of the head she dismisses them to the past to which they belong. They disappear, and others spring up and take their place. Lady Humphrey's eyes now rest upon a happy family group. There is a stately looking mother, with surely the same eyes and mouth as that dreamy-faced girl who has vanished; the same brow, but for wrinkles: the same hair, but for silver threads. And there is a son with a great deal of the delicate nobility of that mother in his countenance, mixed with much of the sunny geniality of the father who has passed away. And there is a girl with a bright face and a merry tongue, standing beside and between them. And all pleasant things are round them in their castle among the hills. And if into the midst of this happy group and into the heart of this peaceful home Lady Humphrey should be planning to introduce her lonely friendless Hester, who would venture to call her cruel or unkind?

How are you going to do it, Lady Humphrey? It is long since you had any intercourse with the Munros. They have no happy memories of you, nor you of them. How, then, will you establish a stranger at their fireside to listen at the key-holes of their locked closet doors, and report to

you the secret of their lives? Lady Humphrey does not see as yet how it shall be, but she knows that she will find a way to do it. And in the mean time the drops outside patter on, and Hester has not yet arrived, is still tripping gladly through the rain and the flowers, hastening to put her foot in Lady Humphrey's trap, to enlist herself unconsciously as a spy in Lady Humphrey's service. Ireland is but a name to her, and the troubles which she has heard spoken of as thickening in the island are no more to her than colorless dreams. Yet even at this moment she is running through the darkness towards Ireland; her arms are extended to it, her heart is opening to take it in, the glare of terrible scenes is reflected in her face. It has been already decreed by an unscrupulous will that she is to crush, despoil, suffer, and perhaps die there, before another year of her young life shall be spent.

How shall Lady Humphrey work her will? Is there not one in all that sunny hill-country where her youth was passed to whom she can appeal, out of the fullness of a benevolent heart, for assistance in her scheme of rescuing an innocent and industrious orphan girl from the dangers of friendless life in London? Can she not write to Lady Helen Munro, who has reason to remember her well? Ah, no; that were too dangerous a venture. Well, then, there is a brave, bright face looking out from among trees somewhere, a face that Lady Humphrey can never have forgotten, in which all the world of the simple-hearted and straight-minded put involuntary trust. Why not enlist the sympathies of Mrs. Hazelden, the doctor's wife? That were still more impossible. Those good, bright eyes are of the few things ever feared by Judith Humphrey in her youthful days.

Why, then there is the little convent on the hill. Bethink you, my lady, in your solitary chamber, after all the years of forgetfulness that have gone by, of the silver bell dropping down its homely hints about prayer to the simple people of the village, about forgiveness before the going down of the sun. There are gentle souls within those whitewashed walls, too busy with the ailments of their poor to be not easily deceived by a pretty tale of mercy. Why not write them such a letter as you can write, and have them singing praises to heaven that so noble a heart as yours has remained unspoiled in the wicked world? Ay, if the mother abbess, who was a friend to the pale-haired Judith in her girlhood, were dead, this might be done. 'Tis true she is an aged woman now, but she has not yet descended to take possession of her appointed corner in the little graveyard beside the sea. Are there not yet many others in this neighborhood whose assistance might be sought in so creditable an enterprise? Yes; but from the questions Lady Humphrey has been putting to herself this hour past, and the answers she has been finding at the bottom of her heart, it would seem as if every door, even the lowliest in the village, must have a bar placed across it at the approach of the shadow of Judith Blake. Lady Humphrey must leave this difficulty to Time, or the

future inspirations of her own ingenuity, for her^e is Hester's step upon the stair.

And Hester must be welcomed now, wooed, won over to have confidence and faith in her benefactress. And accordingly there is a pretty pleasant chamber prepared, gaily lighted, with the rain shut out, where chocolate, and cakes, and fruits are set forth to propitiate this child of eighteen years. And, in truth, it seems to Hester that some good fairy must have suddenly taken her destiny in hand, when she sees Lady Humphrey coming forth to meet her, with her hand extended, and a smile upon her seldom-smiling face.

"I think it will be too rainy to go to London in the morning," said Lady Humphrey, and she took off Hester's dripping bonnet, and tapped her on her wet, rosy cheeks, and dared to look playfully in her wondering eyes.

"Yes, Lady Humphrey," said Hester; "at least, if you wish me to stay."

"And I do wish you to stay, you little skeptic!" said Lady Humphrey. "Why else should I have sent for you all the way to Richmond? It was only to try you that I sent you out in the rain, all alone."

"To try me?" repeated Hester.

"To try what you were made of," said Lady Humphrey, provoked at the girl's quiet amazement. She had counted upon more effusion, more gratitude and delight, from the fervent little Hester of other days. She forgot how the fervor had been crushed by her own will, that the other days were gone, and that important years had passed over Hester's head, of the experiences of which she knew nothing.

"Only to try what you were made of," said Lady Humphrey. "To find out whether you had a spirit of your own, were proud and independent as I should wish to see you. Your behavior has been perfect, and I am now quite content."

Hester's wet garments were clinging to her, but her thoughts did not reproach Lady Humphrey for having put her to an uncomfortable test. She only said, mechanically, still lost in her wonder:

"I am glad you are content, Lady Humphrey."

"And I am glad that you are glad," said the lady. "You and I must become better friends. I intend that you shall be my visitor here for some time. You shall do as you please, and we will send away all this satin to Mrs. Gossamer to be finished by other hands. I will take you to the theatre, and we will buy some pretty gowns. And now," finished Lady Humphrey, not being able to think of any other tempting bait which she could hold out upon the moment, "now I think you had better eat your supper and go to bed. And we will talk of a great many other things in the morning."

Hester did as she was bidden, not, however, without some rueful regrets about Baby Johnny and a drive to London. The memory of her chill reception still clung round her, as pertinaciously as the wet cloak round her shoulders. She was too much taken by surprise to be ready

to make an effort to forget it. She would forget it in time, if permitted to do so, but this kindness of Lady Humphrey was so new and curious, and Lady Humphrey's appearance agreed with it so badly, that Hester's poor wits were astray with trying to comprehend the sudden change.

"I wonder what she wants with me," was Hester's first thought, after the shock of the surprise was over. It never struck her that such a reflection was ungracious. That Lady Humphrey, after all these lonely years of neglect, had drawn her to her side again from an impulse of compassion or tenderness, was a belief that must be slow to enter Hester's mind. She had been well grounded by the lady herself in the conviction that she was a creature to be put away out of sight, or drawn forth and made use of, according to the emergency of the moment. Picked up and put down, called out and sent back again, it was thus that Lady Humphrey's will had been wrought on her; and surely Lady Humphrey was Lady Humphrey still.

So Hester sat on the corner of her pretty bed, and had her wonders all to herself. Once more, suddenly, she found herself surrounded with the bright, dainty things she had so loved long ago. Here were the same silken hangings; the pictures; the chair with the little low seat, and the tall carved back. She went round the room on tiptoe, touching her old friends, and making sure she was awake. "But how long will it last?" said Hester, sighing; "how long will it last? And I had rather," she soliloquized further, shaking her fair head at the flame of her candle, "I had rather far go back at once with that satin to the work-room than sit waiting here for her anger or her coldness to return. And I will never be her dependent, so long as my fingers can hold a needle."

These were Hester's first impulses of feeling about the change: dread and distrust. Farther on towards morning, however, when the rain had ceased, and Lady Humphrey was asleep, other thoughts grew out of the night and took their place. Rest and comfort did their work, and brought gratitude and peace. And Hester fell asleep thanking God that Lady Humphrey was Lady Humphrey no longer.

Every day after this was a surprise to Hester: a pleasure, a trouble, a confusion. Most strange it was to see how Lady Humphrey's good humor lasted; most strange to feel the effort it cost her to be kind; almost fearful the determination with which the difficulty was conquered. The frown would loom out, but the smile was always ready to shine it down. The voice, involuntarily harsh, would smooth itself. The hand was ever generously open. But the bounty crushed Hester, and the caresses made her fear.

Yet what was there she could fear from Lady Humphrey? Nothing worse than to be sent back to Mrs. Gossamer and the work-room. A needle in her fingers gave her courage. And in the meanwhile it was pleasant to play the lady for a time, with the long day all leisure, and the gardens and the pictures close at hand.

So Lady Humphrey was pleased with her own success.

(To be continued.)

OLD SONGS.

THE Songs of old, they come to us, and take possession of our heart;
The words are rude, the measure strange, devoid of ornament or art,
And yet they touch a deeper depth—bring warmer tears to fill the eyes—
And hold a sweeter, stronger charm than finer songs in finer guise.

Their words were gathered on brown moors, amid the heather belled and red;
Or where green ferns and mosses draped the mountain-torrent's rocky bed;
Or where in woodlands gray the groups of yellow primrose loved to blow;
Or in the field where white moonshine lay glistening on fresh-fallen snow.

Their tunes were borrowed from the birds that sang at eve upon the trees;
Or where the surges chafed the cliff, swift rising from the foam-flecked seas;
Or where the winds made bitter wail above old graves in churchyard lone;
Or where in foxgloves summer bees were sounding their deep monotone.

And these combined, the songs were made by men who knew the midnight foe,
Who caught the arrow on the shield, and swung the sharp sword's fatal blow;
Who held the helm of rolling ships, and steered their course by ice-cliffs bare;
Who hunted wolves upon the hills, or fronted lions in their lair.

And some were writ by women whose white hands were wet with salt tears' rain,
Keeping a drear sad watch at home for those that never came again;
Who broke their hearts in dungeons deep of gloomy castles closely pent,
Or withered slow in foreign lands, doomed to a lifelong banishment.

And these old songs bear in them now the spirit of the writers' days:
Each word a well of their old life which rises as the tune we raise;
And lo! there flows from them to us the feeling, be it stern or sweet,
And with its added volume makes our smaller, shallower lives complete.

ON THE NILE

KARNAC BY MOONLIGHT.

WE drove in the stake hard by the Temple of Luxor, and leaped on shore in haste, to touch with our hands the lotus-capped pillar of that sanctuary, now barely visible in the dark. But it was not till after dark—till eleven, in fact—when the moon was well up, that we started for Karnac.

Haroun shirked the expedition. He had fallen in with boon companions attached to a dahabee-yah moored alongside of our own, and he was anxious to make a night of it with them. "Arab guide, he go with you, sare," he cried sententially. "Bad Bedouin in Karnac—Bedouin no

touch guide." So we set out under the wing of a cicerone, by name Osman.

Osman was a lank, wiry Arab, with a wizened face, set in a big white turban, beneath whose eaves two glistening eyes peeped out. His nether garments consisted of a pair of 'eeree or cotton drawers, much too short. A calabash dangled to the leathern strap which girt his white tunic, and, it being night, he had cast over his shoulder a camel-hair blanket for warmth. Said and Halil followed, armed with long poles to drive off jackals; and Osman strode on before, in the bright moonlight, grasping a kind of javelin—a staff to help him over the white yielding sands.

"He looks like that Sowardee mummy we saw, resuscitated and half-unwrapped," blurted out Smith, with a shudder. "Only look at his shriveled arms and legs! And did you ever see living man with a shadow like that flickering on the sands?"

We were then near the little village of Luxor, which slept peacefully under the clear heaven; a hive of mud huts clustered like parasites round the great pillars of Amunoph's Temple; and the hearty laugh which followed Smith's impertinent observation set all the dogs barking. Dogs are a pestilence in the East, brazen and irrepressible. Nothing angers them so much as the sight of a foreigner. Trousers and boots are to them what scarlet is to a bull. Thus we wake up the sleeping village, and old women peeping out of their dark doorways in the narrow alleys, blessed us *not*, as we passed. After threading the intricacies of Luxor, and propitiating the curs as best we might, we issued out into the open country.

The Arabian desert, breaking through gaps in the hills on the horizon, has strewed the eastern plain of Thebes with sand. The country lies for the most part a waste. Occasional trees spring up, and a copse or two, far apart, shelters a few mud dwellings; but the wildness of the wilderness clings to it all the same. Our road to Karnac, two miles from Luxor, lay across this desert-like plain.

Brilliant are the moons of the south, and black as night the shadows they cast from tower or tree; but here was a plain to plod over, upon which no shadows, save those that followed us, seemed to fall. Luxor was hidden by a dip in the land, and Karnac had not yet loomed into light. The silvery shimmer on the sand lent to the broad country a look of snow, and each palm we passed under limned its spidery crest thereon, as sharply penciled in black on the plain as above against the dark blue heaven. We were as if launched on a shoreless sea. Yet not altogether so, for the outlines of the western hills were dimly seen across the hidden river. The moonlight serenely slept on that silent city of the dead.

We were not very loquacious. Somehow the merriment following Smith's explosive joke died away with the wind, which had sobbed itself to rest, and all was still.

We had a little shady copse to pass, an oasis in the broad sands, that afforded a kind of shelter to a few Arab tents, and to a sheik's tomb—that whited dome of a sepulchre around which a

thousand dim and solemn fancies of the Moslems cluster. An old Bedouin sat beneath the trees smoking in his doorway, while the placid moonlight fell checkered through the motionless leaves upon his face. He gave us the salaam as we passed, the word of peace—touching breast and forehead—first to the guide who went before, to ourselves, and to the boatmen following after.

It was not till we were well out of this that Karnac became at all visible. Little by little—for sand and ruin were so blended into one common hue in the moon's yellow light that outline melted away—little by little the eye and feeling became aware of a vast phantomlike mass of masonry which soared up into the lucid sky. It took the form and embodiment of a temple, shadowy and dim. It was yet far off when we entered one of the long sphinx avenues that like arms stretch outward from the central sanctuary to the four winds of heaven. We found ourselves walking between two rows of great ram-headed monsters, big as elephants, couching closely in rank, each rank facing inwards. Save, indeed, for their decapitation—for many of them lacked heads, they were lying scattered on the sand—it seemed a daring feat that midnight march down the Dromos, between such an array of solemn watchers. Like the schoolboy, you felt inclined to whistle or cry out, or do anything to break the awful silence of the scene.

That interminable row of stony eyes had witnessed great Rameses borne in upon his throne from conquest, envired with pomp and pageantry. Millenniums had gone by, and now we puny youngsters from the West were passing under their calm and passionless ken. A feeling of bashfulness laid hold on us as we trod that long shadow-flecked path. Cycles of moons had barred with alternate light and shadow the lengthening vista before us year after year. Never an inch beyond the limit had those shadows strayed. Two mighty statues of granite, seated on their thrones, wrapt in solemn contemplation—two broken obelisks—and an isolated portal spanning the path, closed the array.

We went in by the western pylon, itself a mountain—a cloven cliff of stone. Two lofty towers, which cast a black shade over roofs of sand, slanted down upon a sculptured gateway whose broad lintel bore a deep-cut Agathodæmon—that touching symbol a thousand times repeated on roof and portal, a relic of purer days—the globe with its overshadowing wings of azure blue. "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." We entered through the dark archway upon a broad area or open court, mountainous with fallen columns. The pure white light stole softly along its flanking colonades, dipping here and there into dim mysterious recesses, and lent an illusive glory to the cloistered chapels and minor temples massed on either side of the great square. But in front stood the broad portico.

It was here, I fancy, that the conception of the extraordinary size of Karnac first dawned upon us. In reading the story of Aladdin you are bewildered at its splendid recklessness in dealing with difficulties. Nothing is impossible.

At the behest of the genius of the lamp lordly pleasure palaces start up, studded with pinnacles of sapphire and pearl, and capped with domes overshadowing a city. Some feeling akin to that creeps upon you here. "Giants or djinns have done all this," you say, "not man!" We stumbled upon a Bedouin's hut propped against a column; in relative proportion to its environments, it was as a swallow's nest under the eaves of St. Paul's cathedral. But this area or vestibulum, exaggerated as it looked in that strange and softening light—exaggerated by the indistinctness of its flanking temples and endless colonnades, its cliff-like pylon soaring up behind—was really lost sight of and forgotten in the marvelous scene which was to follow. Passing under the great portico, brilliant with roods of painted sculpture, we entered the famous Hall of Columns. We had come from the open moonlight into gloom, or rather, such a gloom as deep shadow gapped with patches of light would produce. A forest of columns, gorgeous with colored imagery and mysterious hieroglyphics, grew up around us. We looked up—far above—and there, through sundry rifts in the architraves, spanning at once paneled roof from pillar to pillar, the white light was flooding in, and the stars of heaven shone through. Dwarfed into pigmies, we strayed into the central aisle, where the moonlit patches mapped on column and floor were most thickly strewn. The hall is roofless here, and the central pillars (twelve out of 130) are loftiest. Pharaoh was everywhere present—multiplied interminably; from the pavement of sand right up to where, at a dizzy height, the expanded lotus-flower capital crowned the massive shaft, his colossal form could be seen. Motionless through the ages he had stood offering incense to his forgotten gods. Pillar after pillar in that endless hall bore the same blazonry. "I am Pharaoh!" he seemed to say. "Behold me in companionship with the gods!" Truly men's works have outlasted their deities, as this wonderful temple could testify.

Think for a moment of the scenes once enacted in this gloomy hall. It was the Hall of Assembly. Other than priests could enter. Farther on, were we could see long shadowy vistas of ruin, broken by leaning columns, and ending in light, the more secluded parts of the sanctuary were situated—the transepts, the priests' chambers, the external adyta—a whole city of temple, in fact; and, last of all, the most holy place. But in the Hall the uninitiated could assemble. Here the great festivals were held. Monarch after monarch, victorious from war, celebrated his triumphs here. Fanned by waving flabella, encompassed in a thicket of glittering insignia, he was borne in upon a gorgeous throne, and passed, as on a sea of heads, to the altar. Thousands of Thebans, in the gloom of these pillars, on either hand, fell down to him as to a god. Flamens of Isis, priests of the temple, robed pontiffs in stately array—a long-drawn procession, defiling through the outer sphinx avenues, through the great pylon, and across that vast vestibulum, flowed in as a stream, and flooded the hall with their magnificence.

Fair, white-robed priestesses, with long wavy hair, lotus-crowned, and cinctured with garlands of flowers, followed in the train. Nor were minstrels lacking to the revel, nor dancers to aid in that solemn show. For this is not mere fancy, be it understood. Historical paintings, here and in other Theban temples, bear it out every whit.

From among this array of conquerors one familiar name starts forward. Shishak held high festival in this hall. His triumph is recorded on the stones of the chapel he set up. We visited it in after days, but that night, in the interminable labyrinth of Karnac, we were unable to hit upon it. Among the spoils he brought to the temple, the treasures of the Lord's house in Jerusalem, and the golden shields of Solomon, probably figured conspicuously. The conqueror, however, has bit the dust. Of Shishak, his acts, and all that he did, the sole remaining token—save, indeed, the imperishable record in the Book—is that lateral chapel, built on to the western wall; while of his enemies, the Jews, so contemptuously shown forth by Pharaoh's artists on the stone, it may be said they are a nation still—a nation for which perhaps a splendid destiny is yet reserved.

Before we left—for we found it impossible to penetrate much farther—we determined to climb on to some roof, and look over the wilderness of temple. For a time we blundered about among piles of ruin, guided by capricious lights, let in through crevices and sculptured doorways. Now a long vista of indistinct splendor would unfold itself; now a mournful avenue of pillars opening out into light; now a moonlit glade of columns, across which the slanting shadows fell. All around was so breathlessly hushed that the silence fell chill on the heart. The chirrup of bats scared from their gloomy haunts in secret chamber or chapel made a welcome diversion. The distant wail of jackals also, those grim wanderers of the desert, came to our ears, but not one crossed our path. An old vulture, asleep on the rim of a lotus capital, woke up in great consternation as we went by; he winged his way along a dark colonnade into the light, and finally settled on the peak of a glossy obelisk that ascended through deep shadows into a loftier region where the moonlight dwelt. We stood underneath, and shouted at him in vain. The creature, vexed at his momentary fear, would not condescend to ruffle himself further, and neither of us could fling high enough to reach him. Sulky and motionless as the painted gods on pillar and wall, he stood, fixed, as if he had been a statue, to that splendid pedestal.

We hit upon a secret stairway crowded with sculptured forms, leading up through the thickness of a wall to a rather dangerous standpoint on some architraves binding the pillars of an inner sanctuary. From hence we gained a tolerably commanding view of the whole scene. The view was naturally limited by the light, and its effects by the same cause exaggerated. Space and distance are not to be grappled with under the gleam of a southern moon. To us it seemed as if a vast city lay before us, reposing in a breathless trance. We could picture to our-

selves its streets, its squares, its palaces. its arcades, its domes—populous with a myriad shadowy beings, held for ever in stony silence. Massive patches of black shade scarred that broad expanse of temple, for the most part flooded in the moon's soft splendor. We could discern the radiating lines of more than one sphinx avenue in the distance, mapped out on the sand. Nearer, slanting rows of shadows marked the presence of some colonnade. A phalanx of Osiride pillars stood in high relief in the forefront of the sanctuary beneath us, each with its colossal human form appended, tipped with light—a shrouded figure, erect, serene, with arms folded over the breast, as in the hushed repose of death.

But, indeed, all lesser incidents were lost in the overwhelming effect of the whole—an effect that it would be difficult to overstate. It would be difficult, also, to analyse the mingled feelings that moonlit scene called up in the mind. Together with the sentiments of awe and fear which it developed—so that a laugh would have been immediately resented, and you were led instinctively to converse in an undertone—another feeling was begot which tinged everything with its own coloring. And from this came the true lesson to be learnt.

It was, in fact, the lesson which all visible nature teaches, as intelligibly from the Alpine pinnacle that crumbles away crag by crag, and trickles in dustwreaths down to the plain, as from the scarlet poppy withering ere evening's fall under the reaper's sickle.

"Passing away," saith the world—"passing away!"

If ever those words of Prospero were fitted to fall deep into the heart of a man, it would be there—in such a scene, at such an hour. We repeated them amid that chaos of fallen stone.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind."

We cast a lingering look beyond the river to the girdling mountains in the west, and to the eastern plain which stretched calm before us like some boundless sea of sand, and then descended from our height. The shadows had lengthened sensibly, and the moon was dipping low into the river as we made our way homewards across the plain.

A DINNER WITH MUSTAPHA.

It had been our intention to linger at Thebes but one night! chance, however, kept us there over the morrow. Before going on our moonlight expedition to Karnac, as recorded in the last chapter—indeed, immediately on arrival at Luxor—we paid a visit to Mustapha Aga, who holds a kind of British consulship at Thebes. Mustapha's house is not far from the river bank. It is one of the best in Upper Egypt—which, indeed, is not saying much; but, such as it is, it is built in the courts of Amunoph's temple, and boasts of as fine a portico as the Parthenon.

Mustapha, with an eye to the dignity of his post has managed to introduce his porch between two pillars of the great colonnade leading to the adyta to which his dwelling, a rough roomy structure hangs as a pendant, the relative proportions of the two being about on a par with Falstaff's gallon of sack to his "ha'porth" of bread.

We walked up a flight of broad stairs, built with fragments of ruin, to the door, sat down, by request of the attendant slave, between two big lotus-capped columns sculptured from base to capital, and waited for Mustapha.

Mustapha Aga rejoices greatly under the shadow of the British flag. He can buy and sell and get gain, and the moneys he can thus accumulate are safe; the like of which does not hold good with his unprotected brethren. The Pasha of Egypt has endless ways of exercising a paternal pressure on the incomes of his subjects, as well as endless means of knowing what they possess. Moneys find their way to the Pasha as naturally as waters flow to the sea. Some people indeed hide their riches in wells, or under green trees, and submit to torture, and so escape.

Mustapha is a useful man at Thebes—to English travelers, I mean. He is full of such information as they require; knows who is up the river, and the proximate intentions of such: keeps a registry of dates and names (very distinguished autographs are found in that book—it would be worth something handsome to a dealer); is crammed with the current gossip of the year; and, in fact, is generally entertaining. By the time the ordinary traveler sets foot on the shores of Thebes, he has begun to feel himself in a strange world, and he hails the sight of this British Consulate with delight, as of a lodge in the vast wilderness, a contiguity of comfort that reminds him of home. He fraternizes with Mussulman Mustapha as a friend. Besides, our British Consul speaks the language, and he has been in England too; a fact he is mightily proud of dwelling upon. Then he receives or despatches your letters by the running post—for, as of old, there are Arabs with their loins girt, staff in hand and scrip slung loosely, ever running night and day over desert, mountain, and meadow between Cairo and Thebes. Your letter costs but a shilling, though human legs have sped with it over 500 miles. He arranges any difficulty that may have arisen between you and your crew. Woe betide the sailor who has been insubordinate! that man will hardly escape from Mustapha without a pair of sore feet. He will lodge you, should you wish to stay; and, finally, there is a last sad service he has often rendered to the traveler in arranging for the burial of their dead. Ah me! how many a flower untimely stricken, and brought hither from the inclement north, in faint hope that the balmy breathing of Egypt and its sunshines that are never clouded might soothe and foster the life that was fading out like a summer's twilight, lies buried here on the desert's edge, in that little Coptic churchyard at Thebes!

Mustapha rode up and reined in his cob, while we were seated in his porch. He received us with profuse courtesy. "A thousand pardons

for having kept us waiting. He was overwhelmed at the honor done him. He had that moment returned from across the river, and had seen our boat arrive as he was crossing the plain. Why were we thus tarrying in the porch? How was it the servants had not brought refreshments? Would we not trouble ourselves to go in? And so, taking the lead gracefully, he went forward, and we followed through a twilight passage into a spacious and pleasant room flanked with divans on every side. On one of these we reclined, while coffee and chiboukes were handed to us by a Nubian slave—a little blackamoor following with a nugget of Charcoal to light the latakia. Mustapha, kicking off his slippers, curled himself up besides us, and so we settled down for a chat.

He was a thorough Oriental, looked at from any point of view: a man of small stature, with a quick, intelligent eye, broad forehead, and short gray beard. His dress, as he rode prancing up to the door—and azure-asseled tarboosh, flowing robes of silk, and a particoloored Damascus sash girding the waist—set off his slight figure to advantage. There was an air of great suavity about him and good breeding, which expanded itself in his talk. Too profuse of courtesy, perhaps, he might have been deemed, but then everything Oriental runs to excess.

"Bring in a light," he cried to a servant, turning from a conversation with the Professor; for the dusk had deepened, and we could now see a star or two twinkling in through the open lattice; "bring a light." Having delivered himself of which command, without more ado than a polite request to us for permission, he flopped down from the divan into the middle of the room, and said his prayers. Through delicacy we talked in a whisper. The action was needless, however, for during the ten minutes that the customary genuflexions and mutterings went on, servants were going in and out, talking loudly, and taking no account of the prostrate worshiper, other than to avoid his vicinity in walking across the room.

"You will excuse me, I am sure," said our host, getting up from his carpet and renewing his extinguished pipe after a final bow towards Mecca. "Our evening prayer is fixed for sunset, you know, which is now past, and our religion is strict. When did you leave Cairo? By the way, dinner is just ready; you will dine with me, of course? No? But indeed you must. The Cadi dines here, and we are alone. You cannot refuse us your company—that is," he added with a smile, "if our homely Eastern ways do not repel you."

We vouched to Mustapha that nothing would please us better, but that, with Karnac in view for midnight, and an early start in the morning, we feared to accept his kindly hospitality. "Oh! as to the first, leave that to me: I'll get you a guide. The second we'll talk over at dinner." So we gave way.

Fancy a rough honest navvy doomed to dine at some grand dinner party! He would feel about as handy with his knife and fork, and as happy in his surroundings as we did, deprived of those

useful instruments, and eating before Mustapha Aga and the Cadi, in that little dimly-lighted, but luxurious chamber of Amunoph's temple. Did you ever accomplish a meal with nothing to help you but your hands? No? Then just try it, and think what we must have suffered as course after course—fowl, pilaff, game—tripped up the heels of its fellow on the little round table whereat we were seated in such illustrious companionship. It is true that a slave brought round water after each course, and that a snowy napkin was given to each guest; but then, some of the dishes were soft and pappy, and each man dipped his fingers into the dish and fed by mouthfuls. The Cadi had a detestably indefinite way of hooking up his food in the hollow of his hand, which scandalized the professor, who sat next to him, mightily. "Will you take some goose?" said Mustapha, addressing Smith. "It is one that I shot yesterday." And he laid hold on one leg of the bird, while Smith tore away the other. It reminded me of breaking a merry-thought with your neighbor, for neither was sure which would get the larger half. Afterwards I was treated to a pull, and got a wing. The professor came in for the breast: there was some difficulty, I remember, in detaching the breast: but after a deal of spluttering it was accomplished. It is needless to say that our awkwardness at the feast was taken in good part, and that we all laughed heartily and enjoyed ourselves to the full. In fact, the Cadi, a fat, moon-faced man, apoplectically red, laughed till he nearly rolled on to the floor. A gilt ewer and basin were brought in at the finish, and water poured over the hands of each guest by a robed and turbaned Oriental, even as Elisha poured water on the hands of his master.

When we were lounging on the divans inhaling the pleasant latakia through our host's amber-tipped reeds, and dreaming dreams begotten in the midst of such singular environments—for through a fretted lattice between the temple columns we looked out into the starry night and caught the glimmer of sundry boats mirrored on the quiet stream—Mustapha alluded to our early departure on the morrow.

"If you will stay till another sunset," he said, "I can show you a newly-opened sepulchre. The fact is I have some twenty Arabs quarrying at the western mountain for tombs. We find a good many, and I have lighted upon a fresh one to-day. There are two coffins in separate chambers of the rock, as yet untouched. My men had strict orders neither to handle a pick nor remove a stone till to-morrow morning. You shall see the sleepers *in situ*." Of course we gladly acquiesced. "Good," said our host: "then we will start at eight from the bank opposite the temple."

At sunrise on the morrow our dahabeeyah was rowed across the stream and moored to the western bank, to be handy for starting. It was a splendid morning, of course—cool and fresh. The dew was still gemmed on rigging and spar. Looking up from breakfast through the windows of our saloon, we caught sight of the Caliph on the bank! He was embarked in a fiery dispute

with several lank-limbed Arabs touching the hire of horses which were to take us to the mountain. He was haggling fearfully as to the price, and, to judge from angry looks and wild gestures, it seemed as if a desperate battle must ensue. However, things calmed down suddenly, and Haroun, stepping across the plank, quietly announced that he had secured five good horses at the rate of about two shillings for each the day. Very good hacks they were, too—we jumped on shore to see them—looking mightily grand with their humpy saddle trappings and shovel stirrups. We sat on deck and waited for Mustapha. Dozens of half-naked urchins, donkey boys and girls, lay sunning themselves on the sandy shore. There were juvenile bronze-faced Thebans, full of fun and impudence, who were crying out to you to buy their antiques. There were modest-looking girls offering to you mummy beads and vases in a sort of sing-song voice, and trying hard to hand them up to you over the bulwarks, paddling far as they dared into the stream. Some of them had dislocated mummy hands for sale, and hideous heads that they would cheapen with you, and scarabæi. Then there were solemn Copts, black-robed and turbaned, loafing about mysteriously and making cabalistic signs that they had something wonderful to show. These all, be it understood, with sundry donkeys and camels, were lying in wait for any traveler that might step from his boat on to the bank. That instant they would be down upon him, one and all, "Vare good donkey, my lord." "Splendid scarabæus." "Beautiful antiques, sar." "Go to the tombs of the kings, captain." He would be deluged in a flood of broken English, spirited donkeys, half-naked humanity, and *creatures* which, in the *melee*, might seek a change of dwelling. These Arabs of Thebes as are hard to shake off as the daughters of the horse-leech.

ADRIFT ON AN ICE-FLOE.

HAVING administered two pills, and drawn a tooth with a bullet-mould, in absence of the ordinary instrument, and thus finished my surgical duties for the day, I had fallen asleep on the cabin skylight of the good ship *Arrow*, Captain James Manly, seal and whale cruiser, then in latitude 71° 30' N., when I was suddenly awakened by a cry, which seemed to come from the clouds, but which proved to proceed from the lungs of the skipper in the crow's-nest, of 'All hands ahoy.'

Considering myself included in the term, I arose from my vitreous situation, and, after being nearly deafened by the roaring of two cabin-boys, reiterating the order for the benefit of those below, and enhancing at the same time their message with a stamping noise sufficient to have kicked through most ordinary planks, was duly informed by the captain that he spied a large bevy of seals on the ice, and that we should soon be 'among blubber.'

The seals were also seen by the crew of a Dutch vessel, and the two ships bore down toward them. As soon as our vessel approached, the foreyard was hauled aback, the sails clewed

down, and boats lowered from the davits in pursuit. As I had, on previous occasions, proved an expert rifleman, the captain kindly put me in command of the lee-waist boat, with a crew of six men, it being my function to direct the boat, and shoot as many seals as possible. After rowing through some lanes of water between the pieces of ice, we soon drew near the old seals, who gazed at us with large, expressive eyes and erect heads, while the young ones lay basking beside their mothers, uttering wailing cries not unlike those of infants. Selecting a large ice-piece studded with animals, I desired the men to approach within a distance of about forty yards, and then shot all the old seals on it. We then rowed up, and the sailors killed the young ones with their clubs, knocking out their unfortunate brains without any apparent compunction. Although carried away by the first excitement of the scene, I could not but pity the poor young creatures as they looked up with their large, innocent, lustrous eyes, seemingly more in amazement than fear, at their ruthless destroyers.

An animated scene now presented itself. Scotchmen and curiously-clad Dutchmen might be seen running over the ice, clubbing the seals; the reports of guns and rifles in all directions telling of the death of the older members of the bevy; while the shouts, cries, and songs of the men denoted the various successes of the crews.

Leaving the men busily employed in the operation called 'flensing,' which consists in the removal of the skin and blubber from the 'kreng,' or carcass, I employed the time jumping from one piece of ice to another, and shooting any seals that were within range, being accompanied by the ship's carpenter, armed with a boat-hook, which he carried in order to hook out any wounded animal that might chance to slip into the water.

Sudden, inexplicable movements frequently take place amid the arctic ice, owing to which many unfortunate men are separated from their vessels, and left to perish. On this occasion, my companion and I nearly lost our lives from lengthened exposure, due to one of these rapid ice-motions. Having seen a number of seals at a distance on a large solid ice-floe,* we left the boat's crew, and started on foot towards them. Enticed by a desire to obtain their oil and skins, we ventured, with unpardonable rashness, far too far from the *Arrow*, unobservant of a signal which had been flying for some time at the mast-head for our return, and regardless of a strong, fast-rising breeze of wind; but after having nearly reached the seals, we came to a lane of water, which prevented farther progress, and forced us to retrace our steps. The wind, now risen to a gale, and a strong undercurrent, had, however, changed the ice we first crossed, and what at that time was safe had now become a mingled mass of broken pieces, surrounded by large holes of water. All the crews, obedient to the signal, had returned with their boats to the ship, and we

* A "field of ice" is a term generally applied to those sheets whose limits are undiscernible from the mast-head; a "floe" is similar to a field, but smaller, inasmuch as its limits can be seen.

also discovered, to our horror, the *Arrow* steering away from us, with her foretop-sail and mizzen reefed. From this latter circumstance, we at once concluded that the wind had forced the ship from the floe to which she had been attached; and that, owing to the state of the intervening ice, it was impossible for the captain either to send boats or men to our assistance. The Dutch vessel was blown far to leeward, and almost out of sight. A thick fog began to drift speedily, obscuring every thing around from view, and our situation became dangerous in the extreme. We made every attempt to proceed in the supposed direction of the vessel by running and leaping from one piece of ice to another, as the current drifted detached portions in contact, but after several hours' constant exertion, were forced, through sheer fatigue, to relinquish further endeavors. Selecting the largest floe that presented, we sat down to rest, cheered by the hope that, as soon as the fog should clear, assistance would be rendered in some form or another; and as the duration of our stay was at best uncertain, made up our minds to be left for some time at least on the ice. No danger accrued from starvation as regarded food, since I, fortunately, had my gun, with plenty of ammunition to serve for some time, and seals and birds were plentiful. The only danger, as we then thought, would arise from exposure to cold; so we began to defend ourselves from it as well as possible, the more so as the approach of evening foretold that we should probably have to spend one night at least on the floes. Accordingly, we chose a spot at the base of an 'ice-hummock,' and began building a semicircular wall of snow, strengthening it with portions of broken ice, to afford shelter from wind. When completed, we ensconced behind this wall, and as nothing more could be done in such limited circumstances, lighted our pipes, and smoked away the time, patiently awaiting a change of weather.

A little later, the fog cleared away in one direction, and as the evening sun flashed out its farewell beams, we sighted the island of Jan Mayen in the distance, with the lofty volcanic peak of Beerenberg Mountain towering far above the clouds, and reflecting the rays of the parting sun from its snow-capped summit, which stretched upwards of six thousand eight hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea. Owing to a deceptive nature in the light, we imagined the island to be only a few miles distant, and as the direction of the ice-stream seemed progressing towards it, entertained strong hopes of reaching land, in the event of not being picked up by our friends; these expectations being strengthened by remembrance of the fact that, a few days previously, we had observed a strong body of ice around the island, increasing in extent by accumulation of pieces drifting to its outside edge, and amalgamating with it. Most earnestly did we trust that we were on one of these drifting portions, and that the current would enable us to join the land-surrounding ice, and thus gain more solid footing.

As night approached, the sun sunk in pale

gradations behind the ice-bound horizon, while between us and his fading rays nought could be seen save the shadowy forms of a few land-seeking birds. Soon, however, as if to compensate for the surrounding desolation, the stars shone through the clear ether with a brilliancy and grandeur I had never seen surpassed, while the ice at a thousand points reflected back star-images. Countless other stars likewise floated on the surface of the water, caused by the ice-motion disturbing millions of phosphorescent animaculæ. No sound broke the solemn silence, save that made by the water lapping against the ice-edge, or the shrill cry of a solitary bird longing for the companionship of its mates. Wrapping ourselves up as best we could, and lying close together for the sake of warmth, we soon sank to sleep, worn out by previous exertion.

The duration of darkness being limited in these latitudes at certain seasons, we awoke at daylight with stiff, benumbed limbs and wet clothes, our sleep having been very short. Large masses of white clouds, portending snow, hung overhead, and a cold, biting wind was blowing. We mounted simultaneously to the top of a neighboring hummock, to reconnoitre our position. No ship was visible, and, to our extreme alarm, we found that, owing to a change in the direction of the ice-stream, we had drifted considerably, and were every moment increasing our distance from the island. As the morning wore on, the wind again rose to a gale, and our motion through the water became more and more accelerated. Other masses of ice were driven with great violence against the floe on which we were standing, but as none appeared larger or more compact than the one we were on, we did not feel justified in abandoning it. Numbers of Burgomasters, Ivory Gulls, and Fulmar Petrels flew round every now and then with noisy screams and inquisitive gaze; large flocks of Kotges and Dovekies also passed on rapid wing, and, knowing from experience that these latter birds afford very good diet, I fired a shot among them, and brought down several, which we were hungry and glad enough to eat raw. The dry, warm feathers of these birds proved useful, as we hit on the expedient of stuffing them between our bodies and the wet portions of our clothes. Having quenched our thirst with pieces of freshwater ice formed from frozen snow that had previously been melted, we regaled on our pipes.

During the forenoon, a dark-blue line appeared on the horizon, indicating our approach to a large extent of open sea, free from ice, and the surrounding lanes of water increased rapidly in number, length and breadth. All hope of reaching Jan Mayen's Island forsook us; our only chance of escape now consisted in the event of being picked up by some vessel. A thick, heavy, blinding fall of snow commenced, adding greatly to our discomfort. We began also to suffer from long exposure to cold, and in vain endeavored, by exercise, to keep up a proper degree of circulation. Our skins felt rough and sore to the touch, our lips excoriated and painful, and our eyes became swollen, red, and highly injected with blood, and I was afraid that we should both

become snow-blind. In order to prevent such a calamity, being aware of the fact that it is not the quality, but rather the quantity of the light, exposure to which causes snow-blindness, I manufactured two pair of eye-preservers, by cutting four small round pieces of leather from my shot-pouch, leaving a narrow chink in the centre for the admission of light. This plan I adopted from having heard that the Esquimaux use wooden spectacles, on a somewhat similar principle; and from the use of these rude appliances we obtained the greatest relief.

An incident which occurred at this stage served to divert, at least for a while, our attention from more serious thoughts—namely, the appearance of a school of sword-fish playing in the water-lanes. We could not but admire the graceful movements displayed by these fish while disporting. Some times they shot with electric rapidity from the dark-green depths, while the waters hissed and sparkled around; at other times, they buried themselves in the trough of the swell, or chased each other in playful violence on the top. Suddenly, they all disappeared with a peculiar abrupt snorting noise; and their lengthened absence leading us to believe that they had taken themselves off for good, we began again our monotonous pacing, when a long-drawn sound, like that of distant surf, fell on our ears, and on rushing forward to the ice-edge to ascertain its cause, we found that it was due to the motion of a large bevy of seals, all endeavoring, with frantic efforts, to climb on to the ice on which we were placed. At first, I was quite at a loss to comprehend the cause of their fear, but the re-appearance of the razor-shaped fins and serrated weapons of the sword-fish, and the exclamation of my companion: 'It's the *saw-fish* that's *glyfing* them!' enlightened me on the subject. At first, the seals paid not the slightest attention to our shouts or gestures, which were quickly elicited by the not improbable supposition that the combined weight and struggles of these animals would help to break up the floe; but the report of my gun, which I had previously loaded with ball, and the death of one of their number, scared them to other neighboring ice. The seal thus obtained proved of valuable service. Before its body had time to cool, I cut a large slice of blubber from below its skin, which we 'bolted' with wholesale avidity. Any one who swallows a glass of cod-liver oil on a cold day, will feel an almost immediate increase of temperature all over his body, because the carbon, hydrogen and oxygen of that oil, in undergoing chemical change, quicken the respiration, and so give heat. This condensed seal-oil, alias blubber, was much more fresh, palatable, and agreeable than the rancid cod-liver oils of commerce, and produced a warm glow throughout our systems, which continued for some time, and undoubtedly fortified us strongly against cold. The skin, placed below us during the night, prevented the snow from wetting our clothes, and served through the day to shelter us from the wind; while the flesh would have afforded us food for many days.

Towards afternoon, a severe swell, rolling

beneath, caused the ice upon which we were placed to shoot upward and downward, while several heavy, dull-sounding reports in the immediate vicinity led us to conclude that the ice had begun to disintegrate. Portions of fractured ice were fretted off the floe edge, and we could feel a certain quivering motion below our feet, which soon changed into actual vibration. Although striving manfully to subdue each other's apprehensions, it became but too apparent that we were fast drifting out towards 'the houseless ocean's heaving field.' The nature of our feelings during this period was far too complex for any language to describe. Moments of natural weakness would now and then present themselves, as our forlorn situation became more and more impressed on our minds; but since the evil which threatened could neither be averted or subdued, we endeavored by all means within our power to prevent giving way to dejection. But we had not long time for passive reflection, for, with a violent crash, the floe broke up, and the liberated swell from beneath dashed and swayed round us in a caldron of seething spray. Although it was difficult to keep our feet without holding on to each other, and using the boat-hook to prevent slipping, fortunately, the ice did not turn over, nor did the swell reach so near as to wet us. All round, the eager waves lifted up their glancing summits, as if shouldering each other in panting anxiety to receive us. Fearful was the scene—it was full of grandeur. A wilderness of water stretched before us, and as the second night approached we drifted fairly out into it, while only small pieces of ice floated near. As long as the light lasted, we endeavored to secure as many of these as we could reach with the boat-hook, and piled them around the edge of our piece, in order to oppose as large a surface as possible to the action of the water. Although the drift-motion rather increased as we got further from the floes—which we surmised to be to the northward of our position—the swell diminished, and we thought, as the water had become comparatively smooth, that the sea had ceased to devour our little territory. Our fingers felt numb and stony from handling the ice, and it required powerful friction to prevent frost-bite; fortunately, we had taken the precaution not to wet our Shetland mittens, and these latter now became most serviceable. A tendency to languor and sleep was fast spreading over us, but, aware of the danger from this source, we only lay down singly to sleep, dividing the time by my watch into spaces of two hours; the 'party' whose duty it was to be awake receiving strict orders to use violence if necessary to waken the person asleep.

The night passed drearily enough over us. During the waking hours, it required our utmost fortitude to elevate us above the pressure of misfortune we were forced to endure; and in spite of our best attempts to banish solicitude, transient melancholy forebodings would every now and then come athwart our thoughts.

On the morning of the third day, a curious and sudden change took place in the temperature, ushered in by a peculiar quivering in the

air. The sun rose, and shot down abruptly upon us; the ice became slobbery and percolated with moisture; and we were subjected to a twofold danger, of which we had not the slightest previous conception. Hitherto, our danger had arisen from cold, wave-action, and ice-change; now, our chief peril arose from solar agency above, and from the influence of the Gulf-stream below. We were probably in one of the horse-shoe channels, where the warm waters from some branch of the Gulf-stream press upon the cold waters from the Spitzbergen seas. The meridian where these waters meet is very variable at different seasons, and the isothermal lines are shifting and unstable.

The same sun that was calling into being infinite varieties of animal and vegetable existences elsewhere, was melting away our only chance of life. Under the influence of the solar rays, the deceitful ice was simmering gradually but surely asunder; and the floe had now become a frail sheet between our feet and the cold depths of the polar sea. The *comp de soleil* of the tropics strikes down its victims with sudden and powerful stroke; but the northern sun was slowly consuming and rotting us to death. The noise of contending ice had given place to

A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound;

the pieces around were melting and disappearing all silently, nothing but some feeble bubbles struggling up to mark the spot where they had become merged into ocean; we were hanging like a drop still sun-gilt on the giddy edge of life, not knowing what moment the darkness would engulf us, or when the spark of our life would be extinguished in the deep of eternity. We looked up to the sky above, to see only light, fleecy clouds, fast dispersing before the sun; and down to the ice, slowly crumbling beneath our feet. Every thing seemed undergoing a process of change, and never before was the volatile, transient, and cloud-like nature of life more deeply impressed on our minds. The tranquillity of the scene was in immediate contrast with the struggles in our thoughts; its silence and deep repose served but to stamp the character of our impending fate more awfully on our hearts. Every object seemed to bear evidence of abandonment and desolation, and our resignation was fast giving way to despair.

The forenoon passed in midst of this distress, when a loud exclamation from my companion made me look towards the horizon, where the sails of a bark were visible coming up in our direction. As they drew near, we took off our outer clothes, hoisted the latter on the end of the boat-hook, fired shots from the gun, and made all the signals within our power to attract attention. We had soon the satisfaction of seeing that our signs were observed, as those on board the vessel hoisted a Hanoverian flag at her mizen, and then dipped it twice, as a token. A boat was lowered to go after us, and we were most hospitably received on board the bark, where we obtained every necessary comfort.

The captain spoke Dutch, but seeing me

shake my head, tried German; all I could answer, however, was: 'Es thut mir Leid, dasz ich jene Sprache nicht spreche.' I then essayed English; but he quite exhausted his store of that language by pointing to himself, and saying: 'I captain.' French, too, was equally useless. So, after a laugh, we gave up conversation. A chart being brought, he indicated by signs an intention to sail north-east. Having written a log on board the *Arrow* up to the day on which we had separated, I drew our former position, which was north-east by west of his course on the map—placing dots all round the figure, to indicate that we had been among seals—and had the pleasure of seeing the course quickly altered to that direction. We again entered the ice; and two days after sighted the *Arrow*, whose crew was still prosecuting, but with faint hopes of success, a search for us.

UNINTENTIONAL LYING.

THE reply of the old Scotchman to the Psalmist's exclamation, "I have said in my haste that all men were liars," which Dean Ramsay records, might be indefinitely extended. "Deed, Iauvit, my man, if ye had lived in this pairish, ye might have said it at your leisure," is true of all parishes. The amount of unintentional lying which every man, who can speak at all, utters every day, is precisely one of those social wonders which are too near us to be observed. Not mis-statements of fact through ignorance, which cannot properly be called lying, but the unintentional and harmless exaggeration which it has become the habit of society to use. When a Chinaman proclaims his emperor to be the elder brother of the moon, or insists that the house, his wife, his children, and all that is his belong to you, he does not intentionally lie. The custom of his country dictates such expressions as the equivalent of certain meanings, and it is those meanings only which he desires to convey to you. Among ourselves, the most obvious instances of this habit lie in the signatures of letters, in which a man professes himself to be the obedient servant of another man whom he never saw, and whom he, perhaps, cordially despises. Indeed, it is to be remarked, that when people begin to quarrel, these expressions of exaggerated courtesy are heightened a hundred-fold. Moll and Sal have a slight difference. Presently, Moll becomes Mary, with a look of reproach in Sal's face. Then Sal becomes Mrs. Somebody; and, finally, the two women hurl "Madam" at each other, and endeavor to tear out each other's back-hair. When Tom and Harry begin to address each other in letters as "Sir," it means that they are already in private consultation with a solicitor.

But the most common unintentional lying which exists everywhere, is the careless exaggeration of facts which are somewhat loosely fixed in the memory. There are some men who have won a brilliant reputation in society by experimenting on these vague limits. They are the story-tellers, who, with the main point of an occurrence in their mind, can crowd into the

picture chance lights and trifling points which make the central group tell. Who would quarrel with such delightful persons over the little bit of romance which they introduce to heighten the effect of their tale? Facts are very good in their way, but we can always get plenty of them; and, at the best, they are not very enticing fare. What we want in society is a skillful cook, who, by the exercise of a little discreet dressing, will serve up the plain elements of food in a manner to excite our surprise and pleasure. He must not over-do it. There are some bunglers who deluge the meal with a coarse sauce of their own, and the sauce is all that we see. When such men tell a story at a dinner-table, you will see the groundlings laugh, but the judicious will elevate their eye-brows; and, in the drawing-room, ask how S. or Z. could be such a fool as to tell such a —. Mr. Thackeray used to say that he did not tell a fib often, but, when he did, he lied boldly and well. What we cannot tolerate is the unnecessary lying of a man who tries to make people smile by an unmistakable "crammer." This is vulgar work. The true storyteller does not abuse that latitude which every body is inclined to give him. He plays about his subject with an artistic ease and grace, never permitting himself to go so far from it as to incur a charge of coarse invention. We allow him to change locality, dialect, and time. If he has told a story at one time about his uncle, we forgive him if he fathers it upon some notorious parliamentary man, who happens to be the subject of conversation. Only, he must not do so to the same people who heard him laugh at his uncle. Caution is necessary to the wittiest of story-tellers. As a rule, the stories which have any great fun in them, apart from the incidental peculiarities conferred upon them by the invention and wit of the story-teller, are very few, and seldom met with. Perhaps we know the facts of the funny anecdote which sets all the table in a roar; these facts are of the dullest and most common-place kind. *Per se*, they could not make any one laugh. Are we not indebted, then, to the skillful manipulator who transforms this worthless material into a luminous jewel of wit or fancy?

The man is not a liar; he does not intend to deceive. It is merely his good nature and his intellectual quickness which prompt him to amuse you by his playful exaggerations. He does not encroach upon your pocket like a begging-letter impostor, nor raise a feud between you and your friends like a mischief-maker, nor seek to serve any purpose of his own like the ordinary liar. He beautifies what he touches, for your delight. You might as well quarrel with the sun for altering the hue of the willows by a river-side, or impeach the veracity of the moon because, to make a beautiful picture, she hides away the squalor of a great town, and touches tenderly and lightly upon points which otherwise you would never have seen. If social conversation were to be limited to a bare statement of facts, what a lively pleasure we should have in each other's society! The most entertaining man among us would be the editor of the last new "Dictionary of Uni-

versal Reference;" and the favorite study of young ladies would be that charming volume, "Things not generally considered to be worth knowing."

There is another kind of unintentional lying which is very common. Men—and more especially women—who have neither the wit nor the good nature to please people by skillfully manipulating facts, permit to themselves a certain slovenly inaccuracy of statement in order to avoid the trouble of remembering.

"You have visited Paris, I suppose?" you ask.

"Oh, yes; a dozen times."

They do not actually intend you to believe that they have been to Paris twelve times, when perhaps they have not been in that city above six or seven times. Accuracy of statement costs the trouble of remembering; and when the thing is of little moment, they do not care to incur that trouble.

"You saw Patti in *Figlia del Reggimento* this last season?" you ask.

"Yes."

"Charming, was she not?"

"Delicious!"

Now, as it happens, it was Miss Kellogg whom the lady saw in the part. But then she had seen Patti, and many another singer besides, play *Maria* in former years, and she does not concern herself to remember whether it was really this last season that she was thinking of.

"Our two little girls are quite of an age," says one lady to another. "My Nelly was ten on her last birthday."

"Yes," says the other lady, carelessly, though her girl is nearly twelve; "and what a charming child she is!"

"Pleasant spot!" says an artist to his visitor. "Yes, I should think so. I painted the whole of this picture there out of doors."

The fact is, that a recurrence of wet days compelled him to make a succession of tentative sketches out of doors, while three-fourths of the real labor of the picture was executed inside. Is he going to stop half an hour to explain to a non-artistic person how that process is possible, and how the picture was got up? No harm is done, in the estimation of the persons addicted to this habit, by such rough, loose statements. Men who would not utter an intentional falsehood to prevent their ears being chopped off, let statements notoriously untrue escape them by the dozen, simply out of laziness and habit. They do not stop in the middle of a conversation to see that their hearer has not misapprehended what they have been saying.

"Well, perhaps he did think I said seventy instead of seventeen, when talking of the birds killed by the punt-gun. But what's the odds? He has forgotten all about it."

There is yet another form of unintentional lying which is common. It consists of those exaggerations into which some people are always hurried when they endeavor to impress you forcibly with the truth or magnitude or force of what they describe. Women are particularly addicted to this habit, perhaps because they find the men

around them so dull and unimpressible that a little additional vigor and color must be employed in awakening their intention.

"I know there are rats in the house," exclaims mamma, vehemently, "for the servants are continually telling me of them, day after day. The place is simply infested with rats, and we shall have them running over the drawing-room floor presently."

The foundation for this prophetic cry is merely that one rat has been seen twice by the kitchen-maid. But what would the florid person with gray whiskers, who sits at the head of the breakfast table, care or do in the matter if his wife limited herself to the plain facts of the case?

"Go to Mrs. Hillyard's!" she says, at another time; "I actually have not an article I can put on."

And yet go to Mrs. Hillyard's she does, and certainly not in the Paradisaical condition her words might lead a literal-minded person to expect. After all, this form of exaggeration comes into the same category as the Chinese hyperbole which we formerly mentioned. Nothing more is meant by the words than a certain pre-arranged equivalent. As we get acquainted with people, we discover how much they are addicted to exaggeration—what percentage we must take off every thing they say. There are some men (there never was a woman of the kind) who exercise an extraordinary circumspection over their talk, and who make every expression, as near as they can, an exact and literal equivalent of the corresponding fact. As a rule, they succeed; but occasionally they are hurried into the sweeping expressions which most of us are in the habit of using.

"Bah!" they cry, when no partridges are to be found, "there isn't a bird in the whole blessed country!"

We once heard a man of this sort reply to some exaggerations of his wife by saying, in an injured tone, "From morning to night you do nothing but exaggerate." Which was the bigger exaggerator?

Indeed, the most careful man cannot prevent himself being drawn into the utterance of these unintentional lies, at which society, by common consent, winks. The question is, suppose he could wholly cure himself of the habit, whether it would be worth his while. The chances are that he would worry his life out in trying to conform to a gratuitously unnecessary virtue.

A HOUSEFUL OF BABIES.

BEING at Antwerp—the city of Rubens—the other day, I strolled into an institution which the English residents call the Baby House. Possibly there are many establishments founded on similar principles in England—several certainly exist in London—but I have not seen them. What passed under my notice at Antwerp, therefore, was new to me, and perhaps it may be so to many of my readers. At all events, there can be no harm in setting it down in writing.

When the cholera ravaged some of the principal towns of Belgium, in 1866, Antwerp was one which suffered very severely; and this Baby

House is the memorial of the plague. Ladies and gentlemen devoted themselves assiduously to the work of nursing the sufferers and ministering to the wants of those who were bereaved. And when the disease passed away, it was resolved that, for the permanent alleviation of the troubles of the poor, all babes between the ages of fourteen days and seven years should be provided for at such times as their natural protectors were away from home, at work or otherwise.

At first, one cottage was taken and turned into a nursery, where the little ones were clothed, fed, nursed, and taught, for one halfpenny per day. Applications for admission increased out of all proportion to the room at the disposal of the promoters. House was added to house until the dividing walls of four had been pierced with doors, and one large nursery made. Here, throughout the day, up-stairs and down-stairs, in every room, there is a constant babble of children's tongues, and a perpetual pattering of little feet upon the floor. They are poor, half-fed, sorry-faced babes, most of them—thin of limb, attenuated in body, and suffering from disease of some kind or other, so that only very good Samaritans find the labor of nursing endurable. At six in the morning, the Belgian and Flemish mothers flock about the yard door, their wooden sabots clattering upon the pavement, while the wearers wait their turn to deposit their children. They have not to wait long; and, the little ones safely housed, the women go into the city to sweep the streets, or trudge into the country to work upon farms. The children are provided with iron cribs, which have flowing curtains. Those who can walk are placed in a large room, each in a garb belonging to the institute; and here they tumble about to the joy of their hearts. When any become sleepy, they are lifted into their cots, and slumber away the hours between meals. No child remains during the night. There is a capital contrivance in one room, by which the younger ones are taught to walk. A kind of wooden circus is constructed, and the children toddle round and round between the bars, like young colts under the hand of a trainer. Singing lessons are given to those who can talk; and youngsters of seven are taught to write in French and Flemish. The Froebel system is adopted in the classes with satisfactory results. The children learn to nominate the colors from painted balls; they draw in squares upon their slates, and work designs with colored paper and strips of wood. The most touching characteristic of the House is in the infants' room, where the youngest lie in their cots most of the day. Small lozenge-shaped tablets in the cot-head bear the names given by subscribers to the tenants of the cots. Many of them bear brief but touching records of sorrow, "words of hope, yet heart-break;" for the cots were given in memory of departed brothers or sisters. There is "The Little Susan;" next, "Our Brother Edward;" "The Legacy of Emma;" "The Inheritance of Olga." A brother and sister had endowed two cots, and the inscriptions were, "Our Brother Leonie;" "Our Sister Eulalie." As often as possible, children bearing the name inscribed on the cot

are put into it; so in one where the tablet was marked "Wolfgang" lay an infant of that name. He was in a deep decline. Four brothers and sisters had died in infancy from the insidious disease, and Wolfgang was born to a like heritage. The boy had a strangely sweet look of resignation on his infant face, and when the nurse lifted him up, he pressed his little head close to our breast. Nor would he have nestled less fondly in those arms, had he known that they were those of the "Adieu-nurse"—they display a wonderful amount of pathos in the choice of names, do these Flemings—who had carried to the "Silent Chamber" many a little one who was about to die. His turn must soon come; and cradled in arms as tender as mother ever had, he will receive the "Adieu-kiss"—another expressive technical phrase—and become heir of the better life in the better land.

After a few months in the Baby House, a wonderful change is perceptible in the appearance of the children; and to the munificence of the subscribers may be ascribed the training up of a little army of laboring men and women, who will be the better able to fulfill their duty in the world, because of the excellent nursing they are receiving in the Baby House. As to the material advantages that must accrue to the home when the baby is thus taken care of, and the mother left free to work, there is no need to speak here. All we have to do with is the babies.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

I WILL begin with some instances of the love of musical sounds among different animals. Dogs have very frequently displayed considerable appreciation for music. An instance or two of the kind have very lately come under my observation. Both of the facts which furnish the materials of this anecdote occur repeatedly, one of them nightly, in the winter season. For as soon as the moderator lamp is lighted and placed on the sitting-room table, a large dog, of the water-spaniel breed, jumps up and curls himself round the lamp. He never upsets it, but remains perfectly still. Now, my friend is very musical, but during the time the piano is being played upon, the dog remains perfectly unmoved, until a particular piece is played. He will not take the slightest notice of loud or soft pieces, neither sentimental nor comic, but instantly the old tune, "Drops of Brandy," is played, he invariably raises his head and begins to howl most piteously, relapsing into his usual state of lethargy as soon as this tune is stopped. My friend cannot account for this action of the dog in any way, nor can he learn from any source the reason of its dislike.

The wife of a hotel-keeper, lately deceased, who resided in Leicester Square, London, possessed a pet lap-dog which delighted in listening to its mistress playing on the piano. If the usual hour for her daily practice passed by, the dog would grow impatient, snap and bark, and be perfectly uneasy until the lady consented to gratify its wishes by sitting down to the instrument and playing a few tunes. The dog would sit mo-

tionless on a chair by her side, and when the music was ended, he would jump down quite satisfied for that day.

I knew of a cat which a farmer in Sussex had for some years, which showed the same appreciation for music. The farmer's son was extremely fond of this cat, and generally allowed her to sit upon his knee during meal times and in the evening. This young man perpetually whistled one tune only. It certainly must have made a lasting impression on the cat, for the young man emigrated to Australia and died. But five years afterwards (and I have this story on the authority of the old farmer himself), a lady came upon a visit, and sitting down to the piano, played over various tunes, and at last, accidentally, the very tune the farmer's son used to whistle to the cat. The effect was wonderful and instantaneous; puss rose up from the rug on the hearth, stretched herself, and in a state of the wildest excitement jumped about the room, until she alighted upon the piano itself, and ended her strange conduct by rolling upon the keys, meanwhile purring loudly with delight. This action of the cat brought to the old man a remembrance his lost Australian son, and quite overpowered him with grief for the time.

Dr. Wesley had a spider which showed a like love of musical sounds. Directly the piano was opened in the evening, and any one commenced to play, the spider would invariably descend from the ceiling and hover over the instrument as long as it was used; when, the performance being ended, it would reascend to its crack in the ceiling. It was not the mere vibration of the air which disturbed the spider, for far more violent disturbances failed to affect its sensitive frame. If the piano was opened several times in the evening, the same effect would be produced on the spider. This continued for some months, until a new housemaid one morning in her anxiety to show that new brooms sweep clean, swept away the insect.

I knew the same pleasure experienced by a donkey, whenever a concertina was played. It was discovered by accident; but was utilized by the animal's master. For the donkey was accustomed to browse in a meadow which opened into a coppice, and during the hot weather, probably to avoid the flies, the animal used to wander into this coppice, where, on account of the thickness of the brushwood, it was rather a difficult task to discover him when wanted. Having found that the animal was fond of music, though how the secret was first made known I cannot tell, instead of beginning a long search for him, a concertina was brought out of the house and played, when, in a few minutes, out of the coppice would come the donkey, racing along with tail erect, and braying melodiously meanwhile. He would then allow himself to be saddled.

Let me now notice two instances of the sagacity of the dog, which fell under my notice a few months ago. A farmer possessed a shepherd's dog which he used to take with him to the market at Bury St. Edmund's by train from Hadleigh, a small town in the same county, the distance between the two places being twenty-eight miles.

One day, by accident, the dog got shut up in a stable at Bury, after the close of the market, unknown to his master, who proceeded to the railway-station, where he first missed his dog. The train, however, was just entering the station, so there was no time to return to look after his dog; indeed, he was ignorant of his whereabouts. Vexed and annoyed, he journeyed home. He had never lost this dog before, and it was not only a most useful, but valuable creature. Upon going into the straw-yard a few hours afterwards to see that his horses were all right for the night, to his great astonishment, there lay his dog wagging his tail, as if nothing had happened out of the common way. The farmer was much surprised, and upon examination found that the dog was foot-sore and tired: he came to the conclusion, though at first he could scarcely believe it, that his dog had come the twenty-eight miles by road. Next market day he found from the ostler of the inn, that upon hearing a howling noise in the stable he went and opened the door, when immediately the dog bounded past him, and ran out of the yard, and was quickly lost to sight. It was clear he had run the whole distance at a great rate, and the truly marvellous part of the anecdote is that the dog had never been by road from Hadleigh to Bury St. Edmund's in its life.

A very similar event occurred to another dog belonging to a miller in the same country; it found its way back home from a place where it had been taken in a hamper by train, a distance of sixteen miles, and it never previously had left the miller's yard or premises since its birth, and it performed this distance in three hours and a half.

The following rather singular anecdote I have just had related to me by a person whose veracity admits of no doubt. A man was a few years ago exhibiting a ferret which showed such repugnance to rats, that it would run away from them instead of attacking them, as is their usual habit. Many persons would not believe that such a thing was possible, knowing how directly contrary such a proceeding would be to the savageness with which a ferret will pursue a rat; but in this particular case the man was right. A large temporary rat-pit would be made, and into it the ferret thrown, and directly afterwards four or five rats, when the ferret would run round the pit seeking to escape at every crevice, closely pursued by the rats, and no efforts of the spectators could induce her to turn and attack her followers.

The explanation of this apparent freak of nature is, that the ferret (it was a female) accidentally lost her young ones, and at the same time a nest of young rats was thrown into her pen for her to devour; instead, however, of her doing so, she suckled them, adopted them, and reared them; and she was never known to do them the least harm, though she continued to display her natural animosity to the race of rats in general. The spectators of the rat-pit scene were not told that the ferret's pursuers were her own foster-children.

I myself saw a singular instance of like kind. A cat at a well-known public house in our village lost all her kittens but one, and upon a young

wild rabbit being given her to kill and eat, she suckled it with her remaining kitten, and actually brought it up. I have frequently seen this rabbit, which seems to have become tame by the change of habits, going in and out of the tap-room of the public-house among the customers, perfectly unconcerned at the number of people noisily talking. This rabbit was accidentally killed by a strange dog coming in one day with his master.

I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN.

I do not care to remember how many years it is since the stage-coach set me down at the door of Dr. Bloxam's school with my two boxes. I know that I was a poor trembling little lad, cold and cramped with my long journey, and miserable at leaving home for the first time. I was thankful to be permitted to go up-stairs, and creep into bed in the large resounding sleeping-room, whither several of my school-fellows presently followed me. But I am not going to dwell upon the early days of my school-life; I pass on to the time,—some six years later, —when I had come to be one of the older boys in the sixth form.

Hilbrow Hall faced the high-road in front; but on the northside of its extensive buildings, there was a precipitous descent towards the Darkwater, a tidal river which flowed beneath. Several of the dormitories were built almost on the verge of this steep descent; but only the boys in the higher classes were placed in these rooms, as it was not considered safe enough for the younger ones. In the rear of the school-house, there was a narrow lane, which rose from the banks of the Darkwater to the summit of the hill at the back of the house, and then descended on the right, towards the lower parts of the town. During the summer months, the older boys were allowed to go down to the river before breakfast to bathe, provided they were back in time for morning school. Tony Brice, a boatman and an experienced swimmer, was always in attendance at that time, as a security against accidents. The proper way down to the waterside was across the play-ground, through the garden, and along the lane turning to the left. This, however, was rather a long way round; and so the favorite method of descent was a winding pathway, which led down the face of the precipice to the water's edge. There was no real danger in this descent in broad day-light, and with proper caution; but it would have been a fearful risk to attempt it in the dark, or even in the twilight. The feat was only once attempted, I believe, by a boy, who got out of one of the windows after hours, and was very much injured, as a reward for his fool-hardiness. The doctor, thereupon, threatened to have bars affixed to the windows, unless a promise were given, that no such thing should ever be hazarded again.

It speaks well for the feeling which prevailed in the school under the doctor's administration, that a simple promise on the part of the boys should have been deemed sufficient. But it was one of the doctor's peculiarities to treat his boys with a confidence, which never seemed to admit

the possibility of their abusing it. Another of his peculiarities in the government of the schools was the rigid determination, with which he exacted the most scrupulous neatness and order throughout the whole establishment. He was like a captain on board a man-of-war. He would have everything in its place. Nothing annoyed him so much as anything approaching to slovenliness or negligence. He reminded me sometimes of the answer an old woman once made to a gentleman, who was complimenting her upon the extreme neatness of her little cottage. "You know the old saying, Mrs. Brown, that cleanliness is next to godliness." "Yes," was her reply, "and far afore it, as I think." There was nothing prying or fidgety in the doctor's manner, only nothing seemed to escape his eye. It seemed to pain him to witness confusion or want of method. The consequence was that we all acquired the habit of putting everything in its place. Bats and stumps were never pitched down anywhere, when we came in from cricket. Caps were never tossed on the school-room table, for any one whom it may concern to put away. The foot-ball was not left out in the play-ground, when the game was over. The training we thus received was admirable, although we sometimes thought it rather a bore.

In the maintenance of this man-of-war-like discipline the doctor was ably seconded by a humble member of his establishment, whom I must now introduce to the reader. Mary Garnett was a bright, neat-handed servant, whose duty it was to attend upon the boys in the dining-hall at meal times. She was an unbounded favorite; although she contrived to exercise considerable authority. Many a lad was indebted to her for keeping him out of a scrape, for her vigilant eye never overlooked any stray article, which ought to have been put away in its appointed place. "Master Thornton," she would say, "Missus won't be best pleased, if she sees your wet towel lying on your bed." And away Thornton would hurry to repair the oversight, only to find that it had been done for him already. "Master Borlase," she would say again, "the doctor won't let you keep rabbits any longer, if you let them get out and run into the garden." And Borlase, in his turn, would be off in great trepidation, only to discover to his great relief, that the gardener had already received a friendly hint, and the offenders had been captured, and returned to their hutch. It was no wonder, therefore, that Mary was a great favorite, and that her quiet ways of keeping things straight were thoroughly appreciated.

It happened, that family affairs made it inconvenient for me to go home, the last Easter Holidays before I left Hilbrow. Borlase and Thornton were in the same position as myself; and so for nearly three weeks we were left very much to our own resources to find amusement and occupy our time. The doctor never accepted any invitations during the half-year, although he frequently entertained his friends at his own house. But in the holidays he availed himself of the hospitality of his neighbors. Our evenings therefore during that brief vacation were

often entirely at our disposal. A fair amount of liberty was permitted us during the day, so that we presented ourselves at meal-times; and our orders were to be within bounds by eight o'clock in the evening.

Amongst the day boarders who attended our school was a boy named John Crandon. He was universally known by the name of Jack. His father was a surgeon residing in the town, who had an excellent practice, and was extremely popular. Jack was intended for his father's profession, and was already beginning to learn it. It was his great delight to hold the patient's head whilst a tooth was being extracted. He was perfectly unmoved when witnessing the most excruciating agonies; not from any innate cruelty of disposition, but simply because he was himself almost insensible to pain. His father used to say, that he would have made a subject of his own hand or arm, rather than go without. And this was not altogether such an exaggeration as it would seem; for he had during several weeks an open wound in his leg, brought on by accident, which must have caused him intense suffering every time it was dressed; and yet he endured the oft-repeated torture without the quiver of a muscle. This young enthusiast had an old lumber-room at the top of his father's house, which he used to call The Museum; and thither he had conveyed, from time to time, a collection of the strangest odds and ends that were ever brought together in the same apartment.

The doctor's equanimity would have been seriously disturbed if, by any chance, he had ever crossed its threshold, and witnessed its wild disorder. A deal table near the window was covered with worn-out surgical instruments, which it was Jack's delight to sharpen for his own private anatomical studies. A tourniquet, carefully cobbled up by his own hands, was a special favorite; and it afforded him great pleasure to try it on any of his friends—who would submit to his affliction; and, in default of an accommodating patient, he would fasten it upon one of his own limbs, and screw it up to the utmost pitch of endurance. The skeleton of a cat grinned at the skeleton of a monkey on a shelf opposite the door; and he was fond of them exceedingly. Bones of every description strewed the floor indiscriminately. But his chief possession—the prize which distanced everything else in his estimation—was the hideous discolored skull of a man.

We spent many a happy hour in this unique studio with Jack, during the Easter vacation; staying there to the last moment, and then scampering home just in time to save our credit.

"Are you not afraid to come up here in the dark, Jack?" Borlase asked one day.

"Not a bit of it," was Jack's answer; "I'm not afraid of doing something far worse than that."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Why, I'm not afraid of coming up here in the moonlight; and with that murdering cove grinning at you, it is enough to make a fellow feel a bit queer, I can tell you."

"I say, Jack," Thornton said, after a few

minutes' silence, during which he had evidently been turning something important over in his mind, "do you think you could lend us that skull for a night or two?"

"What for?"

"For such a lark. I'll dress it up in my night-gown, and frighten cook and Mary."

"Stunning," we all exclaimed.

"I say, Jack," Thornton continued, "but you will lend it us, old fellow, won't you? You shall have it back all right."

As it was simply a question of unmitigated mischief, the result of our deliberations may be anticipated without much difficulty. A faded purple bag, profusely stained with pale brown spots by the many uses to which it had been applied, was produced by our host; and with the skull concealed therein, we set off home. The doctor was going out to dinner the next day, so we resolved to postpone our enterprise till the following evening. As it was nearly full moon, it would be just the thing for our purpose, if it should be a fine night. Thornton took the bag, with its contents, up into our bed-room, and hid it underneath his bed. The next day Dr. and Mrs. Bloxam went out to dinner, and only the cook, Mary, and our three selves, were left in the house. Borlase and Thornton went up-stairs to make their arrangements, and I remained alone in the dining-hall. We thought it would excite suspicion, if we all went up together into our room.

Their preparations were soon completed. The hideous skull was so placed in the full light of the moon, supported by a bolster tied round a cricket-bat, and dressed in Thornton's night-gown, that it seemed as if it were sitting up in bed. When all was ready, Borlase came quietly down the stairs, and I went up to see what they had contrived. Although I knew what to expect, I was very much startled as I entered the room, just as Oswald's clock tolled nine o'clock from the adjacent tower. There was something that almost terrified me in the ghost-like creature, which sat up in the bed staring at me, with the full light of the moon streaming in upon it through the window.

"I say, Thornton," I half remonstrated, "I'm afraid this is too bad."

"Never mind," was his answer; "it is too late to think of that now. It will be such jolly fun."

And so we picked our way noiselessly down the stairs, cautiously descending step by step. Borlase, after a while, rang the bell, and presently we heard Mary coming along the passage, carrying the tray with our supper.

"That's right, Mary," said Thornton; "I'm awfully hungry. What time will the doctor be home to-night?"

"Not till late, Master Thornton. He left orders that you were to go to bed at ten o'clock."

"How jolly!" cried Thornton. "Then we have nearly an hour. I say, Mary, you're a good creature! I wish you would go up into our room and fetch me a book you will find under my pillow."

"Yes, Master Thornton; but you had no business to put it there."

And off Mary tripped on her obliging errand; whilst we followed on tip-toe to the foot of the staircase. Presently we heard a most appalling shriek. The window of the room was thrown up with great violence, and a crash of broken glass was heard at the same moment. We all ran up stairs in the greatest alarm. The window was wide open, and the grinning wretch in Borlase's bed was swaying to and fro in the wind, which swept through the apartment; but Mary was no where to be seen. Our room opened into the next, and we rushed in, hoping to find her there. But not a trace of her was to be discovered. We ran down to fetch the cook, and she came up with a candle; but still no Mary was to be found. We procured additional lights, and went through the whole house. We searched every where. Every corner and cupboard were examined, as we wildly hurried from one place to another in our anxiety. We lighted a lantern, and pried into every nook and angle out of doors; going up and down the walks, and even amongst the rows of cabbages in the kitchen garden, in our trouble to know what had become of poor Mary. Stroke by stroke, the great bell of St. Oswald's tolled out ten o'clock, and yet no discovery had been made.

We did not dream of going to bed. White, trembling and cold, we sat over the cheerless dining-hall fire, waiting for, and yet dreading, the doctor's return. And a long, weary time it was, as we cowered over the dead grate, listening to the cook's stealthy tread, as she moved about in the silent passages. At length we heard the wheels of the doctor's carriage; at first in the distance, along the road, and then more distinctly, as they crushed the gravel in the approach to the front door. A startling ring awoke the echoes of the empty building; and cook ran to open the door, letting in a rush of cold night air, as the doctor and Mrs. Bloxam came in and passed on to their sitting-room. And then we heard the cook follow, and shut the door. Once more all was silent.

That miserable ten minutes of suspense! My mouth was parched, my head was burning hot, but I shivered with cold. Thornton sat as bloodless as a ghost. Borlase was silently crying, and I saw the drops trickle through his fingers and fall upon the fender. The doctor's door was opened, and cook came to us, saying, "The doctor wishes to speak to you."

"Jane," said Dr. Bloxam to the cook, as we entered, "go to Smithson at once, and tell him he must come up immediately, and he had better bring one of the other constables with him."

"And now, boys, tell me all about this sad business."

We told him the whole story, just as every thing had happened. He was very calm, allowing us to recount all the circumstances quite in our own way. He only interrupted us occasionally to ask a question or two. Much sooner than I could have thought it possible, Smithson arrived, and we had to tell all about our story over again in his presence. He did not speak a word until we had finished; and then he proposed that we should go up stairs with him

whilst he inspected the room. He went to the window at once, and looked out into the moon-light night.

"If she jumped out of this window in her fright she'll be found down there," he said, pointing with his finger down the descent. "Couldn't have stopped herself." "Scarcely think she could have done any thing so desperate." "If she went that way," still pointing downwards, as he peered into the gloom caused by the mists of the river, upon which the moon was shining, "she was mad when she did it, and she'll be dead now. Jim," he said to his subordinate, "get a lantern, and see if you can find any thing down there."

Jim went and fetched a lantern, and presently appeared beneath the window. We watched him, as he searched about with his light close to the ground. He did not succeed in making any discovery which helped us at all in our anxious investigation. I think it was Thornton who now whispered that he thought he saw something white, a little way down the face of the broken ground. We all thought we could see something, as soon as it was pointed out. Jim was there-upon told to go cautiously to the edge of the descent, and try if he could make any thing out of this object. He crept forward a little way, and then, stretching out his lantern in advance, its light fell upon a servant's white cap. Thornton gave my hand a grasp of silent agony, and poor Borlase sobbed aloud.

"Here, Jane," the doctor whispered, "take these boys to bed in another room. Smithson," he continued, "you had better come down at once, and we will go round and examine the path by the river side."

Smithson and the doctor descended the stairs; and we, poor lads, went to bed. I cannot describe that awful night. I shudder even now, as I recall it. It was hopeless misery. We had but the frames and hearts of young boys to bear up under an amount of terror which would have been almost too much for strong men to endure. We all undressed in silence, and crept into bed.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful?" cried Borlase, sitting up in his bed to listen, thinking he heard some sound; but all was quiet.

"Don't cry so, Borlase," I said, ready to sob outright myself; "we didn't mean it, you know." After a while, we fell off into a wearied, disturbed sleep.

When I awoke the next morning from my troubled slumber, I found that Thornton, already dressed, was just leaving the room. Borlase was still fast asleep, with his arm lying outside the coverlet; but the nervous twitching of his fingers seemed to show that he was disquieted with painful dreams. I was sitting up, trying to collect my thoughts, when Thornton burst into the room, shouting out, "Hurrah! Mary is found, and she's all right."

"Stop that, Thornton," I said, "and don't be such a fool."

Borlase had sprung up, and looking wildly about him, he said, "Oh, Thornton, you needn't — But what did you say? I didn't hear," he added, in an excited, imploring tone.

"Why, old fellow, I said that Mary is all right. I've just seen her in the kitchen, as fresh as a lark. She said to me, as soon as she saw me. Well, Master Thornton, you won't carry on such a game as this again in a hurry, I'll be bound."

Borlase turned round, and hid his face in his pillow; and when I went to him after a few minutes, and told him he had better get up, his pillow was wet with his tears.

In order to account for Mary's re-appearance safe and sound, it is necessary to remind the reader, that when we brought home the skull Jack had lent us, Thornton concealed the bag in which it was contained under his bed. Mary found it there, as a matter of course, the next morning. We might have known this, if we had given the matter a thought, for it was very unlikely it would escape her quick eye. She wondered, when first she discovered it, what in the world we wanted with it. She scented mischief in a moment; but what particular kind of mischief we had on hand she could not imagine. She had no doubt, however, that she should be able to find out, if she kept her eyes open. And so it happened, that whilst Thornton and Borlase were up stairs dressing their phantom, Mary was perfectly aware of their doings, and actually enjoyed a private view of their handiwork, when we had all come down into the hall after every thing had been made ready. Her own counterplot was promptly planned. With a semblance of the most perfect unconsciousness she answered our bell; and when, at Thornton's request, she went up stairs to fetch the book he had named from under his pillow, she uttered the loud scream which had alarmed us so terribly; and then running to the window, she threw it up. Her object in doing this was to render her temporary disappearance more unaccountable, as she had already arranged in her own mind a way of escaping our notice. One of the panes of glass was broken as she threw up the window, but this was an accident. At the same time her cap fell off, and a swirl of wind carried it beyond her reach. She concealed herself immediately behind the door; and when we rushed into the room, and passed at once into the adjoining chamber, she quietly came out of her retreat, and slipped down the stairs, leaving the house by the door which opened into the playground. On she went by the garden-walk into the lane, intending to run down to her mother's house, half an hour, until she thought we had been well frightened by her mysterious disappearance.

As she was hurrying down the lane, she passed the door of a young married friend. It was partly open, and, hearing her baby cry, she peeped in. Her friend was sitting up for her husband, whom she was expecting every minute. As his boat had come up the river with the last tide. Mary took the baby, and carried it about the room until it was quiet, but the mother, in the meanwhile, had fallen asleep.

Seating herself before the fire, with the baby on her lap, she became so drowsy as to be unconscious of the lateness of the hour. She was astonished and very much alarmed when the young sailor came in and told her it was past

one o'clock. He went with her along the lane, but they must have arrived at the school-house some time after the doctor and Smithson had returned from their fruitless search by the river-side. Looking up at the windows, and observing that all was quiet, she concluded that her absence had not attracted much notice. She returned, therefore, to her friend's house, intending to be back in time for her morning's work, and hoping that her explanation of what had occurred would satisfy Mrs. Bloxam.

It would be some two years after these events, that I went down to Fairmead to visit the doctor and my old school. I inquired for Mary.

"Poor Mary," said the doctor, "died about a year after you left. Fever broke out amongst my boys; and it was due, under the good providence of God, mainly to poor Mary's unremitting attention and devoted nursing, that it did not prove more fatal than it did. We only lost one—of whom we were beginning to form high expectations—young Borlase. You knew him. When the crisis seemed to have passed, he took a turn for the worse, and gradually sank. Poor Mary herself was the last to be attacked, and nothing could save her. A memorial in the church-yard was erected by the friends of the boys; and so large a sum was collected, as a proof of their gratitude, that her poor mother is beyond the reach of want, so long as she lives. You remember the fright she caused you, which you richly deserved. You did not know, perhaps, that the whole neighborhood would have been aroused the next morning to search for the missing girl, and that the drags were being made ready for dragging the river."

"No, doctor, I did not know that; but as long as I live I shall remember the wretchedness of that miserable night; and I have made a resolution, with respect to practical joking, that I will never have a hand in any thing of the kind again."

CLIPPINGS.

HARD hits in conversation are, in these days of slang, substitutes for wit, such rare tit-bits, that one would almost consent to be the assailed party to elicit them. Here is one by a lady of rank in French society, which was fired off point blank at an individual, whom we shall count happy or unhappy according as we regard him in the light either of a victim, or of a benefactor who causes a sprout of wit to grow where none was before. The patient was a doctor, who, at the end of a philosophical profession of unfaith, proclaimed his disbelief in a future existence, and was thus answered: "I am not surprised, Doctor, at your materialism, and that you should think your patients too effectually killed ever to come to life again."

How exclusively and religiously some men see the events of the world only as they can have any influence favorable or detrimental to themselves, is funnily illustrated in a story I have heard of a scientific celebrity. During his sojourn at Norwich for the British Association, the

thought struck him to take a round of the city incognito, after the manner of Haroun el Raschid, and endeavor to discover for himself how the proceedings of the Association were regarded by the inhabitants at large. Thinking a barber's shop was a likely place to discover the state of popular opinion, he entered one and desired to be shaved. As the operation proceeded he led the barber on to the topic uppermost in his mind, and presently asked point blank what the good people of Norwich thought of the Association, and whether they were not delighted at having among them so many clever fellows, especially as the honor brought with it so much profit. "Well, for my part," replied the barber, "I don't think nothing of it, least ways it aint profited me much. Two-thirds of these clever fellows don't shave, and the other third shave themselves." The Doctor paid his threepence, and returned home, if not wiser, in a decidedly more subdued frame of mind.

WHICH is correct—learning by *heart*, or by *art*? The former is the usual expression; but it is by no means clear that it conveys the intended meaning. He who impresses words or sentences or aught else upon his brain by rote, as it is called, uses some acquired or instinctive trick of mnemonics for the purpose. School-boys, actors, singers, and their likes, have various artifices for committing matters to memory, and their learning is by *art*; the heart has nothing to do with it. If learning by heart means anything at all, it certainly signifies a principle the very opposite of that it is used to designate—the profound acquirement of knowledge, the understanding of facts and experiences without regard to the symbols by which they are presented to the mind.

How completely we are the creatures of habit. Sailors are proverbial for their powers of climbing, and land-lubbers look with awe upon their feats among the rigging of a ship. Yet I saw some sailor boys the other day creeping, in the slowest and most timid fashion, down a steep sandy sloop near some gravel pits, and counting the descent as a perilous enterprise, though the children of the towns-people are accustomed to sport as freely, and slide as merrily, on the very same spot, as if they were lizards. The fear and caution of the sailors were ludicrous to a landsman—quite as absurd as would be his own first attempts at climbing to the topmast of a frigate. During a temporary mutiny of the sailors on board a troop ship, I once saw a party of artillerymen mount the rigging and begin to reef topsails in a gale. The sailors were shamed into returning to their duties.

A deeper reverse of fortune could hardly be imagined than that which has befallen the Foscari family. The King of Italy sent them £20 the other day to relieve their necessities, and a Venice paper states that they were recently competitors for the post of house-keeper of one of the palaces given by their ancestors as a school for high class instruction.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

NOTICES.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We desire short stories, elucidating the practical working and the teachings of Odd Fellowship. Will pay liberally for good stories of this character.

MISSING NUMBERS.—In order to complete his files, the editor of the COMPANION desires to obtain the numbers of the "Ark" and "Memento" mentioned below, and will be obliged to any Brother who will send him one of the missing numbers, with a notice of the price at which he values it.

The following numbers of the "Memento" are wanted: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9 and 12 of Vol. I; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12 of Vol. II; Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7, 9 and 12 of Vol. V.

The following numbers of the "Ark" are wanted: Volumes I and III; and Nos. 5, 8, and 9 of Vol. VIII.

OHIO PROCEEDINGS.—We also desire to obtain copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio for 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844 and 1848; and of the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Ohio from July, 1849, to January, 1850; for any of which we will pay a reasonable price.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications should be in our hands by the 15th of the month, to insure their insertion in the following number of the magazine. An observance of this rule by all of our contributors will place the editor and the publishers under lasting obligations.

The month and year appearing in the printed address after the name of subscribers denote the number with which the subscription expires. No magazine will be sent after expiration of the subscription, unless orders for its renewal are received.

THANKS.—We are under obligations to Grand Master James Lachlison, of Georgia; Grand Representative M. S. Dowden, of Kentucky; Grand Secretaries James B. Nicholson, of Pennsylvania; A. I. Cohen, of Victoria; John B. Dicks, of Mississippi; and Josiah Folger, of Louisiana; and to Grand Scribe C. B. R. Colledge, of the District of Columbia, for copies of printed proceedings of their Grand Bodies and other documents; and to Mrs. James M. Fuson, of Worthington, and David Overdier, P.G., of Columbus, for numbers of the Ark.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. P., Jefferson City, Missouri, writes: "I hold a traveling card, dated last year, and desire to know if the order for the T.P.W. would be good for the second year, the card not having expired." The order which you received with your card calls for the T.P.W. for 1868, and that P.W. will entitle you to admission in 1869, as long as your card is in date.

S. M. S.—Question—"I removed from the place where my Lodge was held, neglected to take my card, was expelled for non-payment of dues, and the Lodge has since been discontinued. How can I regain my membership?" Answer.—If the defunct Lodge of which you were a member was located in Ohio, send to Grand Secretary Earl, Toledo, Ohio, the amount of dues your Lodge charged for one year, accompanied by evidence that you desire to unite with a Lodge in your vicinity, and by a recommen-

dation of your character, signed by the officers of that Lodge. Bro. Earl will thereupon send you a certificate of restoration.

J. G., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The missing January number has been mailed to your address. A magazine is mailed to each of our subscribers every month, but it will happen that some miscarry, and others are "appropriated" by unauthorized parties. We invariably make good any losses of this kind, as soon as notified of the non-arrival of any number.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE following books or pamphlets have been received, and will be noticed more fully, if time and space permit:

Onward, for the Youth of America, conducted by Captain Mayne Reid. Monthly. New York: Carlton.

Ohio Educational Monthly; a Western School Journal. No. 1. of Vol. X. Columbus, Ohio: E. E. White. \$1.50 per annum.

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 1869. Rochester, N.Y.: James Vick.

GRAND SECRETARY JAMES B. NICHOLSON.

Past Grand Sire James B. Nicholson, who, through his earnest devotion to Odd Fellowship and his eloquent orations in its behalf, has won as high a place in the estimation of the Order as any other Brother, has been appointed the successor of Bro. Curtis as Grand Secretary of Pennsylvania, after Grand Warden John B. Spinner declined the position on account of ill health. We hope that the acceptance of this responsible office will enable Bro. Nicholson to devote his entire energy and great talents to the cause for which he has already done so much.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

We desire to call the especial attention of our readers to the article of John W. McQuiddy in the Indiana Department of this number. It points out one of the greatest dangers which our Order has to encounter, and a danger which can only be averted by the most unrelaxing vigilance on the part of each Subordinate Lodge or Encampment.

GRAND INSTRUCTORS IN ILLINOIS.

Grand Master J. Ward Ellis has appointed the following Grand Instructors:

A. S. Barry, P.G.M., of Lodge No. 2; H. S. Herr, P.G.M., of Lodge No. 77; John P. Foss, P.D.G.M., of Lodge No. 55; Samuel Willard, Grand Secretary, of Lodge No. 6; J. F. Alexander, P.G.M., of Lodge No. 3; John Lake, P.D.G.M., of Lodge No. 31; T. W. Floyd, D.G.M., of Lodge No. 220; T. B. Needles, G.W., of Lodge No. 37; J. E. Starr, P.G.M., of Lodge No. 269; John A. Bush, P.G.W., of Lodge No. 21.

We are indebted for the above list to the "Memento" for December.



W M. CURTIS, P. G. R.,

LATE GRAND SECRETARY AND GRAND SCRIBE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The late Wm. Curtis, long and widely known as the R.W. Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the I.O.O.F. of Pennsylvania, whose sudden demise on the morning of December 27th, 1868, was another reiteration of the everlasting truth, "that in the midst of life we are in death," was born on the 9th of May, in the year 1812, in Burlington County, New Jersey, his parents being "Friends" of the straightest sect, in whose faith he was reared; and the garb of this sect he wore in his youthful days. In his eleventh year his parents removed to the city of Philadelphia, in which place he received such education as the schools at that time afforded, and when of proper age he was bound an apprentice to the trade of comb-making, then a very profitable business; but by the time his term of apprenticeship expired, sad inroads were made on the profits of the business, by the improved machinery invented and introduced in the Eastern States. For a time manual labor in this, as in other branches, struggled unsuccessfully with

the more rapid and ultimately the more perfect combination of steam and ingenuity. Though esteemed a superior workman, in a few years he found it impossible in this business to meet his increasing responsibilities, and he was compelled, like many others at that period, to turn his thoughts to something else than the trade at which he was an acknowledged proficient. The political field was then as now the place to which aspiring men frequently turn; he became an active member of the Democratic party, in whose ranks he remained through all its changes. When yet a very young man, he was elected Collector of Taxes in the Old District of Northern Liberties, which responsible position he held for several years. Some years since he was Chief Clerk for the City Commissioner and previous to that appointment he filled the responsible office of Deputy Naval Officer under the administration of President Pierce.

On the 17th of May, 1832, he was initiated by dispensation in Heneosis Adelphon Lodge, No. 28, I.O.

O.F., being then but 20 years and eight days old. On the 6th of September of the same year, he was elected Secretary of the Lodge; on the 5th of December, 1833, he was elected V.G., and also Trustee of the Lodge. On the 6th of March, 1834, he was elected N.G.; on June 9th, 1834, his certificate entitling him to membership in the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was received and acknowledged; but the records of the Grand Lodge show that he did not present himself for admission till the meeting of January 28th, 1835. In July, 1838, he was appointed Grand Guardian. In June, 1840, he was elected Grand Secretary.

On the 22d of March, 1839, he received the Patriarchal Degree in Mount Olive Encampment, No. 6; on the 29th of the same month he obtained the G.R. and on April 5th he became a member of the R.P. Degree, and was installed Scribe of the Encampment June 21, 1839. On the 1st of April, 1842, he was installed C.P., not having served either as Junior or Senior Warden. On the 1st of August, 1845, he took a permanent card from Mount Olive Encampment, and became an active member of Siloam Encampment, No. 17, to which he belonged at the time of his decease. Shortly after his election as Grand Secretary, he was elected Grand Scribe of the Grand Encampment. He was also a Past Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

When Bro. Curtis was elected Grand Secretary, Odd Fellowship was an obscure organization, comparatively limited in its operations and small in numbers. In a few years the increase of the Order everywhere was great, but in Pennsylvania it far exceeded the fondest expectations of the most sanguine, and although it would be unfair to allege that this increase was exclusively to be attributed to any single individual, yet it is unquestionably true, that the suavity of our departed Brother tended in no small degree to render the Order popular with those having business with him, and particularly was this felt by our Brethren from the interior, when they visited the Grand Secretary. In the remote districts, the fraternity often had obstacles to overcome and difficulties to surmount with which the City Lodges never had to contend; in such cases the encouragement and counsel of the Grand Secretary cheered the desponding, and confirmed the doubting. Under every circumstance he was an agreeable and faithful officer—as a companion genial in every sense. To the deserving he was the truest of friends—in prosperity or adversity he was ever the same, and the native goodness of his heart was so thorough, that, though frequently deceived, to his dying hour it was never hardened against the claims of the distressed, whether pecuniary aid or advice were needed.

Since the 17th day of May, 1832, when the youth of but twenty years voluntarily took upon himself the obligations of Odd Fellowship, it has steadily advanced to its present grandeur and present power, we hope, for good, and its steady, but rapid progress has been under his immediate supervision. The name of every Lodge, the date of its organization,

its number, location, and its membership were all familiar to him, which necessarily gave him an influence in the Order in Pennsylvania, that no other man not similarly circumstanced could possibly have, and rendered the duties of his office easier than they can be to his successor for years to come.

His system of order in the discharge of the duties of his office, native and acquired, enabled him at all times to have his books and papers in such condition that evidences and explanations were always promptly produced and given, and the millions of money that have passed through his hands during his incumbency, have all been faithfully paid over, while for many years no security was required or given for his intromissions.

Bro. Curtis was a member of Mount Moriah Lodge, A.Y.M., and of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Pennsylvania. In fact, he was a member in good standing of almost every Secret or Beneficial Society in Philadelphia, but none of them all absorbed his attention to the same extent as our own beloved Order.

In all the Order in our jurisdiction, none has fallen or can fall asleep, whose death has been, or will be, so universally lamented. The suddenness of the call, from its unexpectedness makes it the more impressive and the more solemn. Had disease with its wasting hand been laid on him, there might have been a premonition—a heralding of the sad event, exciting fears and doubts concerning him; but in the midst of activity, health and usefulness, at his post, zealously at work on the eve of a grand commemoration, such as we anticipate—to be taken away makes the lesson doubly impressive, and it is wisdom in all to listen to the admonition: "BE YE ALSO READY."

LIFE INSURANCE.

The most practical and most thorough, and therefore most influential, among the great men who shaped the destiny of our country in its infancy, was undoubtedly Benjamin Franklin; and his practical, homely wisdom soon discovered the necessity of life insurance. "A policy of life assurance," he says, "is the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family. It is a strange anomaly that men should be careful to insure their houses, their furniture, their ships, their merchandise, and yet neglect to insure their lives, surely the most important of all to their families, and far more subject to loss." That this view is becoming general, is shown by the large number of life insurance companies springing into life, and the amount of business they are doing. A further evidence is the rapidity with which the so-called beneficial or mutual aid associations were formed among the members of our Order, as well as among those of similar organizations, after attention had been called by our press to the association connected with Protection Lodge, in Newark, New Jersey—the pioneer in this field, if we mistake not.

These mutual aid associations, as our readers

know, are in reality mutual life insurance companies, and we regard them as by far the cheapest and safest medium for effecting such insurance that is now open to the public. Let us look at the facts in the case. Experience has shown that the rate of mortality among our members is about one per cent. per annum—in most jurisdictions below that in ordinary years. Consequently, it may be assumed as probable, that in an association of a thousand members, ten will die each year. In such an association, an assessment of one dollar per member at each death would produce an insurance of one thousand dollars at a cost of ten dollars; and if you add twenty-five cents at each death for expenses—which is very ample—it makes the entire annual cost of a policy of one thousand dollars only twelve dollars and a half a year, without reference to the age of the insured at the time the insurance was effected. Now let us see what life insurance companies would charge for a similar policy. We have before us a table* showing the rates of eleven leading companies for a life policy for one thousand dollars, from which we copy the following table, showing the annual premium charged by each of these companies, if the insured at the time of his application is respectively 21, 35, 45 or 60 years old:

Names of Companies.	21.	35.	45.	60.
Travelers of Hartford	12.50	18.97	28.10	58.00
Universal	14.92	19.78	28.67	60.83
Washington, N. Y.	15.26	22.85	33.17	66.19
Phoenix Mutual, Hartford	14.93	22.35	32.45	64.75
New York Life	14.64	22.20	30.72
Union Central	12.67	18.92	28.04	57.84
Germania, N. Y.	15.87	23.59	33.14	67.48
Hahnemannian, homeopathic	13.20	20.00	27.65
Hahnemannian, allopathic	14.65	22.20	30.70
Widow and Orphans' Fund, Nashville	19.60	26.86	36.73	68.31
Mutual Benefit, N. J. ...	18.20	27.50	37.30	70.00
Connecticut Mutual ...	17.91	27.50	38.00	78.40

The rates of all but the last three companies are for policies without participation in profits; the rates of the three last named companies entitle the holder to a participation in profits, and these companies will take an interest-bearing note for about one-third to one-half of the premium, so that the cash they demand does not vary much from the premium paid to the other companies, unless misfortunes should compel them to collect some of the notes.

Thus we see that when the applicant for insurance has reached the age of thirty-five, the cheapest of the above companies will charge him nearly fifty per cent. more, than an insurance for the same amount would cost in associations such as are now being formed every where among our members, and these

* This table was compiled by Grand Representative Joseph Dowdall, who is a practical underwriter, and we are under obligations to him for permitting its use.

rates increase very rapidly with the years of the person desiring insurance.

But there is one very important item, in which the insurance companies offer greater advantages than most of our associations—the amount for which a Brother can insure his life with the latter is a very limited one, because their membership is small, and in most instances they are local institutions, who will not accept members unless they reside in their city, county or district, as the case may be, and consequently will never be numerous. In some of the jurisdictions the Grand Lodges have organized State Societies of this kind, and they should exist in every jurisdiction, thus affording every member an opportunity of insuring his life for a reasonable sum, at the cheapest possible rates.

We should be pleased to hear the opinion of some of our thinking men on this subject.

A NOBLE THOUGHT.

The establishment of a school for the orphans of members of the Order has for some years been the subject of earnest discussion in Pennsylvania, as in other States. At the semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge in November last, a committee, appointed for that purpose, made a lengthy report, proposing an amendment to the by-laws of the Grand Lodge, which provides for the appointment of the "Board of Managers of the Odd Fellows' Educational Institute of Pennsylvania," and for the collection of a per capita tax upon every member in Pennsylvania, for the purpose of producing a fund for the endowment of such Institute. The report was printed and forwarded to the various Lodges, and it is hoped, will be adopted at the approaching annual session in May.

A few of the Brothers in Pennsylvania have, as will appear from the annexed circular, conceived the thought of celebrating the approaching semi-centennial anniversary in the noblest manner that we can conceive. They propose that each Odd Fellow in Pennsylvania, shall, on or before the first of April next, voluntarily contribute one dollar toward the endowment of the Institute in question, thus at once giving that enterprise a capital of over sixty thousand dollars. We earnestly hope that the appeal of these Brothers will meet with a most generous response.

The following is the appeal referred to, which was presented at the semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania by Grand Treasurer Muckle, and the accompanying resolutions adopted:

To the M. W. Grand Master, Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, I. O. of O. F.

SIRS AND BROTHERS:

We are rapidly approaching an important period in the age of our beloved Institution, and fully aware of this interesting fact, and alike alive to the necessity of the proper observance of this, the Grand National Celebration, on the occasion of the Semi-centennial Anniversary to be held the 26th day of April, approximating; the Grand Lodge of the United States, with great consideration, and after mature

deliberation, have determined to make it the great event in the history of the Order.

For this important purpose, it has appointed a thorough-going Committee commensurate to the task, determined to make it a grand success, and an imposing demonstration, such as has probably never been witnessed in any one city upon the American continent.

Philadelphia, our own beautiful city—styled the city of Brotherly Love—may well be proud in being so conspicuously honored as the favored locality in which it has been decided that the present celebration shall be held.

Orations, processions, music and other exercises of a similar character, will be the order of the day—in a word, it will be a grand jubilee—or day of rejoicing and happiness among the Brotherhood throughout the entire land.

Amidst the whirl of pleasure let us not forget the duties imposed upon us; many of which have been faithfully attended to during the past half-hundred years—while others—among which we may mention the care and education of the Odd Fellows' orphans—has not received at our hands that attention which the subject merits.

Let us then, on this occasion of the coming anniversary, as a befitting memorial of the appreciation in which we hold the Order, rear a monument which will endure for ages and be a credit to the Odd Fellows of Pennsylvania, and an honor to the Institution at large, by tendering upon the Altar of our Lodges as a free will offering, a voluntary individual contribution of the small sum of *one dollar* each.

If this is done between to-day and the 28th of April next, there would be raised at one single effort the handsome sum of over \$60,000, as the commencement of a fund for the erection of an appropriate home for the orphan child of the Odd Fellow.

Brethren, we make this appeal to you for the honor of the Order. We make it on behalf of the fatherless orphan.

Respectfully and fraternally submitted,

Wm. Curtis, G. Secretary. Rudolph Essen, No. 106.
M. Rich. Muckle, G. Treas. Saul. N. Foster, No. 190.
Jas. B. Nicholson, P.G.S. C. N. Hickok, D.D.G.M.
Jno. M. Stokes, P.G.M. of Bedford County.
J. B. Springer, G. Warden. P. Lowry, Jr., No. 572.
Absalom Taylor, No. 144. John I. Noble, No. 368.
W. Reifenyder, No. 538. J. Bingham, Jr., No. 127.
Chas. C. Burns, No. 61. C. W. Ridgway, No. 29.
Wm. Stejman, No. 113. J. Alex. Simpson, P.G.M.;
John G. Moxey, No. 4. No. 110.
I. A. Sheppard, No. 229. Saml. F. Gwinner, D.G.M.
E. S. Rowand, No. 296. Thos. R. Davis, No. 188.
J. W. Hopkins, No. 271. Adam H. Dietrich, No. 38.
Henry Russell, No. 7. Chas. F. Jones, No. 115.
H. Kunsig, No. 95. J. C. Maguigan, No. 46.
J. Rothermel, No. 21. F. M. Rea, No. 89.
Paul Ketterlinus, No. 189.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge issue a circular appealing to the Brotherhood throughout our vast jurisdiction, to contribute the sum of *one dollar* each, on the approaching Semi-centennial Anniversary in April next; the collection so made to form the nucleus for a fund to be applied to the erection of a Home for the Orphans of Odd Fellows.

Resolved, That such contributions be forwarded through the Lodges with which the Brethren are connected as members, on or before the first day of April, 1869, to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

VIRTUE does not give talents, but it often supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue, nor supply its place.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

BY REV. A. B. GROSE.

Among all the names of wondrous power, beauty and tenderness given to our Heavenly Father in the Book of Books, there is none that seems to me so peculiarly full of compassionate, loving kindness as "the Father of the fatherless" and "the widow's God." "I AM that I AM"—"Jehovah" that was, is, and is to be, or the Always Being—"the Lord God Omnipotent"—all full of awful sublimity and power—down to the simpler and more common, "God," the Good, and that name of infinite affection, "Our Father," "the Father of spirits"—are all general in their character. But there is intimated a special care, affection and tenderness, subjoined or super-added to an infinite Parent's love and providence, making Him appear still more tender and pitying toward those helpless and bereaved ones, in the declaration that He is "the Father of the fatherless" and "the widow's God." It is as if He said, "My wisdom and goodness, inscrutably to you, saw it necessary to remove your companion and earthly head, to leave you destitute of a natural helper and supporter, to put lover and friend in darkness far from you, and leave you in gloom and solitary; and, therefore, I draw nearer to you, and draw you nearer to me, that henceforth I may be more consciously your God and more your Father than heretofore. We are now united, by this very bereavement, in a new, closer, and tenderer relationship, in accordance with which you are to rely more upon me, and I am to provide for you all, and more and more abundantly than any earthly father and husband could have done."

Whether this peculiar title means as much to other minds and hearts as it does to my own, all will admit it to be beautiful and tender; and I dwell on it at this time in reference to one of the great duties assumed by our Order—the care of our widows and the education of our orphans.

For a time, and in some of our States, these great duties probably have not received the attention properly belonging to them. They were indifferently or only fitfully performed. The Lodges seldom had committees especially charged to inquire into the wants, and to look after and report the circumstances and conditions, of these sacred legacies left to our care. The lone widow felt, and was in part allowed to feel, that the ties which had bound her and her little ones to our Order had been severed utterly, and forever ceased to exist, by the death and burial of the husband and the father. Or, when compelled by want, and impelled by some remembrance of the past, to go to those who had been Brothers, she had to submit to the bitterly humiliating attitude of a seeker and a suppliant, instead of being sought out and supplied without personal solicitation. And however cheerfully and liberally her cry was answered and her wants relieved, the humiliation that preceded made our bounty seem like alms and herself like a beggar; and the very idea, however wrongly

entertained, undoubtedly prevented not a few from ever applying.

Nor was our care of the orphan much better managed in such cases. Where the idea of education obtained that it meant only (what a Lord Mayor of London is said to have toasted as "the three R's") reading, writing and arithmetic, the establishment of a system of common school education by the State seemed to supersede all performance of the duty by the Order. But such idea was wrong, of course. Education is not *all* imparted in public schools. In fact, but a very small, though important, portion is given there. No parent worthy of the name deems the mere elements of, or means for, education imparted in the school-room to be education itself. And as our Order, on the death of the father, takes his place in regard to the education of our orphans, so should we see to it that they receive that education of home, and play-ground, of business habits, and moral training, of school and church, of body, mind and heart, which will prepare and fit them for all their duties in society, and dispose them to fill their fathers' and mothers' places in every relation in life, when they attain manhood and womanhood. Hence, even in those States that have the very best system of public schools, Odd Fellows should never withdraw their watch-care and educational guardianship from the children of their deceased Brethren. They are the wards of the Lodge to which their fathers belonged—the orphans of our Order—and should be so cared for and guided that they will always feel that they belong to us, are of us, and, when they attain proper age and position, will become members among us. Oh, what a vast field is here—what a mighty host of accessions does each generation offer to our swelling ranks! May we not hope that our Order every where will so conduct itself that we shall have "Odd Fellows of Odd Fellows," "even unto the third and fourth generations?"

The proper care of the widow and education of the orphan appears to be growing in importance in our estimation and practice. Faithfully as it has generally been attended to—eminently *efficiently* as it has been performed in a few of the States—it is about to be greatly improved by the participation of women in our obligations and duties, and the active direction about to be imparted to our practical operations by the Daughters of Rebekah. The institution of Degree Lodges of this Degree, embracing wives, widows and mothers, as well as husbands and fathers, will give increased activity and efficiency in the direction of the widow and the orphan, as well as in that of needy and suffering households. Woman's greater tact and sensibility will soon perceive and supply defects in our present methods, and search out and open new avenues to a full and free brotherly and sisterly, filial and parental intercourse between the Lodge and its sensitive, shrinking, timid widows and orphans. And aided by this *new sense*, which only woman has, and which now, brought into the Order's service, will give us a clearer view of our

duties, *all* will feel that each is a part of Odd Fellowship, giving and receiving aid and benefit, not as an alms, or a gracious condescension, but as a right, a duty, and therefore a mutual interest and blessing.

And now, to recur back to our introductory remarks on the special title and relationship of God to the widow and the orphan—"the Father of the fatherless" and "the widow's God." The imitation of God's perfections constitutes *likeness to God* in man, or God-likeness, from which comes our common English word, *godliness*. It is often said that Odd Fellowship is not a religion, is not Christianity; and, in the ordinary and distinctive sense, this is correct. But every Odd Fellow can be, and should be, God-like, or godly, in the faithful performance of every duty and obligation enjoined by our Order, that is also made obligatory on us as the children of our Heavenly Father. Every one is bound to imitate God's perfections—to be perfect, and merciful, even as our Father in heaven is merciful and perfect—to seek after and grow more and more in the God-likeness.

If God himself—the Great Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, and Lord God Omnipotent—deigns to be peculiarly compassionate, and tender, and loving to the widow and the orphan, why should not we, poor mortals allied to these bereaved ones, and liable to leave our little ones orphans in the world—why should not we imitate that special carefulness and tenderness, in glorious God-likeness, as humble, reverent, humane Odd Fellows? Let not our care and our fellowship for these precious jewels in our Order be withdrawn, or even relaxed, for one moment. Let the Daughters of Rebekah—our wives and widows, now (and to become) active in our Order, see to it that by their inspiration an increased ardor shall glow in the hearts of our Brethren in this direction, until every where Odd Fellowship shall be known as the home of the widow and the orphan.

ETHICS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

NO. II.

BY REV. A. W. BRUCE, F.G.R.

We closed the previous article with a view of the sphere of social or associated sympathy, having for its basis Brotherhood, uniting men for purposes of benevolence and philanthropy, and teaching that grand toleration and charity illustrated in the G.R. Degree. Men have the same social rights, and are held to like duties. Man must acknowledge, since these are the same sort of beings as himself, standing in the same relations to the same objects and ends, that they have the same claims on him that he has on them; if their freedom to gratify their desires ought to cease when it would interfere with equal freedom on his part, then should he never push any natural prerogative of his beyond the terminus where it would transgress the corresponding prerogative in them. This is clearly the course of action which ought always to be followed. But so aggravated are the temptations that allure men to violate this law of duty, that in all ages it has been

found necessary to reinforce the sympathetic sovereignty of conscience by artificial means; to supplement the interior sway of authoritative principles with a corresponding exterior show of commands, backed up by a power to enforce them. This supplementary reinforcement in ODD FELLOWSHIP consists of the collective and impersonated authority of its supreme government, which expresses itself in the art of legislation, taking the science of public morals as its basis, illustrated in the beautiful teachings of its Ritual. Conscience, throned in the breast, points out the requirements of private duty, and enforces them with bestowals of satisfaction as well as rank. Through the operation of sympathy, the same discreet grades of motives first perceived within, with their ascending and descending degrees of authority, are afterwards reflected from without over the social world. Then Brotherhood, being the conscience of the association, points out the requirements of individual duty, and enforces them by mutual watch-care, with the imperative sanctions of law.

This view of the basis and functions of our Order may be made clearer. The personal desires out of which the manifestations of individual selfishness spring being indispensable to life, and acting with simple directions, are more constant and vehement in their influence than the compound faculties of sympathy and reflection, out of which the impulses and restraints of morality spring, which are secondary and indirect in their action. Therefore, in the spontaneous order of things, the individual will seek his own good without any concern for the good of the whole, or of his neighbor, and in case of a conflict, will deliberately sacrifice the latter. But, regarded from a superior point of view, it is obvious that the good of the individual is incidental and subordinate to the good of the whole. Individuals themselves perceive this as soon as intellect and sympathy are sufficiently advanced to free them from the blinding tyranny of selfishness, and enable them to take a disinterested survey of the human landscape. They perceive that unless the freedom of each to exercise his faculties be limited by the similar freedom of all, there will be incessant encroachments and conflicts, the weak will become the victims of the strong, turbulence and ruin will prevail. But, at the same time, they also find that the individual, if left to his own action, will frequently, under the intense solicitations of his lower propensities, trample down the commands of conscience, break the law of equal rights, take advantage of his weaker neighbor, and prey on the general good.

ODD FELLOWSHIP aids in meeting this emergency in a sense higher than is known to state or national governments. It combines, in accordance with the gregarious instincts of human nature, to give oracular voice to ideas of common rights and duty in associated enactments, and in the evolution of fraternal principles, clothing its Lodges with power to enforce its laws, and compel every Brother, if need be, to observe the limits thus laid down. In so doing,

they are inspired by an instinctive reverence for persons who obey the highest motives and embody the grandest traits, with an equally instinctive detestation of persons who, from mere opposition to secret societies, yield to base motives and embody contemptible qualities under the garb of zeal for religion. Our Order, then, is an organized system of checks imposed by all on the selfishness of each. Born out of reverence for the very miseries incident to a common lot—for the higher forms of character and conduct so seldom displayed by more sacred pretensions, and indignation against the meaner forms—it is the natural device of a sympathetic society to secure the mutual welfare of its members against the misfortunes that may be softened by sympathy, and the wants that may be relieved. So far from being a compact by which the individual surrenders any natural or moral right for the sake of benefits, ours is a creation by which the whole membership guard their rights, already limited by the necessities of their lot, from being still further limited through the accidents and casualties of life. In the present condition of mankind, were it not for associated effort, every individual, instead of being free, would be at the mercy of the stronger; the unprincipled man would encroach on the rights of his neighbors to the extent of his greed and power, and the fanaticism born of religious intolerance would grasp the right of legislation and the power of the State. The true idea of ODD FELLOWSHIP is organized Brotherhood.

Our Order, therefore, is not an end, but an instrument. The real object sought through it is not government, but fraternity—the privilege of each member to exercise his faculties, and enjoy himself, with no other limit or restraint than what may arise from the necessities of the common welfare. The work of our Order, whether directed by Mallet or Crook, has one end in view—to aid in the perfection of mankind. But in what does the perfection of mankind consist? The perfect fruition of the functions of their being in correct proportion and order. The ideal of a perfect community is one in which the most diversified and unhampered individuality co-exists with the most varied and intimate union of all; unchecked originality in the parts and full harmony in the whole; the citizens so attuned to the true conditions of society, that they lead lives of complete obedience and satisfaction, while leading lives of absolute freedom and spontaneity. Then the universality of social harmony absorbs the compulsory functions of organization, and the mediating office of teacher ceases in the fulfilling fruitions of Fraternity. Here is an explanation of the truth so often perverted by political partis, "That is the best government which governs least." In this form the aphorism is not true; for *that* people are the best who have the least need of government.

But government itself is an abstraction. There have been instances where a certain portion in community were educated for the purpose of governing, without regard to a recognition of the sympathy

needful between them and the governed. In due time, anarchy has resulted. Neither education or statesmanship qualifies a man for governing without lively social and fraternal sympathy. Two things are indispensable in good government—and they are especially taught in Odd Fellowship: 1. Securing the rights of all against the attacks of any; 2. Most effectually teaching its members *self government*. Here we have, as each deserves, happiness for each and concord for all. And, indeed, this is the tendency of government in the most enlightened countries; for in them the influences of associations like ours is to lessen the display of power, and more and more confide in the elevation of the masses. And the most advanced thinkers in political economy are taking this view. Such men as Montesquieu, Humboldt, Mill, De Tocqueville, and Spencer—men of consummate elevation of principle and ripeness of thought—demonstrate the power of an elevated social life in the true progress of a people. But there is a process of preparation and moral training to be noticed.

(To be continued.)

VICTORIA.

We are in receipt of a printed copy of the proceedings of the fifteenth annual communication of the Grand Lodge of the Colony of Victoria, Australia, of the A.I.O.O.F., held at Ballarat, commencing September 3, 1868, being the first annual communication after the acceptance by that Grand Lodge of a charter from the G.L.U.S. Representatives from twenty-five Lodges were in attendance.

The motion to confirm the minutes of the special session at which the charter from the G.L.U.S. was accepted, met with some opposition, but finally prevailed by a vote of 82 yeas to 10 nays.

Grand Secretary Cohen reports 43 Lodges at work, against 38 at date of last report; and a membership of 2071, being an increase of 120.

Bro. A. D. Meacham, Special Deputy Grand Sire, had been requested by the Grand Lodge at its special session in February, 1868, to visit the Subordinate Lodges in the jurisdiction, and instruct them in the new ritual. He reported that he visited nearly every Lodge in the jurisdiction, and gave them ample instructions. As to his reception he says

"In making the important change in the secret work of the Order recently accomplished, it should not, perhaps, be a matter of surprise that a large amount of misapprehension should have arisen among the Lodges, previous to a proper explanation being made of the nature and object of the change; but it affords me much pleasure to report that by all the Lodges visited, I was received and listened to with the utmost respect and attention, and in every instance, at the close of my explanations, the Lodges, with an almost unanimous vote, have received my instructions, and gone into the new work with such earnestness and good will as warrants the assurance that they will continue in well doing, and finally place our beloved Order in a position which shall be second to none in this fair land."

A new constitution for Grand and Subordinate Lodges was adopted at this session. The Grand Lodge is composed of Representatives, each Lodge

being entitled to two for its charter, and one for every twenty-five members. One Representative from each Lodge receives pay. The Grand Officers are elected in the Grand Lodge, each Past Grand present voting. The D.D. Grand Masters are salaried officers, are required to give bond, and it is made their duty to collect the moneys due the Grand Lodge from the Lodges in their districts. Lodges must pay to the Grand Secretary for the General Funeral Fund two shillings (about fifty cents) a quarter for each member. The funeral allowance from this fund is, in the case of the death of a member, twenty pounds sterling (about one hundred dollars); in case of the death of the wife of a member, ten pounds sterling. Initiation fees are graded according to age at time of initiation. Honorary membership is permitted, such members paying lower dues and a low uniform initiation fee, but being not entitled to benefits of any kind. The funds of Lodges are divided into the Funeral Fund, which is in charge of the Grand Lodge; the Sick Fund and the Incidental Fund, a certain fixed proportion of the receipts going to each fund; each fund is to be kept separate and distinct from the other, and no part of any one fund shall be used for the advantage of any other fund.

Our readers will notice some provisions among the above which are not found in the laws of any of our Grand Lodges in America, but which could be adopted with advantage. The General Funeral Fund, more especially, we deem a very salutary provision.

The following motion was unanimously adopted:

"That this Grand Lodge memorialize the R.W. Grand Lodge of the United States to be released from that portion of the third condition upon which the Charter for this Grand Lodge was accepted, viz.: that the words 'free white' be stricken out in the qualifications for membership in Subordinate Lodges."

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the use of spirituous or malt liquors or smoking be strictly prohibited in all Lodges subordinate to this Grand Lodge, previous to the regular closing of the Subordinate Lodge."

The Grand Lodge of Victoria further unanimously resolved to present a suitable testimonial to Bro. Meacham.

The Standing Committee were instructed to correspond with the Grand Lodges of South Australia and Tasmania, and urge them to affiliate with the I.O.O.F.

The next session of the Grand Lodge of Victoria will be held in Melbourne, on the third Monday in October, 1869.

We are informed that Special Deputy Grand Sire A. D. Meacham expected to organize Victoria Encampment, No. 1, at Melbourne, in October; and that the Grand Lodge of New Zealand has concluded to affiliate with our Order.

WHENEVER we drink too deep of pleasure we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

Wisconsin Department.

L. B. HILLS, GRAND SECRETARY, EDITOR.

The multiplied cares and the busy week prior to the meeting of the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge of this State, compelled delay in preparing and forwarding suitable items for this Department. In future we shall endeavor not to delay so near the day of publication.

The Grand Encampment of Wisconsin convened at Odd Fellows' Hall in the city of Milwaukee on the 19th of January. Never in the history of our Order in this State has the Patriarchal Department enjoyed such cheering success as during the year just closed. There are now 27 working Encampments, including 7 that have been instituted during the year 1868, with an increase of membership of about 400, making a total of nearly 1200 on the 31st of December last.

Thirty-one new P.C.P.'s and P.H.P.'s appeared and received the Grand Encampment Degree.

The following officers were elected and installed:
 JOHN W. HUDSON, Madison, Grand Patriarch.
 JOSEPH LACKNER, Racine, Grand High Priest.
 JOHN TELLING, Milwaukee, Grand Senior Warden.
 L. B. HILLS, Madison, Grand Scribe.
 DAVID ADLER, Milwaukee, Grand Treasurer.
 LOUIS SILBER, Waupun, Grand Junior Warden.
 STODDARD JUDD, Fox Lake, Grand Representative for two years.

H. L. PAGE, Milwaukee, Grand Representative holding over.

W. H. LAMPHAR, Appleton, Grand Sentinel.
 N. PORT, Milwaukee, Grand Messenger.

The Grand Lodge met at the same place on the 20th of January, and continued in session three days. There were about 200 members present, 70 of whom appeared for the first time and received the G.L. Degree.

The following are the officers elected and installed for the current year:

SAM'L RYAN, JR., Appleton, Grand Master.
 W. W. WHEELER, Janesville, Dep. Grand Master.
 E. HOLLISTER, Racine, Grand Warden.
 L. B. HILLS, Madison, Grand Secretary.
 J. A. ROBER, Horicon, Grand Treasurer.
 Rev. G. H. DEERE, LaCrosse, Grand Chaplain.
 Rev. A. C. BARNY, Racine, Grand Representative.
 Q. H. BARROW, Fox Lake, Grand Representative holding over.

M. P. LINDSLEY, Green Bay, Grand Marshal.
 SETH FRENCH, EauClaire, Grand Conductor.
 H. VANSIRE, Beloit, Grand Guardian.
 N. PORT, Milwaukee, Grand Herald.
 THEO. KODOLF, LaCrosse, Grand Instructor.

Great unanimity prevailed, and there was a general expression of good feeling over the prosperous condition of the Order, twenty new Lodges having been instituted and four dormant ones resumed work during the year. The reports from Subordinates show a gain of 1810 members, making a total number of 5065.

Several important measures were considered and adopted. The Grand Lodge gave its sanction to the project of establishing an Odd Fellows' Life Insurance Company for the members in this jurisdiction,

and a committee was raised for the purpose of preparing and securing the passage of an act of the Legislature incorporating such an association.

There being opposition to the tax of ten cents per member for the purpose of establishing an Orphan Asylum Fund, it was resolved to refer the matter again to the Subordinate Lodges for an expression on the subject.

A CHALLENGE WORTHY OF IMITATION.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 374, located at East St. Louis, Illinois, six months old, reports thirty-one members and takes thirty-two copies of the COMPANION. At the third meeting of the new term the opening initiatory and closing ceremonies were performed by the officers without the use of books. Who can beat it? We await a reply. G. F. ADAMS.

THE GRAND SIRE AT MEMPHIS.

Grand Sire Farnsworth visited Memphis, Tennessee, on the 6th of January, and his presence was made the occasion for a grand banquet at Joseph Specht's. It was largely attended, and the sumptuous repast much enjoyed until a late hour. Brother Johnson presided, and read a number of toasts, responded to by Grand Sire Farnsworth and Brothers George Meilensh, F. A. Taylor, A. J. Wheeler, and others. The affair passed off pleasantly, and was very creditable to the Order in Memphis.

OUR PERIODICALS.

The "Odd Fellow's Journal" is the title of a new claimant for the favor of the Brotherhood, published in Philadelphia, by W. J. Nutt, at one dollar per annum. It is a neat monthly of eight pages, about 8½ by 10½ inches in size. We hope Bro. Nutt, in his laudable enterprise, will meet with the greatest success.

The first number of the "Odd Fellow's Wreath," published by D. B. Harrington, at Detroit, is before us. It is the successor of the "Olive Wreath" and the "Western Odd Fellow," that have been consolidated, and is a decided improvement upon each of its predecessors. It is embellished by an engraved title page, has called to its aid a number of new contributors, and merits the most ample success.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

We have a new Lodge here, known as Topeka Lodge, No. 40, I.O.O.F. The Lodge was instituted by Grand Master McCarthy, assisted by Grand Secretary Burdett and others, on the 30th of December, 1868, and the following officers installed:

Austin Carmon, N.G.; James A. Hickey, V.G.; Chas. F. Schmidt, R.S.; H. L. Isbell, P.S.; Fred'k Burkhard, Treasurer; T. S. Cleland, P.G., Warden; John A. Lee, P.G., Conductor; J. W. Rigdon, R.S. to N.G.; Geo. B. Holmes, L.S. to N.G.; J. F. Osenburg, R.S. to V.G.; Hugo Kullak, P.G., I.G.; Jas. McMurray, O.G.; A. J. Hesson, Chaplain.

We have only been at work four weeks, and have admitted fifteen (by card and by initiation), all of the right material (*we take nothing else*). It is the purpose of Topeka Lodge, No. 40, to work without books, and we are doing finely so far. H. L. I.

Pennsylvania Department.

DEATH OF GRAND SECRETARY CURTIS.

On the morning of the 27th of December, Bro. Wm. Curtis, Secretary of the Grand Lodge, and Grand Scribe of the Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania, died suddenly at his residence in Philadelphia. Bro. Curtis had held the office of Grand Secretary for twenty-eight years, and that of Grand Scribe for nearly as long, and was consequently well known, personally or by reputation, to every Odd Fellow in the State. At the beginning of his official career, the Order was an obscure, small body. Being known and recognized as a *secret Order*, no particular effort was made, either to promulgate its principles or to extend its boundaries: the office of Grand Secretary was therefore a secondary consideration with the incumbent. But as its principles and purposes became better known, Lodges increased, and membership multiplied, so that in a few years from the date of his first election, the business of the office became so great, that the entire time of the officer was occupied in the discharge of the many responsible duties of the position. To these duties Bro. Curtis attended to the day of his death. Few men for so long a period enjoyed such continuous good health, he being rarely ever kept absent from his post by indisposition. On the Saturday evening preceding his decease, a meeting of delegates from Subordinate Lodges and Encampments met in the Grand Lodge room, at which he was Secretary, and was acting till near ten o'clock making arrangements for the celebration on the 26th of April next. The meeting was unexpectedly large, representatives being present from all parts of the State; but he discharged his duties with his accustomed promptness, and after the adjournment mingled with his friends in apparent good health, and remarkably good spirits. The meeting had been large and harmonious, and every thing indicated that the great jubilee would be a success, of which he spoke enthusiastically; but alas! "on what frail threads our hopes do hang," in less than twelve hours his spirit had returned to God who gave it, and nothing remained on earth of the devoted friend and faithful officer, but the poor clay which required speedily to be buried out of sight.

On the first day of January, 1869, the mortal remains of Wm. Curtis were borne through storm and tempest to the rural Cemetery of Mount Peace by sorrowing friends and the Brotherhood of the various organizations to which he belonged, there to repose till the sounding of the last trump shall bring together all the generations of men that have lived on the earth.

The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania, Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, have each in their own way expressed their sentiments on this melancholy occasion, and whatever feelings may have existed regarding the departed in his life-time, they have all been buried in

his grave, excepting love for his many noble qualities as a man and an Odd Fellow, and appreciation of his worth as an officer the Order had long delighted to honor. Few men have been able, in any position in life, to secure and retain more devoted friends than he, and even those who differed with him, on meeting, left his presence with sentiments greatly modified, if not with feelings entirely changed.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

On the evening of January 9th, the Joint Committee on the Semi-Centennial Celebration met, when the names of *nineteen* distinct committees were announced, and if I am able to judge by the names of the men on each, the Chairman, Grand Representative Stokes, must have exercised great patience, and displayed great judgment in the selection, as each committee appears to be filled by men with the best qualifications for the special duty committed to them. The only subject of difficulty to be surmounted, it is hoped, was that evening disposed of, viz: the music in the line of the procession. Some Lodges, immediately on the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States designating Philadelphia as the place for the celebration, entered into contracts with bands at reasonable rates; but in a short time, a combination was made by those disengaged, to demand exorbitant prices. This the Convention seemed determined to resist, and after considerable discussion, two important points were determined; first, that the arranging of the music in the line of procession should be by a general committee; and next, that the committee charged with this duty should correspond with other bands than those of the city, and were restricted to \$175 for each band. Those Lodges who had already made contracts, should they so determine, might transfer their contract to the General Committee, otherwise they would not be placed numerically in the line, but would be distributed, so that there might be uniformity in the distance apart of each band in the line. Many of the city bands are chartered bodies, and the General Music Association of the city have fixed a uniform scale of prices; but in this instance they have disregarded this arrangement, and combined to extort much larger sums. It is to be hoped they will be rebuked in a manner that will be *felt*, and that the leaders in the vile movement will be permitted to be lookers-on, instead of participators in the orders of the day.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1869.

AMOR LODGE, No. 608, at Marchand, was instituted by Bro. H. L. McCluskey, D.D.G.M., on the 19th of October, 1867, (15 months ago) with ten charter members. It is located in the country, and in an old Anti-Mason County. We have now on our roll book the names of 80 members. We have had no deaths, and have only paid sick benefits to the amount of nine dollars. We truly have been blessed in our efforts.

PAST GRAND.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY.—We are weekly adding to our numbers, and everything looks, as if old Bradford Lodge would be the largest Lodge in Northern Pennsylvania. R. VERGASON.

LEWISTOWN.—Lodge No. 97 is doing well. We are steadily increasing in members, and our financial condition is very good. JOHN SWAN.

THE DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH OF COATESVILLE.

The Daughters of Rebekah connected with Star of Hope Lodge, No. 199, at Coatesville, hold their meeting quarterly. The meetings are looked forward to with a great deal of interest, and are always made very entertaining. The last one was held on the 21st of January. After the usual ceremony, an excellent essay was read by Mrs. Jane Umsted, and Bro. Butterworth sang some beautiful songs. The committee in charge of the meeting had an abundant supply of good things as refreshments.

A beautiful frame, containing the names of the Sisters inscribed on it, has been purchased at a cost of over \$25. Over the names of the Sisters is the inscription: "Daughters of Rebekah connected with Star of Hope Lodge, No. 199, I.O.O.F., Coatesville."

The members are making preparations for the next meeting, to be held in April next. They determined to publish a paper to be read at the meeting. The members of the Order are furnishing communications. Mrs. Annie E. Martin was appointed Editress, and Mrs. Catharine Shallcross, Assistant. A Committee on Music was also appointed, consisting of three Sisters and two Brothers, and a Managing Committee of three Brothers.

There is also a committee of five Sisters appointed to visit the sick, and a plan is about to be adopted, whereby the Brothers will be enabled to report their wives or any member of their families that may be sick, to this committee through the N.G., and yet in a private manner.

Star of Hope Lodge is the oldest Lodge in the County, is composed of excellent material, and is full of life and activity, claiming to be the Banner Lodge of the County, which I think it is.

Preparations are being made to attend the parade at Philadelphia, on occasion of the Semi-Centennial Celebration on the 26th of April.

Yours,

AMICITIA, AMOR ET VERITAS.

HARRISBURG.—The Brothers of Harrisburg have resolved to erect a large building, part of which is to be occupied by the Lodges and Encampments of that city, the rest to be rented for business purposes. Brothers Wolfinger, Child, Bolt, Koller and Weaver were appointed a committee to receive subscriptions of stock.

In the same city the German Brothers contemplate the formation of a German Lodge—the first in Harrisburg.

Michigan Department.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

LANSING, January 20, 1869.

Editor Companion: Our Grand Encampment met in this city yesterday. We were all agreeably surprised at the unusual number of Patriarchs who came up to the annual feast. Never before in the history of our Order was there so large and zealous a delegation gathered together in the Grand Encampment. It is a sure augury of the growing prosperity of this branch of our Brotherhood. I have only time to give you the names of new officers elect:

Geo. DEAN, Detroit, Grand Patriarch.
J. H. MCFARLAN, East Saginaw, Grand High Priest.
D. G. PALMER, Jackson, Grand Senior Warden.
B. H. FAIRCHILD, Battle Creek, Grand Junior Warden.
F. M. FOSTER, Jackson, Grand Scribe.
R. H. MORRISON, Sturgis, Grand Treasurer.
Hon. JNO. N. INGERSOLL and J. CUMMINS, Grand Representatives.

The session will adjourn this evening, and the Grand Lodge will open, also this evening.

PAST GRAND.

GRAND LODGE.

LANSING, January 22, 1869.

Editor Companion: The Grand Lodge met on the 20th with a full attendance. The reports of the Grand Officers show a gratifying prosperity of the Order.

Since the last session the following new Lodges have been instituted:

Eaton Rapids, No. 114; Zion, No. 115; Imlay, No. 116; Blackman, No. 117; Esconawba, No. 118; Burnett, No. 119; Gun Plains, No. 120; Beacon, 121; Iron Mountain, No. 122; Menden, No. 123; Bath, No. 124; Fenton, No. 125.

The following Lodges have been revived: Kalamazoo, No. 7; Constantine, No. 22; and Fayette, No. 16.

The Grand Officers elect are as follows:

Dr. J. S. CURTIS, East Saginaw, Grand Master.
E. H. WHITNEY, Lansing, Deputy Grand Master.
Dr. ISAAC SIDES, Colon, Grand Warden.
F. M. FOSTER, Jackson, Grand Secretary.
W. S. WOOD, Detroit, Grand Treasurer.
Hon. S. H. BLACKMAN, PawPaw, Grand Representative.

The appointed officers are:

Hon. E. M. PLIMPTON, Grand Marshall.
E. H. TILLOTSON, Grand Conductor.
B. F. TAYLOR, Grand Guardian.
W. J. CHAPLIN, Grand Chaplain.

The amount in the Treasury is nearly \$5,000.

It was the general regret of all, that Grand Secretary Vernon, after serving 14 years, declined a reelection. The Grand Lodge voted \$300 to present him some suitable testimonial.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held in Detroit.

PAST GRAND.

Ohio Department.

Grand Secretary Earl, who has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, has, we are glad to hear, recovered his health, and is again at his post.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

When this number reaches our readers in Ohio, it will only be twelve weeks until the meeting of the Grand Encampment in Cincinnati. We may expect a full attendance of Representatives, and the presence of a large number of Past Patriarchs, who will come there to greet old friends and make new acquaintances, or to receive the G.E. Degree and witness the manner in which business is conducted in the Grand Encampment. That all of them will meet with a most hospitable reception, we need not say.

As usual, quite a number of amendments have been proposed for action at the approaching session. The first proposition is, to substitute "of the United States" for the words "of Ohio" in line 3 of Section 1 of Article V of the Constitution of Subordinates. The object of this amendment is, to harmonize our laws with the ruling of the G.L.U.S., Section 5 of the article on "Membership," page 92 of the Digest.

The second proposition is, to add a new section to Article V of the same constitution, embodying the law of the G.L.U.S. which permits the reconsideration of an unfavorable ballot upon an application for membership, if asked for by all who cast black balls. The proposed section should be amended, by adding the proviso adopted at the last session of the G.L.U.S., limiting the time during which the reconsideration can be moved to four weeks.

The third proposition is, to strike out in Section 1 of Article XIV the words "at the commencement of the quarter," as unnecessary, and liable to lead to a wrong construction of the meaning of the Article.

These three amendments were proposed at the last session by the Committee on the State of the Order, in consequence of suggestions by the Grand Patriarch, and will probably become law.

Representative Marshall proposed to amend Section 1 of Article VI, page 8, by striking out the word "annually," and inserting "biennially;" in other words, he proposes that the Grand Encampment shall hereafter meet every other year only. On the question of biennial sessions, a good deal might be said on both sides. It would undoubtedly reduce the expenses of the Grand Encampment very materially, if it would meet but once in two years; but whether the saving thus effected would be a compensation for the loss of vitality and interest, which the long interval between the sessions would be apt to produce, is an open question, a discussion of which would be of general interest; and we would like to hear Bro. Marshall's views on that subject. But whether wise or unwise, the amendment certainly cannot pass, unless a number of other articles—relating to the election and installation of Grand Of-

ficers and of representatives, duties of officers, etc.—are also changed, and that cannot legally be done at the approaching session.

Representative Bird proposes to strike out Section 5 of Article IV, page 7—an amendment that will undoubtedly carry, since that section is in direct conflict with the laws of the G.L.U.S.

Representative Young proposes to strike out all of Section 2 of Article III, page 4, and insert:

"Section 2. The Legislative Department of the Grand Encampment shall consist of as many representatives as there are or may be Subordinate Encampments, and each Subordinate Encampment shall be entitled to one representative and no more."

Representative Stewart proposes to amend the same section by striking out "seventy-five" and inserting "sixty."

In other words, the first proposition is, to increase the number of representatives from seventy-five to one hundred or more, and to so change the basis of representation, that Capitol Encampment, No. 6, with over five hundred members, would have no more voice in the Grand Encampment than Addison, No. 75, with a membership of less than 20. The amendment of Bro. Stewart proposes to reduce the number of representatives from 75 to 60, without disturbing the existing district system. If any change is desirable, the one that will reduce the number of representatives, and with it the expenses, is certainly the most profitable.

The revenue of the Grand Encampment at present is derived from the fees for charters and a percentage of ten per cent. upon the receipts of Subordinates for Degrees, membership, dues and fines. Representative Joseph Dowdall proposes to substitute for the percentage a per capita tax upon each member of Subordinate Encampments, the rate of tax to be fixed at each annual session by a two-thirds vote. We earnestly hope that this amendment will pass. It will not only give us a system of taxation that is more just than the present one, under which an Encampment that charges six dollars a year for dues, pays one-half more, in proportion to its membership, than another Encampment, which only charges four dollars a year; but it will enable the Grand Encampment to grade the tax every year according to its necessities, so that an undue accumulation of funds on the one hand, or the bankruptcy of the Grand Body on the other can be easily avoided.

Bro. Dowdall also proposes to increase the fee for charters from thirty to forty dollars.

CANAL WINCHESTER.

The officers of Lee Lodge, No. 386, were publicly installed by General Theodore Jones, of Columbus, at the Methodist Church in Winchester. After the installation ceremonies, Bro. A. G. Byers delivered one of his interesting and able addresses, which was listened to with great attention by the assembly. The ceremonies closed with an excellent oyster-supper, tendered to the Columbus Brethren, quite a number of whom had accompanied the General, by the members of Lee Lodge. This Lodge was instituted on the 26th of June, 1867, now numbers 53 good members, and has a glorious future before it.

BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF COLUMBUS.

In December, 1867, the Brothers of Columbus formed the "Odd Fellows' Beneficial Association of Columbus, Ohio," the organization commencing operations in January, 1868. On the first of January, 1869, the first annual meeting of the association was held, when its officers reported that the Trustees held twenty-four meetings during the year, and acted upon 165 applications, one of which was rejected. The association lost one member by death. The total receipts of the association were \$499.25. Of this amount, \$301.00 went to the beneficial fund, from which were paid to the heirs of Bro. Robert Clemen \$138, leaving a balance of \$163. The receipts of the expense fund were \$198.25; from this were paid for various expenses \$106.75, and one dollar to the heirs of Bro. Clemen, being the amount of his first and only payment to the beneficial fund; leaving a balance of \$91.50 in the expense fund. The larger portion of these expenses were caused by the purchase of account books and stationery, and the printing of laws and blanks, which will not be used up for years.

At the recommendation of the Trustees, the possession of the Scarlet Degree was added to the qualifications for membership; and Lodges in Franklin County who have ten members in the association, were accorded the privilege of electing one member of the Board of Trustees.

NEW GERMAN LODGE IN COLUMBUS, OHIO.

A petition for the charter of a second German Lodge, to be located in Columbus, is now circulating among the German Brothers of that city.

HEBRON LODGE AT YOUNGSTOWN.

Editor Companion: As it is not often that you hear from this part of the moral vineyard, I concluded to give you a few items. On last Tuesday night we were to have installation for our Lodge (Hebron, No. 55) for the ensuing term, but were counting without our host, as the Worthy D.D.G.M. failed to make his appearance. Although all the members were badly disappointed, yet they are getting used to it, as there has not been an installation for years, except by her own Past Grands, in this Lodge. However, as it was our regular Degree night, we did not fail to pass an agreeable evening, conferring the different Degrees, and going over the unwritten work of the Order.

In connection with the above, I am forced to remark, that if the unwritten work of the Order is to be handed down to posterity without corruption, it is time that some of the Grand Officers pay this section a visit, in order to instruct the officers of the different Lodges, as there are no two Lodges around here who work exactly alike. In fact, the presence of one of the above named Brothers would be such a treat, and considered such a rarity, that he would draw "a good house."

Old Hebron held her own bravely during the last

term, notwithstanding the heavy draw made on her when Youngstown Lodge was organized. We have recovered our full strength, and are ready to go on with renewed vigor and energy. Our newly elected officers are: A. Harris, N.G.; John L. Alexander, V.G.; Hiram B. Deeds, Secretary; John S. Probst, Perm. Secretary; Geo. T. Johnson, Treasurer.

YOUNGSTOWN, Jan. 7, 1869.

E.G.

REMINISCENCES OF SECRET SOCIETIES IN XENIA.

Xenia Lodge, No. 49, of Free and Accepted Masons, was instituted March 6, 1819, the charter members being Dr. Joshua Martin, W.M., Abner Read, Caleb West, Col. John Smith, Amasa Read, and Wm. F. Elkin. New members were admitted, including some of the most influential citizens of the place. The Lodge gained slowly. Strong prejudices existed against the fraternity, particularly among some religious denominations. Some of them would not permit a church-member to join a Masonic Lodge.

Xenia Lodge continued on the even tenor of its way, undisturbed, until the Morgan excitement swept over the country like wildfire. An Anti-Masonic paper—The Free Press—was started here in 1831; it teemed with denunciations of the Order in general, and personal abuse of citizens who were members. Anti-Masonic meetings were held, speeches made and resolutions passed denouncing Masonry as an institution dangerous to the community and inimical to our republican institutions, etc. Xenia Lodge finally yielded to the storm, and on the 14th of April, 1832, the charter was returned. So ended the first Secret Society in Xenia.

On the 14th of November, 1845, Xenia Lodge, No. 52, I.O.O.F., was instituted. It was considered by some doubtful, whether such an institution could be sustained in a community where such deeply-rooted prejudices existed against Secret Societies: which had been strengthened by the Morgan excitement; but from the commencement the Lodge went ahead with a rush. Applications for membership came in by dozens, and all who became members were delighted to enthusiasm. An atmosphere of Brotherly love seemed to pervade the Lodge. Citizens who had been indifferent, became friends; others who had been at variance, on meeting in the hall grasped hands and settled their difficulties, united by the three-linked chain of F., L. & T. On passing on the street, the meaning look, the pleasant smile and beaming eye manifested the fraternal feeling which warmed each bosom with reciprocal regard and kindness. This harmony and increased friendly deportment was obvious to outsiders. All could observe that a great and, apparently, mysterious change had taken place.

The 4th of last November was the twenty-third anniversary of the Lodge. During all these years we have paid afflicted members their weekly benefits, watched with the sick with kindness and sympathy, buried the dead, paid funeral benefits, educated orphans, and supported widows. Yet so well have

our financial affairs been managed, that we have funds enough to defray all demands, and own railroad and bank stock to the amount of over two thousand dollars.

The following figures will give an idea of the work done by Xenia Lodge since its institution:
Initiated from Nov. 4, 1845, to Nov. 4, 1868. 348
Admitted on card during same period..... 60

Total 408
Expelled and dropped during same time.... 101
Drew final cards..... 147
Deceased during same time 26-274

Remaining 134
Amount paid for relief of Brothers.....\$5,338.00
" " Wid. Families... 736.00
" " burying the dead..... 250.00
" " charity 300.00
Total amount of relief..... \$6,624.00
T. C. W.

MT. HEALTH.—Woodbine, No. 126, still moves onward, preferring to advance the cause of Odd Fellowship by having a small membership, to increasing its numbers irrespective of material. If Lodges generally were more particular in this matter, it would save much of the unpleasantness arising afterward from sifting the chaff from the wheat—a matter which no Lodge should have a delicacy in doing.
C.

GALENA.—The officers of Galena, No. 404, were publicly installed by Past Grand Secretary Joseph Dowdall, assisted by Past Grands S. D. Killian, F. B. Marble, Wm. Newberry, and C. M. Morris, of Columbus, and Bro. Place, P.G. of Olentangy Lodge at Delaware. The installation ceremonies took place at the church, and were followed by a splendid supper at the school house. On the same occasion a splendid Bible was presented to the Lodge by the Daughters of Rebekah connected with it. Everything passed off in the best order, and to general satisfaction.

This Lodge was instituted only on the 22d of July last, and now has twenty-seven members, among them one of the Fourth Degree, and one Initiate; all the others have advanced to the Scarlet Degree.

PORTSMOUTH.—Scioto Lodge, No. 31, and Orient Encampment, No. 26, both located in this city, are working finely. Although it has pleased Providence to take from them some of their best and ablest members, still they have received in their sanctuary a number of our best citizens, who are now working with a zeal which no doubt will lead them to the highest honor a Lodge can confer.

At the last election of Scioto Lodge the following officers were elected: Samuel Yeager, N.G.; T. J. Patten, V.G.; F. A. Stearnes, Secretary; J. M. Wall, Treasurer.

Orient Encampment elected the following: Thos. Rogers, C.P.; R. Spry, H.P.; F. A. Stearnes, S. W.; Samuel Yeager, J.W.; B. F. Cunningham,

Scribe. Bro. R. Spry was re-elected as Representative in the Grand Encampment. F. A. STEARNES.

RAVENNA.—A word for No. 65. Perhaps for many years, the prospects for a healthy growth and permanent have not been as favorable as now. Our membership, though not large, are of those who appreciate and value the Order—and are of that class men are proud to hail as Brothers.

S. R. FREEMAN.

WEST VIRGINIA.

PUBLIC INSTALLATION AT WELLSBURG.

On the evening of the 1st of January, the officers of Brooke Lodge, No. 5, at Wellsburg, were installed publicly. Every thing passed off satisfactorily. After the ceremony of installation had been completed, a spirited and interesting address was delivered by Bro. J. H. S. Trainer, of Steubenville, Ohio. We are indebted for a copy of this address to Bro. R. T. Roberts, Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of West Virginia, and regret that the space at our command will not permit of its publication in full. The following extract will serve to convey an idea of its value:

"Life, from the cradle to the grave, may justly be said to be one continual scene of misfortune; and, as a consequence, man is ever seeking the consoling balm of consolation. He fears to make known the burden of his depressed heart to his fellow-man in the circle of private friendship. Here, Odd Fellowship opens to him a haven, and, clothed in robes of Friendship, Love and Truth, comes to his aid, offering him protection, counsel and sympathy. If grim death enters his habitation, Odd Fellowship weeps, and with sweet cadence whispers consolation to his bleeding heart. Oh! what must be the paternal ties that unite us as a band of brothers! The commands of our law are, that we visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan. Such are the teachings of Odd Fellowship, and its precepts are written in bright letters in our creed. Its mottoes are emblazoned on our banners. Its duties are enjoined upon every member of the fraternity; and although the secrets of the Order—passwords and signs—are meaningless to the uninitiated, yet the mission of the Order is to relieve the distressed and unfortunate Brother; quiet the heart-pangs of the widow's grief; wipe the tear of sorrow from the orphan's eye; enter the hut of woe, and bid the child of penury hope for happier and brighter days, and, like a ministering angel of mercy, visit the poor man's cell, and make the moral waste of his soul bloom like the fresh flowers of Eden. Nay, all the afflicted who come within our kin we consider proper objects for the operations of Odd Fellowship."

CLIFTON.

Editor Companion: We are doing well in our Lodges. In the two months that we have been at work, we have had ten accessions to our number. We started with fourteen, and now number twenty-four. We do not expect to increase as fast all the time as we have done; but we expect to get all the good men in the neighborhood, and the bad ones we don't want, until our influence has had an effect on them for the better.

A. W. ROCK, Secretary.

Indiana Department.

REV. T. G. BEHARREL, P.G.H.F., } EDITORS.
JOHN W. M'QUIDDY, P.G., }

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE ORDER.

Among the many subjects of vital importance to the members of the I.O.O.F., is the economical administration of its financial affairs. We are frequently charged, by those outside of the Order, with the expenditure of too large an amount of means for the accomplishment of the good we aim at. However true this may be, the Order is alone able to correct the evil, if it does exist; but I fear that there is too much truth in the allegation, and that many good and true men are deterred from entering our fellowship from the fact that we, as an organization, are not economical in carrying out our purposes. In thinking upon this subject a short time since, I was led to examine the proceedings of our Grand Lodge with a view to ascertain if the statement made of our extravagance was not in a measure borne out by the record. In the Secretary's report at the last session of the Grand Lodge, I find that the entire receipts for the preceding six months amounted to \$81,531.45, and the expenses to \$63,067.45, leaving a surplus of the receipts of only \$18,464.00. Now what disposition was made of this immense sum reported as expenses? We find that \$16,071.79 was applied to the relief of members, of widowed families, burying the dead, and other charities, and education, while the sum of \$46,995.99 was expended that the purposes of the Order might be carried out. More than fifty per cent. was expended to meet the expenses of Lodges not connected with the benevolent objects of the Order. Admitting that two-thirds of this sum was expended to meet rents, and other absolute necessities, which is ample I should think; then, to what purposes is the remainder applied? We trust that the questions propounded at the recent session of the G.L.U.S., to Subordinate Lodges, through the Grand Bodies, will satisfactorily answer these questions.

There is certainly a radical error that demands correction, in order that Odd Fellowship may more fully meet its mission. Would it not be well for the Brethren to carefully examine this subject and cut off every useless expenditure of their money, and apply it in the channel indicated by the founders of the Order?

I would not have our Brethren lose sight of the necessity of making their Lodge-rooms both comfortable and attractive; there is an absolute necessity for this. But a wise expenditure of money in this direction is what is demanded, and needed, and I hope that some means will be devised, by which the money paid into our Lodge-treasuries shall be properly expended.

It may be objected to that the estimate made is upon the aggregate expenditures, and that individual Lodges will show a different state of facts. If

my Brethren believe this, I ask them to examine the reports, and they will find that it is almost universal among the Lodges. There are, to be sure, exceptions to this rule, but they are rare. I can only hope, for the present, to attract attention to this subject, and may at some future time discuss it at length in all its bearing.

J. W. McQ.

THE OLDEST ODD FELLOW IN INDIANA—WILLIAM JONES, P.G.—FIDELITY.

Those who have been long connected with the Order, and those, in fact, of but a few years' standing, will have observed a disposition on the part of a great many, who have passed the chairs and received the privilege of wearing the scarlet collar, with the affix of P.G. to their names, to become negligent and careless to Lodge matters. And this disposition is not alone confined to the Subordinate Lodge; for we find it manifesting itself, to a certain extent, in our Grand Bodies. Men are elevated to the highest positions within the gift of a State jurisdiction, *sometimes*, too, without any reference to their proficiency in, or knowledge of, the laws of the Order, or a proper conception of the principles and truths taught in the ritual, and, we might say, even without being in good standing in their Lodges and Encampments, who seem to think that the Order requires nothing more of them, than after passing the Grand Master's chair, to fall into the same apathy we find in the Subordinate, and some even allow themselves to be dropped for N.P.D. within the next year thereafter.

While no one can successfully deny the facts stated above, it is gratifying to know that there are many, very many instances of fidelity, which call forth our hearty expression of commendation. There are instances where men have devoted a life of manhood to the interests of the Order, who have never asked for positions above the Subordinate Lodge, who are still found in the Lodge-room, laboring with the enthusiasm of youth for the promotion of our benevolent purposes, and it is my present design to place upon record such a case of fidelity and devotion.

Wm. Jones, P.G., whose name heads this article, is, perhaps, the oldest Odd Fellow in our State. I do not mean the oldest man belonging to the Order, but his connection numbers more years, I think, than any other in Indiana.

Bro. Jones was born in Baltimore, December 4, 1809. When he was ten years old, Thos. Wildey, P.G.S., with his associates, instituted Washington Lodge, No. 1. It appears from conversation with Bro. J., that although but a mere boy, the event made a lasting impression upon his mind, which enlisted his attention and sympathy with the Order even at that early day, for he relates very clearly the different locations and movements of the first Lodge, as also the date of the institution of other Lodges. His step-father was a member of Franklin Lodge, No. 2, of Baltimore, and the embryo Odd Fellow accompanied his father to the Lodge on several occasions, which had a tendency to still further

increase his interest in the institution. Bro. Jones says: "The Order continued in feeble condition until 1827, when by the active outside benevolence of the members, and their faithful attention to the needy of the Order, they attracted such attention, far and near, that it went off like a 'flash,' and continued successful in its noble mission."

In 1831, a short time after the dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall in North Gay street, Baltimore, Bro. Jones having arrived at the age of 22, connected himself with Harmony Lodge, No. 6, and continued a member one year, when he drew a withdrawal-card and assisted in organizing Union Lodge, No. 16, of which Lodge he remained a member until 1837. In 1836 he removed from Baltimore to this city, and when New Albany Lodge, No. 10, was organized in 1841, he connected himself with the fortunes of that Lodge, where he has remained up to the present time. To Bro. J. this Lodge (No. 10) is indebted for much of its prosperity. Always cautious and prudent, his energies have been exerted to restrain every improper indulgence on the part of the members, and although now an old man, who has seen "many solemn changes," visit his Lodge when you please, you will find "Uncle Billy" at his post, presenting an example of fidelity worthy of imitation by us all. Brother J. has been an active working member of the Order for thirty-eight years, which entitles him to rank as the oldest Odd Fellow in Indiana; however, if there are any older, Brethren, let us hear of them.

Bro. Jones closed our conversation with him with the following testimony to the worth of the Order: "I have witnessed with great satisfaction, from year to year, during the period of my attachment to the Order, its continued prosperity, with increased momentum, and regard the great amount of good it has accomplished beyond computation. I begin to feel the 'weight of years upon me,' and am convinced that the time of my departure is not far distant; but the Order is in the vigor of its youth; its capabilities for good are greater than at any period of the past, and if its votaries are faithful to the principles and tenets of our Order, its achievements for the next fifty years cannot be conceived by the greatest mind."

J.W.McQ.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

The Mutual Aid Association, of New Albany, held its annual meeting on last Saturday night, January 9, when the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year: Wm. Banes, President; James Pierce, Vice President; R. Robertson, Secretary; John W. McQuiddy, Treasurer. The association has been organized one year, has between two and three hundred members, and has passed through the last year without a death.

J.W.McQ.

REBEKAH DEGREE LODGE, NO. 1.—"OLD FOGIES."

We, the Brethren of New Albany, have been called "old fogies." Well, that may be so, but we have

organized the first Lodge in the State; the first Encampment; the first Degree Lodge: the first Aid Society; and now have a dispensation for the first Rebekah Lodge. If this constitutes old fogysm, then we are old fogies, and we would respectfully recommend the good Brother who made the remark, as he owns a pipe, to put it in and smoke it.

J.W.McQ.

MUTUAL RELIEF

Is the principle to which the Second or Covenant Degree is devoted. That being the principle, it is quite proper to call it the *Covenant Degree*—for a covenant is a mutual agreement between two or more persons, to do, or not to do, some act or thing. This covenant or agreement among Odd Fellows is for mutual relief. This contemplates the removal, if in our power, from each other of anything that afflicts the body or the mind, producing pain or unpleasant care and want.

And with the weaknesses of our humanity upon us, and the consequences of sin scattered all around us, and ills and distresses and dangers pressing us, we have need to guard each other's interest in a covenant of Mutual Relief; and when that covenant is entered into by parties, to have a remembrance of it in some easily executed sign. As when God entered into a covenant with Noah that the world's inhabitants should never again be drowned, he appointed his bow in the clouds to remind him and his descendants of it. As often as the Old Patriarch saw afterwards the effect of the sun's rays on a watery cloud in the beautifully colored rainbow, that he looked upon as he stood by his rude altar on Mt. Ararat and which was pointed out to him as a sign, he thought of the covenant. And so the descendants of Noah ever since, as they look upon the beautiful bow spanning the circling heavens, are reminded by it of the fact, that God has entered into a solemn covenant with man, that the world shall not again be deluged with water.

And is it not true that mutual relief is needed often, as we are making the journey of life? We are all alike easily injured, and at almost every step opportunities are being afforded of rendering help to each other. We are all liable to disease and under its influence and power, how utterly helpless we are, and how dependant upon one another. Money, if we have it at our command, may procure medicines, and the skill of the best physicians; but it may fail to bring a true Brother's soft hand and kind heart to an appropriate degree of watching and nursing, such as will render the medicine effective, and the skill of the physician fully adequate to the case.

All are liable to loss of friends by death—and when the spirit is wounded and the heart crushed by such an occasion, how greatly is sympathy needed, and what a weight of sadness is lifted off, when a true friend approaches and gives evidence of deep feeling and sympathy by pouring words of comfort into the ear and upon the heart—one who has

felt the same sorrows, having passed the same terrible ordeal.

If a Brother has lost by death his dearest earthly friend—she to whom the purest feelings of his early manhood's heart were given, and whom he led to the altar of marriage, and to whom he made, in the presence of the guests the promise of fidelity that he had made before to her alone. As he looks upon her cold form, beautiful in death, shrouded and confined for sepulture, Oh how he needs the feeling heart of a true Brother and his kind words to render him relief.

We are constantly liable to losses of property, by the many casualties that destroy it. Often one in affluent circumstances may in a few hours be reduced to poverty—fires and floods and tornadoes sometimes sweep away large fortunes and prostrate a man of extensive business. Such a one at such a time is in great need of help from one who has the ability and heart to render it. The world is accustomed to look coldly on one, who has been overtaken thus with misfortune and in the stead of lending a helping hand to recovery from it, it seems to indorse the fall, and heap odium upon the fallen one, that presses him down and fastens him for life to his unpleasant lot. At such a time a rally of *mutual friends*—and a bestowment of mutual relief will fire with new hopes the desponding heart of the fallen one—and he rises up and begins a course that soon restores him to prosperity—which prosperity blesses the innocent ones that have been suffering with him.

It sometimes occurs that attempts are made by robbers to steal the hard earned property of an honest Brother—or attempts are made by slanderers to blast the reputation of him who has a good name. In such a case how important to have a dear friend who, acquainted with the plots and plans of the villain, can attract attention and occasion the placing of an extra sentinel at the point of attack—who in a faithful discharge of his duty will discover the scheme, and thwart the same—detecting the scoundrel and bringing him as a thief to justice. How important to have one obligated to mutual relief ready to detect that worst form of falsehood, slander—

“And make it scorch
His own foul lips,
Making the venom of his crafty soul
 Sting like the death-pang of the hated asp.”

Relief at such a time, coming from a friend, is duly appreciated, and while it gladdens the heart of the one relieved, it honors our humanity. The story of Damon and Pythias has been lauded by all the world, presenting, as it does, evidences of a true Brotherhood—feelings of the strongest possible mutual regards.

Damon was sentenced by Dyonisius to die. He asked of the tyrant the privilege of a last visit to his friends, that he might set the affairs of his family in order, promising, if he was allowed the privilege of doing so, to return before the day of his execution.

Dyonisius did not refuse him altogether, but yet he required on the part of Damon, what he supposed

would be equivalent to a refusal. He granted Damon the privilege, on condition that he would procure some one to remain incarcerated in prison under forfeiture of life should Damon fail to return by the time appointed for the execution. Pythias, the friend of Damon, heard the condition, and at once offered himself as security. Time passed on, and the hour of execution had nearly arrived, and yet Damon had not returned. Pythias during his imprisonment had been praying to the Gods to oppose with the winds his return, until after he had died in his stead. He desired to redeem the life of Damon with his own life. He was led to the place of execution, and if Damon had not arrived on his swift traveling steed just at the time he did, and sent his shrill voice along the multitude of heads to the scaffold, saying: “*Stop the execution!*” Pythias would have died; for he had finished his dying speech, and given himself up to the executioner.

We have a beautiful, strong and stirring example of true Brotherhood and mutual relief in the intensely interesting narrative of David and Jonathan, and I could not well close an article on this subject and the Degree of the Covenant, without referring to it. The Bethlehem Shepherd and the singer boy of Israel was transferred, while yet a boy, from the pasturage and the care of his father's sheep to the Court of Saul, the King of Israel. There he so developed the noble traits of his noble character, that he won the heart of the Prince Jonathan, who gave to David one evidence after another of his regards. He made him a present of his *bow and girdle and sword* and they entered together into a mutual covenant.

Twice did the Prince appear in the presence of his father to plead the cause of David, and each time periled his own life. Again he risked his life by going with his lad and bow and arrows into the neighborhood of the Stone Esel, and there shooting as though he shot at a mark, to indicate to David the feelings of Saul.

Afterwards, when the King of Israel was hunting for David's life at Keilah, Jonathan again endangered his own by seeking and obtaining an interview with his covenanted friend in the woods skirting the wilderness of Ziph, to which David had fled. Here, under the most solemn circumstances, they renewed their covenant—recalled the exciting scenes through which they had passed—when they parted, the one to await his time when he should be placed upon the throne of Israel, and the other to die as a Prince in the Mt. Gilboa battle.

And can it be wondered that David, when he heard that Jonathan was dead, pronounced such a touching eulogy: “I am distressed for thee, my Brother Jonathan—thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.” And can it be wondered at, that afterwards David showed kindness to Mephibosheth, for Jonathan's sake? T. G. B.

DISTRICT NO. 80.

Editor Companion: I have just finished my monthly visits to the Lodges in my District, comprised of

four Lodges, to wit: Galveston Lodge, No. 225, at Galveston; Deer Creek Lodge, No. 256, at Miami-town; Williams Lodge, No. 313, at Wawpecong; and Walton Lodge, No. 314, at Walton. I am happy to say that all the above named Lodges are in a prosperous condition, and as a general thing have the principles of Odd Fellowship at heart, and take a great interest in the work.

I believe I have one of the best working Districts in the State, notwithstanding two of the Lodges are young. No. 313 was instituted on the 11th of August, 1868, and No. 314 on the 14th of the same month and year. The one has 23 members, and the other 22—all good, lively members and good workers.

Odd Fellowship is wielding a good influence in this jurisdiction, especially where these new Lodges are located; a close observer can readily see the effect it has on the community, when they see the true friendship that exists among the Brothers, and the moral effect it has had on its members. I believe that if all Odd Fellows live out and practice the principles and teachings of the Order, that it would not be long until the world would not only be moralized, but christianized. Hoping that such may ere long be the case, I am,

In F., L. and T.,

J. W. WILLIAMS, D.D.G.M.

GALVESTON, January 1st, 1869.

KNIGHTSTOWN.—The new hall, which the Brothers at Knightstown are erecting in place of the one destroyed by fire, will probably be completed by about the end of February. The Lodge-room will be 48 by 60 feet in size. The Brothers expect to expend about \$2500 in its completion.

NEW LODGE.—Dispensation has been granted for a new Lodge in Waverly, Morgan County—the fifth Lodge in that County. The neighboring Lodges recommended the granting of the dispensation.—*Talisman*.

OSGOOD.—The Degree of Rebekah was conferred on six ladies, wives of Scarlet Degree members, at Odd Fellows' Hall in this place, on New Year's night. After the interesting ceremony was concluded, a splendid supper was spread in the Hall, and ample justice was done the good things, and a good time had generally; it also reminded us that in this cold and selfish world, "it is well that Brethren can dwell together in unity." It will long be remembered with pleasure by those who participated on this interesting occasion. We hope to see many such family gatherings in the future.—*Ripley County Journal*.

CORRECTION.

The warning against one Henry Kingery, formerly a member of Everton Lodge, No. 130, published in the Iowa Department of last month, should have been published in the Indiana Department—Everton Lodge, No. 130, being held at Everton, Indiana, not Iowa.

Kentucky Department.

DR. J. C. WELCH, P.G.H.F., EDITOR.

RELIEVE THE DISTRESSED.

Our Order commands us to *relieve the distressed*. Thousands and tens of thousands bear willing testimony to the faithfulness with which this injunction is executed. Whatever Odd Fellowship enjoins, its devoted members endeavor to practice. It is a glorious feature of our affiliation that this paramount duty, like all others which are inculcated *ritually* in the Lodge-room, is performed with cheerfulness, complacency and pleasure.

At every regular meeting, the question is asked, Does any one know of a sick Brother, or a Brother in distress? This constantly reminds all of their solemn obligation to render aid, sympathy and protection, to such as are sick, or in distress. This inquiry is made for the express purpose of affording ample opportunity to perform this needed service. The highly satisfactory manner in which this duty is invariably performed by the Order every where, has won for it the golden opinions and approving smiles of all good men, who have witnessed its countless deeds of human benefaction. That the distressed are always relieved through the kind acts of our large-hearted Brotherhood, all practical observers must admit. The immediate wants of the distressed are always supplied, and that too, in such a manner as not to give offence to the most fastidious. The receiver of our benefaction is assured that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and therefore, that he must consider the *donors* as glad of an opportunity to increase their own happiness by extending the sphere of their usefulness.

The true Odd Fellow every where commiserates the misfortunes of his fellow man. He is taught to regard all men as his Brethren, and, therefore, justly entitled to the kindest consideration and regard, provided they have not brought dishonor upon themselves by disreputable conduct. He is taught that in the souls of the least as well as the greatest, there are signs of human equality. That every one who walks uprightly before God and man, whatever may be his station, circumstances and condition in life, is entitled to our respect and consideration. In other words, that a good character or true manhood, is the chief requisite for the reception of its blessings. Our Order is no respecter of persons. According to its teachings, the king on his throne, like the beggar in his rags, is simply a man. The humanity with which alone our Order deals, is emphatically the same in both. We seek to elevate and improve man, socially, intellectually and morally, by giving him clearer conceptions of the numerous relations he sustains to God as his heavenly Father and the whole human family as his Brethren.

The various duties growing out of this relationship are most forcibly impressed upon the heart of every candidate. Hence, it is easy to account for the

promptness and fidelity with which true Odd Fellows every where respond to the calls of the distressed, especially their co-laborers in the cause of humanity. The pecuniary relief that is annually afforded to the distressed by our Order through its various ramifications in the United States alone, exceeds half a million of dollars on an average. Such a sum properly distributed doubtless relieved many aching hearts, and supplied many pressing wants. During the last fiscal year 3,911 widowed families and 21,344 Brothers were relieved by the Order in its corporate capacity, to say nothing of the relief that was furnished by the members individually. The Odd Fellow's hand is ever open to extend relief to a worthy Brother in distress.

PURITY OF THE BALLOT BOX.

No man should be admitted into the "sacred retreat" of Odd Fellowship unless he sustains an irreproachable moral character in his neighborhood. According to the ordinarily accredited principles of morality, every candidate must be a moral man. He must be a truthful, sober, discreet, industrious, honest, generous, law-abiding and reputable citizen. Such, and only such, should receive a cordial welcome at our sacred shrine. The inestimable privileges of our unexampled Order ought never to be conferred on unworthy men. Investigating committees cannot be too rigid in their examinations as to the character and fitness for membership. It is not enough that the applicant has no bad points of character, he must possess actual merit. He must not be a tattler, a liar, a drunkard, or a backbiter. But he must be noted for his purity of heart, and purity of conduct. Keep the outer doors to our sacred temple well guarded, and we have naught to fear from the machinations of our enemies without, or the imprudence of those within. "We war against vice, in all its forms, Friendship to man prompts the contest, the gentle influence of Love supplies the weapons, Truth consecrates the effort and leads to victory." In such a warfare it certainly behooves us to put none on guard except those whose fidelity to our principles is clearly inferred from their human integrity. A man who has violated his pledge of honor, voluntarily assumed, one who does not regard his word, or one who is constantly guilty of grossly immoral conduct, is not a fit subject for Odd Fellowship. Honesty, Truth, and Temperance, with all the other ennobling virtues of true manhood, are inculcated and forcibly impressed upon the heart and mind of every member. We are also taught to regard each other as *Brothers*, and our Lodge as our *family*. Hence the paramount importance of being very cautious and prudent in the admission of members. No man can be a genuine Odd Fellow, unless he be "*true to his country, fraternal to his fellow-men, and grateful to his Creator.*" The Order are expected and required to help each other in distress, and to administer such material aid as the attendant circumstances will admit. Mutual aid and relief constituting one of the essential features of the Order,

it is very necessary that none but the *trustworthy* should ever be admitted into our extensive *Brotherhood*. Hypocrites and impostors are found every where. But to the credit of our noble institution, *we can boast of fewer bad men than any other human organization.*

With the exercise of sound discretion in balloting for candidates, and the exemplary conduct of its members, Odd Fellowship has become a mighty power in the United States. Fifty years ago, there was not a Lodge of Odd Fellows in our vast domain. Now there are 3,195 with a membership of 245,036. These Lodges initiated during the last fiscal year 40,080, and rejected 4,514, showing that the doors were closed against one in every nine who applied for admission.

The total amount of relief furnished by these Lodges for the last year, ending June 30, 1868, was \$695,618.26, of which \$458,538.48 was paid to 21,344 Brothers in distress, \$113,275.02 to 3,911 widowed families; \$19,957.26 for the education of orphans, and \$103,847.50 for burying the dead. The last annual receipts of these Lodges were \$2,110,951.66. Who can doubt the vast amount of good that is annually accomplished by this large-hearted Brotherhood? It is a government within a government. Yet it has nothing to do with the government. All political, sectarian and other improper subjects, are rightfully excluded from its threshold. The foundation of this sublime Order rests securely upon the universal recognition of the fact that God is our *Father*, and all mankind our *Brethren*. This is its only creed. With all the classifications and distinctions in society it has no affiliation whatever. Men of good moral character who have hearts to throb for others' woes, and whose exemplary conduct is a sufficient guarantee of the purity of their motives, will always be welcome to the benefits of our noble Order. All who are determined henceforth to ignore selfishness, and to live so as to demonstrate the majesty and power of our beloved Order in the accomplishment of good, should renew their zeal and attachment to its sublime teachings, and maintain the same purity of character in themselves that they require of others.

MT. FREEDOM LODGE, NO. 148.

Attended a regular meeting of Mt. Freedom Lodge, No. 148, at Mt. Freedom, Jessamine County, on the 25th of December, 1868. This young and flourishing Lodge is located in a good neighborhood, eight miles south-west of Nicholasville. Found the Lodge able to do "good and true work." Witnessed an initiation which was performed in the most approved style. The Lodge continued in session over two hours, transacting business of great importance to its membership. The utmost harmony and fraternal good feeling characterized this assemblage of *good and true workers* in the "*Mystic Brotherhood.*" From all present, we received a cordial welcome and a liberal share of attention and respect, for which we tender to them, *individually and collectively*, our most grateful acknowledgments. This noble band of

Brothers are fully imbued with the true spirit and principles of Odd Fellowship.

Obtained fifteen new subscribers for the COMPANION, which makes twenty-five altogether from this Lodge. Appointed M. T. Campbell, P.G., local agent, who will doubtless double this list in a few weeks. He is sanguine of getting every member to subscribe for it. Hope his large expectations may be realized.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: C. C. Burton, N.G.; James Robb, V.G.; J. C. Walter, Secretary, and S. Patterson, Treasurer.

UNION LODGE, NO. 10,

Was instituted at Nicholasville December 31, 1841. It has had many obstacles to contend with in attaining its present position among the other Lodges in this jurisdiction. But, thanks to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, it has surmounted them all, and stands forth to-day in its pristine beauty, glory and purity, with all the vigor and strength of its *true manhood*. At no other period of its eventful career, was it blessed with a wider range, or greater degree of prosperity than exists at present. It is in a harmonious and flourishing condition. Brotherly Love prevails. Mutual esteem and fraternal good feeling pervade the hearts of all who meet *once a week*, in the Lodge room, for the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity.

Punishment is *only inflicted* when moral suasion, accompanied with brotherly Love, fails to exercise its transforming power upon the hearts of obdurate offenders. The broad mantle of charity is thrown over the faults of erring Brothers with a kindness and tenderness peculiar to *true Odd Fellows* every where. The members essay to practice the Golden Rule in its purity and fullness. Hence the absence of all bickerings and unpleasantness of every kind among them. There was no contest for any of the offices at the late election. The officers for the present term are: D. B. Curd, N.G.; G. D. Cooley, V.G.; John M. Spruce, Recording Secretary; T. B. Crutcher, Treasurer; and J. C. Welch, Permanent Secretary. Brothers Crutcher and Welch were re-elected. The Permanent Secretary has held his office for fifteen years. The Lodge has 56 members, 31 of whom are regular subscribers for the COMPANION. Every Lodge in the State would do well to imitate this noble example of Union Lodge, No. 10. What Lodge will take the lead in this laudable undertaking? Let us have an early answer.

BARRY, PIKE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

Editor Companion: Our Lodge is in good running order. We now number thirty-five members. Our growth is not very rapid, but the members are good and true men. Our new officers are: James Smith, N.G.; John B. Kiefer, V.G.; John R. Rowand, Secretary; and Alex. White, Treasurer. We now talk strongly of starting an Encampment.

We propose to have a joint celebration of the fiftieth anniversary by all the Lodges in Pike County, in this town.

JOHN B. KIEFER.

Maryland Department.

PROF. THOS. LUCY, P.G., EDITOR.

THE INTELLECTUAL ADVANCEMENT OF THE ORDER.

It will be conceded by every Odd Fellow that it is natural and praiseworthy for the members of any association to desire its extension and perpetuity, and what is thus the ambition of others, may very properly be assumed by them. But the successful prosecution of any enterprise or idea depends upon the intellectual advancement of its votaries. In this age of progress, the mind must keep pace with the march of time and civilization. We see this in secular and religious matters in every country, and the world every where is beginning to realize the vast importance of moral and literary training, and if our Order is to hold not only its place among the institutions of the civilized world, but go on in excellence, until its light spreads around and over all, we must encourage and adopt a practical system of advancement, both morally and intellectually.

Doubt it, as some may now, the time will come when Odd Fellows will be noted for the attention they will pay to the training of their children in the principles of the Order—in high-toned morality, and in common-sense, practical education; their schools will be celebrated and sought after, as models of discipline; for what avail our professions of charity, benevolence, friendship, toleration, justice, truth, and the other cardinal virtues, unless we make them grand objects in the bringing up of our children, and being to them and the world living examples of Odd Fellowship? The truth is, without this in any place, our fellowship is in danger of being Common, and not Odd. We are not Odd enough yet; we should have the enthusiasm of doing more, and striving more, for the intellectual advancement of our race, than any other institution. It is this which will give us power, gain us the respect of all men, and save us from schism and oblivion. Neglect this, and, as a mere beneficial society, we are in danger of being out-done in such good works by the many other societies that are, and will continue to spring up around us. Actuaries will plan tables of relief, or schemes of association that may successfully rival ours, and perhaps throw us into the shade; but we have higher views and objects, and if we cultivate them in earnest, we need fear no competition, but take a proud position as the leader in all the means available to man for promoting the cultivation of the heart and mind.

That the Order is awaking to the knowledge of its true interests, to its vast capabilities of extension and perpetuation, is proved by the late course of so many of its jurisdictions; the formation of united associations, the collection of funds, the establishment of asylums, and the preparations going on in various places for schools and even universities. But all these things seem yet to want a central head, to influence to a general movement, that will make the

advancement of our members and their families in intelligence a universal practice wherever Odd Fellowship becomes a fixed institution.

What seems to be wanting most with us at this time is a more perfect union. Our Lodges are rather too independent of each other to carry out fully the spirit of our Odd Fellowship, and, individually, each Lodge is insufficiently provided with the means to accomplish much intellectual advancement. Grand Lodges do not like to assume any authority in matters of this kind, and the Grand Lodge of the United States waits to be asked before considering any general plan for the cultivation of knowledge and the opening up of new fountains of mental benefits. Hence it is the duty of those who undertake to be of the literature of the Order, and aim to lead in the dissemination of its principles, to continually hold up to view the vast amount of good it can do by a closer association, and especially to show what might be done by the institution intellectually. We desire to urge upon every jurisdiction where the COMPANION finds its way the formation of associations for the promotion of useful knowledge, the establishment of libraries in every Lodge and Camp, the formation of circuits where visiting lecturers can travel round to illustrate and teach popular science and general literature, and to establish or to select schools where every thing that constitutes the principles of Odd Fellowship, with a sound education, can be obtained with a moderate expense. An association of Lodges alone can accomplish this effectually; they can, if they will, found literary institutions that shall benefit their members and their children. We give all honor to those jurisdictions who have moved something in this matter, and we will not cease to plead for intellectual advancement until all jurisdictions, at home and abroad, are a unit in carrying out the higher commands, and making the heart education of our orphans and children the one great end and aim of every intelligent Odd Fellow.

But it is not enough that we establish an Odd Fellows' school, or even university; every jurisdiction in Odd Fellowship should have at least one literary institution, whose special duties should be, not merely to educate children, but to promote, in every way, the intellectual advancement of the membership throughout the jurisdiction. Among these duties might be the selection of proper books to recommend for Lodge libraries, and, if necessary, to aid in procuring them; sending to Lodges from time to time some of their instructors or professors to lecture on useful topics of literature and science; and to take the orphans and children of the membership and thoroughly train them in all that constitutes true intelligence and Odd Fellowship; with any other means that may be found promotive of the charge "to improve and elevate the character of man." Churches and all religious sects have their schools to train their young in the tenets of their belief; then why not Odd Fellows? Are not our moral truths and principles worthy of all acceptance? and would we not gain by having all our children, espe-

cially, taught them, that they might be influenced to practice them when they grow up, and go out in the world to act, and to illustrate the education imparted to them? Such institutions as we propose should have the special care of promoting the intellectual powers, and of imbuing the membership with proper conceptions of their capabilities for good; they should keep up a constant communication with the Lodges of the jurisdiction; they should form a department for the practical exemplification of the truths inculcated at the very threshold of our affiliation.

Much might be done in the way of collecting statistical information, and ascertaining what jurisdictions had institutions looking to this intellectual advancement of the members or their children in the way of schools or education, if the Grand Lodge of the United States had a standing committee on education, who might report annually the progress made and the amount of success. It is much to be desired that our great central head and guide should express more emphatically than it has yet done its high appreciation and warm encouragement of all attempts to promote the intellectual advance of Odd Fellowship; that it should show a degree of enthusiasm on the subject, which, caught up from jurisdiction to jurisdiction, would encircle the Order with a brightness that would call forth the admiration of all right thinking men, and attract to our folds the best talent and the most progressive men of the country; and, as some little step towards this, let our journals carefully collect and publish all that is doing any where among us, in the way of institutions of learning; and let every Grand Lodge have its committee of education to tell us what Odd Fellows are about in this grand, noble and invigorating work. We will endeavor to obtain a synopsis of the present condition of our intellectual progress in the various jurisdictions, and thus give the beginning of a great and all-important feature of the answer to the celebrated question, "ODD FELLOWSHIP—WHAT IS IT?"

ITEMS OF THE ORDER.

OFFICIAL VISITATION.—The M.W. Grand Master, J. Q. A. Herring, accompanied by Grand Secretary Escaville, made an official visit to Henry Clay Lodge, No. 81, on the 10th ultimo, and reports the Lodge prospering and enterprising. Speeches were made, instructions amply given, and the good of the Order generally advanced.

GOLDEN RULE ENCAMPMENT, No. 24.—On the 18th ult. another new Camp was instituted by the M.W. Grand Patriarch, C. W. Greenfield. It is located in the thriving town of Reistertown, Baltimore County, and has every prospect of being a large one. The occasion was very interesting, and a number of applications for membership were received, so that an evening session was held, which was devoted to instructions in the work and the conferment of Degrees. Carroll Encampment, No. 17, of Manchester, was present by delegation; and after the conclusion of the business of the evening, the whole company

were escorted to the hotel, where any quantity of delicacies and substantials had been provided. The Encampment branch is rapidly spreading in all directions in Maryland.

PRESENTATION TO GRAND SECRETARY ESCAVAILLE.—Golden Rule Lodge, No. 58, the Lodge from which our Grand Secretary hails, was honored on the 30th of December by the presence of the M.W. Grand Master and other officers, to present a splendid gold watch and chain to the eminent Secretary, as an expression of the high respect and esteem in which he is held by the Lodges in this jurisdiction. The funds, some three hundred dollars, for the purchase of the gift, had been contributed very privately by several of the country Lodges, and the whole thing so well managed as to be a surprise. The Grand Master, under the "Good of the Order," rose to explain the object of his visit; and then turning to where the Grand Secretary sat, addressed him as the one to whom the tribute of the Lodges was to come. He briefly congratulated him on the event, and recounted his many valuable services to the Lodges, who, in their gratitude and esteem, had intrusted to him the performance of the pleasant duty of presenting their token of affection. He concluded by saying: "Accept this testimonial; and as you wear it near your heart, so may your Brethren, who, in honoring you, honor themselves, be worn in your heart until you have finished your labors and been gathered to your fathers, when posterity will inscribe upon your monument the golden epitaph, that it is erected in memory of an honest man, the noblest work of God." The Grand Secretary essayed to return thanks, but was embarrassed by the unexpected honor. He, however, spoke warmly of his feelings of happiness, and of his fear that his friends had formed too high an opinion of his labors—he had but tried to do his duty faithfully; yet he should ever endeavor to fulfill their expectations, and to do his whole duty to them, the office, and the Order. Pleasant speeches were also made by the Noble Grand, J. Vansant, P.G.M., and S. Snowden, D.G.M.; and the Lodge then adjourned. The watch is an English lever, gold hunting case, and emblematic chain, and is highly creditable, as a production of art, to all those who had the getting up of the testimonial.

OUR FIRST LOST.

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor.

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro;
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly;
Through the loopholes of the stars,
Baby's looking out for me.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

REBEKAH LODGES.

On December 28th we issued a dispensation to institute Colfax Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 4, at Keokuk, which was instituted on the 12th of January. Have not learned who are officers. This Degree Lodge was named "Colfax" in honor of the author of the Degree and our elected Vice President.

Scott Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 2, was instituted at Davenport on December 18th, by D.D.G.M. Haley. They have thirty-four members. F. W. Ehrig is N.G.; Maria Goldfriedrich, V. G.; Aug. Hass, Secretary; J. C. Brauch, Treasurer. They work in the German language.

I expect to receive, in a day or two, a petition for a Rebekah Degree Lodge at Dubuque.

NEW LODGES IN MISSOURI VALLEY AND SHELLSBURG.

On December 28th we issued a dispensation to institute Missouri Valley Lodge, No. 170, at Missouri Valley, Harrison County. The following account of its institution is taken from Bro. Harris's paper, published at that place:

"Missouri Valley Lodge, No. 170, was duly organized on Wednesday evening last, and the following officers elected for the current term: D. M. Harris, N.G.; George Green, V.G.; T. E. Dubois, S.; I. Hull, T.; William Compton, C. W. L. Biggs, D.D.G.M., of Council Bluffs, accompanied by F. T. C. Johnson, G. Wilcox, L. S. Emjeki, Robt. George, and B. Newman were present, and assisted in the organization of the Lodge and the installation of the officers. The regular meetings of this Lodge will be on Wednesday evening of each week."

Bro. Newman writes me that the Brothers from the "Bluffs" had a good time.

On the 11th of January, we issued a dispensation for Benton Lodge, No. 171, at Shellsburg, Benton County. I have sent the dispensation to the Grand Master, and the books, etc., to D.D.G.M. White, of Vinton, and when the Lodge is instituted, will give you names of officers, etc.

PUBLIC INSTALLATION AT KEOKUK.

Please publish the inclosed account of the public installation at Keokuk of the officers of Nos. 13 and 43:

"THE I. O. O. F. INSTALLATION.—The large and beautiful hall of this Order was thronged last night by our citizens, who had a curiosity to witness the imposing ceremonies of the installation of the officers of the two American Lodges. The officers were installed in regular form by D.D.G.M. John Perdew, assisted by Grand Warden E. H. Wickersham, and Past Grands B. F. McIntyre, Lowell Howe, J. C. Fry, and C. W. Taylor. The ceremony of installation is a beautiful one, and was most admirably conducted by the officers in charge. After the installation, an able and eloquent address was delivered by Past Grand Master Emie J. Lecch. The address was listened to with undivided attention, and was loudly applauded. It was a masterly effort, and is worthy of publication and wide dissemination. After the address, the audience was resolved into a sociable,

and was entertained by songs and instrumental music.

"Odd Fellowship in Keokuk, as in all parts of the country, is increasing, growing stronger, is extending the sphere of its usefulness in elevating the character of man, and in relieving the woes inseparable from our common humanity. The institution of Odd Fellowship is not attempted by its votaries to be shrouded in mystery. All know its objects, and all should learn its intrinsic excellencies. The affair last evening was highly enjoyable, and elicited the commendation of all present. We hope to witness still further pleasant entertainments under the auspices of the 'Three-linked Brotherhood.'"

I also send Bro. Leech's address, and if you can spare room for it, I know your subscribers in Iowa will be pleased to have you publish it.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF MUSCATINE ENCAMPMENT.

I have received a petition from nine Patriarchs, former members of Prairie Encampment, No. 4, at Muscatine, asking for the return of their charter, books, etc., and among the number is Richard Cadle, first Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe; Joseph Bridgman, first Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge and Grand Warden of the Grand Encampment; M. Block, who was my predecessor as Grand Scribe; and several other old Past Grands and Patriarchs. And it will afford me great pleasure, with the consent of the Grand Patriarch, to comply with their request, with the prospect of having the pleasure again of meeting them at our Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment sessions.

FROM THE GRAND MASTER AND HIS DEPUTIES.

The reports from Lodges and Camps are being received, and show a healthy increase in membership; and, as a general rule, the District Deputies write encouragingly. I give you extracts from some of their letters.

Grand Master Sharp writes, under date of December 31st: "I instituted Mt. Ayr Lodge, No. 169, on the 28th inst. The officers installed are: Solomon Stahl, N.G.; H. A. White, V.G.; D. B. Marshall, Secretary; Adam Warner, Treasurer." And under date of the 10th inst., he says: "I have visited quite a number of Lodges, and from what I can learn from this source and from letters I am receiving from different parts of the State, the Order in our jurisdiction is very prosperous, as well in accessions by initiation and re-installation, as in advancement in Degrees. I visited Leon Lodge, No. 84, and installed their officers and instructed them in the secret work on December 25. They now have a very good hall, and a fine prospect ahead. They had two petitions the evening I visited them."

D.D.G.M. Taylor, of Marshalltown, says: "The officers of all the Lodges (four) in my District (No. 19) are installed, and the Lodges are working well."

Bro. McManus, of Eddyville, says: "I am happy to inform you that, although our Lodge is not increasing in numbers, yet it is working in the utmost harmony."

D.D.G.M. Nugen says: "I can report Odd Fellowship in a prosperous condition in District No.

15;" and the reports from his four Lodges show such to be the case.

Bro. Newcomb writes that his Lodge (Tama City, No. 152) is doing well at present.

Bro. Burchinal says that Jasper Lodge, No. 168, has now twenty-two members, and prospects good for a large increase this term.

Bro. Duncan, of Monroe Lodge, No. 81, Albia, says: "We contemplate building a hall on the corner of the Square next season. Much work must be done in regard to finances, if we want to make it a success. And this we will do."

Bro. Evans, of Richland, says: "Our Lodge (Kossuth, No. 32) is in a healthy condition. We are steadily on the increase. Our Order is popular with the citizens of the surrounding country. We have a good attendance at our meetings—will average twenty-five. All work harmoniously, no bad feeling existing among the members."

Bro. Barker, of Madison Lodge, No. 136, of Winterset, says: "Our Lodge is in a fair condition at present, not receiving new members very fast, but trying to get good ones, as far as we go."

D.D.G.M. Stimming, of No. 32 (Dubuque), writes: "Odd Fellowship is in a very prosperous condition in this District, as the accompanying reports will show. The Lodges, with hardly a single exception, are initiating good and true men, and the officers of the different Lodges are now more generally performing their respective duties without the use of books, which has a very pleasing effect upon the membership."

D.D.G.M. Daniels, of No. 22 (Tipton), says that he installed the officers of Pedee Lodge, No. 134 (except the Secretary, who was not present), on the 25th inst., aided by Brothers of No. 8, and that the Lodge has a hall of its own. A good feeling among the members, and the prospects good. On the 8th instant he publicly installed the officers of Manitou Lodge, No. 8. The families of several Brothers were present; also, several who were not members. Every thing passed off pleasantly. The Lodge has fitted up a hall, with new carpet, walls papered, and every thing comfortable and in good style.

D.D.G.M. Ballard, of No. 39 (Montezuma), says: "The officers of Lodges in my district are installed, and are in good working order; have a good attendance, and zeal manifested on the part of the officers. I think we will have plenty of work to do this year."

Bro. Shellanbarger, of Sigourney, writes: "We had a splendid installation; some seventy-five Brothers in attendance, and quite a number of Rebekahs. All partook of a fine supper, and had a general good time."

The officers of Washington Lodge, No. 1, were installed by D.D.G.M. Weasner on the 5th, and the Lodge is steadily growing; had January 1, 1869, one hundred and twenty-six members, and one or two joined since."

The officers of Eureka Camp, No. 2, were installed

by D.D.G.P. Woodward on the 8th, and the Camp is also doing well. G.

DISTRICT NO. 37.

INDEPENDENCE, Jan. 8, 1869.

Editor Companion: District No. 37 is composed of Franklin Lodge, No. 59, located at Quasqueton, Independence, No. 142, and Jessup, No. 158, all of Buchanan County; Blackhawk, No. 72, located at Waterloo, and Charles City, No. 165, located in Floyd County.

Franklin Lodge, No. 59, is the pioneer Lodge in this District, and has been in successful operation some sixteen years. They number some fifty members, and all good and true Odd Fellows, and working right up to the mark. Their Lodge is composed of good material, and that feeling of brotherly love which should prevail in every Lodge-room is one of the leading traits in the character of its members. In company with several of the Brothers of this place, I visited Franklin Lodge on Tuesday evening last, and installed their officers, as follows: John Keller, N.G.; W. W. Butterfield, V.G.; Geo. Minkler, Secretary; and Charles E. Kent, Treasurer. We had a very pleasant time indeed; especially at the closing scene, an oyster supper, under the management of Bro. John Nidey and other Brothers of the Lodge, who spared no pains to make every thing pass off in a manner highly satisfactory to all present.

I visited Perry Lodge, No. 158, located at Jessup, on Saturday evening, January 2, and installed their officers. Perry Lodge is a young Lodge, being only about one year old; yet they number some thirty-six members, and are in fine working order. They seem to have been favored in selecting good members, who are alive to the cause of Odd Fellowship. The officers for the present term are: F. C. Merrill, N.G.; J. W. Kenyon, V.G.; Wm. Bigelow, Secretary; and Jacob Wolf, Treasurer.

Blackhawk Lodge, No. 72, located at Waterloo, is also in a flourishing condition; as is also Charles City Lodge, No. 165, located at Charles City.

Independence Lodge, No. 142, located at Independence, is the Lodge of which I have the honor of being a member. Our charter dates from July 23, 1866. We started out with seven members; we now number some sixty, and are in good working condition, as well as financially sound. We have mostly good, sound members, who are ever willing to extend the hand of Odd Fellowship in adversity as well as in prosperity. I had the honor of installing the officers of our Lodge on Monday evening, January 4th, as follows: J. S. Woodward, N.G.; D. D. Holdridge, V.G.; J. P. Sampson, Secretary; and J. L. Winnegor, Treasurer; all good and true Odd Fellows, who will make good officers.

At the close of the evening exercises, the Lodge and visitors, by request of the officers elect, repaired to the spacious, elegant, and brilliantly lighted rooms of one of our city restaurants, where tables were groaning under an immense weight of good

things. After partaking to repletion of the sumptuous feast, we were invited into another room, where, if we did not have a feast of reason, we had a flow of soul, wit and humor, which rendered us oblivious of time, until the hour of twelve reminded us that other ties than those of Brotherhood had demands upon us. After a good shake of the hand, and a "God bless you," we parted for our homes, feeling, more than ever, that it was good for Brothers to dwell together in unison. E. A. ALEXANDER.

DISTRICT NO. 25.

CLINTON, January 19, 1869.

Editor Companion: Our M.W. Grand Master, Will P. Sharp, has thought me worthy to fill the responsible position of D.D.G.M. of District No. 25, composed of Lodges Nos. 33, 61, 86, 139, and 150. The first is situated thirty-five miles from here; the third, twenty miles; the second, in Lyons, two miles; the fourth and fifth, here in Clinton. I have installed the officers of these Lodges, and must say they are progressing well. One or two of the Lodges are somewhat rusty; but Friendship, Love and Truth assert their mild dominion over them all.

At Jackson Lodge, No. 33, I was met with great cordiality. After the usual business, I proceeded to install the officers elect, when I was invited to attend the tin-wedding of Thomas E. Cannell, P.G., where I remained until a late hour.

The night but one following, I installed the officers of Eagle Lodge, No. 86, where I met Past Grands H. S. Butler and Denis Whitney, and several other Brothers. This is as fine a Lodge-room as we have in the State, and it is the property of the Lodge. They own the third story, containing the Lodge-room, and hold a mortgage for two thousand dollars on the building underneath. Besides this, they have a good treasury, and have a membership of one hundred and ten in good standing, and the number is still increasing.

Lyons Lodge, No. 61, is in a flourishing condition, both financially and numerically.

My own Lodge, Walhalla, No. 150, was instituted May 22, 1867, with ten charter members; we now number forty-two in good standing. We have the use of the Lodge-room and furniture of Lincoln Lodge, No. 139, at an annual rental of seventy dollars, with a treasury of one hundred and fifty dollars. The material is here among our German citizens to make a large Lodge, and if God spares us, we intend to swell our numbers to seventy-five by this time next year.

THOS. RICHARDSON.

GEORGIA.

SAVANNAH, January 16, 1869.

Editor Companion: The Order in our State is doing as well as could be expected, considering the hard times that prevail. I instituted a new Lodge on Thursday evening, the 14th inst., in this city. It starts under very favorable auspices, and will no doubt succeed, having for its charter members Brethren of energy and perseverance.

We anticipate celebrating our coming semi-centennial anniversary in a becoming manner, in Savannah. The Order here, consisting of four Lodges and one Encampment, have appointed committees to make the necessary arrangements. Bro. P.G. Sire Nicholson, of Pennsylvania, was invited to deliver an oration here on that day, but declined in consequence of previous engagements. He, however, expresses the great satisfaction it would have given him to visit us.

The COMPANION is taken by a few Brethren here, all of whom express their satisfaction with it. I think that it is, without exception, one of the best magazines connected with the Order in this country.

JAMES LACHLISON, G.M.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS AND MISSOURI.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS.

Editor Companion: With the new year, a change in official station was inaugurated by a public installation of the officers of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 374, for the present term. The idea that our doors were to be thrown open and our proceedings made known, excited the curiosity of several, and at the appointed time our hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Our D.D.G.M., assisted by Past Grands Weathers and Hite, of Madison, No. 43, and Past Grands Parsons and Peyken, of Missouri, performed the installation services. The following is a list of the officers installed: Wm. A. Knight, N.G.; Wm. Linter, V.G.; Thomas O'Neill, R.S.; A. B. Armstrong, P.S.; Fred. Heinz, T.; P.G. Geo. Shone, W.; Samuel B. Walker, O.G.; George T. Phillips, G.; George Hoskins and Joseph T. Wall, R. and L.S. of the N.G.; Thomas Clegg and Ferd. Swartz, R. and L.S. of the V.G.; George D. Eddy, C.

The hall was neatly and tastefully arranged, with the mottoes and emblems of the Order in their several places, and trimmed with evergreens, and presented a novel scene to the spectators, who were deeply interested in the ceremonies performed. Bro. W. H. H. Russell, of St. Louis, orator of the evening, delivered one of his able addresses, which was received with marked attention. A copy is requested for further use.

Bro. Parsons also responded in his characteristic manner, and, as he well said, between him and Bro. Russell, we got a little of both the law and the gospel. The performance was enlivened by music and singing—our worthy Sister, Mrs. George D. Eddy, presiding at the organ.

Considerable anxiety was manifested by some of our lady friends to see that much abused animal said to be in such places; but being indisposed, our goat was not on hand, and one lady accounted for his non-appearance by pointing to the emblem of Plenty, and remarked that he must have been ridden to death, and the horns were all that remained of him.

LEBANON, ILLINOIS.

St. Clair Lodge, No. 119, at Lebanon, had a public installation on the 6th, where I passed a pleasant

evening, especially at a bounteous table, well filled, and contributed by the members of the Lodge. On this occasion I was pleased to note the many fair daughters of Lebanon present, who, by their social intercourse, did not seem to think that Odd Fellows were such awful beings as represented.

This Lodge has a fine hall and a fair membership, composed of good material, but need more practice. If books were dispensed with, the ceremonies would be much improved, and more impressive.

ALTON, ILLINOIS.

The several Lodges in Alton still keep the ball in motion; but I cannot say so much for the Encampment work for the term closed. On last Friday evening the officers were installed by Bro. Simms, P.G.P., at the request of the District Deputy. The membership of No. 1 is composed of the American and German Lodges, who work together in unison; but I am satisfied that the organization of a German Camp would infuse new life into both, and create a generous rivalry, as it does in the Lodges.

The prospect is now good for the re-organization of Western Star Lodge, No. 1, which will be hailed with delight by every member in our State, as it will fill a vacancy too long neglected.

I had the pleasure of examining to-day a very correct photograph of the oldest Odd Fellows' hall in the State of Illinois. This building was situated on the north-east corner of Second and Alby streets, Alton, in which Western Star Lodge, No. 1, was instituted October, 1836. The drawing was executed by Mr. Alfred P. Hyatt, its size being eight by ten inches, and is surrounded by a photograph of the nine original living members of that first Lodge, viz: John R. Woods, John P. Ash, James D. Burns, Samuel S. Miller, James E. Starr, W. T. Miller, Thomas Middleton, D. Berry, and J. R. Batterton.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Our St. Louis friends, over the river, are still on the onward march, and devising new features all the time. The last one is a mutual employment concern, whereby Odd Fellows who need situations are assisted to procure them.

The preparations to celebrate the coming anniversary are about complete, and it promises to be an imposing affair. It is confidently expected that Bro. Nicholson, P.G.S., will deliver the address.

The Mutual Aid Association is increasing in numbers, and promises a successful future.

Several Lodges visited seem alive to the fact that Odd Fellowship is an institution that must be sustained, while the Encampment branch is not forgotten. A call at the tent of No. 1, last week, disclosed five pilgrims on their journey to the inner temple. Mound City, No. 27, at its last meeting, was evidently not in a dying condition. Five candidates were initiated, two advanced, and two exalted to the Sublime Degree. This is one of the working Camps of St. Louis, and has a membership devoted to the best interests of the Order, and will well repay a visit from all sojourning Patriarchs. The officers are posted in the work, and know how

to confer the Degrees; and, as a general thing, the lectures do not have to be repeated for the instruction of candidates.

Last evening, Golden Rule Lodge, No. 109 (German), of St. Louis, conferred the Rebekah Degree on a number of Brothers and Sisters, Bro. Fred. Schiereck, D.D.G.M., presiding. Though I cannot talk German, yet I understood the motions, and know that they performed the work correctly. Several remarks were made by Brothers, interspersed with music and singing. All spent a happy evening, as Germans know how to do.

Several other items are omitted, but enough is said for this section. Progression is our motto.

GEO. F. ADAMS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, January 15, 1869.

NEW JERSEY.

REBEKAH DEGREE AT NEW BRUNSWICK.

Editor Companion: We are still alive in our jurisdiction, an evidence of which was seen in the annual gathering of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 6, at New Brunswick, on the 15th of January, for the purpose of conferring the Rebekah Degree. Invitations were extended to the Brothers and Sisters at Newark and Elizabeth to be present. Grand Representatives Ross and Force, Bros. Crane and Snyder, Past Grands, from Newark, and Bros. Tubbs, Williams, Robertson, Waters, Clark, Sloan and Parmilie, Past Grands, from Elizabeth, accepted the invitation; and, in order to "keep the dogs away," Bros. Force and Crane took their wives along.

We were received at the depot by a committee from No. 6, headed by that enthusiastic Odd Fellow, Judge A. P. Provost, P.G.M., who immediately took us in charge, and conducted the ladies to his residence. From thence they soon joined us at the Lodge-room, which was filled to its utmost capacity.

Grand Representative Ross took the chair of the N.G., and A. B. Crane, P.G., of Howard, No. 7, Newark, the chair of the V.G., with G. W. Tubbs, P.G., of Franklin, No. 9, Elizabeth, as Conductor. The Degree was most beautifully and impressively conferred upon *twenty-five* ladies, wives of members of New Brunswick Lodge, *without the use of books*.

After closing the Lodge, the company, numbering over one hundred, adjourned to a convenient hall, where a most bounteous collation had been prepared by the ladies, and was served under the direction of Bro. Griggs, D.D.G.M., chairman of the committee of arrangements, who deserved and received very flattering compliments for the manner in which the whole arrangements were conceived and carried out.

After doing full justice to the eatables and drinkables (coffee and lemonade), the flow of soul commenced by some well chosen remarks from Bro. Provost, P.G.M., who concluded by calling upon Bro. Ross, G.R., who gave some very interesting information in regard to the Degree, and good advice to both Brothers and Sisters.

Other remarks followed from Bros. Force, Crane,

Snyder, Carswell, Griggs, and Bro. Gavit, P.G., of Zanesville, Ohio, who also expressed his pleasure at being present, and gave us some interesting information from the Buckeye State.

Our Elizabeth Brothers here made up their minds to start for home; but the Newark delegation had concluded to make a night of it. (You know we had our wives along, so were in no hurry.)

At 12 o'clock, we prepared to leave for the residence of Bro. Provost, whose generous hospitality had been extended to us. From the ominous moving of tables, and the bringing out of the piano, however, we imagined that the younger Brothers and Sisters intended to pay some devotion at the Terpsichorean shrine before finally dispersing. We, however, retired, rose in time for the early morning train, and after bidding a warm and thankful adieu to our hospitable host, got in the cars, and reached Newark at 8.15, all highly pleased and delighted with the trip, especially the ladies.

New Brunswick Lodge has made great and good progress during the past year, now numbering some one hundred and fifty members, and of the best class of citizens. May she continue to progress, and each returning annual festival be a greater source of happiness and pleasure than the last.

We are also doing well in Newark—all of our seven Lodges growing steadily, and propositions now on the tapis for the organization of three more. Will endeavor shortly to give you a fuller account of our condition and progress in Newark, with other items of interest.

SENEX.

NEWARK, January 16, 1869.

"*Excelsior*" has kindly furnished us with a sketch of the same proceedings, from which we quote:

"It is several years since the Degree of Rebekah was conferred in No. 6. The interest evinced on this evening, however, leads us to believe that a regularly organized Lodge of this Degree will soon be established in their membership. We were informed that No. 6 now numbers about one hundred and fifty of the good, substantial men of the city. Only a few years ago they were reduced to thirty. They own their hall, and are in every respect in good condition, and their motto is *EXCELSIOR*."

NEW ENCAMPMENT AT BELVIDERE.

Editor Companion: The Grand Encampment of this State having at its last session authorized the Encampment Degrees to be conferred upon the requisite number of Scarlet Degree members, to qualify them as petitioners for an Encampment to be located in a town or city in which no Encampment exists, an application was made by seven Brothers of Covenant Lodge, No. 13, of Belvidere, to receive the Degrees. The Grand Patriarch, Isaac D. Ward, of No. 27, accompanied by P.G.P.'s John W. Orr, of No. 5, and Theodore A. Ross, of No. 3, and P.C.P. Aaron B. Crane, of No. 3, left Elizabeth at noon on the 29th inst., and arrived at the beautiful village of Belvidere, pleasantly situated on the banks of the

Delaware, about 5 P.M. Soon after they were joined by C. I. I. William N. Nutt, Grand Scribe John O. Raum, and Chief Patriarch McIntire, of No. 2. Patriarch Israel Harris, holding a withdrawal card from No. 5, and one of the applicants for a charter, was also present. The Grand Patriarch opened an Encampment (the regalia and other materials having been provided), and the Patriarchal Degree was conferred by P.C.P. Crane on the seven candidates. The G. R. Degree was then conferred by P.G.P. Orr, and the R.P. Degree by G.P. Ward. P.G.P. Ross officiated as H.P. in all the Degrees. The application for a charter was then prepared, a dispensation granted, and "Belvidere Encampment, No. 38," was duly instituted by Isaac D. Ward, G.P.; Wm. N. Nutt, G.H.P.; Theo. A. Ross, G.S.W., *pro tem.*; J. W. Orr, G.J.W., *pro tem.*; J. O. Raum, Grand Scribe; A. B. Crane, Grand Treasurer, *pro tem.* I. Harris was elected and installed C.P.; J. H. King, H.P.; H. V. Harris, S.W.; John O'Brien, J.W.; John B. Brookfield, Scribe; Martin Freeman, Treasurer; Wm. C. Witte, G.; L. Hounworth, S. About midnight the party proceeded by invitation of C.P. Harris to his elegant residence and partook of a choice collation, and it is almost useless to say they were well prepared, after the arduous work of the evening, to do justice to the subject. About 2 o'clock, A.M., the visitors were escorted by the members of No. 38 to their hotel, and at 6¼, A.M., were on their way to the depot, well pleased with their visit and the hospitality exhibited by the newly made Patriarchs of Belvidere. Covenant Lodge, as its number indicates, is an old Lodge, and it is a flourishing one. Its membership is first class, and they possess all the requisites for a good Encampment, and they will doubtless have one of the best in the State. Their regalia and other material are new, and of good quality, and they appear disposed to omit nothing that may be necessary to get into good working condition.

Our new Grand Patriarch takes a great interest in the work of the Patriarchal branch of the Order, and we expect a good report from him at the next session. The watchword here is "Onward." Wishing the COMPANION and its many readers "a happy new year," Yours, fraternally, * * *

DECEMBER 31, 1868.

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost is a wonderful artist indeed:
Builds castles with breath on the smooth-surfaced glass;
Leaves flowers wherever his bright feet doth tread,
And spreads a white carpet all over the grass.

He climbs to the top of the tall forest tree,
And crowns it with gems when the green leaves are gone.

Poor lovers of beauty and wonder are we,
If we prize not his work, so tastefully done.

He breathes on the wind-dimpled streamlet, and lo!
A bright shield of silver gleams on its soft breast!
Across the broad river his arms he doth throw,
And its fast-flowing waters are hushed into rest.

Fantastic and strange are the pictures he draws,
With a pencil of beauty, wherever he goes.
Who'd seek in his works to find out any flaws,
Would try to improve the warm tint of the rose.

The spots unadorned yet by Beauty divine,
His fingers so nimble, so skillful and free,
Move over, and quickly with jewels they shine,
And look fair, as we dream elán bowers to be.

I love him, although from a bow that's unseen,
He lets loose his swift-winged arrows of sleet,
As I cross the wide heath—their sting, sharp and keen,
But renders my oot, when I reach it, more sweet.

He comes to my garden, where Robin sings sweet
On the fence that is covered with roses in spring,
And makes it a palace of crystal complete,
Where fairies might dance in a jewel-wave ring.

His icicles fringing the bucket all worn,
That stands on the brink of the old woodland well,
Look brighter than dew-drops upon a May morn,
That gleam in the roses that grow in the dell.

Then come, O Jack Frost! from thy bleak northern home,
Thou beautiful jewel-robed wandering sprite;
Show thy skill on the windows of my little room,
And spread o'er the meadows thy carpet of white.

OBITUARY.

DIED—At his mother's residence, near Versailles, Ohio, January 18th, Bro. XURY HOLE, P.G., of Versailles Lodge, No. 286, aged 37 years and 17 days.

Bro. Hole was unmarried, but leaves an aged mother and some brothers and sisters, between whom the warmest affection ever existed. He was unassuming, but possessed a true, warm heart, ever open to the calls of the needy. He had been a member of Versailles Lodge almost from the time of its institution (1854), during which time he filled many positions in the Lodge, with credit to himself and honor to the Lodge. Peace to his ashes! The usual resolutions of condolence and sympathy were reported by Past Grand J. H. C. Larimore, Jas. McKnight, Jr., and Wm. Apple.

DIED—Bro. ISAAC FOUTTS, of East Liverpool Lodge, No. 379, at his residence in East Liverpool, on the 12th day of January, 1869.

On the 14th of January, his remains were followed to their last resting place by East Liverpool Lodge, No. 379, and East Liverpool Encampment, No. 107, I.O.O.F., East Liverpool Lodge, No. 359, I.O.G.T., and a large concourse of citizens. A committee, consisting of Bros. Thomas Croxall, P.G., John N. Taylor, P.G., and John J. Crawford, reported resolutions of condolence and respect, which were unanimously adopted by the Lodge, and a copy of the same ordered to be transmitted to the widow of Bro. Foutts, and also to be published.

A. FRITZ, *Secretary.*

DIED—At Portsmouth, Ohio, on Tuesday, the 22d day of January, Bro. FRED. PREDIGER, aged 45 years.

Bro. Prediger was one of the oldest German Odd Fellows in Portsmouth, and beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

F. A. S.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

INDIANA.—Concluded.

No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
300	Grandview	Grandview	Sat	56	Charity	New London	Fri	144	Prairie City	Prairie City	M
301	Rockfield	Rockfield	Tue	58	Winneshiek	Decorah	Tue	145	Panora	Panora	M
302	Chili	Chili	Sat	59	Franklin	Quasqueton	Tue	146	Palmyra	Palmyra	M
303	Brooklyn	Brooklyn	Tue	60	Fayette	Douglas	Sat	147	Wyoming	Wyoming	M
304	Mt Etna	Mt Etna	Wed	61	Lyons	Lyons	Th	148	Hebron	Marengo	Fri
305	Blountsville	Blountsville	Tue	64	Chariton	Chariton	Tue	149	Manchester	Manchester	Fri
306	Dunkirk	Dunkirk	Fri	66	Montrose	Montrose	M	150	Walballe	Clinton City	Wed
307	Sanders	Cloverdale	Wed	70	Indianola	Indianola	Wed	151	Belle Plaine	Belle Plaine	Th
308	Oakland City	Oakland City	Tue	72	Black Hawk	Waterloo	Wed	152	Tama City	Tama City	Fri
309	Daleville	Daleville	Sat	73	Central	Newton	Tue	153	Moingona	Moingona	Sat
310	Reinbart	Boston	Sat	74	Montezuma	Montezuma	Fri	154	Winfield	Winfield	Sat
311	Siloam	Bainbridge	Fri	76	Centreville	Centreville	Sat	155	Lone Star	Milton	Wed
312	Philadel-phia	New Phil-adelphia	77	Eldora	Eldora	Sat	156	Northern Light	Monona	Tue
313	Williams	Wawpecong	78	Hamilton	Hamilton	Sat	157	Ft Madison	Fort Madison	Wed
314	Walton	Walton	79	Boonsboro	Boonsboro	Sat	158	Perry	Jessup	Sat
315	Clear Spring	Clear Spring	81	Monroe	Albia	Tue	159	Enterprise	Talleyrand
316	Kendallville	Kendallville	83	Vinton	Vinton	M	160	Chelsea	Chelsea	Sat

IOWA.

No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
1	Washington	Burlington	Tue	100	Arcturus	Iowa Falls	Sat	161	Protection	Blairstown	M
2	Harmony	Dubuque	Fri	101	Covenant	Washington	Sat	162	Lisbon	Lisbon	M
3	Keosauqua	Keosauqua	Sat	102	Decatur	Decatur City	Sat	163	Melrose	Melrose	Th
4	Jefferson	Fairfield	Tue	104	Central	Nevada	Tue	164	Sioux City	Sioux City	M
5	Muscatine	Muscatine	Fri	105	Pleasant Grove	Pleasant Grove	Wed	165	National	Charles City	Tue
6	Kosciusko	Iowa City	Wed	106	Capital	Des Moines	Fri	166	Star	Mechanicsville	Th
7	Davenport	Davenport	Tue	107	Pulaski	Wilton	Sat	167	Viola	Viola
8	Manitou	Tipton	Fri	108	Wayne	Lagrange	M	168	Jasper	Monroe City
9	Ottumwa	Ottumwa	Tue	109	Clarinda	Clarinda	Sat				
10	Henry	Mt Pleasant	M	110	Clarinda	Clarinda	Sat				
11	Schiller	Dubuque	M	111	Itasca	McGregor	Sat				
12	Julian	Dubuque	Tue	112	Germania	Franklin Centre	Sat				
13	Keokuk	Keokuk	M	114	Brooklyn	Brooklyn	Sat				
16	Mahaska	Oskaloosa	Sat	116	Hermann	Keokuk	Wed				
17	Wildely	Farmington	M	117	Monticello	Monticello	Sat				
18	Osceola	Marion	M	118	Lansing	Lansing	Wed				
19	Louisa	Wapello	M	120	Ohio	Batavia	Sat				
20	Red Cedar	Rochester	Sat	121	Garden Grove	Garden Grove	Sat				
22	Bonaparte	Bonaparte	Sat	123	Banner	Marshalltown	Tue				
23	Bloomfield	Bloomfield	M	126	Guttenberg	Guttenberg	Sat				
24	Magnolia	Agency City	Sat	127	Dubuque	Dubuque	Wed				
25	Fort Des Moines	Des Moines	M	128	Commercial	Oskaloosa	Th				
26	Day	Eddyville	Sat	129	Teutonia	Iowa City	M				
27	Troy	Troy	Sat	130	Afton	Afton	Sat				
28	Iowaville	Iowaville	Sat	131	Carlisle	Carlisle	Sat				
29	Garnaville	Garnaville	Sat	132	Oneida	Earlville	Sat				
31	Empire	Fort Madison	Sat	133	Concordia	Fort Madison	M				
32	Kossuth	Richland	Sat	134	Pedee	Pedee	Sat				
33	Jackson	Maquoketa	Th	135	Redfield	Redfield	Sat				
36	Birmingham	Birmingham	Wed	136	Madison	Winterset	Tue				
37	Scott	Davenport	Th	137	Jonathan	Des Moines	Wed				
40	Anamosa	Anamosa	Sat	138	Relief	Lowell	Sat				
43	Puckeche-tuck	Keokuk	Fri	139	Lincoln	Clinton City	Tue				
44	Eureka	Iowa City	Tue	140	Lewis	Lewis	Th				
46	Delhi	Delhi	141	Cedar Rapids	Cedar Rapids	Wed				
47	Kirkville	Kirkville	Sat	142	Independence	Independence	M				
48	Salem	Salem	Sat	143	Burr Oak	Burr Oak	Sat				
49	Council Bluffs	Council Bluffs	Th								
50	Colony	Colony	Sat								
55	Mystic	Mt Pleasant	Tue								

KANSAS.

No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
1	Shawnee	Topeka	Tue
2	Leavenworth	Leavenworth	Tue
3	Summudwot	Wyandot	M
4	Lawrence	Lawrence	Tue
5	Friendship	Atchison	Tue
9	Germania	Leavenworth	Th
11	Paola	Paola	Fri
14	Burlingame	Burlingame	Fri
15	Union	Emporia	Tue
16	Garnett	Garnett	Tue
17	Manhattan	Manhattan	Th
18	Halcyon	Lawrence	Wed
19	Seneca	Seneca	Th
20	Magnolia	Mound City	Sat
21	Iola	Iola	Tue
22	Fort Scott	Fort Scott	M
23	Gardner	Gardner	Tue
24	Ottawa	Ottawa	Sat
25	Frontier	Junction City	M
26	Pardee	Pardee	M
27	Metropolitan	Leavenworth	Fri
28	Salina	Salina	Th
29	Burlington	Burlington	Tue
30	Humboldt	Humboldt	Wed
31	Baldwin City	Baldwin City	M
32	Eagle	Oskaloosa	Tue
33	Schiller	Atchison
34	Holton	Holton
35	Samartian	Barnesville
36	Oswego	Oswego
37	Wilsey	Coyville
38	Troy City	Troy

One page of this Directory of all the Lodges of the I. O. O. F. will appear each month.

THE COMPANION

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FOR ODD FELLOWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

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CONTENTMENT.

"Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my own harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck."—SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like it*.

It is related of an eccentric old student of humanity, that, being minded to put a trick upon his kind, he caused to be placed in a corner patch of his estate a notice-board inscribed with these words: "This field will be given to any one who can show that he is contented." Among others, there came to claim the land a stalwart young yeoman, blessed abundantly with this world's goods, newly married to the sweetheart of his choice, full of health and cheerfulness. "And you really believe that you are contented?" asked the old man with a twinkle in his eye. "Believe?" cried the other confidently. "It's more than a belief: I know it." "Pray then," was the brief but decisive rejoinder, "what do you want with my field?" The young man left the study of the sage a sadder, if not a wiser man.

It has often occurred to me that the old man of this fable was not quite the philosopher he took himself to be. In common with most of our poets and many of our essayists, he fell into the error of supposing that the state of contentment is necessarily one of inaction; that so soon as a man begins to strive for something which he does not possess, or to aspire after a higher condition of life than that in which he moves at present, he ceases to be contented. But in this sense of the word, none of us, except indeed the very slothful, are contented; nor, as it seems to me, is it likely that we ever shall be, so long as Hope sings in our ears her syren song of a brighter future. "Not to make progress," says the old Latin adage, "is to go backward;" and going backward is surely not the road to contentment. Life is an ocean, and he who ceases to breast the waves boldly, must inevitably sink beneath them.

Or, to change the figure, life is a high hill, placed in our pathway, to be scaled or not as we may think fit. Some are born at the foot of it, some upon its lower slopes, some farther up, some very near the top of it. Is he, who, as the phrase goes, "abides in that sphere of life in which it has pleased Providence to place him," the only man who is to be pronounced contented?

I have looked at the matter all ways, and I cannot think so. I see that the benefactors of the human race have sprung from all ranks of life, from the poor as well as from the rich; and I see further that such of them as have sprung from the ranks of the poor could by no possibility have become universal benefactors if they had chosen to abide in the position of life in which they were born. Turning to the other side of the picture I take it for granted that no man can be accounted happy if he be not contented, and that an all-wise Providence would hardly have gone about to benefit the race by making the agents whom he employed in the work unhappy. And from these premises I deduce the conclusion that contentment is quite compatible with the desire and the effort to raise oneself to a higher level in the scale of human being.

To dwell among the marshes at the foot of the hill of life is to become a prey to the deleterious influences of the miasma which is bred there. It is healthier higher up; mount thither. To dwell for ever on the slopes of the hill, is to limit one's vision. The prospect widens higher up; mount thither. Contentment is not to be found in sitting still, and waiting for blessings to drop into one's mouth. This is mere slothfulness. Contentment is an active virtue. It denotes repletion of joy—"full measure, pressed together, shaken down, running over." Inertia brings languor, weariness, discontent. It is a stagnant pool, which frets, and seethes, and bubbles, and gives off poisonous gases. Running water is ever the brightest. Withered by inaction, the body becomes cold, the muscles rigid, the brain torpid. Here there is no sense of enjoyment. It is when the warm blood circulates freely, and the muscles are lithe and the brain active, that man becomes cheerful; and cheerfulness is one of the ripest fruits of contentment. As with the material, so with the moral being of a man. He who withdraws himself from the battle of life, and sits down by the roadside, shut out from the sympathies of his kind, caring only for himself, reckless of his comrades in the fight, is in no sense of the word contented. The hours pass wearily with him, until he sinks below the capacity of enjoyment. He is like the polar traveler who sits down to rest in the snow. His inactivity is death. It is the man who pushes energetically and cheerfully onward that reaps the rewards of a well-spent life. Contentment consists in the thankful enjoyment of what we have; it does not preclude the honest endeavor to obtain more. Otherwise the savage life were the most happy.

and the work of teaching an ignorant child, cruelty.

We are all climbing this hill of life. He is the most contented who climbs it most joyously—"owing no man hate, envying no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with his own harm." Shakespeare has put the thing in a sentence. We are not to worry ourselves with petty hatreds and dislikes; we are not to be miserable because some one whom we know has managed to get higher up the hill than we are. We are not to get first in the race by pulling some one else back; we are rather to rejoice that he has set us so good an example, and follow bravely in his footsteps. If we stumble, we are not therefore to be disheartened; we are to be "content with our own harm." And the greatest of our pride should be to see "our ewes graze and our lambs suck"—to attend to our own business pleasantly, to follow our own journey manfully, without being discontented at the better success of others.

So that, as it seems to me, contentment lies not in any repression of our aspirations or our hopes, nor in any silencing of our desires for wealth, or position, or fame, but in the casting out of all "envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness," in the thankful enjoyment of whatever we have hitherto achieved, and in the manful plodding onward and upward into the brighter, purer regions that lie basking in the sunlight above us.

THE HIDDEN ROSES.

E'en now, within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed,
Till throbbles sing, and larks soar up,
And Summer be revealed.
E'en now, in their enchanted sleep
Beneath the frozen clod,
The little baby-blossoms wait
The summons of their God.

The snow-time and the winter-storm
Will vanish like a cloud;
Soon Spring will cast her swallows forth,
And May-trees blossom proud.
Rainbows will arch the sunny air,
Lambs leap in every fold,
And through the dark warm earth pierce through
The crocus flushed with gold.

Winter, the disrowned king, will cast
The white mask from his face;
And Spring, his rosy child, with smiles
Will see the swallows chase.
From Night's black grave, like Lazarus,
The striving day comes forth,
The winter-storm sows seeds of joy,
East, west, and south and north.

Spring comes with sound of whispering leaves,
And songs of waking birds;
The joy of May-time is too great
To shape itself in words.
Soon buds will widen into flowers,
And Summer be revealed;
E'en now, within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed.

ZACHARY LEAKE;

A CHOICE SPIRIT.

BY DUTTON COOK.

I.

"SHE had made her bed, and she must lie in it." The constant repetition of that well-worn observation was all that poor Mrs. Leake's white face and suffering looks ever succeeded in extorting from her numerous relatives, friends and acquaintances. Certainly it was not much in the way of consolation. It did not help her greatly to bear the burden of her troubles. Possibly she might have made shift to have done without it altogether, and would not have been very much the worse off either.

She did not ask for sympathy. She made no appeals to the pity of her neighbors. She did not even utter a complaint of any kind—never a word of repining had been heard from her lips. Yet there was that in her face which spoke out plainly enough—told as much as the longest and most eloquent of speeches could have done. It revealed this much, certainly—she was a wretched woman. Happiness had quite gone from her, and all hope of happiness. Her life was one long misery. She was bound hand and foot, and surrendered a perpetual prisoner to despair. She did not struggle against her fate—she made no effort to overcome and subdue it. That would have implied that she had faith in the possibility of a change occurring. There was no such thought in her breast. She must live on, aching, tortured, but enduring, until death came, and sensation ceased within her for ever. She could look for no other end than that. Meantime she grew paler, thinner, feebler—the shadow of what she had been.

As Mary Booth, the only daughter of James Booth (since deceased), she was thought to be a comely, bright-colored girl enough. As Mrs. Leake, the bride of Zachary Leake, tailor and habit-maker in the seaport town of Baybury, she had been accounted, with reason too, as pretty a looking woman as you would wish to set eyes on. You would hardly have thought that, perhaps, to see her now; though, after all, but few years had gone by since her marriage. She was quite a young woman yet; and if you looked carefully into her face, you could discern that traces of beauty still remained to her, albeit its best bloom and glory had doubtless departed. The features were pinched and wan, but they were regular and shapely. If her eyes had lost their lustre, they were still shadowed by very long and silken lashes. The lips were colorless, but you could fancy that, if they would but unbend and smile a little, they might win and charm even now. Her hair was very long and thick, although, perhaps, its dense blackness rather tended, by contrast, to intensify the pallor of her face.

She had been blessed or cursed with a temper. At least, that was what her friends said of her, and our friends are very good judges of our infirmities, generally speaking—find them out and note down their dimensions and proportions very

carefully and punctually. There had been, it was said, a sort of boy-and-girl love affair between her and young George Pryor, nephew and apprentice to old George Pryor, the ship-builder. But she had quarreled with young George, or he had quarreled with her—people didn't quite know all the rights of the story—and he had left Baybury suddenly, gone away to sea most likely, and he had never set foot in the place since. Old George Pryor was dead; his widow had sold the business to Messrs. Bootle Brothers, who were now carrying it on. They were not supposed, however, to be doing any thing like as much with it as old George Pryor had done. Soon after young George Pryor had quitted Baybury, Mary Booth gave her hand to Zachary Leake. He was much older than she was, but he was generally reputed to be very well to do. Her friends entirely approved of the match, though they wondered at Zachary Leake rather, and questioned the prudence of his proceedings. Mary had a temper, and her father could not afford to give her much. Indeed, it was discovered upon his death soon afterwards that he was a ruined man; he left nothing behind him but debts and liabilities. Altogether, Mary's marriage with Zachary was regarded as a lucky thing for her. She was congratulated upon it heartily by all her friends; they quite approved of her prudence, as they called it. So far, at any rate, they had helped her to make that bed which they now chose to view as entirely her own work: bidding her lie upon it and make the best of it, without help, or solace, or action of any kind in the matter. For it was out of her marriage that poor Mrs. Leake's trouble arose—the marriage they had encouraged and done their best to bring about, though they now found it convenient to have short memories in that respect.

When he took to himself a wife, Zachary Leake was the proprietor of a fine shop, with plate-glass windows, situate in the best part of what is called the High Street of Baybury. He was one of the most thriving tradespeople of the place; a skillful, hard-working man, with quite a reputation in that part of the country for the cut and fit of his coats. He was reputed to be making money fast. At the time, however, when it is proposed to submit Mr. Leake to the notice of the reader, it must be stated that he appears under far less advantageous conditions. He is simply what is called a jobbing tailor. He has passed through the bankruptcy court, subjected to a searching examination, and the severest comments and strictures of the sitting commissioner. He has lost his business; his old patrons have withdrawn their favor. Another tailor occupies Leake's shop in the High Street, and serves Leake's customers. He has retreated to a wretched little house close to the harbor, in the worst part of Baybury. Scrawling inscriptions appear in his dingy casement-windows, to the effect that repairs are neatly executed at the shortest notice, and that gentlemen's own materials are made up on very moderate terms. Zachary Leake, the smart, busy tailor of the High Street, is hardly to be recognized in the squalid, broken-down creature who lives upon

chance jobs and odd mending and patching work, in Bilge Row, Baybury. Respectable brother-traders in the town, once his close friends and intimates, now refuse to consort with him, or to acknowledge him in any way. They disclaim any intention to be harsh or unjust; they are not, they alledge, men to judge too stringently the failings of a former neighbor; but the "goings-on" of Zachary have been notoriously too bad—a very great deal too bad; there is no tolerating him. He has become one of the scandals of Baybury—a complete disgrace to the town; and there are, it would seem, many disgraces to the town. To put the thing plainly, if a little bluntly, they say of Zachary Leake that he gets drunk habitually and beats his wife. That's the simple truth of the matter. He is perfectly shameless. The street-boys hoot and jeer at him as he staggers along. They have, after their manner, found a sobriquet for him, which they shout in his ears as he passes by. He threatens punishment; but they are well aware that to his tremulous limbs pursuit is not possible—that his wavering, uncertain hands cannot lay hold of or reach them. So they chorus about him "Tipsy Zack! Tipsy Zack!" He knows the name well; he does not like it, although he has done his utmost to deserve it. "Tipsy Zack! Tipsy Zack!" And they encircle him, dancing while they sing; their quick gyrations dazzling his eyes, purblind from incessant potations, and giddying his brain, disturbed and perplexed by dissipation, so that he can scarce proceed, however deviously, upon his way; muttering and whining the while futile menaces and lamentations, plentifully interspersed with resounding and irresistible hiccups.

This was the state to which Zachary Leake had sunk—this was the bed which, as her friends charged, poor Mrs. Leake had made for herself, and must, therefore, perforce be content to lie in. She was married to a sot, who had brought both her and himself to poverty and shame. Did she deserve no pity? Perhaps she had a temper, as they said; or, at any rate, had had one once. She was subdued enough now—crushed down by ill-usage. Her marriage had been a fatal mistake; she was miserable from the first. She had never loved her husband; her coldness had angered him. He would not see that, so far as she could, she was willing to render to him a wife's duty. She was anxious, at least, that there might be peace between them, if there could not be happiness or love. He was not content with a married life of that kind. He taunted her cruelly about the poor boy who, on her account, had gone away to sea; he brought shameful charges against her—sought in every way to insult, and inflame, and madden her. He called it curing her defects of temper. As he could not win her love, he seemed bent on earning her hate. They lived a cat-and-dog life, as people said of them. But of late the poor cat had been peaceful enough, if only the cowardly dog had left off worrying, and snarling, and tormenting. She had risen against him at first, perhaps resenting warmly his treatment of her. But of late she had learned patience, or had grown callous and apathetic. She bore with her cruel

mate—submitted to his blows even. He had conquered her so far as to make her his slave; for her love, let him stretch out his arm never so, let him close his fist tightly as he might, he could not reach or grasp it. Perhaps it had departed years since—was miles and miles away—lost at sea with poor George Pryor, for all one could tell to the contrary.

II.

Baybury has its Old Town and its New Town; the former pertaining to its life as a seaport, the latter due to its success as a fashionable watering place. The Old Town is a huddle of small, old-fashioned, ill-favored houses gathered about the harbor, and wedged in, as it were, between the sea and a range of tall, rough-faced, overhanging cliffs. The New Town rises above in long lines of terraces and crescents of neat white houses with bright green verandahs. Narrow, winding causeways and tortuous flights of steep steps connect the two districts; but, in truth, they have little in common—their interests are quite distinct. In the summer months, in fair weather, the wind hushed or stirred very gently, it is pleasant enough to be loitering on the heights, with a wide expanse of glittering sea stretched out below; the white-hooded bathing machines speckling the shallow water, a grand dome of clear blue sky above, a fleet of fishing-boats rocking gently in the offing, and in the hazy distance vessels of larger size creeping along the horizon with crowded canvas, now gleaming in the sunshine, now darkened as they drift into shadow out of the range of the rays. Looking down upon the Old Town, it then seems a dingy, ugly, noisome place enough—a mass of rubbish flung from above, seaward, in the hope that it might be carried away by the tide; unluckily, however, not flung far enough, but lodging on the shore out of the reach of the waves, left rotting and festering in the heat, a cloud of smoke overhanging its ragged, battered roofs, and an evil odor upsteaming from it. Yet, out of the season, when the cold winds rake the New Town, and rush shrieking and blustering about the cliffs—when the leaden sky scowls and lowers, and the roaring sea is now black with sullenness and now white with passion—it is as well to abandon the bleak crescents and terraces, and seek shelter in the squalid streets among the resident population under the cliff, just as one quits the open deck for the confinement of one's cabin when afloat in a storm. The New Town is empty then—its butterfly life is over for the season—it dies in the winter, although the summer sun on its return will thaw it back into another brief span of existence. The Old Town drones on ever, let the weather be what it may. Pestiferous and baneful in the season, yet claiming to be accounted even snug when the sunshine has departed and the winds blow cold, and winter reigns supreme in the land.

Zachary Leake's miserable little house, or cottage rather, faced the jetty: a rough, rusty construction, resting on wooden piles driven into the beach, and running out a quarter of a mile or so to sea. It was half hidden at high tide, and was

a rare play-thing for the waves to roar and rush at, and try to rend in pieces during foul weather. At times the place was misty from the clouds of spray rising up: the dust of the combat between the sea and the shore. The piles were crested with moss, and clothed below with barnacles and clinging sea-weed. Of late years, since the new stone harbor and grand pier, further away to the right, had been built, the jetty had not been much used. It looked decayed and dilapidated, was little cared for, only held together, as it were, by reason of its originally strong constitution, upon which time and hard usage had made some inroads, and which would some day, no doubt, give way altogether. Next door to Zachary Leake's stood the old-established nautical tavern, the Ship and Lobster, kept by one J. Potts, who inscribed upon his house-front many flourishing commendatory notices of his extensive stock of fine ales, and foreign wines and spirits. If you called on Zachary Leake, and did not find him within, you were pretty sure to hear of him by making inquiry at the bar of the Ship and Lobster. Nay, you would probably see the object of your search on the premises of that establishment, a leaden noggin in his shaking hand, a glass of his favorite Jamaica rum in process of conveyance to his lips, and the fever and flush of revelry over night readily traceable in his aspect and actions.

A very good business was done at the Ship and Lobster. It was situate in a thirsty precinct. Evil smells abounded, and produced a quick demand for stimulants and correctors of various kinds. The briny air promoted a desire to drink. The salt-laden gusts of wind prevalent thereabout parched the throats of the neighborhood. Then there were odors from the foul depths of slimy mud in the harbor close by; odors from decaying oyster-shells and filthy refuse of the fish-market held on the beach; odors from the fishing-nets drying in the sun, from the heaps of sea-weed forgotten by the tide in its hurried retreat; odors of pitch and tar from the shipbuilders adjoining, from the weather-proof garments of the nautical population, from the long pent-up holds of ships crowded with incongruous stores and merchandize. Certainly Bilge Row was strongly flavored and scented, and given to generating in the human system a desire for that sort of tonic medicine which J. Potts, of the Ship and Lobster, knew so well how to supply in noggins or rummers, as the case might be. People wanted the taste of Bilge Row taken out of their mouths. J. Potts took it out for them accordingly, and put another taste in instead, hot and strong, with sugar generally, and pronounced upon the whole by his customers to be of a highly comforting and satisfactory nature.

III.

It was a rough night; the wind blowing lustily, the clouds, dense and low, with ragged edges, as though roughly torn into fragments, coursing furiously across the heavens. The moon shone out intermittently, however, when space was left for its rays between the chinks in the night scud. The old jetty, soaked with spray, reflecting the

white light, was now and then so illumined that it looked as if it had been thickly smeared with phosphorus.

A woman leant against the door-post of Zachary Leake's house. All the windows were dark. There did not appear to be a candle burning in any of the rooms. The blast rustled her dress, and thrust her hair from her forehead, now and then flinging a handful of raindrops in her face. She could taste the salt of the sea upon her lips, and her hands and bare arms were moist and sticky with brine. It was very cold; for autumn was giving way to winter, and the New Town part of Baybury had been left weeks since by the last visitor, and handed over to the short days and bad weather to do what they listed with it for months to come. Still the woman remained at her post, hardly changing her attitude, except now and then mechanically to raise her hand and smooth her hair, only for it to be roughened and tumbled by the wind again the next minute. She stood still, looking out, her eyes fixed upon the jetty in a straight line from the doorway.

"Is that you, Mrs. Leake?" asked a passer-by, starting as he perceived her. He had been trudging along, with his head bowed before the gale, his coat-collar up, and his arms folded across his chest, struggling against the weather. "Yes, sir," she answered, eyeing him curiously. "Doctor Black, isn't it?"

He nodded. "A blowing night. You must be fonder of rough weather than I am, if you care to be out in it. Why don't you go in and keep the door shut? Where's Zack? But I suppose I needn't ask."

She did not speak. It was clear he need not have asked after Zack.

"Club night, I suppose," he continued. "But it's club night every night with Zack, I fancy."

She said nothing.

"He'll overdo it at last. They'll all overdo it at last; a set of—well, well, you won't like me to say that, perhaps; but the pitcher may go too often to the well—especially when the well is a public house flowing with hot rum and water, and the pitcher is a human stomach. They call the club the Choice Spirits, don't they? And Zack's 'Perpetual President,' isn't he? I know all about them. They meet to be social, harmonious, convivial, and—intoxicated; that's the ultimate object of the Choice Spirits. I call it nose-painting; for that's what it comes to. And their noses are getting on uncommonly, I must say: coloring like meerschaum pipes, only redder. I keep my eye on 'em. I watch 'em as though they were rosebuds opening. Such scarlets, and crimsons, and purples! And Zack's the brightest of the lot, out and out. It's like a red-hot poker. He'll set the place on fire with it some night, you see if he doesn't."

The doctor was known throughout Baybury as a 'character.' He possessed a certain inclination for humor. He revenged himself, possibly, upon the gloom and solemnity of his professional pursuits by indulging in jocose speeches whenever opportunities for the same occurred. But he did not always jest judiciously or conveniently. The humorist is prone to error of that

kind. It was scarcely right, in Mrs. Leake's presence, to make her husband's degradation and evil-doings the subject of facetious comment. Yet the doctor had erred with the best intentions. He had thought to amuse Mrs. Leake—to lighten her burden of care. He might have spared himself the trouble; she was not hurt or offended, for a very good reason—she had not heard a word he had been saying. Her eyes were still fixed upon the old jetty, now for a moment lighted up again by the moon.

"Look!" she said suddenly, pointing with her finger.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor, turning round.

"Don't you see something—some one—there?"

Before he could answer her, she had darted off. She ran down the jetty, her figure quite black against the momentary bright background of moonlight; a cloud of silver spray hid her from sight, then the clouds closed over, and all was darkness again.

"Is she mad?" the doctor asked himself. "She must be stark mad, poor soul. Has she thrown herself into the sea?"

He screwed up his eyes and peered into the darkness; but he could see nothing. He advanced a few steps towards the jetty, and shouted, making a sort of speaking-tube of his two hands; but the wind carried away his voice; the sea thumped noisily upon the shore, as though drowning his cry by roll and beat of drum. A whirl of rain and spray pelted about him, and he was driven back to Leake's doorway for shelter.

"What a night!" he said. And then he asked himself again, "Is she mad?"

Suddenly she emerged from the darkness, and he found her by his side again. The water was streaming from her dress. Her black hair hung down in shining wet lines.

"I was wrong," she said calmly. "There was no one there."

"I should think not indeed," observed the doctor, with a toss of his head. "Who'd choose such a night as this for promenading on the old jetty?"

"I thought I saw some one," she said. "I thought so before, two hours ago. I felt sure of it. I could have sworn it."

"Only a ghost or a madman would be out there such a night as this."

She was silent.

"The tide must have turned by this time, I should think. We've had three days of this wind." Then, after a pause, he asked, "Who was it you thought you saw, Mrs. Leake?"

She hesitated. She pressed her hands upon her forehead.

"You remember—" she began, then she stopped. "It's years ago now," she went on presently; "to me it seems ages. I was a mere girl then, I'm quite an old woman now—at least, I feel so, and I look so." She could not continue. She would not complete what she had begun to say. "No, I was wrong, of course. There was no one there. It was a dream of mine—a very foolish dream."

The doctor looked at her with curiosity and pity. He took her hand gently. "Calm yourself, Mrs. Leake," he said. "Don't give way to fancies. Better follow my advice; go in, shut the door, get to bed and to sleep."

She shook her head.

"You must sit up for Zack? Poor woman. What a life! But he can't be much longer now." To himself he muttered, "And he can't carry on this game much longer either."

Loud sounds of shouting and singing were now heard. They proceeded from the parlor of the Ship and Lobster, next door. Glasses were being rattled, and fists beat upon tables, and a hoarse chorus of cries arose. Then a quavering harsh voice was heard singing the old bacchanal song—

"Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it does run over;
For to-night we'll merry be,
For to-night we'll merry be,
For to-night we'll merry be,
To morrow we'll grow sober."

The verse was repeated, roared out in unison by a larger company, then came a further din of inebriated applause.

"Zack's at his old tricks," said the doctor. "The Choice Spirits are enjoying themselves, it would seem. The nose-painting must be going on very bravely among them to-night."

Presently there was the sound of the opening of the front door of the tavern. A glare of red light streamed into the darkness. A tottering figure, waving helpless arms, murmuring unintelligibly, hiccupping dreadfully, appeared in sight. It was Zachary Leake. He swerved from side to side as he approached his own doorway. Then, as if the ground had been slid from under his feet, he staggered, reeled, plunged forward like the prow of a ship descending into the trough of the sea, and fell heavily, a tumbled heap, foul and vile, at the feet of his wife and Doctor Black.

"Is there a pigsty any way near?" asked the doctor. "A Christian bed is too good a place for the Perpetual President of the Choice Spirits in his present condition." And with infinite disgust the doctor contemplated the soiled and degraded creature couched on the wet ground. Mrs. Leake stooped to assist him. She was his wife, and wives have duties.

IV.

Doctor Black had described with very tolerable accuracy the character of the club assembling night after night in the parlor of the Ship and Lobster, and calling itself the Choice Spirits. Although it had existed now for a protracted period it cannot be said that it was a society of a valuable or creditable kind—indeed, it was generally considered to be the prime scandal of Baybury Old Town. Its proceedings had been long the subject of comment and censure among the respectable portion of the community. It had set a bad example, had the club, people agreed; it had taught most pernicious doctrines; it had done grave mischief. The Choice Spirits might say, defending themselves, that they had

intended no harm; nevertheless, it was quite certain that they had effected a very great deal. No doubt a glass and a pipe, a chat and a song were not without their attractions and advantages. But glasses and pipes in too great profusion produce headaches, neglect of business, contempt for public decency, and utter ruin of constitutions; while chats and songs in excess may terminate in fierce disputes and most inharmonious uproar and confusion. The Choice Spirits had no moderation; they never knew when to suspend their sittings, or to quit their glasses. However innocuous might have been the purpose of their meeting in the first instance, they drifted speedily into most shameful habits of persistent toping. The consequences were not very surprising altogether. Certain Choice Spirits were forced into bankruptcy; others were hurried into the grave. Their numbers diminished, the survivors closed their ranks; they still did battle with morality and decorum. They scrawled upon their club table, with tremulous fingers dipped in spilt grog, the words, "No Surrender;" they puffed at their pipes furiously; they clutched their tumblers tightly; they shouted defiance to temperance; they were for ever bidding the landlord (J. Potts) fill the flowing bowl until it did run over, for that night they'd merry be, for that night they'd merry be, at all costs; and though they agreed in chorus that they would be sober on the morrow, they were little heedful about keeping their word when the morrow came. Perhaps they could not keep it. The glass would find its way to their lips again. Their shattered nerves cried aloud for the support and solace of further carousing. Well might the doctor designate their proceedings "nose-painting." The features of many of the Choice Spirits were richly colored by the dyes of inebriety. And, just as, if you once begin to brighten the hues of your cheeks with rouge, you must continue to wear an artificial complexion to the end of the chapter, so, when tippling has once been resorted to for the painting of the nose, it becomes necessary to keep up the supply of color by fatally incessant drinking.

The Messrs. Bootle, Brothers, ship-builders, successors to old George Pryor, were among the most determined members of the Choice Spirits. Certainly they did their best to maintain the bad character of the club. J. Potts, licensed victualler, was another member, with this in his favor—the greater the consumption of liquor, the more money flowed into his till. Be sure that he was a very trustworthy guide on the path, not difficult to discover, leading to consummate intoxication. Then there was Mobbs, the pilot; Firkin, the marinestore dealer; Wadeson, proprietor of bathing-machines; Gullett, the fishmonger, with a faculty for drinking quite equal to that the reputed gift of the creatures it was his business to vend; and some few others whose names need not be recorded. Of the Perpetual President mention has already been made, of a kind that has not possibly much prejudiced the reader in his favor.

The club met round a mahogany table—much bruised and dented by the thumps of tipsy hands

wielding tankards and noggins—in a large, low-ceilinged room, blackened with smoke, a red curtain screening the casement windows, and a large clock fixed against the wall, ticking loudly, with an expression of blank amazement at the proceedings it was compelled to witness always apparent upon its plain, flat yellow face. The atmosphere was stifling. Clouds of dense and strong tobacco-smoke floated about, hiding every object. Two tallow candles, in battered brass candlesticks, feebly lighted the room. Dimly through the mist, like railway danger-signal lamps on murky nights, loomed the inflamed features of the nose-painters, as Doctor Black called them.

They were very quiet on the night selected for the introduction of the reader to the Choice Spirits. It was getting late, too, and their rummers had been frequently replenished by the industrious J. Potts. His moist eye kept close watch upon the glasses of his associates, while he was too staunch a toper to forget his own necessities. It was his business to see that they drank—it was his pleasure to drink himself. He had a horror of empty cups. The man who wasn't fuddled was, in the eyes of J. Potts, no better than a milkop. He never thought so highly of his fellow-creatures as when they were hopelessly intoxicated by means of liquors obtained from the Ship and Lobster. But on the night under mention the club was decidedly dejected. It had something on its mind: such mind as it possessed. A cloud hung over it other than that proceeding from its many pipes. It was on the high road to stupefaction, but hardly by the ordinary route—at least it did not halt for a moment at the usual stages marking its progress. It had not been convivial or clamorous. No song had been sung, no noisy chorus had perplexed the ear of night, or disturbed the rest of the neighborhood. Conversation had not been sustained; inebriety had never been approached so silently, with such a torpid, stupid quiescence. The state of things was strangely new to the Ship and Lobster? What had come to the Choice Spirits?

"The anniversary of the club," said some one, after a long pause, "and poor Zack not here. It's hard—uncommon hard."

There was silence again for some minutes, broken presently by Mobbs, the pilot, knocking his pipe on the table to empty it of ashes.

What was the last news of him? a member asked. Had any one heard anything since eight o'clock? He was said to be sinking fast then. He was agreed on all hands to be about as bad as bad could be. The conversation flickered up a little; still it burned but feebly, never attained to a steady flame, there were times, indeed, when it went out altogether, relegated the society again to the darkness of absolute silence. But small items of intelligence of Zachary Leake's condition were forthcoming. He was dreadfully weak—as a cat. He hadn't spoken a word since the early morning. He was lying like one dead. His strength had quite gone, although only three days before it had taken four men to hold him down in his bed. He had been more like a wild

beast than a human being. His screams had been something frightful. He had been stark mad, in plain words. He had torn his bedclothes into ribbons. He had run out of his house and tried to fling himself off the jetty. They had been obliged to dose him with laudanum to quiet him. Doctor Black had quite given him over. The doctor had said that he couldn't possibly live through the night. It was a bad job for poor old Zack. It was a bad job for the Choice Spirits. J. Potts added, mentally, a note to the effect that it was also a bad job for the Ship and Lobster and for himself.

He was a suggestive and fruitful subject. They were not in the mood, however, for making the most of him, doing him full justice as a topic. Still, by degrees they said a good deal about him. There was no sustained flow of talk, but by minute-guns of remark they managed to do a considerable amount of execution. They threw random lines into the muddy waters of their memories, and occasionally succeeded in hooking respectable specimens of recollection. What a man he had been! they exclaimed. They spoke of his days of prosperity long since passed away and done with. How smart he had been, how clever, how much thought of in the time when he owned the grand plate-glass fronted shop in the High Street! What a heap of money he must have been making then!

It was his wife who had ruined him, the Choice Spirits averred. They had never liked or thought much of his wife. He hadn't been the same man since his marriage. It was to be feared that the Choice Spirits agreed, in an awful whisper, that of late he had, perhaps, gone a little too far; had neglected his business and over-indulged a little—just a very little—in pleasure. It was a great concession on the part of the Choice Spirits that they should say this much. As a bachelor, he had been fond of a glass—a social, convivial soul—good at a speech, safe for a song, a prime hand at a practical joke. As a married man, he had been even more distinguished in these respects, perhaps too distinguished. But his errors were not such as the club could think harshly of. What were they, after all, but virtues in excess, merits in disguise? And were they not chargeable to his wife's temper? The Choice Spirits found it convenient to forget their own share in Zachary Leake's undoing. They declined to remember how they had crowded round him, fostering his failings, plying him with strong waters, egging him on to excesses, hastening his ruin, hustling him to the edge of the grave. Now the poor wretch lay, scarcely animate, upon the brink, the ground crumbling and yielding beneath him. He was slipping gradually but certainly down, down, and the cowardly Choice Spirits declared it was by reason of no doing of theirs, but was wholly due to his wife, her temper, and mismanagement. Poor Mrs. Leake! She had her faults. Possibly she had sinned—unquestionably she had suffered. But did she deserve to have her husband's perdition laid at her door? Was she so wholly guilty in the matter? Were the Choice Spirits so absolutely innocent?

v.

It grew late. Never had the club anniversary been celebrated after so lack-lustre and dreary and dumphish a fashion. Festivity there was none. The talk flagged terribly. There were long intervals when hardly a sound was audible, save the slow ticking of the large Dutch clock, and the hurly-burly out of doors of the wind and waves. The clouds of tobacco smoke were very thick in the room. The fumes of liquor had mounted to the brains—such as they possessed—of the Choice Spirits, dulling and dimming them. The many cups they had drained had inebriated, not cheered them. Even the subject of Zachary Leake's illness, which had for a time attained some growth and flower of talk, had withered away again—there was hardly a green twig left on it now, or a single sprout promising to expand into the feeblest topic of conversation. Upon no other matter could the club interchange words at all. Breaking up the meeting, and separation for the night seemed imminent. J. Potts saw with disapproval his friends glancing at the clock, and in the direction of their hats, with a view to departure. He felt that in the interests of the Ship and Lobster, a further circulation of bottles, more emptying of noggins, were indispensably necessary. In his eyes, milk-sop tendencies of a very fatal character were taking possession of the Choice Spirits. He must stir himself now, if ever. He was not a man of much conversational resource, however. Still, his comrades had been moved more than once that evening by the mention of Zachary Leake's name. It was, indeed, the only bait to which in the way of parley they had risen at all for some hours. He resolved that he would test its powers once more.

"If old Zack were here," he said, stirring his rummer and looking round him, as if to animate his comrades by the cheeriness of his example, "he wouldn't let us part before twelve o'clock. He'd make us have glasses round again, in double quick time. He was the rarest fellow, was Zack. The very last words he says to me, was, 'Potts, old cove,' he says—he was always affable and hearty, was Zack—" Potts, old cove," he says, "I'll come and take the chair at the anniversary of the Sperrits," he says, "happen what may, and I'll keep the game alive among you, or I'm a dead man." That was what poor old Zack said to me, and I honor him for it."

Just then, amid a rather awful silence—J. Potts's speech had startled and impressed the meeting—the large Dutch clock, in wheezing, tremulous, but very deliberate voice, proclaimed the hour. The Choice Spirits thought it had never been so long striking—thought it would never have done. It seemed as if it had struck twenty-four at least, though it had but sounded twelve after all.

Suddenly the parlor door opened noiselessly. The draught made the candles swale and gutter. A figure stood for a moment in the portal, then entered the room: a very strange, weird-looking figure, attired from head to foot in loose white drapery. The Choice Spirits, with lifted brows

and widely parted lips, glanced at each other—then at the new comer. Who was this? What was the meaning of it?

The figure moved slowly and silently up the room to the head of the table. J. Potts, greatly scared, hardly knowing what he did, quitted his seat, and crept away. No one spoke. The society seemed powerless for question or comment. A mysterious and solemn feeling prevailed.

"I've come to take the chair at the anniversary meeting of the Choice Spirits," said the figure, in such a strange, faint, hoarse voice!

They perceived who it was then. It was Zachary Leake, the tailor, formerly of High Street, but now of Bilge Row, Baybury. But alive or dead? In the flesh or in the spirit? The Perpetual President or his ghost? Indeed, it was very hard to say; it was trying enough to think what might be the correct answer to those inquiries.

He sank into the chair which J. Potts had vacated. His long, thin, claw-like hands were clasped round the rummer before him. Certainly it was Zachary Leake. But how changed! How white his face was! whiter it seemed even than the linen cloth binding his head—than the drapery flowing from his shoulders. All the faces in the room, however, were white enough now. Even the danger-signal lamps looming through the fog of tobacco-smoke gleamed very pallidly. Fear and amazement were washing out in a minute the bright hues which it had taken a long course of toping to paint on the noses of the Choice Spirits. Crimson faded into purple—into livid blue—into pale grey of a dead ash color. A paralysis of alarm smote the club. They could not speak—they could not move—they could scarcely breathe; their hearts had almost ceased to beat—their blood seemed frozen in their veins. A clammy varnish glistened upon their foreheads, and congealed and matted their hair. Never were men in such mortal terror as were the Choice Spirits on that anniversary meeting, when Zachary Leake, their perpetual president, so unexpectedly appeared in their midst, and took the chair. That they survived that dreadful hour, to tell its story—that they ever again moved to and fro upon the earth as animate men, impressed them afterwards unceasingly as something ineffably portentous and phenomenal.

The Perpetual President struck his rummer thrice upon the table. To each member of the club the knocks seemed just such as Death might rap upon a door, bidding those within surrender, the fell serjeant bringing with him a warrant for their arrest, and conveyance to another world.

"Gentlemen all," said Zachary Leake in the same husky tones, "I beg to propose a toast. Here's to our next merry meeting!"

There was a pause. No one stirred. The president emptied his glass, gazed round him as if taking particular note of the face of every one present—how strange his eyes looked the while: staring, yet sightless; shining, yet colorless!—then left his chair, moved slowly down the room, noiselessly as before opened the door, stood still

for a moment, a tall shadow, vague and vaporous-seeming, in the obscure light and cloud-laden atmosphere of the room—then passed out and disappeared.

VI.

It was strange, it was amazing, it was terrible. Men had gone mad on smaller provocation.

The Choice Spirits sat dumb. Each seemed fixed and bound in his chair, afraid to stir, even if movement had been possible to him, lest some worse thing should happen; lest his present safety, such as it was, should be further periled; lest some fresh and unknown cause of alarm should be incited to growth and influence among them. How long they remained like this, they hardly knew. They could hear the clock ticking, but they dared not, could not turn to look in its face and read the hour. It seemed to them that they kept their seats for about a century, as near as any one could guess. They were rendered half comatose by terror, and yet the while their nerves were in a state of acute sensitiveness and exacerbation. Their intellectual faculties were numbened and petrified, but their sensations were curiously stimulated and perturbed. Their reasoning powers were suspended, but their most animal instincts were powerfully wrought upon.

Suddenly there came a loud sharp single knock on the door. The Choice Spirits received it with a wild shriek of consternation and despair. What was about to happen? They did not pause to think or inquire. By a kind of intuition they concluded on the instant that it was something more terrible than had yet happened, something more than mortal men could be expected to bear. Zachary Leake's taking the chair had been frightful enough. But what was about to follow? Who had knocked at the door? who could it be but—?

The door opened. Doctor Black entered. A universal gasp of intense relief arose from the Choice Spirits.

"Pardon my intrusion, gentlemen," said the doctor slowly but gravely, "especially at so late an hour; but seeing lights in the room, I thought I might as well come in and let you know what has happened. It will be a matter of concern to all of you, I'm sure. Your old friend Zachary is dead."

The Choice Spirits said no word. Lamentations over the loss of their Perpetual President would have to be spoken by-and-by, perhaps, but it was quite clear that they could not be delivered then. Speech was not possible to any member of the club just yet.

"He was sinking all day," the doctor continued; "from the early morning it was evident to me that not the faintest hope could be entertained of his recovery. His constitution had completely given way; his strength had altogether gone. I was not with him at the last moment, but his wife has not quitted his bedside from the first. He died as the clock struck twelve."

As he spoke the doctor took out his watch and compared it with the club-room clock.

"We are agreed as to time, I see," he said carelessly. "Poor Zachary Leake breathed his last at twelve o'clock exactly. If he had lived over another day, I understand he would have completed fifty-eight years. That he shortened his life by his intemperate habits I don't hesitate to say. Let it be a warning to you all. Fifty-eight is no age for a man of Zachary Leake's constitution; but, in plain words, he killed himself with drink, and he suffered terribly before he died. He was a raving madman for three whole days; he died of the extreme exhaustion that necessarily followed. For twenty-four he was insensible—unable to move hand or foot, or to utter one word. He's gone now. I don't want to speak harshly of him. But there can be no harm in cautioning those he leaves behind how they follow too closely in his footsteps, for, without doubt, the same sad end will await them. Good-night. It's high time for all honest people to be in bed. All sober people would have put away their bottles and glasses hours ago." The doctor pointed to the club table.

J. Potts found the tone and substance of the doctor's remarks decidedly objectionable. Sober people might be all very well, but what would become of the Ship and Lobster, J. Potts would like to know, if intemperance was to cease in the land? Landlords, including, of course, J. Potts, must live, it was to be presumed. From J. Potts's point of view it was very desirable that all false moralising on the subject of Zachary Leake's death should be finished forthwith, especially when it was founded on a particularly erroneous state of the case. It was all nonsense about drink having killed Zack. He was well enough while he took the glass. He did not die until he got into the doctor's hands, who stopped all the little comforts to which he was accustomed, just as they wanted now to stop all the little comforts to which other people were accustomed—little comforts being understood by J. Potts to represent incessant rum-drinking, and nightly intoxication. Besides, the doctor was wrong in his facts. J. Potts shook himself. He was an obtuse man, but the interests of the Ship and Lobster being threatened, he comprehended that he must say something on the subject, now or never, and he felt it would be well to pick any sort of hole in the doctor's statement.

"Died at twelve o'clock, did he?" said J. Potts jeeringly, with a sort of desperate courage. "Well, that's wrong, anyhow; because, as it happens, Zack was here at twelve o'clock. He took his seat among us in that chair, it being the anniversary meeting of the club. He took his seat and proposed a toast, didn't he now, gentleman all, I ask you?"

But the other Choice Spirits were not prompted to factitious courage by regard for the welfare of the Ship and Lobster. They did not reply to J. Potts's appeal to them. They did not want to think or speak if they could avoid it, about the visit of Zachary Leake that night. It was too recent. They had not got over the shock of it yet. They had not recovered from the turn it had given them. They shrank back from the daring J. Potts.

"It's a fact, doctor," the landlord repeated. "He was here at twelve; he took the chair and proposed a toast."

"Potts, you're drunk," the doctor said very sternly. "The man died at twelve. His wife was by his side. She just told me so herself. How could he be here? Whoever came here, it was not Zachary Leake."

"But he proposed a toast," J. Potts persisted; "we all of us heard him. There can't be no mistake about that, you know."

"What toast did he propose?"

"Our next merry meeting."

"It was Zachary Leake's ghost," said the doctor, turning round and speaking generally to the Choice Spirits; "and ask yourselves when your next meeting with him is likely to be if you don't mend your ways? Take my advice. Break up your club, become sober men, work hard, go to bed early, and try and forget the flavor of hot rum-and-water. If not, and another anniversary of the club comes round, who knows but Zachary Leake may again appear, and take you all away with him, to wherever he may come from?"

J. Potts was silenced. The Choice Spirits seized their hats and separated in a panic.

VII.

"Odd," said the doctor, as he stood musing outside the door of the Ship and Lobster after the dispersion of the club, "odd, very odd indeed. What does it mean? They were all drunk or nearly so; still they couldn't all make a mistake of the same kind. If they were all dreaming, they could hardly all dream precisely the same dream. I can't make it out at all. The fright will do those fellows good, anyhow; they'll stop their nose-painting for a little while, at any rate. It's time I went to bed."

He did not move, however. He remained puzzling over the strange story of Zachary Leake, or his ghost, taking the chair at the anniversary meeting of the Choice Spirits. He glanced up at the house in which lay the remains of the deceased tailor and habit-maker. There was a light still burning in the parlor. The body was in the darkened room above.

"Poor soul," he said, "it's very sad to be left all alone at such a time; but she said that she had no friends to send to, or none that would come to her if she did send for them, and that when the daylight came it would be time enough to let all know who cared to know that Zachary Leake was dead. I don't suppose that any one will be very much grieved. A man like Leake leaves behind him many acquaintances, but no one friend. But I'm sorry for his poor widow, strange woman as she is; she's had a hard time of it. However, her troubles are over now, so far as her husband's concerned; he won't plague her any more; that's very certain. The light's still burning. I suppose she intends to sit up until the morning. I think I'll look in and tell her she really ought to try and get some rest. She had quite watching enough during her husband's illness. She'll do herself no good by depriving herself of sleep."

He turned the handle of the door. It opened.

Bolts and bars were not much cared for in Bilge Row. There was little or nothing worth stealing there.

"Don't be afraid, Mrs. Leake," he said, as he entered; "it's only the doctor, come in once more to see how you are, and to bid you try and get some rest. I'm sure you must want it."

She was sitting at work by the light of one candle. She was very pale and sad looking, yet she was composed. She rose and placed a chair for the doctor. The fire in the small grate had burnt very low. She packed the cinders together and threw up the ashes. She had no more coals to put on. Her stock of fuel had been exhausted during her husband's illness.

"You must take care of yourself, Mrs. Leake, and you mustn't give way," said the doctor, resorting to the phrases he was in the habit of employing on such occasions, although perhaps they were hardly appropriate to the case—at least there was no evidence forthcoming to show that Mrs. Leake had given or was giving way. She had resumed her work.

"It's always a comfort to think, you know, that he wanted for nothing," Doctor Black continued, "that every thing was done for him that was possible under the circumstances."

He meant kindly, that was quite clear, and she appreciated his intention. She was not in the habit of being addressed compassionately, and his words touched her. She brushed her hands across her eyes.

"You did all you could for him, Mrs. Leake—you were unremitting in your care. If he had been the best husband in the world—and he was far from being that—more couldn't have been done for poor Zachary than you did."

She trembled so that she was compelled to put down her work.

"It will be some consolation to you to think of these things by and by, Mrs. Leake. You didn't quit him from first to last, from the time he was taken ill to the final moment when he ceased to be. You kept your place by his bedside throughout. What more could a wife do?"

She started, uttered a sharp, low scream, and sank on her knees before him.

"Heaven forgive me!" she cried, passionately; "I'm a miserable woman! Don't praise me for what I don't deserve. I told you false, doctor. You mustn't pity me; I didn't do my duty. I'm a wretched, guilty woman!"

"Why, what does this mean, Mrs. Leake? Compose yourself, my good soul. Don't accuse yourself unjustly."

She couldn't speak for some time for sobbing. Presently she said:

"I left him—it was but for ten minutes. Heaven knows what made me do it. I was mad, I think. It was a little before twelve. I ran out, down the jetty, as you saw me run the other night. I looked from the window, and I thought I saw some one standing there, beckoning. My husband hadn't stirred, hadn't spoken for hours; he still breathed, but very, very faintly. It was pitch dark, and yet it seemed to me—I could have sworn it—that I saw some one on the jetty beckoning. What was I to do? I hesitated—I

thought I might leave my husband for a few minutes. There had been no change in him during the day. I persuaded myself that he could come to no harm. I ran out. I was not gone long."

"There was no one on the jetty?"

"No one. I had again been deceived—or I had deceived myself. I waited some time, searching, running to and fro, looking down into the deep, black, plunging water on either side. I found it hard to persuade myself that I had been mistaken. When I returned——"

"You found your husband missing?"

"No, he was lying on the bed. But a change had come over him. He was not as I had left him. He had moved. The bed-clothes were all awry and tumbled. There was a smell in the room as though he had been drinking, yet there were no spirits of any kind in the house. And——"

"Well?"

"He was dead, quite dead. He had breathed his last in my absence, wicked woman that I was to leave him! I cannot forgive myself. He might have wanted help, or to speak to me, or to hear from me one kindly word before we parted forever. We have not been happy together. We did not love each other. Our married life has been miserable enough, Heaven knows. Yet I would the end had been otherwise. I have many things to reproach myself with. I have not been so good a wife to him as I might have been."

"He was not the best of husbands either, Mrs. Leake. We must bear that in mind. To my thinking, he had as good, nay, a much better wife than he deserved. You have no real reason to accuse yourself on that score."

"I don't want to think of his failings now, or ever any more. They seem to me but poor excuses for my own wrong-doing. He was kind to me once, at least he meant to be so, though that's years ago now. I was mad to leave him as I did—to quit him at such a moment."

"Lend me the candle. You don't mind being left in the dark for a minute or two?" No, she didn't mind.

The doctor quitted the room, to return in a short time. He held in one hand the candle, in the other the dead man's slippers, wet and soiled with the mire of the street without.

"I understand the matter now," said Doctor Black. "I don't see that you have much to reproach yourself with, Mrs. Leake. A sudden accession of strength came to Zachary shortly before his last moment. He was hardly master of his reason or of his actions; but so far as that was the case, his thoughts were turned, not towards you, but his friends next door. The ruling passion asserted itself, and was strong even in the hour of death."

Briefly the doctor told the story of Zachary Leake's mysterious appearance among the Choice Spirits, and the extraordinary stir and excitement he had occasioned.

"Only we'll keep the matter a secret between us, Mrs. Leake," he added. "No good will come, but only harm, of our bruiting it abroad. For every one's sake, I'll hold my tongue about it, on one condition."

"And that is?" the widow demanded anxiously. "Tell me who it was you thought you saw on the jetty."

Her cheeks crimsoned, she lowered her head, then very faintly she said, "George Pryor;" and immediately afterwards she began weeping afresh, and buried her face in her hands. The doctor raised his eyebrows and pinched his lips together, as though he was about to whistle.

"You loved him?"

"I loved him, though I treated him shamefully, cruelly; though I drove him from me, though I parted from him for ever, yet I loved him, I loved him all the while. He is dead. I shall never see him more. He died cursing me perhaps, for aught I know, as indeed he had reason to do; for did I not break his heart, trample on his love, and send him away to perish? Why? Because of my foolish pride, because of my wretched temper, because of my bitter tongue, always prompt to put in the worst form the miserable suspicions, and jealousies, and poisonous thoughts I had in my heart, and refusing to give expression to the tenderness, and the gentleness, and fondness that were there as well. Though how could he know that? How could he know that? Yet he might have guessed it, for he loved me dearly. Yet he died, poor soul, my darling George, not knowing, never hearing from my lips that I loved him as much—more, more, if possible, than he loved me! I'm a wicked woman, Doctor Black; I don't deserve your pity, nor the pity of any good man. I don't deserve it, indeed I don't."

"Be calm, Mrs. Leake. And you thought you saw George Pryor on the jetty?"

"It was a dream, doctor, a mad woman's dream, although it seemed so real that I could have sworn to its truth. But I was mad. How could he be there? And I saw him as he looked when he went away, years ago, my poor George, with his bright, frank eyes, and his fair, waving hair. He couldn't look like that now, you know, doctor, even if he still lives, poor soul; and that's vain to hope, quite, quite vain. My George is dead, long, long ago—lost, lost to me for ever!"

"Be calm, my poor woman, be calm. The troubles and trials of these last few days have been too much for you."

VIII.

A strange thing had happened in Baybury.

"If I were inclined to believe in clairvoyance," said Doctor Black—"not that I am, but if I were—this would be very confirmatory evidence of the thing. Indeed, there is quite a suspicion of clairvoyance about it."

George Pryor had really re-appeared in Baybury. A sturdy sailor, with a weather-beaten face, a roll of auburn whiskers under his chin, and eyes as bright, and blue, and frank as they had ever been. He had been absent on an Arctic expedition, it appeared, and landing at Hull, had come on straight to Baybury. But, for all Mrs. Leake's fancies, he had not been haunting the jetty; he was not a man to waste his time in that way. He sought out his old love, and in his joy at finding her alive, merged any regrets he might

have experienced arising out of the fact that in his absence she had become the wife of another man. She was a widow now, however, and after the expiration of a year from the date of the death of Zachary Leake, she became the wedded wife of her first and only love, George Pryor. She was happy at last, and the roses once more bloomed on her cheeks, if not of very deep color, still of a tint her husband never ceased to think wonderfully charming.

There was money waiting for George Pryor in Baybury, due to him under the will of old George Pryor's widow; and when the business of Messrs. Bootle Brothers came into the market, as it very soon did, on the bankruptcy of that firm in consequence of the irregular habits and proceedings of the partners, it was purchased by George Pryor for a mere song, people said, and was once more carried on under its old name by the young man with great energy and success.

The club of Choice Spirits broke up, never having fairly recovered from the shock it received when the supposed ghost of Zachary Leake took the chair at its anniversary meeting. The explanation of Topsy Zack's appearance was kept a strict secret by Doctor Black, who had always the pleasure of thinking that his caution in that respect had been the means of reclaiming from intemperance, and of restraining within the bounds of sobriety, many of the inhabitants of Baybury Old Town, who might otherwise have become Choice Spirits, and have perished as miserably as did Zachary.

FROM A SICK-BED.

COMPANIONS of my mortal pilgrimage,
Pain is my portion, and disease my dower;
And without other earthly heritage,
Here, on my bed, I pass each weary hour.
And as I lie, so have I lain for years:
My life's weak bud was blighted at my birth;
A taint surpassing e'en a parent's fears,
Forbade its ever blossoming on earth.
Yet am I in my resignation blest:
Faith is no fitful fire-flash in my heart,
But a bright steady light within the breast,
That burns from doubt and doubt's dark brood
apart;
Nor is my hope the hope that leads astray,
But that which lives on love, and lives alway.

LITTLE WORRIES.

MONTAIGNE declares the smallest and slightest annoyances to be the most piercing; and as small print, says he, most tires the eyes, so do little affairs the most disturb us. "A rout of little ills more offends than one, how great soever. By how much these domestic thorns are numerous and loose, by so much they prick deeper." Speaking for himself, it is the continual trickling drops, he affirms, that work him most vexation. "Ordinary inconveniences are never light." The worry from trifles is like persecution by tormenting insects, —

More to be dreaded these than beasts of prey,
Against whom strength may cope, or skill prevail,
But art of man against these enemies must fail.

Patience itself that should supply the sovereign cure for greater troubles,

Lends little aid to one who must endure
This plague: the small tormentors fill the sky,
And swarm about their prey.

Mr. Thackeray, who protests that the great ills of life are nothing—the loss of your fortune he calls a mere flea-bite; the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it and married comfortably afterwards? "It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear, that is hard." What, he asks in another place, would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman, or any glory, and happiness, or good fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? "All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails." Not one of us, it has been asserted, but would exchange all his little troubles for some heavy one; and so have it over at once. And although the Marquis of Anglesea bore with the most heroic indifference the cutting off of his leg upon that wooden table they still show you at Waterloo, neither uttering a word nor moving a muscle, a shrewd doubt is suggested "whether he would have borne a scalded foot, or the infliction of a tight boot on a bad corn, for six weeks, equally well?"

Although general sympathy may properly be allowed to overlook all minor tribulations, yet individuals, an ethical authority is of opinion, may find it worth while to take them into account; for more mischief than is commonly supposed comes of the supercilious neglect with which small miseries are frequently dismissed. The history of some temperaments is accordingly affirmed to be a long record of vexations, trifling when taken singly, but overwhelming in their accumulation. Cowper, himself sensitive enough, playfully taxes his friend Unwin with being exceptionally sensitive to the minor tribulations of life. "Your delicacy makes you groan under that which other men never feel; or feel but lightly. A fly that settles on the tip of the nose is troublesome; and this is a comparison adequate to the most that mankind in general are sensible of upon such tiny occasions. But the flies that pester you always get between your eyelids, where the annoyance is almost insupportable."

Even a naturally happy and thoroughly easy temperament may be perverted into one chronically acidulous by the co-operative association of little worries. We are assured that a permanently soured disposition may infallibly be engendered by the continuous action of linen invariably over-starched, shirt-buttons always neglected, and trains constantly missed.

'Tis trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from trifles springs.

A constant succession of little contemptible worries tends, as Dr. Boyd some where says, to foster a querulous, grumbling disposition, such

as renders man a nuisance to himself and to those about him. Real, great misfortunes and trials are recognized as serving to ennoble the character; whereas ever-recurring petty annoyances produce a littleness and irritability of mind. "To meet great misfortunes, we gather up our endurance, and pray for divine support and guidance; but as for small blisters—the *insect cares* (as James Montgomery called them)—of daily life, we are very ready to think that they are too little to trouble the Almighty with them, or even to call up our fortitude to face them."

Again and again we read in the life of the late Charles Matthews, that, impatient in trifles, he was the most calm and enduring of human beings on all great occasions; and it always seemed to his biographer as if he resented petty annoyances because they rose from petty sources, but that he bent with humble resignation to great inflictions as believing them to come direct from on high. He is supposed to have misled his medical attendants by his buoyancy when most seriously ill; for how were they to know that a man so sensitive and restless upon minor matters, could so patiently endure intense suffering? "They did not know that one was the triumph of nerves, the other of heart."

M. de Tocqueville affirms of himself, in one of his letters, that in moments of great excitement, or of important business, he preserved his composure, but was easily disturbed by the daily worries of life. Not merely

*Light human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause—complaining on—
Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet.*

Hazlitt conjectures that if we could remember distinctly, we should discover that the two things that have most affected us in the course of our lives have been, one of them of the greatest, and the other of the smallest possible consequence. Letting that pass, however, as too fine a speculation, he is on safe and common ground enough when he insists on the amount of annoyance trifles are capable of inflicting, such as often proves too much for our philosophy and forbearance; equally with, if not more than matters of the highest example. Friends, for example, not unfrequently fall out and never meet again for some idle misunderstanding, "some trick not worth an egg," who have stood the shock of serious differences of opinion and clashing interests in life. Theodore Hook asserts the strongest feelings to be excited, the bitterest pangs inflicted, by a sudden change in the ordinary, the most common, the most trifling incidents of our lives. "To great evils the elastic mind of man expands—it knits itself for imminent dangers—it withstands great calamities; but, in the more minute changes, intimately connected with its habits and feelings, it fails." Certain it is, moralizes Plutarch, that men usually repudiate their wives for great and visible faults; but he traces at the same time a prodigious amount of marriage infelicity to petty points of temper, and those small but frequent discordances of taste and manner which fret the tenor of daily life. One of Cap-

tain Marryat's heroes moralizes, after *his* sort, on the extent to which life may be embittered by dissension with those you live with, even where there is no very warm attachment. The constant grating together worries and annoyances; and, although, as he says, you may despise the atoms, the aggregate becomes insupportable.

Some men, says Jeremy Taylor, are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he had to contend with a potent enemy. About a large sorrow, it has been well said, there is an excitement which sensibly mitigates its pain; a man may not exactly confess to himself that the notice which he receives after some great bereavement is pleasant; but the flurry and bustle of receiving condolence, and of making new arrangements, do, nevertheless, dull the edge of his suffering; for the pertinacity with which people talk of all the circumstances of a great sorrow, is reasonably alledged as proof that there is some balm in the operation. Whereas, to the petty miseries of daily life there is no set-off of this kind. "They raise no excitement, they give no importance, they furnish no materials for gossip with a friend. Each of them, at the time it inflicts its minute puncture, brings with it the provoking suggestion that it is too paltry a matter for a man to annoy himself about; and the vexation is only aggravated by the shame which the sufferer feels in thinking over it." A person who, it is added, is sensitive to the petty vexations of daily intercourse, will soon accumulate for himself a good fund of misery in this way; and the assertion is probable enough, that if a man's memory could reach back accurately enough to let him count up all the minutes of mental pain he had endured in his life, he might find that a very small number of them, comparatively, were traceable to causes which could be dignified with the name of sorrow or misfortune; and that by far the larger proportion would be due to sufferings so petty that he would be ashamed to put them into words.

Among the aphorisms which Mr. Helps contributed, years ago, to a noteworthy but short-lived periodical, there runs one to this effect: that small mishaps and inconveniences try a man's temper most, because, small as they are, there is nothing on the other side to oppose them; the affections are not called into play—there is no room for that arch-comforter, Vanity, to enter; and it hardly seems worth while to call up one's powers of endurance for such trifles.

At the same time it is salutary to give heed to the moralists who point out what a waste disproportionate attention to small vexations really signifies. A moderate vexation is justified; any thing more is waste—which is held to be a more practically effective way of putting the matter than saying it is wrong and wicked, and so on—people attaching such vague notions to what is called wrong, but every one understanding what is meant by thrift and waste. Put it how you will, however, the potent influence of little wor-

ries is of extreme practical moment, and universally felt.

The pith of the whole subject is contained in Byron's assertion, that

Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

HESTER'S HISTORY.

BY MISS MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER VI. HOW HESTER WAS TAKEN TO A BALL.

It seemed that fate took that puzzle of Lady Humphrey's in hand; with a few simple shakes and touches made the pieces fit together, and dropped it in all simplicity into the lady's lap.

When Pierce Humphrey came out, and found Hester at Hampton Court, he was pleased, astonished, confounded, at the recollection of his own ill temper. And it pleased his mother now that he, Pierce, should be attentive to and gentle with little Hester; that he should present her with a rose, write her a valentine, play chess with her the length of an evening (his heart being safe all the time with his Janet at Glenluce). But it would be no harm at all if simple Hester should remember him at parting with kindness. Any tie that could help to bind the girl to herself, however indirectly, must be forged at any cost, without delay.

It would be nothing to Lady Humphrey if Hester should go to Ireland with a pain at her heart. And Pierce was (as his mother knew well) a young man who could take a fancy to any good thing that came across his way, and pass on with a little look backward and a sigh of sentiment, and love the next sweet thing just as freely as the first. And the next after that again had quite as good a chance as the rest, and it must hang on little things as trifling as the accidental (or artful) holding out of a hand, the chance passing by a door, whether the first or the last should know the permanent enjoyment of the tender hospitality of that softest amongst the hearts of mankind. So Pierce, with a fiancée in Ireland, whose sudden desertion had cost him throes of unexampled anguish, devoted himself most easily and naturally to Hester, his little nurse of other days—the seamstress and dress-maker—the young lady on a visit with his mother at Hampton Court.

And Hester? Well, even as a child, she had found herself disappointed in him, and in the truth of her nature had not refrained from avowing it. Neither did she approve of him now. But she was driven to him often for companionship and sympathy, and this last she found plentiful at least, if not deep of its kind. She liked him, admired him, in as far as there was any thing to admire; her heart warmed to him as the only one who had ever as yet come near bringing love. She would have soothed him in a trouble as she would have soothed Baby Johnny, got a habit of relying on his good nature and affection as the only present thing she had to trust. That it was a weak thing to cling to she felt. But that feeling was a sadness in itself.

He would take her out and row her among the lilies up the river; Lady Humphrey having commanded her to go. He would tease her with the swans, read her a tender sonnet, stick water-lilies in her hair, tell her that a fellow could not choose but worship such a face as hers. And he would take her wise rebuke with meekness, sighing over it till she was obliged to be kind again for pity. And Hester had no other friend, and was afraid of Lady Humphrey. And that lady looked on in silence at the delicacy and reserve, the simple dignity of the girl's untutored conduct, and congratulated herself that, in the stealthy work of harm that was before her, she had found so fine a weapon at her hand.

Thus a brilliant uneasy phase of Hester's life went past; busy with pleasure, but straitened by doubts; very brightly colored, but with colors somewhat gaudy and coarse, and utterly unwarranted to wear. There were poetry books and pictures, and visits to the theatre. There were smart bonnets and fair gowns, and excursions to Vauxhall. There were occasional frowns, and even taunts, when Lady Humphrey's temper was not proof against the anxiety of her mind. But then there was always soft-hearted, easy-going Pierce, with his refuge of good nature and his shield of protection.

One day a little old snuff-looking gentleman arrived and was shown up to Lady Humphrey's drawing-room. It was early in the day, but Mr. Campion was never denied by Lady Humphrey, no matter at what hour he might appear. The lady was yawning over her morning papers, nothing of special interest having caught her eye. Hester, at a window, was busy with some sewing, turning a half-worn gown for Lady Humphrey's morning wear. For even in these fleeting days of her young ladyhood, it was found useful that Hester's needle should get exercise. Mr. Campion was announced, and the gentleman appeared. He advanced with a dancing master's gliding step, and wore a full dress of black, with some snuff on the collar of his coat. His face gleamed as yellow as a guinea from under the whiteness of his powdered wig. His lively deep-set eyes took a few turns round the room, and fixed themselves on the floor, a few rapid turns round the room again, and fixed themselves on the wall; but seldom did they favor the person who might be addressing him. His face was all dragged into wrinkles, more, it would seem, from his habit of twisting it about into a hundred changing expressions, than from age.

Hester looked up from her sewing and remembered something dimly. Had she seen this little smirking man before? Probably she had, over the card-tables so long ago, when the winter nights were long, and the visits to Hampton Court were so many fresh chapters of an unfinished fairy tale. For Mr. Campion was Lady Humphrey's man of business, and it was many years since he had first enjoyed the dearly earned boon of her social condescension. This visit was one of business, and Hester was dismissed from the room.

"Well?" said Lady Humphrey simply, when the door was closed and they were alone.

"Your ladyship is before me with the news of the day I perceive," said the little man, in a tone and with a look half bantering and half cringing, while all the time he was stroking and fingering two folded newspapers which he held caressingly on his knee, as if they had rather been some kind of living things which had behaved so well that they deserved to get a petting.

"I am waiting your pleasure to inform me," said Lady Humphrey, hiding her impatience under a cold reserve, sinking backward in her chair, an image of indifference.

"Pardon my jest," said Mr. Campion, humble in manner, yet with a hidden triumph in his creaking voice. "I but dallied with the time till retreating footsteps should have leisure to descend your ladyship's stair-case."

"I see no jest," said Lady Humphrey, curtly; "and we have no eavesdroppers here. Pray be good enough to proceed."

"Pardon again!" said the little man. "I delay no longer. It is true there is a matter which I am come to speak of. Our young friend is in London at this moment."

"In London!" echoed the lady. "And what of that? Why is he in London?"

"For an excellent purpose, your ladyship. Neither you nor I could have a motive more innocent or more laudable. Sir Archie Munro comes to London—to meet a friend."

Lady Humphrey made an impatient gesture. "And the friend?" she questioned.

"Comes from Paris. And is not so much a friend of Sir Archie as of Ireland. A banished patriot, a sufferer in the great cause, who ventures to England in disguise, to carry information to his fellow-rebels, and to seek it."

"And Sir Archie meets him to receive such information, and to give it?" said Lady Humphrey, fully aroused now. "This is more than we had reason to hope for."

"We suppose it to be so, Lady Humphrey—we suppose it to be so," said the little man, growing mysterious and abstracted as her ladyship's interest got enkindled.

"It is all that we require, is it not?" said Lady Humphrey, her voice beginning to quaver with the passion of her eagerness.

"If things turn out well, why—yes," said Mr. Campion. "But 'there's many a slip,' you know, my lady. If this information of mine be worth any thing, we must witness the interview."

"Will that be possible?" asked Lady Humphrey. "Have you people who can manage such a difficulty?"

"We will look to it ourselves, Lady Humphrey. We will do our own work, and it will be done all the better."

"Go on," said the lady.

"Lady Humphrey has doubtless intended to grace with her presence the fancy ball at Almack's, which is to be held on the twentieth of this month."

"This is the fourteenth," said Lady Humphrey. "Go on."

"Sir Archie Munro will wear a blue domino," said Mr. Campion, with his eyes upon the ceiling; "and the friend from over the water will

wear a black one, with a mask. I am not yet sure who the latter may be. Two or three names have been mentioned. It may prove to be the arch conspirator himself, Wolfe Tone. It will be enough for Sir Archie Munro to be taken in his company. An acquaintance of mine, whom it will not be necessary for me to introduce to your ladyship, must attach himself to our party. And neither of our gallant compatriots need return to his own lodging."

"A strange place to be chosen for their conference," said Lady Humphrey.

"A good place, and cleverly thought of," said the little man, beginning to twinkle his eyes about again and to chuckle. "There is not a lonely garret in all London so safe for telling secrets as the center of such a mad conceited crowd. But we will dog their steps, my Lady Humphrey, and we will trip them up. Not a vain belle nor silly coxcomb in the place shall be led to such a dance as we will lead them. Aha! we will trip them up!"

Lady Humphrey sat silent and reflecting. "In that case," she said, "if this thing goes well, we shall not require any one in Ireland on the spot." And she thought within herself that Hester might go back to Mrs. Gossamer's at any time.

"If this thing goes well," said Mr. Campion, "all that we can do will be necessarily finished off at once. We shall be rewarded for our services to the value of our services at present. But your ladyship must remember that the goodly consequences of our loyal endeavors must be much less important now than they are sure to be some six months hence. The evil in Ireland is growing apace. Next spring, next summer, will see the active operations of a civil war. Nothing easier than a transfer of property then, Lady Humphrey. Not a few paltry thousands for your trouble, but a wholesale transfer—money, lands, goods, and chattels. Nothing to be done but make a bonfire of the escutcheon of the Munro."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"—Mr. Campion is fond of proverbs, I observe," said Lady Humphrey, after a grim pause.

"True, true!" said Mr. Campion, rubbing his hands with glee. "And if we can settle Sir Archie's affairs for him now, how silly to run the risk of delay! Excuse me, my lady, but, had circumstances permitted it, what a splendid man of business your ladyship would have been!"

"Pshaw!" said Lady Humphrey, with abrupt displeasure. And she sat silent and reflecting again, thinking within herself that Hester had better not go back to Mrs. Gossamer's as yet.

"And those papers in your hand?" said Lady Humphrey, by-and-by.

"Irish publications," said Mr. Campion, "containing little noteworthy tit-bits of gossip and news. Your ladyship will be amused and encouraged. The wretched old hulk of a country is going to pieces, as we have seen, without fail. And we, my Lady Humphrey, you and I, and mayhap other sensible people, are like the wreckers from the coasts, who dare the breakers to help to put the monster out of pain. Our boat has pushed off about the first, ha! ha! and the

spoils promise well; but just now and then we get a hint to refrain from laying hands upon the share we have worked for, till we know that some desperate holes have actually been battered in the ship's sides. Ha! ha!"

The little man laughed at his own wit, with a strange hiding and peeping out again of his twinkling eyes, and a great dragging and knotting up of his wrinkled visage. And he wrung his hands together tightly, and polished them with each other till all the joints grew bright and shone again. And Lady Humphrey fixed her silent gaze, with a ferocious contempt, on the contortions of his delight, and her hands twitched the folded papers he had put into them. Perhaps, if those papers had been bullets, she might have taken a fancy to send them spinning through the shaking head. But that would have been a pity, for Mr. Campion was a most useful little man.

"I do not relish jests on this subject," she said, after a few moments' wrestling with perverse inclinations. "What is there in these sheets worth looking at?"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, I am sure," said Mr. Campion, with a bow of mock courtesy and a grimace. "We will begin with a curious little record in the News Letter of Belfast. It is short: it will not weary your ladyship with words:

"Mr. William Orr, of near Antrim (now in Carrickfergus Jail), has had his entire harvest cut down by near six hundred of his neighbors in a few hours."

"And here in the Northern Star is a corresponding announcement:

"About one thousand five hundred people assembled, and in seven minutes dug a field of potatoes belonging to Mr. Samuel Nelson, of Belfast, now in Kilmainham Jail."

"What do these morsels signify?" asked Lady Humphrey. "What do they tell you?"

"Tell me!" cried Mr. Campion, in triumph. "They tell me that the jails are gaping for men who are beloved by the people. They tell me that if we choose to be expeditious we may have some thousands of fools cutting down Sir Archie Munro's goodly harvest in some ten or fifteen minutes, if we but choose to hold up our finger. But they warn me also that these Irishmen are furious in their passion for their chiefs, that jails are slippery strongholds, with doors through which people can come out as well as go in, and that their keys have a trick of changing hands in time of civil war. They also hint to me," continued the little man, "that by-and-by our dealings with our dear sister island will be more prompt and less ceremonious than they have been, that the formality of jails will be dispensed with, that other harvests will be reaped in those same fields where the grain is now falling so quickly; that those very ready reapers who are over-busy with their sickles will be apt to be mown down in their turn, laid low among their furrows, by as speedy an application of his majesty's bullets as such nimble-handed bumpkins could desire."

"I see nothing in all this that I did not know before," said Lady Humphrey, folding up the paper and dismissing the subject. "I have thought it all over long ago. I know how the fools will behave and what they will come to. We had better spend our time in making arrangements for the fancy ball, I conceive."

And some further consultation having been held upon this subject, Mr. Campion at last made his farewell grimace, and slid out of the room as he had slid into it.

So Hester was informed that she was to be taken to a fancy ball. It was to find her a novelty, to show her a pretty picture, that Lady Humphrey had planned such a treat. She was as pleasantly excited about the matter as even Lady Humphrey could desire her to be. And "I think I can undertake them," she answered, with animation, when called upon to exert her ingenuity on the contriving and making up of two costumes for the occasion. Whereupon Lady Humphrey wrote off some little notes to a very select few of her most intimate and frivolous friends; and she got some other little notes in return. And a party was made up for the ball. Five individuals, including Lady Humphrey and Mr. Campion, were to make their appearance in the assembly as—a hand of cards. Hester was to be Red Riding-hood, and Lady Humphrey the Queen of Spades.

Some black velvet, some satin, some white muslin, some red cloth, were all furnished to Hester without delay; and the costumes were in readiness when the evening arrived. Lady Humphrey's sweeping train of black velvet, ornamented with white satin spades, was pronounced a marvel of elegance and conceit by the party. Her fellow cards of the hand all dined at the palace with Lady Humphrey. There was also a Spanish cavaliero who made his appearance at the dinner-table, and who praised the English cooking very much, but who proved to be Mr. Pierce on minute investigation. Hester had also an honored place at the board, and with her gold hair all showered over her shoulders under her little red hood, made a picture such as seldom can be seen. Mr. Campion surveyed her with attention, and rubbed his knuckles up to the highest degree of polish that it is possible for skin and bone to assume.

"Our fair instrument?" whispered he to Lady Humphrey, with his eyebrows going up into his wig. "Then—

"Little Red Riding-hood!" sighed Mr. Campion, sentimentally, sweeping Hester's face with his eyes, and then fixing them on the moulding of the ceiling. "How this carries one back to the days of one's childhood! A very charming impersonation indeed! But there ought to be a wolf in attendance, ought there not?" he added, suddenly addressing the company. "The wolf who put on the grandmother's nightcap, you remember, Lady Humphrey."

But Mr. Campion's little witticisms were always lost on Lady Humphrey. Yet in spite of her discouragement, the little man kept up a high flow of spirits; and the company went laughing and jesting into London.

CHAPTER VII. SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BALL.

Nothing outside the covers of a fairy-tale book can be half so bewitching as the scene on which this company entered. No stage could present one with so gorgeous and vast a piece of group-
ing. No dream of expectation could foreshadow its shifting brilliancy, its dazzling variety. Mr. Campion, the knave of diamonds, conducted Red Ridinghood to an excellent post of observation, where troops of dream people passed by them in the flesh—Cinderella and her god-mother, Lady Macbeth and Robin Hood, popes and their cardinals, kings and their jesters. There were summer and winter, the devil and an angel, sylphs and mermaids, a savage and St. Agnes; the three weird sisters (three maidens in their bloom), the graces (three withered old spinsters in their paint). Some with masks and some without; glowing and glittering, laughing and jesting, sneering and ogling, coquetting and love-making, pointing witty speeches and ridiculing dull ones, dragging out bashfulness and tripping up blunders; fanning, blushing, sighing, whispering—so the motley crowd went by. Love jostled hate, and misery joy. Beauty rubbed skirts with ugliness, and security with danger. Youth aped age, and age aped youth. Virtue mimicked wickedness, and wickedness virtue. It was all very fine, yet the queen of spades thought but little of the pageant. Hester might have leisure to note the oddities and contrasts, but Lady Humphrey had only eyes for one sober-looking figure.

"Sir Archie Munro here!" said Pierce to his mother. "Surely that is he over yonder. What can bring him to London at such a time?"

And Pierce involuntarily doubled up his fist under his ruffles. It was an insult to his faithful Janet that this rival of his should be indifferent to her presence in his home.

"How dared he be there looking at her every day?" had been the lad's thought but an hour before; now it was "How dare he be here, not caring whether she is there or not?"

"Perhaps he has come to London to arrange about the marriage settlements," he said, bitterly.

"Or perhaps, indeed, he may even now be here in the character of Benedict."

"I think not," said Lady Humphrey. "Why does he not wear a mask, I wonder. It would suit him. Hiest, Pierce! I will tell you: he is here in the character of an Irish rebel, his true character. His proper costume would be a pitch-cap, with a pike on the shoulder."

"Nonsense, mother! I beg your pardon! But you know you are a little astray on that subject."

"I am not going to harm him by talking," said Lady Humphrey. "You need not get excited, as you did upon another occasion. But I know what that gentleman is here."

Pierce was silent and uncomfortable. "Why, then, is he here?" he asked presently, unable to control his curiosity.

Lady Humphrey shook her head. "I think it is better to say nothing whatever," she said, a little mournfully. "His family were old friends

of mine, Pierce—a truth of which you once reminded me."

The young man was silent again, glanced at his mother's face, once, twice, and hung his head with remorse.

"Forgive me, mother," he said at last. "I remember that other occasion well. I terribly misunderstood you on two points. Your conduct to Hester has delighted me of late. I will never doubt the goodness of your heart again, even for a moment, in a passion. If you know aught against Sir Archie Munro, I will never ask you to repeat it."

"It is safer not to talk here, at all events," Lady Humphrey answered dryly, and turned away her face, perhaps to look through the crowd after Sir Archie Munro, perhaps to avoid the glance of her son's honest eyes.

"And now," she said presently, with a sprightly change of manner, "we will leave the gloomy subject of treason. We came here to amuse ourselves, did we not? Let Sir Archie Munro have a care of himself, while you go and take Hester about the rooms. And forget your saucy Janet for a time, if you can, and make yourself agreeable."

Pierce was fain to do as he was bidden, and so Red Ridinghood and the cavalier made a tour of inspection round the brilliant chambers, whilst the queen of spades returned to her hand, and was shuffled over and over again with her companions in a stately dance. That was the hour in which Pierce Humphrey unexpectedly found himself telling the story of his love and his troubles to Hester.

"Who is your saucy Janet, Mr. Pierce?" asked Hester, suddenly, as they pushed through the crowd together.

Pierce Humphrey blushed. He felt startled, dismayed, ashamed; and yet, on the whole, rather pleasantly excited. His vanity half-hoped half-feared that Hester would be grieved to hear the story about Janet.

"What have you heard? What do you know of her?" he asked, evasively.

"Nothing," answered Hester, simply. "But I heard Lady Humphrey speak of her just now; and I thought I should like to know."

Pierce Humphrey sighed, but on the whole was relieved. There was no jealousy, no bitterness, in the young girl's tone. She was only at her old trick of wanting to give help. It was better so, better that little friendless damsels like this should have no hearts to get hurt. And it was pleasant for a man who had vexation on his mind to find ready-made sympathy at his hand.

"You were always willing to share a fellow's troubles, little Hester," he said, joyously. "And I should be glad, indeed, to hear your opinion of this one." And he plunged into his story, and told it frankly from beginning to end; how he loved a merry maiden called Janet, how the merry maiden had gold and beauty and a temper of her own; how he had been bound to her by a bright betrothal ring; but now, woe the day! he had happened to offend her, when she had flown across the sea, to bide under the roof of one supposed to be his rival. And lastly, how

he was wasting for her sake, though he made efforts to pass the time pretty well.

Hester listened, patiently, attentively, weighing his difficulty, believing intensely in his pain, now and again asking a question as he went along; while they two threaded their way up and down through the crowd, he flushed, eloquent, gesticulating, so very much in earnest that Lady Humphrey, catching a glimpse of him from a distance, grew uneasy. Had she not gone too far in thus keeping him so constantly with this Hester, who walked by his side a pale, absorbed, distraught looking little Ridinghood? Was he making an offer of his fickle heart, even now, to this dressmaker, whose work was already cut out for her so many bitter miles across the sea?

"I do not know much about such matters," Hester was saying at the moment, gravely, and with a business-like air; "but I should think the young lady must be true."

"God bless you for that, little Hester," said Pierce Humphrey, squeezing, in the enthusiasm of his gratitude, the hand that was holding on by his arm. "But how have you come to such a happy conclusion?"

"Why you see," said Hester, earnestly and deliberately, as if explaining a knotty problem, "you are strong, and brave, and good natured, Mr. Pierce, and you love her a great deal, and you have told her so. And she had wealth of her own, and rich lovers, and yet she once promised to marry you. I should think she must be fond of you," said Hester, wagging her head sagely, as if too great a volume of evidence had been summed up to admit of there being doubt upon the matter.

This was the amount of Hester's wisdom and penetration, but it satisfied Pierce to the full. He glowed and sighed, and became more humble, more doubtful of himself in his speech.

"You have not seen my rival, little Hester," he said, deprecatingly; "and you must not imagine him an uncouth mountaineer, with great coarse hands, and a brogue. Sir Archie is a traveled gentleman, wiser, better, more clever than I am. And he has a castle many hundred years old; and he has money at his banker's; and he has rare woods and mountains on his beautiful estate. Heigho!"

"All that makes no matter," said Hester.

"You are the pearl of comforters," said Pierce; "but these things make all the matter in the world. I am ashamed to confess that I have thought of them myself," he said, hesitating, and looking a little sheepish. "I knew that Janet was rich, and that I wanted money. But I would give all the money to you, little Hester, or to any one else, if she would marry me to-morrow; and we could do the housekeeping on air," he added, ruefully, as if remembering how little hope there was of his ever being able to put his genuine feelings to the proof.

Now, soon after this arrived the very moment when Fate took up that puzzle of Lady Humphrey's, shook it into perfect shape, and dropped it in her lap.

I never could clearly understand how it was suffered to happen that Hester got separated

from her party that night. The story runs thus, as far as it goes. Hester was thirsty, from the heat of the place and the intentness of her listening. Pierce, after gleaming up every atom of sympathy and advice which she could ransack for him out of her heart and brain, responded to her complaint by rushing off gratefully to seek some lemonade for her refreshment. He placed her in the corner of a small, dimly lighted room, where only a few people were wandering in and out. He ought to have taken her to his mother, no doubt; but then—where was his mother at the time? Besides, he was too careless, and Hester too ignorant, to think of the danger of separation in the crowd. He bade her not to move till he should return.

And I am willing to believe that he intended to return with all speed, for Pierce was in the main a true-hearted lad, and he loved little Hester, after a fashion. But the history of his adventures in the meantime is obscure. Did he get into a quarrel with the confectioner? Did he also feel thirsty after his talking, and drink just one glass of wine too many for his memory, so that he could not find the room to which he was bound to return? Or did he stray into a place where they were gaming, and linger a moment, only to see how the play was going, perhaps to get mixed up in it himself? Any or all of these escapades were possible to the young man at this time of his life. But that he was humble and contrite for his mistake next day is all that we are permitted to understand.

In the mean time, the rest of the cards having been dealt about the rooms, Lady Humphrey and Mr. Campion followed their own will from place to place, keeping watch over that before-mentioned sober-looking figure. That this person was unconscious of observation Lady Humphrey had the best means of knowing. Had he once recognized her, he would have approached her immediately, and greeted her with outstretched hand. But his thoughts did not seem busy with this company. He was a grave-looking man, about thirty-five years old, tall, slender for his height, but well built, and stately. One might say, without much extravagance, that there was a sort of majesty in the motions of his figure, as he carried the long gown about his shoulders and limbs. His hair was a very dark red, as if the ruddy tresses of some sanguine ancestor were struggling to shine out through the duskier locks which nature had intended him to wear. His features were of the eagle cast, yet I warrant you there was nothing hard or sharp in the countenance of Sir Archie Munro. Keen it might be, and bold and firm, for there was mental strength and nerve in every latent expression of his face; but the brave blue eyes knew well how to break into a smile, and the lips to relax into softness.

Sir Archie, watching for some one with anxiety, waited and was disappointed, waited still and was still disappointed. Lady Humphrey and Mr. Campion followed and lingered, and wondered and grew impatient. Was the man really more conscious of their presence and their motives than he would seem? Was he playing with

them, tricking them? Would he presently laugh at the useless cunning with which they had laid this little plan, the feeble effort they had put forth in it, and the hidden irritation with which its failure must harass them? Even Mr. Campion could not deny that this was possible in a treacherous world. But even while Mr. Campion's face was lengthening, a little black imp came tumbling up the room.

This young monster had flames shooting out of the top of his head, as well as other hellish adornments, and looked, for the credit of those who had so blackened and bedaubed him, a very worthy little scion of the house of Satan. The crowd parted with much laughter as he came whirling along wildly, spinning round and round on his hands and his toes, like a young acrobat. He had the awkwardness, or the ill-luck, or the cleverness, to trip over Sir Archie's feet and fall. That gentleman immediately bent down with the impulse of a humane man, alarmed lest the boy might be hurt. The little devil had seemingly a human perception of pain, was not proof against a bruise or a scrape, for he caught the good gentleman's arm, and held on by his hand while he groaned, and twisted, and whimpered, and rubbed his legs. And while this absurd scene was going on, Sir Archie's palm became suddenly acquainted with a very slim morsel of folded paper, which, though it might not have expected to receive, yet his fingers did not fail to close upon with care. And no sooner was the strong hand locked upon its secret, than the legs of our little devil became fit for further exercise; and with a sudden, unearthly shriek, and a spring, he was whirling to the other end of the room. Lady Humphrey's eyes might be sharp, and Mr. Campion's might roll knowingly, but they should never see the writing on that slip of folded paper. They did not resist the natural impulse to turn with the crowd, and look after the tumbling imp; and when their gaze was released from the momentary obligation of following a popular absurdity, and returned to its more serious occupation, Sir Archie Munro had passed out of their ken.

He had taken his way to a private room, where he could read his letter unobserved. And here are all its contents:

"I find that we are watched," said the note, "and so I fail to keep my appointment. Come to me at half-past four. I have made arrangements which will prevent any risk to you. For me it is all risk; but I sail for France to-morrow. I cannot leave without trying my personal influence, without praying you with my voice, in the name of God, to change your mind, and give us your help in the great coming struggle of our country. Eat this when you have read, if there be not a light at hand.

"Yours, full of hope,

"THEOBALD WOLFE TONE."

There was a lamp on a stand close by, and Sir Archie held the paper to the flame. The flash which consumed it made Hester look up; for this was the room in which Hester had been

left sitting. It was deserted now by all but herself. One and another came and looked into it now and again, and passed on. Hester glanced up, and saw the stern face and the burning letter. Sir Archie, even before holding the letter to the light, had observed the picture in the corner, and marked it. The shower of golden hair and the quaint little red cloak had first caught his notice as a matter of color; a moment later it was the pale, troubled face, and the downward, abstracted gaze, the patient shadow of fatigue or sorrow round the eye, the helpless clinging together of the hands, that had left the impress of a poem upon his mind. He had considered its depth and truth a little, even from under the pressure of his own weighty thoughts; been conscious of a latent question under the surface of his own anxiety of the hour—was this sorrow and piteous loneliness of spirit that he had looked upon, or only natural physical fatigue, and the involuntary patience of a minute's enforced waiting?

And where had Hester's thoughts been in the meantime, all the long hour during which she had sat there, with that grief-struck face? What simple, half-fledged dove of feeling, that had been wickedly lured to try its unformed wings, was she anxiously bringing back again to the safety of its nest? What grains of bitter husk was she winnowing in her heart, that sweet, wholesome material for the daily bread of life might be found lying at the bottom, for her storing when the folly of the chaff should have blown by? There are little storms for the very young, which, if their purifying tyranny be but tolerated with meekness, will nip all the buds of selfishness in the garden of the soul. And Hester was getting strengthened for the burden of her future.

CHAPTER VIII. SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT.

Sir Archie Munro had hardly passed out of the room where Hester sat waiting, when a person of venerable appearance, in the garb of a pilgrim, long gray beard, brown woollen gown, approached her, leaning on his staff, and making a most profound salutation.

"Daughter," said he, in a quavering voice, "thy party awaits thee with impatience upon the last step of the staircase. They have commissioned me to be thy escort to bring thee to them in safety. Place thy fair hand upon my arm, and these gray hairs shall be thy protection through the giddy crowd!"

Now it will doubtless appear that Hester was to the last degree simple and foolish to believe for a moment in such a style of address as the above; and it must be allowed that in the beginning of her days she was simple in the extreme from many points of view. But then if it had not been in her nature to put faith overmuch in the well-meaning of others, this history could never have been written. And if we would follow her adventures, we must take her as we find her, with all her lack of smartness, her credulity, her untimely attacks of dreaminess, her enthusiasm. If we endure her helpless short-comings with patience, we shall find pretty quickly how Time soon took her roughly

into training; how Experience stepped in, and with a few puffs blew all the golden dust out of her hazy brains, leaving them strong enough and clear enough to do strong and skillful work in the hour which came to put them to the test.

In the mean time, we may say for her that she was at this moment, on this night, in this fantastic, unaccustomed scene, utterly weary in body, terrified with loneliness, and almost stupefied by the depression of a new trouble; a weariness that a night's rest would cure, a forlornness which the presence of a friend could put to flight, a trouble that was the mere wraith of trouble, made up of the mists of an unwholesome atmosphere, too low for her moral breathing, which must be scattered in sparks of color by the first ray of the sunrise above those mountain tops towards which her unconscious feet were already stumbling. With all of which it must still be said that the weariness, and the loneliness, and the trouble were all present in this hour to afflict her; and how was she to know that they were things feebler than herself, with only a small hour allotted to them wherein to work their will upon her? She was conscious only at the moment that they were with her, forcing her to admit that the gay path of variety down which she had been hurrying of late had ended all abruptly in a hopeless cul-de-sac. She could not see yet the little friendly postern, with its arch of benediction extinguished under the shadow of the frowning wall, the latch already lifted, the sun shining warmly through the chinks.

It is true, then, that she was dull enough to accept the idea that Lady Humphrey was waiting impatiently for her some where on a landing; that perhaps Mr. Pierce might be ill; and the fact that a somewhat strange-tongued messenger, picked out of a long past century, had been sent to fetch her, could not reasonably startle in a place where, for the last few hours, all ages had met together, all tongues had spoken in chorus, all costumes had been worn, and all manners had been practiced. The longing for escape and the habit of obedience were both strong; and Hester rose with relief on the instant, and put her hand on her conductor's arm.

Once fairly launched in the great crowd, however, with her strange escort, she was not long left in ignorance of her mistake. It was plain that a group of mischievous young wags had played a trick upon her. They had observed her unprotected loneliness, and agreed to make a pastime of her difficulty. He who had so successfully imposed upon Hester had been chosen for the office because of the venerable appearance which his disguise presented. When he emerged from the inner room where he had played his part, with his prize upon his arm, his companions gathered round him, laughing and prating with a mischievous delight.

"Oh, pray, sir!" cried Hester, turning in dismay to her supposed protector, "take me back to the room where you found me. I do not know these gentlemen; I cannot be the person you came to seek!"

Her companion replied on the instant by pulling off his long gray beard, his wig of snowy

hair, his mask, and exhibiting the laughing, roguish face and curly head of a youth not more than eighteen years old.

"Not so fast, pretty Mistress Simplicity!" he said, gayly. "Nay, you will never cut old friends in such a heartless manner. And when did you come up to the town, fair sweetheart? And how are all the charming little cousins in the country—Miss Buttercup and Miss Daisy, and the rest? And how does our champagne taste, after your curds and cream?"

So he rattled on, evidently the wit of the party, whilst his companions pressed close upon his steps, laughing and applauding in ecstasy at the fun. They were only a set of wild, thoughtless boys, who had drunk much more wine than they were accustomed to, who ought to have been at home learning their Greek for the tutor, and who probably never would have entered such a place had their mothers been consulted. Perhaps had one of them taken time for a thought, and glanced at the same moment at Hester's frightened face, remembering that he had a sister at home, the merry-making might have ended much sooner than it did. But in the midst of the present glow and hum of such a crowd, the mystery of disguise and general abandonment to shallow wit and mirth, as well as with the fumes of wine and the madness of unusual excitement in their brains, where was the shadow of a chance that such wild young scapegraces as these should pause to think?

Some friend must come and rescue Hester. And where was there a friend to be found? She looked right and left, but no where was any person of her party to be discerned. Numbers of people came crowding to the staircase, to the doors, for it was wearing pretty far into the morning. And Hester's tormentors bent their steps towards the staircase. What crazy plan, if any, was in their heads, where they meant to take her, or where to leave her, Hester was destined never to learn. The little group, six flushed, chattering boys, and one pale, speechless girl, were swept into a corner of a landing by a sudden pressure from the crowd, and remained there wedged into their places, unable even to move till some loosening of the human mass might be felt.

Hester, during these minutes, gazed anxiously up the staircase. The great lamps, swinging in mid air, had grown useless, their flame had waxed dim, for the pale green light of dawn was coming streaming through a vast upper window, with its pathetic suggestions about anxious mothers and dying children, sickening the gaudy colors on the walls, making the painted beauties hurry on their masks, and the showy gallants of the evening look haggard and disheveled and uncleanly. But by and by, in the midst of the feverish faces, there appeared one different from these, overtopping most of the crowd, a quiet, brave face, cool brows, eyes unsoftened, a face going forth, not ashamed to lift itself to look upon the sunrise, accustomed to breathe a breezy atmosphere, suggestive of early rides when the first furrow is getting plowed of a morning. Hester saw this good face coming down the staircase, and for the first time the idea sprang up in her

mind that she might appeal to a charitable stranger for protection.

Whether she could ever have summoned courage to do so is not known, does not matter. Sir Archie Munro's wide-awake eye caught the girl's frightened, appealing look directed towards him, and responding to it interiorly like a true gentleman, he quietly so guided his course through the crowd that the girl soon found him, as if by accident, at her side. Desperation was at her heart then, and struggling to her lips. She need not be dragged into the streets of London by these worse than crazy youths. Sir Archie did not miss seeing the half-lifted hand and eye-lid, that only wanted a little boldness to make a claim on his protection. He met the glance firmly, encouragingly, and a great promise of powerful help shone out of his steady blue eyes.

"You have lost your party?" he said. "These are not your friends? I thought not. Be good enough to put your hand on my arm, and have no uneasiness."

Then he turned to the scapegrace lads, who took different attitudes at his interference, some ready to pick a quarrel, some inclined for a more prudent retreat.

"Come, young sirs," he said, severely, "be gone, and get you home to your beds. Such youngsters cannot be trusted out of the nursery without mischief. As the friend of this lady, I owe each of you a horsewhipping, but I will let you off on account of your tender years. When you have slept on this matter, I trust, for the sake of the men you may one day become, that you will have the grace to feel ashamed of your conduct."

No other form of treatment could have punished the delinquents so keenly. Afraid of such terrible words being overheard as addressed to them, they slunk away; one or two hanging their heads, the rest with a faint attempt to bluster and swagger.

After this was over, and they had finally disappeared, Sir Archie and Hester passed half an hour on the staircase, watching in vain for a glimpse of any member of Lady Humphrey's party. At the end of that time Sir Archie became uneasy; looked at his watch, and grew more uneasy still. He had pressing business of his own on hand, important as life and death, yet how could he desert this trembling girl, whom he had volunteered to protect? At last he said:

"I fear it is useless our waiting here longer. Strange as it may appear, I think your friends must have left the place without you. If you will tell me your address, I will bring you home myself without further delay."

"Oh!" said Hester, with a new dismay, "but it is such a distance—such a very long distance—all the way to Hampton Court Palace."

"Hampton Court Palace!" repeated Sir Archie. "Ah! that is far; that is too far, indeed."

The hands of his watch were wearing towards four, and at half-past that hour it was required of him to be present in a very different place from this, and engaged upon far other affairs

than the relief of distressed damsels. Whilst considering what there was that could be done, he brought Hester down the lower stair into the hall below, into the open air; and then, without further pause, he hailed a waiting vehicle, placed Hester within it, gave instructions to the driver, and took his place in the coach at her side.

As they drove along he explained himself. "When you reflect upon this adventure to-morrow," he said, "you will not blame me, I hope, for not consulting your wishes more than I have done. You must excuse me also if I have been brusque or stern. I am doing the best I can for you. It would be impossible for me to drive with you to Hampton Court to-night, and I could not send you on so long a journey in a hired carriage alone. I have not a moment to lose for my own part, and I am going to leave you in the only place of safety I can think of. To-morrow I will call to see you, and we will contrive to send a message to your friends."

The carriage at this moment turned into an old-fashioned square, with a dusty looking garden in the center, and tufts of grass growing up here and there between the paving stones. It stopped before a tall, wide, aged-looking house, with a gateway and windows which suggested that the house might have once been a nobleman's dwelling, perhaps in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A great lantern hung before the entrance, whose flame still burned feebly in the gray daylight. Sir Archie, who had been scribbling in his pocket-book on his knee, sprang out of the coach, and pulled the heavy handle of a bell, which answered immediately with a great voice, that, in the utter silence of the place, they could hear-making its sudden, startling music among the passages and chambers within. Sir Archie then assisted Hester from the coach, led her to the still closed door, under the shadow of a great black arch, and placed a written leaf of paper, unfolded, in her hand.

"There may be yet some moment's delay about the opening of the door," he said, "and I have not one to spare; but you need not have a shadow of fear. You are safe to gain admittance here," he added, with a latent smile about his eyes and lips, as he looked down at her standing with her passport in her hand, full of faith—"as safe to gain admittance as if you were waiting at the gate of heaven itself."

And then Sir Archie returned to his coach, and gave a fresh instruction to the driver. A moment longer he waited to hear the first bolt withdrawn behind the massive door, and to let his eye dwell with infinite approval on the slim white strip of a figure, the pale rim of a cheek, the little red hood half huddled over the loose golden hair. Truly, Sir Archie had the eye of an artist, since, even in a moment like this, he could make pictures for himself out of a masquerading girl, a patch of dawn-streaked sky, and an old black archway with its lantern. A man who had seen all the wonderful sights of the world ought to have been less easily charmed with such simple materials. Yet, long years later, it was found that this quaint bit of painting in the deserted old square had held its own in

his memory, through light and through shade, against all the finer experiences of his educated eyes.

Meanwhile, Hester, standing on the grass-grown pavement, under the expiring lamp, and with the daylight brightening all round her, read the words written on the slip of paper in her hand:

"Dear Mary. [So ran the pencil marks.] Take the bearer in, and be kind to her. She is a young lady who has been parted from her friends by accident, through no fault of hers. I know nothing of her father. She must, of course, communicate with her friends immediately. I will call to-morrow to see you, and we can talk about this, as well as many other matters.

"With kind love, your brother,

"ARCHIE MUNRO."

"Archie Munro!" cried Hester, aloud, in her amazement, and turned her head quickly over her shoulder to look after the retreating coach. It just passed out of sight, the sound of the wheels died away, and a large old rook, on a morning excursion far from his home in one of the parks, alighted almost at her feet, and hopped round and round her. But at the same moment the last of the bolts was withdrawn inside the queer old dingy house, the faint flame of the lamp was suddenly quenched overhead, and the great black door shuddered, groaned, and swung back upon its hinges.

CHAPTER IX. A HOUSE OF PEACE.

THE person who opened the door for Hester was a little plump pleasant looking nun, comely and fresh, with a fair round face under her plaited wimple, most like a pink-and-white daisy. Her long black rosary clanked against the knee of this little portress from the struggles she had been making with the great chains and bolts of the mighty door. Doubtless in the days when this portal had been fashioned it had been the duty of at least two strong men to manage such ponderous bars upon the gate of their noble master. But a soft-handed young maiden sufficed to deal with them to-day.

She did not look much older than Hester, and the two girls stood gazing before them some moments, each in the most thorough amazement at the unexpected apparition of the other. Hester had never seen any one in such a garb as this before, and the little nun, if she had ever met with the like costumes as this of Hester's during the term of her short acquaintanceship with the world, yet had certainly not looked to see a frightened Red Ridinghood on the threshold of her convent door of a morning.

But before there was time for a word to be spoken, the bright well-slept eyes of the little nun had traveled to Hester's weary lids, the look of surprise had passed away, and the paper which Hester carried being read, a very warm glow of sympathy kindled the countenance of the portress.

"This is for the mother," she said, briskly.

"The sisters are singing matins in the choir. But the mother will be with you at once. Come in."

So saying she laid hold of Hester's hand like a child, and led her down the hall. This hall was long and wide and lofty, as the entrance to such a dwelling should be, but it was neither dark nor dingy as one might have expected to find it. It had a flooring of warmly colored tiles, with a mat here and there, on which waiting unaccustomed feet might take their stand, if it so happened they felt cold upon the stones. A landscape was painted on the lofty ceiling, a little faded and obscured by age, but with colors still rich enough and soft enough to suit the present character of the place. There was a very broad staircase in the background, balustrades and steps alike of dark-grained oak, over which the warm living jewels came dropping with the sunlight, whilst cherub's heads, laid lovingly together, looked down out of a deeply stained window on the landing above. Most truly that old nobleman had known how to make beauty in his dwelling.

There was a sound of muffled music in the air, lulling and swelling as through closed doors, supplicating strains rising and sustaining their demand, then falling, sinking away softly, with great comfort, as in thanksgiving. The little nun bent her head, and moved her lips while she walked, as though it were her duty to join in the prayer as well as she might be able, being accidentally at a distance from her nook among the singers.

"In a place of pasture he hath set me," murmured the little nun, at a breath, like one hasty and hungry, swallowing a good thing. "The Lord ruleth me; and I shall want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasture."

Then she threw open a door, and smiling with the gladness of that whisper still lurking about her lips.

"Will you please to step in here," she said, "and wait, and I will go on the instant and give your message to our mother."

The room into which Hester was thus shown had been the nobleman's dining-room. It had brown paneled walls, and a brown glittering floor. The two long windows set up high and narrow in the wall had heraldic devices carved over them. There was a large vase of roses and lilies, a full-length statue of Christ blessing little children, an alms-box, with its label, "For the sick and dying poor," a table covered with a plain red cloth, with an inkstand, with writing materials, with a few books. The windows were already opened, and there was not a speck of dust about the place. It shone with cleanliness, it smiled with cheerfulness, it gave one good-morning out of all its corners. It said, "See what a pleasant place has been prepared for you; sit down and rest." But Hester had no heart to respond to such a greeting. She stood there in this atmosphere of freshness and order, feeling all out of place in her flimsy, crushed draperies, her gaudy mantle and disheveled hair. She turned her back upon the sunlight, and stood waiting with her eyes upon the door.

By and by the handle moved, turned; there was a little rustling, as of fresh linen, a little rattling, as of heavy beads; the door opened, and the "mother" appeared.

Sir Archie's sister. One could see that at a glance; though, upon reflection, nothing could be in better contrast than the masculine boldness of the man's face with the feminine softness of the woman's. Here were sweet, tender, pitiful blue eyes, and a brow smooth and serene under its spotless linen band; no latent fire; no lines to show where frowns had been. The face was oval and softly moulded, and very winning for its exquisite freshness and purity. The mouth was mobile, and, though ever quick with a right word, was yet, in its changing expressions, most eloquent of much that it left unspoken. The complexion was so dazzlingly fair, so daintily warmed with vermillion on the cheeks, no paint nor powder could mimic it; only early rising, tender labors, never-ceasing and perpetual joy of spirit could have combined in producing it. The quaint black garment, the long floating vail, and narrow gown of serge, were right fit and becoming to the wearer. They laid hold of her grace and made their own of it, while she, thinking to disguise herself in their sombre setting, wrapped the unlovely folds around her, and shone out of them, as only the true gem can shine. The shadow that the black vail threw round her face made its purity almost awful, but made its bloom and simplicity the more entirely enchanting. Not the satins of a duchess, not the jewels of an empress, could have lent half such a fitting luster to this womanly presence of the gentle Mother Augustine, of the Daughters of St. Vincent, of the very old convent of St. Mark, in Blank Square. There were sick men and women in her hospital up stairs who could have talked to the world about her beauty.

A slight expression of wonder passed over the nun's face at the first glimpse of Hester's apparel. But one quick, searching look in the shrinking eyes seemed to satisfy her. She drew the girl to a chair, and sat down by her side.

"You have got astray, my poor child," she said, with sympathy. "You shall tell me all about it before you sleep, that I may write to your mother—to your friends."

"I have no mother, no friends," Hester broke out with a sudden passion. "I am an orphan, and a dressmaker's apprentice. I do not want to trouble any one, and I will not go back to them. I should have got on very well if they had left me at my sewing."

The nun listened in surprise, with a troubled doubt springing up in her mind at the quick incoherency of this speech. Then she glanced at Hester's face, which was held away, and saw that the eyes had darkened and swelled, and that two heavy tears were coming dropping down her cheeks. And she knew by the controlled lips that this was sanity in grief.

"You are in trouble, my dear," she said, softly.

"Ah, it is that music!" cried Hester, making a desperate little gesture with her hand. And surely so the music was rolling on within hear-

ing, with its solemn appealing, and its sublime content; enough to make a sore heart break with envy.

"True; the music!" said the mother, comprehending. "Dear child, you must confide in me. What! not afraid, surely? How the old men in the wards and the children in the schools would laugh at that original idea! You would be sadly out of fashion to be afraid of Mother Augustine."

Such a speech was too much for Hester. It broke all restraint. Her face dropped down upon her open hands, and she sobbed in an abandonment of loneliness and grief.

"There is nothing but rest for this," said the mother, standing before her, an arm round the bowed shoulders, a hand on the bent head. "A long sleep first, and then—confidence."

And so saying, she led, almost carried, the girl to the door, across the hall, and away up that massive staircase, through the jeweled moonlight.

"You must not be afraid that I am going to put you into hospital," she said, smiling, as they went along, Hester walking composedly now, but hanging her tear-stained face, and clinging to the mother's hand. "We have a nice little cell for stray children like you. Some times we call it 'the little bower,' and some times 'the little arbor,' because we think it so pretty, and find it so useful."

So in the little harbor Hester was moored, and left alone, the nun having possessed herself of the name and address of Lady Humphrey. The prettiness of the room was not in truth made out of the luxury of its appointments; but bright it was, as a brown, shining floor, snow-white walls, a white little bed, and a vine round the window could make it.

And there was a garden under the window of this little bower. It would seem that the very apple trees of that so ancient nobleman, the fruit of which his housekeeper used to stew in season, were still bearing their fruit between its walls. At least there are nowhere but the ghosts of dead gardeners who could tell us to a certainty whether they were the same trees or not. Yet, however that might be, the sick old men and women in the hospital of St. Mark knew the taste of the ripe fruit in the cup of their cooling drink. Now a long gleaming row of white lilies lifted the dew in their chalices to the sunlight, making a line of dazzling fringe along the sombre ivy of the wall. Vagrant boughs of jessamine were swinging loose upon the air, grasping at the breeze, as if the tough old bricks were not enough for them to cling to. Birds that had their nests in the trees, whose ancestors had had their nests in the same trees, were singing jubilation for the morning, perhaps meaning them for thanksgiving, that they, having been born city birds, had been so happy in their generation, never fearing what was to become of their posterity when the fair garden should be swept away with another cycle, when a weedy crop of houses should have struck root in the mellow earth, shooting their chimneys far higher than these branches had dared to soar.

This garden was all still, all holy. Neither the noise nor the wickedness of the city seemed to reach it, though both had been there, without a doubt, in the echo; in the memory and suggestion of a thing past, and left away in the distance—making the silence more delicious, making the holiness more solemn. Yet there were other things stirring in it at this hour besides the bees. A few tranquil, sickly faces were moving between the ranks of the flower beds, the rows of precious herbs, the nests of fragrant fruit, smiling here and sighing there, mayhap wondering wistfully at the bounty of the good God, who had so brought them to life again out of the throes of anguish and the travails of death, to thus bask in a sunny atmosphere of peace and bloom; to rest and be strengthened, and be led hither and thither; to be dealt with, in a sweet providence, by the unwonted hands of love. For these were the mother's convalescent patients from the hospital, and they were taking their morning airing while the sun was warm and new.

These things Hester saw from between the leaves of her vine; and these, and the ideas they brought with them, she gathered under the pillow of the little white bed, and so slept upon them; the plaining and exulting of that music which had ceased still following her slumbers, and taking the guidance of her dreams. And she wakened refreshed, though with a bruise some where in her heart that smarted at the touch of a recollection. And the mid-day sun was then hot upon the window.

Her limp white dress had been removed, and in its place she had a plain black robe, very neat and slim, with a broad leather belt to gird its folds round her waist. And while this was being assumed she considered, would it not be well if she could find a home in this place? She could sew, teach, tend upon the sick. She would see about it.

Two people were walking round the garden now, talking, stopping, walking slowly, very earnest. They were Sir Archie Munro and his sister, the Mother Augustine.

"Good God, drop a blessing on those two moving heads!" cried Hester, suddenly awaking to an enthusiasm of gratitude. "I will hold by their hands, and they shall not send me back to Hampton Court. They will help me to be independent, and I shall not be shaken off any more. I shall not be loved and forgotten, cherished and deserted. Oh, Lady Humphrey! Oh, Mr. Pierce!"

The figures in the garden turned at the moment and came back again down the path, as if responding unconsciously to her cry; the features growing distinct each moment; two faces breathing and moving through the warm air together; two heads laid together for her good, had she but known it; two pairs of eyes full of promise for her, as she was vaguely aware, though she felt herself too strange in her new place in their lives to even dare to look such promise in the face. And these two people were—the rival of Pierce Humphrey and the sister of the rival. And Hester was in their hands, and had found the hands strong and kind.

Here, then, was the man held in aversion, yet to be honored and admired, of Pierce Humphrey's love story, the other hero of the romance, the second lover of Janet Golden. And Hester fell to wondering, aside from her own case, about this rare, remarkable, and most heartless Janet Golden. For rare and remarkable Hester had settled in her own mind that she must be; and any woman must be heartless who could endure to have two lovers. There was a page of pure romance now laid open to Hester's eyes. This grave, stately person in the garden, was it possible he could have robbed the jovial Pierce of any thing so trifling as a fickle lady's heart? As well might one tax royalty with picking pockets. Thus Hester was inclined to be enthusiastic about her new friends, as well as a little bitter against her old ones. And she placed the two men side by side in her own thought, and judged them, unconsciously, with the simplicity and fairness of pure justice. The one who should have protected, had abandoned her to loneliness and danger in a crowd. The other, upon whom she had no claim, had rescued her at inconvenience to himself—had brought her and set her here, where she was in a goodly place of safety. Thus Hester judged, as most people judge, according to her own lights and experience. She did not say that Pierce was but a baby, while Sir Archie was a man. She did not say that Pierce, her old companion and play-fellow, was a person to be comforted, laughed at, piped to, and danced with; never to be wept against or appealed to; while that Sir Archie might be leaned upon as a staff that would neither bend nor break. Yet something of such thoughts must have been present to her mind, though she did not make the effort, perhaps would not have had the will, to give them shape.

And despite the so sympathizing assurance that she had given Mr. Pierce the night before, Hester could not now choose but have a doubt upon her mind as to the faith of Janet Golden in the fealty of her lover. Fate, perhaps, would not be dealing unkindly with that young lady if so be that it should force her to draw her hand from the loose clasp of Pierce Humphrey, and give her life with it into the keeping of this Sir Archie Munro.

CHAPTER X. A COLLOQUY.

"I am uneasy about you, Archie," the mother was saying, as those two were walking up and down the garden path. "My mother writes me that she fears you are entangled, even against your will, in these schemes of rebellion that are on foot."

Sir Archie's face grew clouded. "That was indiscreet of my mother," he said. "If others suspect me, as I have been led to think they do—if my letters should be opened——"

"But it is not true—it is not true?" appealed the mother, with her blue eyes distended and anguish on her lips.

"Dear Mary," said Sir Archie, tenderly, taking her hands and holding them between his own, "it is not true, not exactly true at least, though

certain it is that I am in difficulty and trouble about these matters, as every Irishman, with a head to think or a heart to feel, must be. Now I will tell you all about it, if you will be patient, that is, and strong. Why, Mary, to think of a courageous woman like you, who can dress a bad wound, who can go with a dying sinner to the very brink of eternity, who never quailed at fever, who is not afraid of the very plague itself!" he said, smiling; "to think of you turning nervous on my hands, and fading your cheeks at a moment's notice—all for a great brawney mountaineer like me—a strong fellow, who never felt a pain nor ache."

"This is not a case of pain nor ache," said the mother, sadly. "If it were, I might help you. But if this be treason, rebellion, why you would melt away like snow from among our hands. We could do nothing for you."

And the mother's voice broke. She laid her head on her brother's shoulder, and trembled with great fear.

"Mary, Mary, Mary," said Sir Archie, lifting her face, and looking in it with smiling rebuke, "what would all your large family in yonder think of you if they saw you breaking down like this? It is enough to tempt a fellow like me to turn the tables and quote texts to you. Indeed, my darling, this distress is without cause. There, I knew you would be reasonable; and now you shall hear the whole story."

The mother recovered herself quickly, drew her veil around her face, and bowed her head to endure the listening to what she dreaded to hear. And the two walked on together as before.

"There is not much to say after all," said Sir Archie. "I need not tell you that my own little corner of the world has always been peaceful and happy; but neither need I tell you that I have mourned over the misery of the country at large. My heart has bled for it—bleeds for it. One would need to have lead in one's veins, instead of blood, to endure to see the things that are done in the name of justice in the open face of day."

"But you cannot cure them," broke in the Mother Augustine. "It is impossible that you can cure them."

"Impossible, I believe, to the attempt that will be made," said Sir Archie; "and therefore, so help me God, I will guard my little flock from the destruction that must follow such an attempt. I will not lead them out to death, nor invite desolation to their thresholds, well knowing that not the shadow of a boon will be reaped by their children, nor their children's children, from the horrible sufferings they must be made to endure. Were they already in torture, like the unfortunates of many other parts of the country, and did they call upon me to lead them in battle, I would do it were it only a forlorn hope, and I fell among their feet at the first shot from an English gun. But we have always lived apart from the rest of the world; our mountains have shut us in, and I pray God that they may shut out from us the horrors that are impending. I tell you, Mary, I never ride up the glen of an evening and see the wee toddling babies come peeping to the door to

see me go by, without swearing to myself that I will never make a sign that will be the cause of dabbling their helpless feet in the bloodshed of their kin. Let the sun rise and go down upon our peace so long as it pleases Heaven to leave the peace upon our thresholds. I have been placed over a few, and for the welfare of that few I am accountable. As for the many, God pity them! They will not succeed. Their leaders have been surprised, are in prison; they who could arrange and command, who carried the longest heads, if not the stoutest hearts. The informers are abroad, and the rulers of the land are urging on a rebellion that they may crush it with the greater ease. I will guard my happy glens from the wreck. But what folly to talk in this way!" he added, lightly, catching a glimpse of the mother's white averted cheek; "it will never come to that, I trust. The government will relent, will grow wise in time, and treat the country more kindly than it has done. Statesmen will see at last, though late, the mistakes of many ages. They will try redress of grievances instead of pitch caps and hanging. Come, cheer up, Mary, and let us talk of something pleasant."

But the mother was not ready to leave the subject. "Who is it that suspects you?" she asked. "If you declare yourself for peace, who can say a word against you?"

"No one but an enemy," said Sir Archie. "I did not know I had an enemy, but it seems I have one in ambush some where. No matter; let them do their worst. The only thing they can say is, that at the first opening of the society I belonged to the United Irishmen. Like all other young men who had a throe of feeling or a spark of hope in their hearts, I rushed into it, eagerly insisting that we must wring attention from the King to the desperation of the country. That chimera faded," said Sir Archie, bitterly; "and since things have grown wilder and more hopeless, I have withdrawn from the schemes of the society, impelled by the motives I have described."

"It is well, it is well," murmured the mother, tremulously. "But this enemy, dear Archie? Who is there who should be at enmity with you?"

"That I cannot tell," said Sir Archie; "but there are few men so fortunate as not to have an enemy some where. I was not aware that any one was busy with my concerns until late last night, or rather early this morning. I had then an interview with Wolfe Tone, who has put me on my guard."

The Mother Augustine groaned. "Wolfe Tone," she repeated. "Oh, Archie!"

"Well, Mary? Is he a terrible 'old bogie' to your fears?"

"I know what he is well," said the mother, energetically. "He is a brave, daring enthusiast, but he will die in his cause. And you shall not die with him—no, Archie, no Archie!"

"I am not going to die with any one, little sister, till my appointed day has been lived till the last minute," said Sir Archie, tenderly, carrying her white, trembling fingers to his lips. "I agreed to meet Tone for the purpose of explain-

ing to him clearly the conduct which I intend to pursue, and the motives which have determined me to persist in that conduct, in spite of many strong feelings of my own, and unbounded sympathy with the misery which is the main-spring of the attempt that may be made. I have tried to assure him that if such attempt be made, it will be done clumsily, and must end in failure. I have implored him to use his influence in holding back the catastrophe, as the time is not ripe, as the leaders are in prison. He says that were impossible. The madness of the people is getting stimulated every day. They will have a leader of some kind; or, if necessary, they will act without a leader. We parted as we met, he deploring that I should insist on remaining neutral, I more and more resolved to follow the lights of my own judgment and experience. I believe, however, that I have succeeded in convincing him, at least, that I am in no respect actuated by cowardice or want of patriotism in my decision."

"Cowardice!" said the mother, amazed, and blushing at the word. "Who could venture to accuse you of such a vice?"

"Yet it may be that I have left myself open to the charge," said Sir Archie, "from those whose disappointment or anger may blind them for the moment, so that they cannot look my position in the face. It is known that I feel strongly for the affliction of my country, and those who know it may not all be aware that I believe myself more far-seeing than themselves, that perhaps I have more means, more leisure for looking onward than they have, that I find myself responsible for the well-being of my little clan, who look to me out of their peaceful doors for counsel and guidance. Yet," continued Sir Archie, thoughtfully, "did they but consider the matter thoroughly, they would see that, in the event of a struggle, by refusing to side with one or the other party, I should leave myself at the fury of both, and deprive myself of all hope of the protection of either—a position which it requires some little nerve to face. But come, Mary," he added, "we have had enough of this. You must ask for your old friends, or there will be woeful disappointment when I go home. The old women will be bobbing courtesies along the roads, and will think something is sadly amiss indeed if his honor cannot give them a message from 'Miss Mary, God love her.'"

The Mother Augustine, thus admonished, made an effort to dismiss her fears, and became, in outward appearance at least, her tranquil self again.

"There is much home news that I want to hear," she said, tuning her voice to its ordinary tone of steady, sweet contentment with all things. "What is this that my mother writes me about Janet Golden, dear Archie? Are we likely to have a wedding soon, if all go well among our mountains?"

Sir Archie started slightly at this question, as if it were one he had neither wished for nor expected. A shade of pained perplexity was on his face as he made answer:

"My mother can tell you more of this affair

than I can," he said "I really can hardly explain how it has grown up. If you ask do I wish to marry Janet Golden, I say frankly, I do not. I have no wish to marry any woman at present; neither is Janet the kind of woman I should select. She is too fond of gay life in the cities to love a happy country home. She has no interest in my interests—no concern with my concerns. She is—let me see—well, I believe I am not good at drawing nice definitions; but she is not my ideal of a wife, sister Mary. You will wonder, then, how I have been weak enough to become so entangled, well knowing that I am not versed in the art of love-making for pastime. But of course you have heard it all before now; that silly old story of an engagement made by two mothers when Janet was a baby and I a mere boy. I own I have been hearing of it and laughing at it for years, and not troubling myself to realize my position, or to interfere and declare that I had no intention of acting up to such a ridiculous arrangement. And now suddenly of late, when I had forgotten the whole affair, the young lady is introduced under my roof, and I am presented to her by my mother as her fiancé. And she seems quite content: takes it as a matter of course. How else should she take it, says my mother, when she has looked forward to the prospect all her life? And I have never summoned courage to undeceive her as yet. And so the matter stands, while every day assures me she is not the woman I could love. I cannot feel any wish for her perpetual presence at my fireside, any impulse to share with her my most intimate feelings; therefore, I find it hard to wed my wishes to her whims, as I find her constantly expecting me to do."

"I am sorry to hear this," said the Mother Augustine. "I had hoped it might all have been so different. I remember Janet a merry, arch little girl, and I had hoped that she might be very fit to bring new life into the old home."

"Do not let me underrate pretty Janet," said Sir Archie. "She has indeed all those points which are said to make up a charming woman, to wit, bright eyes, saucy words, a very tiny satin slipper, and a more than ordinary share of caprice. But I am afraid there are some things which are sadly thrown away upon me, Mary, some super-excellent enchantments which the modern poets rave about. Now, if her soul were but as deep as her eyes, her sympathies as keen as her wits—I am afraid I am a very old-fashioned fellow in my tastes. But then, you see, if a man lives in an old-fashioned castle, among old-fashioned hills, over-seeing the lives of old-fashioned people, it seems natural to follow that he should allow himself to be moulded by his circumstances, or else always live at war with his fate. And so I suppose he may be excused for feeling rather doubtful about the propriety of taking a new-fashioned wife, at the risk of poisoning her with his uncongenial atmosphere."

"My mother should have had an eye to the antique in her search," said the nun, smiling; "I should not wonder if you had set your heart on Cousin Madge on the sly."

Sir Archie laughed. "Poor Madge!" he said.

"How indignant and shocked she would be to hear you! But I did not make any mention of the antique. Old-fashioned is a word which is applied oftentimes to children."

"Yes; and my mother's Janet is neither simple enough nor wise enough to suit you. It is a pity, a pity; and her wealth would have been so useful in your hands, dear Archie."

"What is the world coming to, when even you are turning mercenary?" said Sir Archie.

"I mean useful to the world," said the mother, gravely. "If I did not know you fitted for such a stewardship, I should pray that you might remain untempted by the trial of over-plentiful possession. But you are not a boy now, Archie, and the years of your youth have proved you. I would make you guardian of the poor over untold gold. The blessing that is settled on your glens must extend beyond their limits, so far as wealth can carry your power. If our poor Janet marry some worldly man of fashion, for instance, will not her many thousands be swallowed up in the whirlpool of folly, of selfish luxury and neglect of her fellow-creatures? If you have their management, they will be sown deep in the very heart of nature, to come up again in peace and security, in love and enlightenment, for the future generations of at least one happy corner of the earth."

"May be so, Mary, may be so," said Sir Archie. "But you do not know how I might change my ways if it happened that I turned out a millionaire. I could indeed enjoy the freedom of action which enormous wealth can give. But in the meantime I have always had enough for myself and my people."

"And Janet?" asked the mother, after some uneasy reflection. "What attitude does she take in these arrangements? It seems to me, Archie, judging from the tone of this confidence, that you must play the part of lover in a lukewarm manner. And it strikes me, as I remember the little Janet of old times, that she was of rather an exacting disposition."

"I can vouch for her that she has not lost that trait in her character," said Sir Archie, smiling. "But, as I have said before, my mother assures me that she is satisfied. And that being so, she points out to me that I cannot draw back from this engagement with honor."

"Then you mean me to understand that you and Janet have never spoken on the subject?"

"I do," said Sir Archie. "She seems to avoid it, and so do I. Indeed, I hardly know what we could say, if we tried."

"That may change, if you are wise and kind, Archie; but it would be terrible for you to marry while things are thus."

"I do not believe we shall ever marry," said Sir Archie. "In the meantime, I leave the chances of my release in the hands of time and a capricious lady, and have many other matters to think of."

"Yes," said the mother, thoughtfully. "And I had almost forgotten," she added, after a pause, "that I too have another matter to think of, and speak of—that poor child whom you sent here this morning."

"Well," said Sir Archie, with interest, "what of her?"

"I have written to her friends," said the mother. "Though, indeed, I question if they be much her friends either, so reluctant does she seem to return to them. And, Archie, is it not strange——?"

"Well, Mary, what is strange?"

"How oddly people turn up again in the world. Do you remember the name of Judith Blake, the heroine of so many of our old nurse's strange stories? Judith Blake, who became afterwards Lady Humphrey?"

"I remember."

"This girl in some way belongs to a Lady Humphrey, whom I believe to be that identical Judith Blake. It is to her I have written—to Hampton Court, where she lives. And this girl does not love her, no more than did the people of Glenluce, long ago."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY MARGARET SWAYNE.

A BABE at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of nought but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
For ever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
For ever hers till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knee—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown, flow'ry sod,
On earth's kind shelt'ring breast,
For ever freed from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

THE KAIMAK.

WHETHER the story I am about to narrate is really derived from the East, I cannot say, but there is a certain Oriental twang about it which is favorable to the suspicion of an Oriental origin. I became acquainted with it as the substance of a French poem, published in the last century.

A poor but zealous Musselman, it seems, resident in the neighborhood of Bursa, divided his leisure hours between the study of the Koran and the worship of a handsome wife, who every year presented him with a fresh olive-branch.

It chanced that on one occasion, when the annual donation was expected, the lady expressed so violent a desire to taste of a peculiar kind of cheese called "kaimak," that the husband felt it would be hazardous to cross her inclinations. On the very evening of the day on which her wish was made known the coveted delicacy must be procured, and the objection of poor Mahmoud, that the nearest village at which it could be purchased was a long way off, was of no avail. The lady was ordinarily imperious, and on this occasion circumstances had rendered her more imperious than usual.

Finding remonstrance utterly useless, Mahmoud at break of day set off, armed with a well-polished platter, to purchase the delicious kaimak. He flew to the village like an arrow from the bow, but when he commenced his homeward journey the sun had reached the meridian, and convinced him that an equally speedy return would be impossible, especially as his way lay through a vast plain, on which there was scarcely a tree to afford shelter from the heat.

Suddenly his eyes were regaled by the sight of a fountain sparkling with clear water, and surrounded by soft verdure, which invited to repose. Anxious as Mahmoud was to take the purchased treasure home to his wife, the invitation was too tempting to be refused, so he stretched himself upon the turf and went comfortably to sleep.

After a short time he was awakened from his repose by a tinkling sound, and looking at his platter, perceived that the kaimak was gone, and that a golden sequin was in its place. While he was debating within himself what could be the cause of so strange a transformation, his suspicion was heightened into fear by the appearance of a huge serpent which rose from a hollow tree, and accosted him in accents so gentle, that his terrors were presently allayed.

"Dear Mahmoud," said the serpent, "that kaimak was delicious; indeed, so delicious, that if you will undertake to bring me one every day, without saying a word about the matter to anybody, I, on my part, will undertake to give you a sequin on every occasion."

Of course Mahmoud struck the bargain at once, and so great was his delight at this sudden change in his fortunes, that he regarded the necessity of going back to the village and buying another kaimak for his wife, as a petty annoyance, not worth consideration. Nay, even the strong language with which Mrs. Mahmoud commented on the length of his absence, he set down

as a mere nothing, when weighed in the scale against his enormous gain.

Devotion to the religion of the Prophet was, as I have said, one of the leading features in Mahmoud's character; and no sooner was the lecture of his wife ended, than, flinging himself upon his knees, he uttered a solemn vow that if the serpent kept faith with him for five years, he would perform a pilgrimage to either of the holy cities, Mecca or Medina.

The contract between Mahmoud and the serpent was duly performed on both sides, and when the five years had elapsed, every day of which they were composed had produced its sequin. The religious zeal of the good Mahmoud, now he was a man of substance, was somewhat less fervent than in the days of his poverty, and though he resolved to keep his vow, like an honest and pious man, he could not help regretting that by performing the pilgrimage, he would sacrifice a valuable daily stipend. Was there no middle course by which his duties as the father of a family, and as a conscientious Musselman, conflicting as they seemed, could better be discharged?

Yes, there was a middle course. The office of providing the serpent daily with a kaimak might be entrusted by Mahmoud to his eldest son, Osmin, a thriving young man, some twenty years old, if the serpent would only consent to accept him as a substitute for his father.

Accordingly, the worthy Mahmoud consulted his scaly patron, but found him by no means disposed to enter into the projected arrangement. In the first place, the serpent, as might have been expected of a wily reptile, was of a distrustful disposition, and thought that although he was safe with a well-tried old friend, he might be less so with a young stranger; in the second place, he was somewhat heterodox in his theological notions, and regarded the pilgrimage to Mecca or Medina as a ridiculous compliance with a foolish superstition.

The first objection wounded the feelings of Mahmoud as a father, the second shocked him as a pious Musselman; and as he was contending at once for his religion and his self-interest, he argued so stoutly that the serpent at last consented to accept the services of Osmin. Two conditions were, however, imposed. Osmin was never to come armed; and after he had placed the kaimak under the tree, he was to retire to a distance, and not to return for his reward till the serpent had finished his repast.

The conditions agreed on, Mahmoud set out on his pilgrimage, and took Osmin with him as far as the fountain, to prevent the possibility of a mistake. The father and son then bade farewell to each other with many tears, and parted, one to go home, the other to proceed to Mecca.

For a whole year Osmin behaved so well, and was so extremely courteous, that the serpent ceased to regard him with distrust, and was almost as friendly to him as he had been to his father. However, he was of a greedy, grasping nature, and his mind became gradually filled with evil thoughts. The serpent, he was sure, possessed a vast hidden treasure, from which the daily sequin was taken. On the strength of this

conviction he indulged in ambitious dreams. He would willingly have four wives—a luxury permitted by the Prophet to his disciples—likewise two hundred horses, likewise one hundred servants, likewise all sorts of fine things; and, above all the rest, he would like to be a mighty pacha. If he could only kill the serpent and secure the treasure, the dream would become a reality.

One morning, after a night passed in wicked meditations, Osmin went to the fountain, carrying two kaimaks, and also bearing in his girdle a hatchet, which he artfully concealed with his dress. When the serpent had eaten one of the dainties, Osmin, who had retired according to the prescribed condition, advanced with the other, and presented it with even more than usual courtesy, stating that the day of the great festival Bairam had arrived, and that he felt he could not more worthily honor the occasion than by offering a gift to his distinguished benefactor. The gift was indeed very trifling, but the serpent would kindly take the will for the deed.

The serpent was delighted and pounced upon the extra cheese, forgetting for the moment to insist on the retirement of Osmin. The treacherous young man, perceiving that his benefactor was wholly occupied with the pleasure afforded to his palate, thought that the proper opportunity had arrived, and, drawing the hatchet from his girdle, aimed a blow at the serpent's head. However, the intended victim was more wary than he had supposed, and made a movement just as the hatchet descended, which saved his head at the expense of his tail. Turning from green to blue with rage and pain, so says the story, the serpent twisted himself round Osmin's neck, and strangled him on the spot. Next he proceeded to eat him, and found him even more delicious than a kaimak. However, the arrival of a troop of travelers interrupted the repast, and the serpent glided into his usual retreat, while the men examined the body, and with some little difficulty recognized the son of Mahmoud. The corpse was at once taken home, and in the midst of the sorrow violently expressed by the mother and the rest of the family, Mahmoud returned from his pilgrimage. If the grief of the others was intense, that of the bereaved father was tremendous, for he alone knew the real extent of the loss. The sequins acquired by the five years' service he had expended in pious uses, and the chance of all future revenue was destroyed. That his son had been the guilty cause of the mishap he did not doubt for a second, and he rued the day that had given birth to so unworthy an offspring.

The only course left was to effect a reconciliation with the serpent, and accordingly he visited the fountain a weeping, broken-hearted man, carrying a kaimak decorated with flowers, that the gift might be more acceptable. The serpent was very cross and very straightforward, and having stated exactly what had occurred, retired speedily and sulkily into the hollow of the tree. Mahmoud, in despair, bestowed on his deceased son every word of vituperation that the language afforded; but tearfully asked the serpent why the wickedness of the young scapegrace should separate such good friends. At last the voice of the

serpent issued from the hollow of the tree, and spake thus:—

"Friends! I grant you we were friends indeed; but what has passed renders a return of such friendship impossible. Some injuries are not to be repaired, and he who affects to obliterate them from his mind is merely a hypocrite. You can never forget that I have killed your son, while on the other hand I can never forget that I have lost my tail."

A CHANCE MEETING.

Two ships upon life's boundless sea
We meet: we hold the self-same way
A few short days, then compasses
Compel our parting: we obey.

Yet for some time we miss the ship
That by us used to heave and bound
Upon the waves, nor o'er them catch
From off that deck the welcome sound

Of captain speaking to his men,
Of voices answering to our cheer;
Nor creak of rope, nor flap of sail
Speak sympathy unto our ear.

Away the friendly vessel cleaves,
And we hold on our usual course;
A little sad our heart-strings feel,
Our pulses lack their wonted force.

Though never more, perchance, we meet
That stranger ship upon the main,
Is there no port which—peril past
Of wind and waves—we hope to gain?

Where, lying safe from angry storm,
We find at last that ship once more,
And greet her inmates heart to heart,
As if old friends, upon the shore?

Surely, O friend, it may be so;
Though thou and I have parted hands,
We meet again with firmer clasp,
Life's ocean crossed, on Heaven's sands.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

A FRENCH gastronomic writer of 1810 has left us a eulogy on coffee, which only a real lover of the berry could have penned. "It is," he writes, "a beverage eminently agreeable, inspiring, and wholesome; it is at once a stimulant, a cephalic, a febrifuge, a digestive, and an anti-soporific; it chases away sleep, which is the enemy of labor; it invokes the imagination, without which there can be no happy inspirations; it expels the gout, that enemy of pleasure, although to pleasure gout owes its birth; it facilitates digestion, without which there can be no true happiness; it disposes to gaiety, without which there is neither pleasure nor enjoyment; it gives wit to those who already have it, and it even provides wit (for some hours at least) to those who usually have it not. Thank Heaven for coffee, for see how many blessings are concentrated in the infusion of a small berry! What other beverage in the world can we compare to it? Coffee, at once a pleasure and a medicine—coffee which nourishes at the same moment, the

mind, body, and imagination. Hail to thee, inspirer of men of letters, best digestive of the gourmand—nectar of all men!"

When wondering what Frenchmen did before coffee, we must remember that tea in England, and coffee in France, only superseded long established and long venerated herb drinks and pituites, also in their way refreshing, restoring, and anti-narcotic:—just as tobacco only superseded, by its superior potency and excellence, herbs long before smoked, or taken as snuff, in Europe.

The old Arabian legend of coffee runs thus. Some centuries before the Norman Conquest, a certain Arab shepherd watching his sheep on one of the green hills near Mocha (a port on the Red Sea, near the heights of Cab-el-Mandeb) which slope down towards the yellow desert, being wakeful for fear of the lions, observed that those of his sheep that fed on the shiny leaves and brown split berries of a certain bush, also remained all night wakeful, lively, and alert. The shepherd, watching again and again, and always observing the same effect, steeped some of the berries in water, and found they had the same effect upon him. Gradually (the laws of patents being then rather unsettled), the secret spread into the desert, and the new drink, cavy or cavey, became popular in the black tents of the wandering Ishmaelites.

In time, much as tea had been first used to drive away wicked sleep from the eyes of Chinese hermits, coffee became used by the holy men of Arabia and Egypt. There also arose a very hot and disagreeable controversy in the Mosques, whether coffee came under the ban pronounced by Mahomet against certain liquors, especially wine. The Cairo Mullahs fell a wrangling about this point of doctrine; and on one occasion, after an anti-coffee sermon, the pro-coffeeites fell to blows, turbans were knocked off, teeth were violently extracted, central tufts of hair were violently torn away, and many severe kicks and blows with turned-up slippers were administered to the less active of the followers of the true Prophet. But eventually the fanatical haters of the infusion of the Mocha berry, died out, or were bought over by sacks of the sinful fruit, and the East gave in, with one voice, its allegiance to the new beverage.

But many antiquaries contend, and apparently justly, that coffee (first generally used in Persia) was not in great repute in Arabia until the reign of Henry the Sixth. Thence it passed to Egypt and Syria, and in 1511 to Constantinople, where public coffee-houses were first opened in 1554 (reign of Mary). Lord Bacon, whose learning was so varied that he seemed to be "not one but all mankind's epitome," mentions coffee in his *Sylva Sylvarum* as a Turkish drink, black as soot, and of a strong scent, to be taken when beaten into powder, in very hot water. The Turks, he says, drink it in their coffee-houses, which resemble our taverns. Burton also mentions it later, in King James's reign; and no doubt Levant travelers had then begun to talk and write about coffee as a pleasant and refreshing beverage after food or after fatigue. In 1641, a young Cretan gentleman entered him-

self as student at Balliol College, Oxford, and introduced the new Turkish drink among his begowned colleagues.

In 1650, the year after Oliver became Protector, and grew more powerful than any crowned king then in Europe, one Jacobs, a Jew, opened a coffee shop at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxford. Two years later, Pasqua Rosee, a Dalmatian, from Ragusa on the Adriatic, coachman to Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant who had brought him from Smyrna, opened a coffee-house (the first in England) by his master's wish, in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill. Pasqua Rosee's first hand-bill, headed.

"THE VIRTUE OF THE COFFEE DRINK,"

claims for the new beverage (drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seigneur's dominions) all the virtues of quack panacea; it corrected crudities (this was the medical jargon of the day; the hand-bill was, no doubt, written for Rosee by some half-starved apothecary); "it dried the system without heating or inflaming it; it fortified the inward heat, and helped digestion; it quickened the spirits and made the heart light-some; its steam was good for sore eyes; it suppressed inward fumes, therefore cured headaches, and dispersed defluxions and rheums that distilled upon the lungs. It dried up dropsy, gout, and scurvy, it was beneficial to people in years and children with the king's evil. It was a great remedy against the spleen and hypochondriac winds. It prevented drowsiness and made one fit for business. It was neither laxative nor astringent, and it made the skin clear and white." Such were the bold assertions of Pasqua Rosee, the Ragusan coachman.

The vintners and tavern-keepers, and the men about town, who liked their fiery Canary and their strong French wines, were very angry at the new beverage. And the wits launched their pen-darts at Rosee hotly and sharply.

The Grub-street poet wrote some rough-hammered verses, which began:

A coachman was the first (horse) coffee made,
And ever since the rest drive on the trade.
"Me no good Engalash," and sure enough,
He played the quack to solve his poison stuff.
"Ver boone for de stomach, de cough, de phthisie,"
And I believe him, for it looks like physis.
Coffee, a crust is charred into a coal,
The smell and taste of the mook china bowl,
Where huff and puff they labor out their lungs,
Lest, Dives like, they should bewail their tongues.
And yet they tell you that it will not burn,
Though, on the skin, the blisters do return,
Whose furious heat does make the water rise
And still through the alembics of your eyes.

And, now, alas! the French have credit got,
And he is no gentleman that drinks it not.

There can be no doubt that there was at first a good deal of quackery and nonsense talked about coffee, and that with the absurd injunctions to drink it scalding hot, and the ridiculous practice of holding the head in the steam to benefit weak eyes, the satirist and cynic must have had fair scope for their bitterness and sourness in the Cornhill coffee-house, over whose door hung a

representation of the brown visage of Pasqua Rosee.

The enemies of the new Turkish drink accused it of the most horrible and baneful results. The old men lamented Ben Jonson's times, when men were men, and tossed off canary. A lampooner of 1663 writes bitterly:

These less than coffee's self, these coffee men,
These sons of nothing that can hardly make
Their broth for laughing how the cheat does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome portion—not yet understood.
Syrup of root, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals or the book of news!

What moral lessons to the Chinese these struggles of new customs are! Were nectar introduced to-morrow to supersede tea, the same old story would be repeated.

Coffee was not introduced into France until twelve years after its first use in England. In 1662, Thevenot, the Asiatic traveller, brought it to Paris, then heedless of its good fortune. It soon spread among the gay natives, but it had its enemies—the friends of beer, wine, and old customs. Delightful Madame de Sevigne, who died in 1696, used to predict that Racine and coffee would both soon be forgotten; but coffee "*avait les racines trop profondes et tout le monde sait le profondeur de Racine.*"

In spite of the venerable Arabian goat story, the real inventor of coffee was the great creature who first thought of roasting the berry. It is this process of carbonisation that develops the aroma and generates the oil. To make good coffee the operator must act (however unconsciously) on three grand principles of medicine and chemistry.

He must first learn that exact moment in roasting, when the odoriferous principle shall be at its climax, lest a livelier heat dissipate it for ever. He must obtain the liquid so concentrated that it contains unimpaired all that aroma which is its life and soul. He must carry on his manufacture, so that all the final principles of the berry, the harsh and astringent properties, shall remain undeveloped and unmixed with its finer essence.

These are great chemical principles which require a theoretical knowledge and a learned experience not to be expected from a mere hireling cook. Endless experiments have been made with coffee, to extract its full power and yet repress its baser properties. All sorts of finings have been used, beginning with sole-skins. It has been made without roasting the berry—without crushing the berry—with cold water—it has been made by boiling for three-quarters of an hour, etc. As the Japanese differ from us in grinding their tea (a very great economy,) so the Turks differ from us in pounding their coffee. They do not use a grinding mill, but wooden mortars and wooden pestles, and the drier these instruments are, and the more impregnated with the aroma, the more valuable they are considered. Those of our readers who have gone up the Nile, will remember that dull continued thump which used to rouse them from their narrow beds, at that early hour when the

long files of cranes and wild geese on the low sandy shore, drawn up as, for inspection by the king of the birds, all looked like flamingoes in the rosy light of daybreak, that turned the pyramids long left behind, to little triangles of pale ruby. If they then peeped out at the front cabin door they will remember that while half the crew were in the Nile up to their black chins, shoving the dahabeeah off one of the incessant sandbanks, Achmed, the ship's boy, a great lubberly stalwart fellow of seventeen, was sitting crosslegged in the head of the boat, with a wooden mortar between his knees, and that he held in his dusky hands a small tree five feet long, rounded to a club at one end, with which he was pounding the close-grained berries.

Brillat-Savarin tried the Turkish plan of pounding coffee, and found the result far preferable to coffee which had been ground. To illustrate the strange and unaccountable effects of different modes of chemical manipulation, he tells, in his suggestive way, an anecdote,

Napoleon, (the great Napoleon,) like most Frenchmen, was fond of eau sucree (sugar-water.) "Monsieur," he said one day, to the celebrated chemist Laplace, "how is it that a glass of water in which I melt a lump of sugar, seems to me so much better than that in which I have put the same quantity of crushed sugar?"

"Sire," replied the savant, "there are three substances of which the bases are exactly the same. Sugar, gum, and amidon. They only differ in certain conditions, the secret of which is reserved by nature. I think it is possible that in the collision of the crusher some portions of sugar pass to the condition of gum, and cause the difference which you have observed."

Crushing coffee in the same way may produce some slight but beneficial change—may expel some element, or call forth some essence, which the grinding wheel does not affect.

Brillat-Savarin, after trying many ways of making coffee, settled down on a sort of percolator, the Dubelloy. His principle was to pour boiling water through coffee lightly placed in a porcelain or silver vessel, pierced with fine holes. The first decoction was then heated to ebullition, passed again through the coffee, and a clear and rich brown liquid obtained, with as full an aroma and as near perfection as possible.

Dr. Forbes's plan was not very dissimilar. He first selected coffee imported in small parcels, coffee in bulk often heating and becoming impaired. Coffee should always be roasted and ground on the day when it is used, and when that is not possible, it should be kept in a glass bottle with a ground stopper. The best mode of roasting is in a frying-pan over the fire, or in an earthen basin placed in an open oven—the berries to be frequently stirred. The flavor of the coffee roasted in the exposed way is said to be finer than that of coffee roasted in a closed cylinder. Dr. Forbes used a biggin, with two cylinders—the one above the filter, the other below the receptacle. It was first rinsed with hot water, then the coffee powder was put in—a full ounce for every two cups. The measured boiling water was poured lightly in, through a mov-

able colander. As soon as it had run through, the clear, bright coffee was ready.

The French heat their coffee, when filtered, to the boiling point, then fine it with fish-skins. The water they use is first generally mixed with coffee grounds and boiled; otherwise it remains raw, and the infusion is not perfect. It is attention to these thoughtful refinements that makes French coffee so good; it is a stupid neglect of them that makes ours so bad. The rude process of making tea, the mere splashing in of water, too often half-warm, on a handful or two of sloe leaves and dust, suits our peculiar attribute: a barbaric indifference to the intellectual gratification of the appetite and digestion.

The old French way of making coffee before 1805, was to put the powder in boiling water, to warm it over the fire to the boiling point, then to take it off and let it settle, clarifying it with isinglass or fish-skins, and decanting it before serving. Cafe a la Grecque was passed through a pointed bag. But a certain wise man, M. de Belloy, nephew of the venerable Cardinal, who, in 1805, was Archbishop of Paris and the Nestor of the Gallican Church, at last discovered that the old plan was a bad plan. He found that coffee lost in the various boilings its aroma, force and spirit. The ebullition carried away further virtues, and the fish-skin and bag gave it a foreign taint unpleasant and injurious. Belloy took the matter seriously to heart, and in a moment of inspiration devised the percolator. He also took care never to let the coffee-roaster burn his coffee berries, for even one burnt berry rendered several pounds of coffee bitter and acrid. He never allowed him to roast it till it was black, and chose a golden blond color rather than brown as his ideal.

Ude, the great chef at Crockford's, in London, used to allow one cup of coffee powder to make two good cups of liquid. He poured boiling water into the biggin on the coffee, considering it equally infused when it began to bubble on the surface. He then placed the bottom of the biggin in a bain-marie, or vessel of boiling water, to keep the coffee hot. He used as a filter a bag of thick flannel, as being better than tammy. His one rule was a true French one. He says: "Coffee can never be too strong, and may always be diluted with boiled cream. Weak coffee is never worth drinking."

In 1805, French medical men strongly denounced the fondness of the ladies of Paris for cafe au lait (coffee boiled in milk) for breakfast. It made them sallow and heated their blood; it was supposed by the faculty to be eminently bilious, and as unwholesome as cafe a l'eau (coffee boiled in water) was beneficial.

"Original" Walker, writing in 1835, strongly upheld the superiority of tea to coffee when traveling. Tea allays fever and thirst, he says, and coffee causes both. Coffee increases the natural fever of travel. The French, he observed, drank it at breakfast drowned in hot milk, and after dinner took it *black*, but in a very small quantity.

Brillat-Savarin, who, if he had not been a great gourmet, would have been an eminent psychologist, has most ably summed up the peculiar

effect of coffee on the powers of the brain. The effect is sometimes modified by habit, but there are many persons in whom excitement is always produced. Some persons are not kept awake by coffee, and yet require its influence to keep them from sleep during the day—being sleepy all the afternoon if they do not have their usual morning coffee.

The sleeplessness caused by coffee is not painful; it consists merely in the perceptions being very clear, and there being no desire to sleep. One is neither agitated nor miserable, as when sleeplessness comes from any other cause; but that does not, nevertheless, prevent the unseasonable excitement from being eventually hurtful. Savarin recounts a special occasion when coffee had an extraordinary effect upon his brain and nerves. A certain duke, then minister of justice, had given him some work to do, which required great care. There was little time to do it in, for the duke wanted it next day. Savarin, therefore, resolved to work all night. In order to fortify himself against the desire to sleep, he finished his dinner with two large cups of strong and excellent coffee. He returned home at seven o'clock to receive the papers he had expected, but found, instead, a letter which informed him that, owing to some absurd formality of the bureau, he could not receive them before next day. Thus disappointed, Brillat-Savarin returned to the house where he had dined, and joined a party at piquet; not without disquietude as to how he should pass the night. He retired to rest at his usual hour, thinking that even if he did not sleep well, he might get a doze of four or five hours, which would help him quietly on to the morrow. But he was deceived; hour after hour brought fresh mental agitation, until his brain seemed like a mill whose wheels work without having any thing to grind. At last he got up, and, to pass the time, began throwing into verse a short English story he had lately read. As sleep still refused to come, he began another translation, but all in vain. The mine was exhausted, and had to be left. He passed the night without sleep, and rose and spent the day in the same condition, neither food nor any occupation bringing any change. Finally, when he went to bed at his accustomed time, he calculated that he had not closed his eyes for full forty hours.

This great epicure closes his remarks on coffee by speaking of its strength. A man with a good constitution, he says, might live long, even when taking two bottles of wine a day; but if he dared to venture on the same allowance of coffee, he would soon become imbecile, or waste into consumption. He warns parents against giving it to young children, and mentions a man he saw in London "sur la Place de Leicester," who had become crippled by his immoderate use of coffee, but who had come down again to five or six cups a day.

Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

THE CASE OF A PIPE.

"O KATEY! the idea of keeping a pipe on your drawing-room table!"

The speaker was a bright-eyed girl of seventeen, who was enjoying that great delight of looking over her married cousin's pretty things; and the lady, who had the greater one of showing them—a bride of two months, just installed in her new home—replied, with a happy dignity worthy of her situation:

"It is not a pipe, May; only a pipe-case."

"But," persisted the first speaker, "the idea of keeping the nasty thing in such a lovely crystal casket, and amongst all your wedding presents!"

"If it had not been for it I should never have been married, May, and consequently should have had no wedding presents. There is nothing in the house, until Fred comes home, that I prize so much as that old broken pipe-case."

"O Katey, do tell me why!"

"Well, dear, take off your bonnet and ring for tea, and if I have time before Fred returns, I will tell you the story."

The reader shall have it in Mrs. Katey's own words.

"When you were abroad, dear, the year before last, papa was obliged to go to Constantinople to make the Turks pay him some money they owed him. They had hired one of his steamers to carry soldiers and stores to Crete, and after knocking her about, and half spoiling her, they said she was not what they wanted, and refused to pay, and this after papa had spent I don't know how much in fitting her up according to their own orders. It was horribly unjust, of course; but I think it served papa quite right for helping to oppress those poor Cretans."

"Cretans are people who live in Switzerland, and have goitres, are they not, Katey?"

[No; Miss May's education had not been neglected. A lady of great experience in tuition, and half a dozen masters, had been at her for the last two years, "finishing" her, at the rate of about two hundred guineas a year, and she passed as highly accomplished.]

"You goose!" replied the young wife (who but for her chance visit to the East would, perhaps, not have known any better), "you are thinking of *cretins*. The idea of papa's steamer going up into the mountains of the idiots! Cretans are the people of Crete. May, you ought to remember Crete; St. Paul passed it."

"Yes, I know, and loosed the rudder-bands. But please go on about the pipe-case."

"Well, after a good deal of persuasion, I got papa to take me with him, and, oh, it was so delightfully strange and new! Our room at Missieri's Hotel had a bay-window looking out into the Grande Rue of Pera, and when papa was away on business I have sat there for hours watching the people—people, as it seemed, of every nation in the world, and every class of every nation—as they passed by in their picturesque dresses. If I were to talk for an hour I could not give you a list, much less a descrip-

tion, of the queer living flood which flows up and down that narrow street. There is only one better place for gape-seed, and that is on the bridge over the Golden Horn; but there a woman cannot stop to look about her, the throng is so great.

"It was at Missieri's Hotel that I first met my husband. He sat next to papa at the *table d'hôte*, and, being able to speak a little Turkish, went with us sometimes to the bazar, and to see the mosques, until we became quite intimate. Papa used to go down to the Porte (the government offices) twice a week (and the oftener he went the further he seemed to be from the end of his business, although he had a dragoman from our embassy to back him up), until the hot season came, and we migrated—as all who can do—to the Bosphorus. May dear, I have read almost all the books about Constantinople (one enjoys books of travel, I think, most after one has visited the places described), and as cleverer people than I have tried and failed to do justice to that lovely Strait, I will not attempt to picture it for you. We came back *via* Trieste, saw Naples, the best of the Swiss lakes, and the Rhine; but the Bosphorus, the beautiful blue Bosphorus, when the Judas-tree is in full bloom among the dark cypress, and Mount Olympus has not yet lost his crown of snow, is, to my mind, the gem of all, although associated with the terrible adventure I am going to tell you.

"We put up at the Therapia Hotel, at the Black-Sea end, near Bayakderie, where most of the European ambassadors have summer houses, and nearly opposite a place on the Asiatic shore called Unkiar Eskellaise (the Sultan's Valley), a favorite spot for picnics. There is no village there, only a preposterous marble kiosk, built by a viceroy of Egypt, principally, I believe, to show how much money he could waste; but the valley is very pretty, with turf almost like an English lawn, shaded by great trees, and watered by a little tinkling stream full of home-like ferns and water-flowers.

"We went to the first picnic—rather an overgrown affair—and when we had done dinner, the English division went wandering about into the country. At six o'clock Fred and I found ourselves alone, some how or other, on the banks of the little rivulet. I cannot think how it was that we did not notice the disappearance of papa and the rest of our party, and that it was growing dark. There is no twilight on the Bosphorus. It is broad daylight now, and night in ten minutes. Time passed on rapidly, and yet we were not talking about any thing very particular—at least, not *then*. O May, how shocked we were when we returned to the landing place and found all the boats gone!"

"It was shocking of them to leave you behind," said little May, with indignation.

"They did not mean any harm; it was one of those mistakes which so often make big picnics end badly. Papa—who was nearly left behind himself through hunting after us—was told that I had gone off in the first boat with the Consul-general and his wife; and so he took a passage with the captain of the *Stationnaire*, who was

going to land a friend at Bebec, and then return to his ship at Therapia.

"Every boat had left; there was not even a caique in sight. There was nothing to be done but to walk to the nearest village—a distance of two miles—and hire one.

"On the road we met two Arnauts, wicked-looking creatures as ever I saw; and Fred, not feeling sure of his way, asked them if we were going right. 'Evet, effendi' (Yes, gentleman), said the smaller and better looking of the two; and so we hurried on. We had not gone more than three or four hundred yards when we heard some one running after us, and shouting for us to stop. It was the other man, who, half in words, half in gestures, told us that his friend had not understood Fred's question; we were going wrong; we must return a good distance and take a path leading to the right. Not the shadow of a suspicion that we were being deceived crossed our minds. We thanked the man for his civility, turned back, and followed the path he had indicated. It led into a narrow rocky gorge, with woods on each side, and there we came suddenly upon four men, two of them our old friends (?), who stopped the way.

"Let us pass, said Fred in Turkish, 'or—'

"He had not finished the sentence before one of the Arnauts stepped forward and snatched my watchchain. The next instant I heard a dull *thud*, and he fell stunned against the rocks. I do not know what Fred whispered in my ear, as he placed me behind him, and stood at bay, looking O so splendidly handsome! What followed seemed to my dazed mind like magic. I saw the three ruffians make their rush; I saw Fred put his right hand into his pocket, draw it out again, and hold it towards them. As he did so, I heard a slight *click*. At that sound and action our assailants fell back, just as the bad spirits in a pantomime quail before the wave of the good fairy's wand. What do you think the dear clever fellow had done? Knowing that with one to support (for I was foolish enough almost to faint) he could not struggle against three, he dropped the lion and assumed the fox, drew out his pipe-case, snapped it to imitate the cocking of a pistol, and held it at the first Arnaut's face, saying that if he advanced one step he was a dead man. Luckily, it was dark, so the stratagem succeeded to perfection. Fred lowered his hand, for fear the trick might be detected, and retired in good order, half carrying me, until we got into the open road again. I know what he whispered in my ear *then*, and it gave me heart and strength.

"The Arnauts followed us a little way, and then struck into the wood and disappeared, cowed, poor wretches, by a leathern pipe-case!"

"Ah, Katey! now I see why you put it among your treasures," said May. "Dear old smelly thing, I beg your pardon," she continued, addressing the object of her former disdain.

"You have only heard half what it saved us from that dreadful night," said Mrs. Katey.

"O dearie! did they attack you again?"

"No. That danger was at an end. We had another, perhaps greater, to encounter."

"Oh, go on; please, go on!"

"Following the road, which we knew now must be the right one, as we had been lured from it to be the more conveniently robbed and perhaps murdered (for I heard that these Arnauts were capable of killing a man for a charge of powder), we arrived without further adventure at the village, where, moored to a rickety platform in front of the usual cafe, we saw four or five caiques. We chose the best looking, and the caiquejee was in the act of casting off the rope which held it to the pier, when a man rushed out of the cafe with a long knife in his hand, and dared him to take us. A violent altercation, which, from the expression on their faces and the gestures they used, I thought would any moment end in murder, ensued. At last, an old Turk in green turban interposed his authority (he was the scheik of the place), and it was explained to Fred that the man he had chosen must not take us; he did not belong to that landing; it was his adversary's turn; we must hire him. Fred did not like his looks; he had the eye and the voice, as I was told afterwards, of an opium-eater; he was very dirty, too; whereas most caiquejees are quite pictures of neatness and cleanliness, in their white trousers and Broussa-silk shirts. I felt a horror of him from the moment I had seen that long, cruel knife glittering in his hand. But there was no appeal, no alternative; it was Hobson's choice—his caique or none; and so we took it.

"It was what they call on the Bosphorus a two-oar caique; but *we*" (Mrs. Katey had a brother at Eton, and was learned about boats) "should say it was rowed by double sculls—the stroke pair steer, and the dirty man with the long knife rode stroke. And very well he pulled for the first ten minutes—so well, that most of my nervousness departed, and I began to think how soon, at the rate we were going, I should relieve poor dear papa's anxiety. But all of a sudden our stroke stopped rowing, gesticulated violently for a few seconds, and then burying his hands in his face, burst out crying. The man in the bow rowed on quietly, and took no notice of his partner. He was probably accustomed to such outbursts. We were now in mid-stream, where the current runs with great violence, and it was with difficulty that the one rower could keep the head of the caique straight. Fred, seeing this, leaned forward (we don't sit in caiques, you know—we lie down on cushions) and told our stroke, kindly enough, to rouse himself and row. A few words hissed out between his clenched teeth was his reply, and I felt Fred's hand, which (there is no harm in saying so now) clasped mine, tremble a little in spite of himself. I now know what those words were—'Cursed for ever be these Giaour dogs, who defile their women, bringing them unvalued into public sight!'

"Then he knelt, and began to say his prayers. There was no doubt about it now. We were in the middle of the Bosphorus, at night, in a crank caique, at the mercy of a man rendered fanatically mad by opium.

"In the midst of his devotions, he seized his sculls again, vowing that he would not serve

Giaours, turned the boat round by sheer strength, and made for the Asiatic shore. We were absolutely helpless. Violence was out of the question. It requires some practice to sit safely in a caïque; to struggle in one is simply to upset it. Poor Fred, on whose forehead I could see the cold perspiration standing in beads, tried persuasion. He would give him double the promised fare if he would go on to Therapia. No answer.

"Very well," said Fred, "go back, and I will take the other caïque. I have a right to do so now, as you will not keep your contract." This mention of his rival was too much for the madman. He sprang up and drew his knife. O the agony of that moment! You have never been in such deadly peril, May dear, and cannot imagine what strange thoughts crowd one's mind. We were in peril perhaps half a minute; but it would take me twenty times that space to tell you what I thought. I gave up all hope. I wondered where he would stab poor Fred; if I should die at once on his knife, or be drowned, wounded to death; I wondered where our bodies would be found; if they would be found together, and what they would look like; who would find us; how the news would be broken to papa; where they would bury us, and a dozen other conjectures; whilst the madman, balancing the boat as only a madman could, made three cat-like steps toward Fred. Fred, taken entirely by surprise, had only time to half raise himself and push me back, when at the third step the wretched maniac stumbled. In a moment Fred had him by the ankle, and with a dexterous twist threw him overboard. But this sent the light boat gunwale under, and filled her three parts with water. In his fall the wretch dropped his knife, which Fred seized. He says I behaved beautifully; did not move or scream, and baled out the water with his hat, as he bade me. I do not know what I did, May; I was too terrified to scream. I saw him crawl forward and take one of the sculls, and felt him crawl past me again with it. I knew what he must be doing—keeping off the madman, who was swimming like a fish after us as we drifted. If he had ever got hold of the boat he would have drowned us all. I saw the other man leave his oars and crawl aft, with a knife in his hand, to help his fellow-countryman. I felt that the utmost I could do was to die first; for Fred must have his back to one of his enemies, and, opposing the one, the other must prevail. I was in the act of throwing myself on the second caïquejee, when I heard the sharp *swish* and steady rumble of oars, real oars, such oars as men-of-war's men pull. I knew it was the gig of the Stationnaire.

"Then I screamed. May dear, I *did* scream then.

* * * * *

"When I came to my senses the caïque was lashed alongside the gig, and baled out quite dry. The first thing I remember hearing was Captain Roberts shouting, 'What on earth are you doing, Perry? Do you want to drown the man?' Perry was the bow-man of the gig—a bright-eyed sea-boy of twenty. He had hitched

the boat-hook in the waistband of our chief opponent, and was holding him under water.

"Please, sir," replied Perry, with a grin, 'I was only washing of him a bit afore hauling of him in.'

"It would have been a service of danger to move me into the gig, so they towed the caïque into Therapia, and there we discovered what had caused the man to stumble at the critical moment. It was our old friend the pipe-case, which Fred had dropped as he helped me in when we started from the Asiatic shore.

"Papa was awfully angry with Fred; said he had behaved dishonorably in making me miss our party at the picnic, and a great deal more. Fred behaved beautifully, and only said he hoped to be allowed to explain in the morning. Before the morning, however, I had talked papa quite round, and he ended the discussion with one of his grunts, and a 'Well, I suppose I know how it will end!'

"You know how it has ended, May. I am the happiest little woman in London, dear; and if I had the Queen's palace, that old pipe-case should have the place of honor in its best room. But hark! that's Fred's ring. Run up and dress for dinner, birdie—he likes me to meet him in the hall."

If electricity, in its wild and natural state, be to man a furious and fitful enemy, it is, when tamed and domesticated, a patient slave, an obsequious agent. For each of the hundred freaks that it plays in the one condition, there can be set off some useful service that it performs in the other. The last electrical novelty is a really safe and burglar-proof lock, one which raises an alarm by ringing a bell or otherwise, if any key but the lawful one is inserted in it, or if any attempt is made to pick or to force it. The principle of the contrivance can be easily understood. Wires from a battery, with a bell in their course, are led into the lock, and whenever a piece of metal is thrust into the key-hole, a circuit is completed by which a current is sent to agitate the bell. If one of the tumblers alone be raised the bell also sounds. The master-key does not raise any alarm because it is covered with an insulating compound which prevents the establishment of the metallic connections requisite for the passage of the current to the bell, and, likewise, because it lifts all the tumblers at once. We have heard of tell-tale locks, but these betray tampering only after the mischief is done; here is a protector that cries, "Stop thief!" in good time.

ONE of the most calmly philosophical speeches I ever heard, I heard last summer from the mouth of an urchin. The scene was a play-field attached to a most respectable academical establishment. Boys were busy cricketing, and engaged in other sports. Espying one solitary little fellow stretched out on the grass in listless abandonment of all control over his limbs,—“Find the weather too warm for exertion?” I remarked. “No,” he said; “but when I bore myself doing nothing, play-time seems so much longer.”

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HENRY LINDENBERG, EDITOR.

NOTICES.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*We desire short stories, elucidating the practical working and the teachings of Odd Fellowship. Will pay liberally for good stories of this character.*

MISSING NUMBERS.—In order to complete his files, the editor of the COMPANION desires to obtain the numbers of the "Ark" and "Memento" mentioned below, and will be obliged to any Brother who will send him one of the missing numbers, with a notice of the price at which he values it.

The following numbers of the "Memento" are wanted: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9 and 12 of Vol. I; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12 of Vol. II; Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7, 9 and 12 of Vol. V.

The following numbers of the "Ark" are wanted: Volumes I and III; and Nos. 5, 8, and 9 of Vol. VIII.

OHIO PROCEEDINGS.—We also desire to obtain copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio for 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844 and 1848; and of the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Ohio from July, 1849, to January, 1850; for any of which we will pay a reasonable price.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications should be in our hands by the 15th of the month, to insure their insertion in the following number of the magazine. An observance of this rule by all of our contributors will place the editor and the publishers under lasting obligations.

The month and year appearing in the printed address after the name of subscribers denote the number with which the subscription expires. No magazine will be sent after expiration of the subscription, unless orders for its renewal are received.

THANKS.—We are under obligations to Past Grand Patriarch John N. Ingersoll, of Michigan; Grand Secretary Stuart W. Cayce, of Alabama; and Grand Secretary Parker Hall Sweet, of the District of Columbia, for documents sent and favors extended.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. Karney, Washington, Ohio. *Question.*—Where a Brother is in arrears for dues for one year or more, is he dropped by a vote of the Lodge or not? *Answer.*—Section 7 of Article XVI, Constitution of Subordinate Lodges in Ohio, makes it the duty of the Permanent Secretary to report to the Lodge, at the first stated meetings in January and July, the name of each member who is one year or more in arrears for dues, and to issue a notice to each member so reported, under seal, advising him of the amount of the delinquency, and notifying him that, if such arrearages are not paid within four weeks from the date of the notice, his name will be dropped from membership. If, after such notice, the delinquent member does not pay the arrearages, he ceases to be a member without further action of the Lodge. The Lodge should be notified by the Permanent Secretary, when the member's name is dropped.

L., Tiffin, desires to know whether subscribers who renew their subscription are entitled to another picture. *Answer.*—Subscribers renewing their subscription for one year receive a picture the same as new subscribers. Every subscriber receives one of the large pictures each year, as soon as he pays his subscription.

W. G., Detroit. *Question.*—"I see it stated that the Grand Lodge of Victoria have recently come over to 'our' Order from the Manchester Unity; yet you call them 'A.I.O.O.F.' How do you reconcile these statements?" *Answer.*—The Grand Lodge of Victoria, which affiliated with "our" Order, did not belong to the Manchester Unity, but to the "Ancient" Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The prefix "Ancient" was adopted to distinguish the organization from the Lodges working under the Manchester Unity, who call themselves the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The Victoria Grand Lodge continues to use the prefix "Ancient," as well for the reasons given above for its original adoption, as because the laws of the Colony of Victoria under which they were organized, render such continuance desirable.

J. M. F., Worthington. *Question.*—A. has, through a friend, filed his application for membership, accompanied by five dollars, with a Lodge at his then residence; the application took the usual course, and the candidate was elected to membership. After his election, but before his initiation, circumstances caused him to change his residence. In consequence of this removal, he does not now desire to join the Lodge at his former residence, but asks that his deposit be refunded to him. Ought his demand to be granted? *Answer.*—Unquestionably yes. The Lodge has no right to retain his money, because it has not given him an equivalent for it; and it certainly should not want to force any one to become a member against his wishes.

S. K., Columbus. *Question.*—I hold an expired withdrawal card; how can I again become a member of the Order? *Answer.*—In the same manner in which you would have joined before your card expired—have your name proposed in the Lodge at your residence as an applicant for membership on card, and if elected, you will be introduced in the usual manner.

PUBLIC ADDRESSES.—A large number of public addresses are constantly sent to us, with the request that we publish them in the COMPANION. We have determined to publish no address, except under very peculiar circumstances, because the length of these productions exceeds the limited space that we can devote to any one subject.

REBEKAH DIPLOMA.

We are under obligations to Grand Secretary Ridgely for a copy of the certificate of membership for Daughters of Rebekah, prepared in pursuance of an order of the G.L.U.S. It is a very neat, chaste lithograph, 12 by 18 inches in size, suitable for framing, and may be obtained of Bro. Ridgely.

NO MORE BACK NUMBERS.

We printed a second edition of the first three numbers of the current volume of the *COMPANION* in November last, sufficiently large, as we thought, to fill all orders that we would be likely to receive. But they are all gone. All new subscribers, whose names we receive after this, must begin their subscription with the number for February, 1869, or with a subsequent number.

DISCONTINUED.

The "Lodge-Room," of New York City, has been compelled to suspend publication, not meeting with sufficient support. We regret to see another of our journals disappear; their number and circulation has never been at all adequate to the large membership of the Order, which ought to sustain, and well sustain, twice as many publications as we have now.

LIFE INSURANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

An article in the December number of the "Memento" substantially takes our position on the subject of life insurance among members of the Order. It urges that the various local associations in Illinois be merged with the one in Chicago, "thus building up a thoroughly-organized Odd Fellows' Mutual Life Insurance Company for Illinois."

The Chicago association differs from most of the local societies, in that it invites applications for membership from all the Lodges in Illinois; and as it expects to count its membership by thousands, the benefits to be paid in each case are limited to \$3000, and an assessment is not made, until the surplus in the treasury is reduced below this sum.

In connection with this, it will be of interest to those who have thought on this subject, to find that our experience of the probable rate of deaths among Odd Fellows is confirmed by the experience of life insurance companies. The "Insurance Monitor" for October, in an article attacking the "Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association," gives a tabular statement showing the annual mortality that may be expected among 5000 persons at the ages stated, according to standard authorities, from which we copy:

Age.	Actuaries.	Carlisle.	English Life, No. 3.	American Experience.
15	34.73	35.95	25.87	38.17
20	36.45	35.31	41.43	39.02
25	38.85	36.57	45.80	40.32
30	42.12	52.51	50.37	42.13
35	46.44	51.30	56.33	44.73
40	51.81	65.02	64.86	48.97
45	61.06	74.06	77.10	55.81
50	79.69	87.10	94.23	68.91
55	108.32	89.61	122.75	92.85
60	151.70	167.43	162.57	133.47
65	220.41	205.44	229.55	200.64

It will thus be seen that according to the experience of the American life insurance companies, (the

fourth column) which for our purpose is undoubtedly the most reliable, the rate of mortality is less than one per cent. until the average age of the membership will reach forty-five years; and the probability is, that in any association of Odd Fellows the average age will be lower.

It will not detract from the value of the above information, that it is copied from an article attacking an institution based upon a similar, although not upon the same plan we are advocating.

ETHICS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

NO. III.

BY REV. A. W. BRUCE, P.G.R.

Probably no body of men, in any State of the Union, could be gathered for any purpose affecting the public welfare, without being, in its best elements, largely composed of members of our Order. This fact makes an inquiry, a disquisition concerning the Ethics of Odd Fellowship, to be of special interest to the Brotherhood. It is ours to give character, as well to legislation, as to social life; and we should be equal to the demand, at all times, and under all circumstances. In our Lodges we learn the social needs of our fellow-men, how to legislate for them, and how to apply our legislation. The whole community is there represented, and we are schooled for work without, as well as within. There is, therefore, preparation and moral training awaiting our continued attention.

The laws of right are the lines of the will of God, defining the conditions of human happiness and concord—happiness for each, and concord for all. These must be obeyed, or there can be no general and permanent welfare. In society, the narrower the realm of spontaneous obedience is, the wider the realm of compulsory obedience must be. The desideratum is the progressive superseding of compulsory obedience by spontaneous obedience, society outgrowing police agencies and other governmental complications, as a developing animal reaching its ultimate type sheds its provisional organs by the way. For the attainment of this desideratum, there are at least three sets of forces now in operation, two of which are immediately within the scope of our labors as an Order. There is, first, the authoritative principles and sentiments of conscience, dispensing the luxuries of self-approval, inflicting the agonies of fear and remorse, as we obey or infringe our perceptions of right. This is prohibited the pale of our Order, because of its religious or sectarian aspects. There is, second, the system of legislation whose ramifications penetrate society, rewarding conspicuous benefits with official honors and emoluments, visiting injuries with appropriate disabilities and pains, and exercising a watch-care over communities and citizens. Here is a sphere in which Lodge training can be signalized with knowledge of general wants, and intelligent methods of meeting them—an influence calculated to neutralize the inclinations to vice, and emphasize and confirm motives to purity and rectitude. Thirdly, and especially, there is the mighty code of social

organizations, saturating communities and the world with their persuasive presence, holding up, with whatever failures and perversions, the standard of social right and the public good, penetrating the inner sanctuary of experience with brotherly regard, where the public eye never looks, ministering to necessities that are shielded from ordinary notice by shrinking delicacy, elevating the depressed, and succoring the tempted; so making practical the wide distinction between glory and disgrace. As a system of education for solving the practical difficulties in the way of human progress, man never devised one more complete than **ODD FELLOWSHIP**, for effecting the end. The experienced Odd Fellow is prepared for any emergency of social life, for he has learned the steps of the labyrinth by service in his Lodge. With intelligence and culture, he stands the peer among peers, and honors any position with integrity, fidelity and zeal. His connection with his Lodge is a continual influence properly working with the whole power of ambition and its associates, Friendship, Love and Truth, to make men voluntarily observe the requisitions made of "Aram," by the "Stranger," whom he entertained, "an angel unawares." All three of the agencies mentioned—religious conscience, the public legislation, and social organizations—need to be purified, elevated, cleared from obscurities, made more direct, coherent and complete, in order to discharge their office with full efficacy. Into each there needs to be poured a full measure of the *appreciated* worth of man, as man, irrespective of his immediate surroundings, his ignorance, or his degradation. Especially ought the spurious substitutes for those agencies to be stripped of their disguises and exposed. Man was made for virtue, not virtue for man. So loyal is humanity, at the core, to that rule of justice on which the universal well-being is conditioned, that men are unable to *honor* anything which does not at least wear the appearance of mutual service, and conformity to the good of the whole; and equally unable to *blame* any thing which does not at least wear the appearance of violating that law of service. The coward, the liar, the traitor, the libeller, must succeed in putting on some dress of courage, truthfulness, fealty, magnanimity, before they can be admired. The essence of sin and crime in all their diversity of forms, is the insurrection of selfishness, the disorderly subjection of a nobler nature to a baser one; the desire of the individual trenching on the right of his fellows. The great act by which this ignominious family of social vice manages to pass current, is by disguise in the garb of virtues. No one thing would go further to cleanse the earth and lift mankind to its destined perfection than a penetrative perception on all sides discerning the causes of ignorance under their cunning concealments, tearing off the false robes of pretention and exclusiveness, and elevating their victims, with the feeling that they are our fathers, brothers, and sons, for whose welfare we have a sacred family affection; and whose degradation afflicts our moral health, and menaces our daily and hourly peace.

As faithful Odd Fellows, it is our duty to reveal opposite qualities of character and conduct in their real features and grades, as they affect social welfare. We have a standard for the measurement of moral obligations, which can show how animating impulses are ever running up and down the scale, from top to bottom, in swift interchange of shape and guise; now sinking to that principle of selfish cupidity whose exclusive aim is to gratify one, now soaring to that principle of disinterested benevolence whose inclusive purpose is the good of all. We go to our ritual, and we find that the essence of conscience is the recognition of different ranks in the motives of conduct, with a feeling of their relative authority. We are there taught that to obey all those motives in their just order without conflict, is to realize perfect morality. To obey a lower, in opposition to a higher motive, involves guilt. To obey a higher in opposition to a lower motive, involves merit. It is admitted that the temporary good of one may sometimes be secured by the subversion of right; but the permanent good of all can be won only by the inviolable enthronement of the superior motive over the inferior. Accordingly, in the perfect structure of nature and of social life, public disapprobation and scorn is felt for him who makes the interest of humanity subordinate to self. On the other hand when the individual, in conformity to the common welfare, denies his selfish craving, we spontaneously respect and admire him. Love and praise are the reward of his self-sacrifice.

The great office of our organization is not to merely aid our members financially, when in sickness or in need. All this should be done, but there are other things which should not be left undone: To see the truth, follow its dictates, trace the intended methods of God by means of the indications granted in Revelation, science and history. The most efficacious benefaction which preacher, statesman, sage or saint, can render, is to make practical the law of society, as laid down in the divine ordination of man as a social being, and then conform to that, enact that, get that universally obeyed. This is the highest reach of duty to us as an Order, clear, sovereign over all the grades below. In the long run, on the largest scale, our obedience to this includes obedience to all other obligations resting on our Institution, and insures the attainment of the respect of community, and while increasing in fraternal influence and social power, we shall also "cause the widow's heart to sing for joy."

OREGON.—Grand Master Silas J. Day has visited every Lodge under his jurisdiction—embracing Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Since the Grand Lodge session last May, three new Lodges have been instituted—Hobah, No. 22, (German,) at Canyon City; Overland, No. 23, at Umatilla; and Buena Vista, No. 24, at Buena Vista; also, Pioneer Degree Lodge, No. 1, at Salem.

CALIFORNIA.—Friendship Lodge, No. 150, at Guenoc, San Joaquin Lodge, No. 151, at Antioch, and Salinas Lodge, No. 152, at Castroville, have recently been instituted.

OUR THANKSGIVING — HOW SHALL WE KEEP IT.

BY REV. A. B. CROSH.

In April, Odd Fellows all over our land will celebrate the 50th Anniversary of our Order in this country. Odd Fellowship declares itself to be *practical* in morals and benevolence. It has a high standard, and a yet higher ideal of human goodness; and its inculcations are accompanied with instructions and trainings for *work* that shall raise its members to that standard, and toward that ideal. How, then, shall we keep that thanksgiving? By what *acts* shall we demonstrate our gratitude to our Great Father, whose smile has been over us, and whose providence has so abundantly blessed our Order?

The committees in charge of ceremonies and parades will doubtless arrange proper programmes of proceedings, and ceremonials, and other means for bringing to mind and heart the memories of our past, with the abundant reasons for gratitude to God, and to our fathers, for the blessings that strewed the pathway of our lives, and cluster thickly around our present, and reach away before us into our future. And, doubtless, as we gather into our Lodges, and press into hall and church, our hearts will grow warm within us, and swell with joy, until we *feel like doing something* to show how glad and how grateful we are! What shall that something be?

There is no lack of objects needing our aid—none, even, of those eminently *deserving* it. Every where around us is suffering from poverty and destitution. Even within our Order there is much relief eminently needed. At the South, Lodges destroyed, Lodge rooms sacked and desolated, and treasures empty, and Brethren unable to meet their dues and needing aid to enable them to cling to the Order in which they once were active and liberal helpers. And all this, with widows looking to them for relief and orphans crying for aid! True, aid has been extended to many such through the G.L.U.S., and time and improved industries have allowed self-help to fill some of these “aching voids” with a scantily returning supply; but even yet, how much destitution and suffering remain in many places and sections!

Then, at home—especially in our large towns and cities—there are many cases of want and woe, not alone crying aloud in the streets, but in all the silent eloquence of concealment, pleading with stronger eloquence than words. Possibly in our very Lodges there are Brethren, widows, orphans, struggling against poorly supplied or unremunerative work—wages so scantily and grudgingly paid as to make the daily food bitter with remembrances of how it was obtained. Oh, who will emulate the example of that ancient Man of Uz, and obtain his blessed reward? “When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me;

and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy * * *

* * I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.” These are, truly, works meet for Odd Fellowship.

We have been generous in gift-giving to zealous, hard-working, long-serving Brethren, to whom we felt that such grateful acknowledgements were due. Our tens and hundreds have been gathered, and generously invested in regalia, jewelry, and costly tokens of gold and silver, to show our gratitude to fellow-men—who, after all, were but the agents provided for us by our Heavenly Father. Now, what shall we do to show our gratitude to the Great Author and Giver of all blessings? We will crowd His gates, sing odes and anthems to His praise, pour forth the throbbing of our hearts in fervent prayer and thanksgiving—but even these *benefit ourselves*, and call for still *other* offerings to show our gratitude for His calling us thus to manifest our gratitude and joyousness. What shall those other offerings be?

Remember that He is especially the Lord of the poor, the lowly, the oppressed—the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow—and we need not look far nor hesitate long to decide what offerings will be most suitable for us to bestow, and most acceptable to Him to receive. Let each Lodge bring up this subject in “Good and Welfare”—for there it belongs—and decide *what* it will *do* on our great Thanksgiving day, to show how grateful its members are to God, “the Giver of every good and perfect gift.”

Since penning the foregoing, I have learned that the Grand Lodge of my native State, and where I claim membership, (Pennsylvania,) has, through a large number of her most honored members, recommended a truly practical and appropriate thanksgiving-offering from each Odd Fellow in her jurisdiction. She wishes to establish an Odd Fellows' Widow and Orphan Home, on a liberal and judicious basis, and recommends that each member contribute one dollar to that object—the money to be collected in the Subordinate Lodges, and forwarded to the Grand Lodge in April. This, alone, will make a large fund—I know not how much, but certainly not less than \$30,000—for a beginning. Let each Lodge send as many dollars as it has members. If any fail to contribute from inability or neglect, let those whom God has blessed with the means, have the *hearts* also to make the deficiency good. And let other jurisdictions imitate this example by devising like liberal things.

“FATHER DENNIS.”—Father Dennis passed through Detroit on the 28th of January, en-route for Vermont in response to an invitation and by appointment of the G.L.U.S., to assist in reviving the cause of Odd Fellowship in that State. He is well and hearty and leaves Michigan in good spirits. His address for the present is at Brattleboro.—*The Wreath*.

THE WORK IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON, February 11, 1869.

Editor Companion: I was very much pleased in reading the last number of the *COMPANION*, at the very praiseworthy and natural exultation of a correspondent over the fact that the officers of his Lodge had, on the third meeting of the new term, conducted the opening and closing ceremonies of the Initiatory without the use of the books; and thought probably it might be interesting to Brother Adams to know that in this jurisdiction the officers of the Lodges not only rehearse, without the use of the books, the charges of the Conductor, Warden and Noble Grand, but also the charge of the Sitting Past Grand; indeed it is required that the officers shall be proficient in the lectures and charges, as also in the secret work, before they are installed into office. If the Brother is an Encampment member,* he will be still more surprised to learn that the officers of the Encampment, rehearse the long explanatory lecture of the Patriarchal Degree, as well as the lectures of the other Degrees of the Patriarchal Order, without the books. I would inform the Brother that we have in this jurisdiction officers presiding over Lodges and Encampments, who can rehearse the secret work of the Order so nearly in the exact language of the Secret Journal, as communicated to us by the proper authority, that it does not become necessary for the examining officer to make corrections.

I do not make these statements for the purpose of answering the challenge of the Brother, but to convince him that there are officers in other jurisdictions who are alive to the importance of posting themselves up properly in the work of the Order, and are capable of initiating candidates, instead of reading them into the Order.

I also hope this information will have the effect of inciting the officers of Lodges all over the country, to emulate the example of Golden Rule Lodge. The importance of a knowledge of the lectures and charges cannot be over-estimated, and a comparison of the two modes of initiating candidates would be sufficient to convince any reflecting mind, that that officer who has not the ambition to commit the lectures to memory, is not fit for a presiding officer. Ponder this subject, you who expect to advance in the Order.

C. SHARP.

*) Bro. Geo. F. Adams is a Past Grand Junior Warden of Illinois.—Ed.

OUR FLAG ON THE OCEAN.

The brig *Lima* sailed from New York on Saturday, February 13th, for Cienfuegos, Cuba, commanded by Capt. Geo. W. Hill, a member of Continental Lodge, No. 117, New York City. The brig displayed from the main top gallant mast-head, 92 feet above deck, the new Odd Fellows' Flag, 6 by 10½ feet, and will float, probably the first flag of the design adopted by the G.L.U.S., in our merchant marine on the ocean. The brig will not return until after the 26th of April, and the Captain will doubtless keep his colors flying to commemorate our national day.

DISCUSSION IN REFERENCE TO LODGE VISITING.

On last Lodge night, several of the Brethren of Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 49, of Iowa, visited Omaha Lodge, No. 2, of Nebraska.

While we were endeavoring to suit our business to the edification and interest of our guests, a very appropriate question was introduced, which is of considerable importance to the Order bordering along the Missouri river, and more especially so in this portion of the country, from the fact that the jurisdictions of Iowa and Nebraska are immediately opposite each other, separated by the Missouri river, with prosperous Lodges both in Council Bluffs and Omaha, which are desirous of visiting in a body, as Lodges, headed by their N.G. or V.G. The Brother who introduced the subject, had noticed that Grand Secretary Evans had been called out for some purpose unknown to the Lodge, and returned with our friends from the opposite side of the river.

Hearing that they intended to visit in the capacity of a Lodge, the query presented itself, why they did not come in as a body, and be introduced by their N.G. or V.G., instead of being announced and introduced by a Grand Officer.

An animated and interesting discussion arose in reference to the rights of members and Lodges, in which Grand Master Sanders, Grand Secretary Evans, Past Grand Master A. D. Jones, and Past Grand Representative S. J. Goodrich participated, and which continued until a late hour.

The affirmative took the position of Grand Master Bodeman, of Missouri, and the Grand Lodge of Illinois, that "under the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States, a Lodge from any jurisdiction, when visiting in a body, are entitled to admission into any regular Lodge of Odd Fellows in this jurisdiction without card or A.T.P.W., when accompanied by their N.G. or V.G., who is responsible for the members introduced by him as members of his Lodge in good standing, upon strict examination of said officer." They also introduced the tenth Section, on page 140 of the Digest G.L.U.S., in support of their position, that "a Subordinate Lodge may visit another Lodge, in a body, when accompanied by one of its two principal officers." The remainder of the Section merely informs the officer, by comparison, how he shall introduce his members—that he shall perform that duty like a Grand Officer.

The manner of examining the N.G. or V.G. who presents his Lodge for admission, the amount of knowledge required, and the formula for introducing, appear to be left to the good judgment of those who receive and are received, and in accordance with the well known usages of the Order.

This Lodge visiting and introductions by Grand Officers are exceptions to the general rules requiring Brethren to be in possession of a regular card, and to have the A.T.P.W.

It was affirmed that the probable reasons for permitting the Lodges to visit in a body, were to save

time in the examination of cards and members; that if a Lodge should conclude to visit a sister Lodge, they of course would have to determine that fact by a motion and vote of the members; otherwise it would not be the act of the Lodge, and they could not visit in their organized capacity. Of such a proceeding a minute would be made, and become a part of the records of the Lodge.

As a safeguard against suspicion, and as among the best evidences to present to the Lodge which they had resolved to visit, the presiding officer would naturally deem it essential to take an abstract from, or certificate under seal of the proceedings had in reference to the contemplated visit. In accordance with the decision and usage of the jurisdiction of Ohio, all who were enrolled to go would first have to be examined in the hall, and continue under the eye of the N.G., and proceed, officered and marshaled, to their destination. The reception of the certificate and the examination of the leading officer would be as complete a guarantee, as to his standing and qualification, as if he had a card and P.W. On his honesty and good faith the Lodge will have to rely for the satisfactory standing and fellowship of the accompanying members, except as to those who are otherwise known. This would be at least as safe as the introduction of strangers by Grand Officers, barely on the recommendation of some friend and Brother, and equally as safe as three-fourths of the receptions of visitors, who could, with much difficulty, work themselves into their own Lodge, where they are well known.

The affirmative held that we should be as much governed by State decisions in Odd Fellowship, in the absence of laws of our own on any subject, as the law courts are by their State Reports; and therefore we bring to our aid the decisions of Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, in support of the right to visit by Lodges other jurisdictions than our own.

The negative produced the journals of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to show the origin of the tenth Section referred to, and endeavored to show that the law of the G.L.U.S. was intended for home purposes only, to save the time required to enter in the usual manner that all in the same jurisdiction have a right to do. They also argued that none should so visit, unless they were supported in the usual way with a card and P.W., and undergo the usual ordeal of a strict examination—in which case many of the visitors would return without getting in, being unable to undergo the searching scrutiny of a critical committee.)

This is a new question to the West, and a very important one, and I would be much pleased to see the decisions made by Grand Master Bodeman, of Missouri, sustained.

After the close of the session, as is usual, an oyster-supper and friendly greeting followed, which very pleasantly and beneficially concluded the ceremonies of the evening; and all apparently parted in good cheer, resolving that it should not be the last of such happy reunions.

WAW-KO.

Pennsylvania Department.

THE NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

In Pennsylvania, and particularly in Philadelphia, the members of the Order are enthusiastically devoting their time and attention to preparations for the coming semi-centennial anniversary. Such complete hold has the matter on the members individually and the Lodges collectively, that other subjects usually claiming attention at the meetings are entirely left for a more convenient season. The general convention meets twice a month, and the attendance is very large and the unanimity most gratifying. Twenty standing committees have been appointed, none of them with less than seven members, and some with twenty-five, and nearly all have power to add to their numbers. Some of them have been more than doubled, and still are not numerous enough for the work to be done. Lodges and Encampments are coming forward with liberal offers of material aid; but as the expenses must necessarily be heavy, large sums will be required. At the last meeting of the general convention of delegates, a very wise resolution was adopted, giving power to Lodges and Encampments to appear in the parade either in regalia, or in badges, as they may determine; but when the Lodge or Encampment resolves to wear regalia, or badges, all the members must appear with the same insignia—not some wearing regalia and some badges—the members of each Lodge or Encampment must all be alike. Many have regalia sufficiently good for ordinary purposes, but not in such order as to appear respectably on the street, and some other designation will cost much less than regalia, and look equally well, if not better. In times past the great end of public parades has been to show the regalia of the Order, but on this occasion the grand purpose is to exhibit the men that make up the great organization—to show the people who they are that have for fifty years been silently and unostentatiously laboring in their midst for the good of their fellow-men—relieving distress, visiting the sick, befriending, protecting, and aiding in their darkest hours widows and orphans who had none to help them.

THE DRONES.

Numerous as have been the blessings to suffering men, women, and children flowing from the institution of Odd-Fellowship, there are many persons, and some of them men of position in society, and of intelligence, who have the most imperfect ideas of what it is, or what it has done, and to their shame be it spoken, there are members of the Order itself who are little better informed. In this year of means of information, from the numerous periodicals the Order is able to sustain, there is no possible excuse for any Odd Fellow being ignorant of what Odd Fellowship has done, what it is doing, and what it is capable of performing. Unfortunately there are

men who keep themselves ignorant of everything connected with it; but are exceedingly careful to send their dues to the Secretary, that they may not fail to receive it all back with not less than one hundred per cent. profit on the speculation; they would consider it a most unprofitable expenditure to subscribe for and pay two or three dollars annually for an ably conducted weekly or monthly periodical, containing, apart from the special intelligence of the doings of the Order in all parts of the country, reading matter worth twice the subscription-price. Yet these are the very men who raise objections in their Lodges, feeble, it is true, against any expenditure of Lodge funds for purposes really designed for the more thorough development of its grand design.

In every bee-hive the mass are by instinct industrious and provident; but they all have their drones. In our Lodges we have had on the rolls the indolent and the useless, and careful as we may in the future be, they will continue to find a place among us, and swell our numbers without adding to our usefulness; but in strong contrast to these are the zealous, energetic, faithful men, spending every night in the week on some committee preparing for the grandest display, on the 26th of April next, that has ever been exhibited at any one place on the face of the globe.

WHY SHOULD THE DAY BE CELEBRATED.

It is most fitting that after fifty years of weekly effort for one common end, this display should be made, and made on the grandest possible scale. Under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, there are over three thousand different Lodges meeting every week the year round, having a quarter of a million of members, and contributing for present and future relief of distress, approaching two and a quarter million of dollars annually—paying four hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the benefit of twenty-one thousand sick Brothers—one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars to four thousand widowed families—twenty thousand dollars for educating orphans—one hundred and four thousand dollars for burying the dead. Within a single year we have done this in obedience to the command recognized by our laws “to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.” We can make no accurate mention of the solitary hours spent by the fraternity in watching by the bed of the sick and the dying; we cannot estimate the burthen removed from the mind of many a dying man by the assurance, that the unprovided ones near and dear to him would be cared for and protected when he was removed from them, nor do I desire to say how faithfully the promise made at that solemn hour has been kept; but the gratitude of many a widowed heart night and morning ascends from many a humble family altar to the Giver of all good, whose agents we are, for what His goodness has enabled us to do for them in the darkest hours of their life's journey.

THE GRAND SECRETARYSHIP.

In consequence of the long services of the late

Grand Secretary, Wm. Curtis, it seldom happened that any serious opposition was made to his annual re-election; and generally, at the semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge in November, when the nominations were made, no competitor for the position was named, unless occasionally some Representative nominated a friend as a kind of compliment. There was, therefore, at his death, but one Brother in nomination. There appeared to be a pretty general feeling that there should be a larger number of candidates for selection. A requisition was sent to the Grand Master to call a special session of the Grand Lodge, with a view to re-open the nomination, and if the Grand Lodge should so decide, to apply to the Grand Sire for a dispensation to legalize the action. At the meeting some discussion took place as to the necessity for, and the legality of the proceeding, and whether the Grand Sire had the dispensing power in such a case. On vote, it was resolved, by a very large majority, to open the nomination, fixing the time for candidates to accept at February 1, the names of the accepting candidates not to be forwarded to the Subordinate Lodges, until a dispensation has been received. Seventeen or eighteen candidates were placed in nomination, seven whom of only, as I understand, have accepted.

On the death of Bro. Curtis, Grand Warden John B. Springer was placed by the Grand Master in charge of the office, but a day or two thereafter he was taken sick, and still continues so. Past Grand Sire James B. Nicholson was then commissioned as Grand Secretary during the unexpired term of his predecessor, and is now to be found daily at his post at the office in the Sixth Street Hall.

In the Grand Encampment there was no opposition to the re-election of the late Grand Scribe; to that office Bro. Nicholson has also been commissioned, and he now performs the duties of Grand Scribe, and will do so till the annual session in May next. Up to this time, however, there has been no meeting of the Grand Encampment, and consequently no nominations have been made for that office; but the time has been fixed, as I understand, for a meeting, and the nomination will no doubt also be opened, when there will probably be a variety of candidates to choose from. For in the different branches of our Order, as everywhere else, there is never a lack of men who consider themselves well-fitted for any position of honor or profit—particularly the latter—no matter how few qualifications they may heretofore have shown to properly fill them.

THE ENCAMPMENT BRANCH.

This branch of the Order, after many years of languishing, has acquired a vigor in this jurisdiction within the past year or two, that is a sure evidence of its permanency; quite a number of new Encampments have been organized, and several resuscitated under flattering prospects. Some of our Encampments have become strong numerically, and wealthy, but I believe we have none that can foot up a roll equal to some Encampments in your jurisdic-

tion. In this we by no means envy you; but as we dislike to be beaten, you need not be surprised if you hear of vigorous efforts being made to get past you in the number of members of some of our *crack* Encampments.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

The new Order of the K. of P. is making very rapid progress in this city, and spreading into the interior of the jurisdiction, and increasing elsewhere rapidly and, I hope, healthfully. This is an outcropping of the cause we have been laboring for in Odd Fellowship, and if the same care is displayed in this as has been in ours, its results must be good. Men have felt the benefits of Odd Fellowship so perceptibly in its beneficial features, when sickness has overtaken them, that many have connected themselves with others of a similar character, to secure a sufficiency for the support of their families at the time of their prostration, when they could bring them no aid; but every distinct organization leads to expense, and fritters away the means that might be saved, were all combined. This, however, we cannot expect yet; but the time is fast approaching, when there will be a complete remodeling of the beneficial feature of Odd Fellowship—when the Initiate can choose the amount of benefits he shall receive by selecting a scale of weekly dues he will pay. Vital statistics and experienced actuaries could so systematize this, that the amounts could be determined with mathematical certainty, and a few decades more will see this introduced as the grand feature in the pecuniary character of our beloved Order.

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1869.

HEXTONVILLE.—On the 8th of February I visited Protection Lodge, No. 243, at this place, and passed a very pleasant evening. Two candidates were initiated in good style, after which the Lodge closed in the Initiatory and opened in the Rebekah Degree, when Grand Representative Simpson conferred the Degree on twelve Sisters and Brothers. A number of Sisters who had previously received the Degree were present. After work, we had some excellent music on the melodeon, and singing, led by a member of the Lodge; then ice cream and oakes were handed around, and after the good things had been sufficiently discussed, short but interesting remarks were made by Rev. Bro. Masden and Grand Representative Simpson; and the entertainment closed with music and singing by Bros. Fergusson, Flonard and others. Altogether, it was the most pleasant evening I have passed in a Lodge-room for a long time. I desire to return my best thanks to the Sisters and Brothers of Protection Lodge for their kindness and courtesy.

S. D. KILLIAN.

PHILIPSBURG.—Magnolia Lodge, No. 602, and Moshanon Encampment, No. 173, are located at Philipsburg, Center County, which now numbers about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is located in

the center of the great coal and lumber regions of Pennsylvania.

Magnolia Lodge was instituted May 21, 1867, under great difficulties; but by living up to and carrying out the sublime principles of Odd Fellowship, we have overcome the difficulties, and are now under fair way to rear a monument that our Brothers may be proud of. We now number ninety-three members.

Moshanon Encampment, No. 173, was instituted December 2, 1868, and now numbers twenty good, sound members, and is increasing.

Last evening was our regular meeting night for conferring the Degree of Rebekah. We had a good attendance. In the absence of our N.G., Bro. L. G. Dour, P.G.—who, by the by, is a most efficient officer—occupied the N.G.'s chair, and filled it, as he does all stations entrusted to him, with honor to himself and the cause for which he labors. The Degree was conferred upon six ladies, which now swells their number to seventeen. We are sorry to say that for some time there has not been that interest taken in this beautiful Degree to which it is entitled; but at last we have awakened, and if we mistake not, you will soon hear a good report from our Rebekah Degree meetings. We are pleased to see that our Sisters—God bless them!—are fully alive to the interest and benefits of this Degree, and are determined that the cause of Friendship, Love and Truth shall prevail.

Wishing you success in the publication of your invaluable magazine, and prosperity to our beloved institution, I am,

M. P. J.

ANSWER TO "A CHALLENGE."

In the last number of the *COMPANION* I find an article headed: "A Challenge—worthy of Imitation," signed by Bro. G. F. Adams, saying that Golden Rule Lodge, No. 374, located at East St. Louis, six months old, reported thirty-one members, and takes thirty-two *COMPANIONS*. In reply thereto, I would herewith state the standing of our Lodge. Ross Lodge, No. 355, at Majority Point, Cumberland County, Illinois, now fourteen months at work, reported twenty-one members at their first annual report; during the next six months it did not increase, but since the late election we have increased to twenty-nine members, and I can see that all are good men; and we are receiving every Lodge night petitions for membership. Considering the failure of crops, hard money times, and the late settlement of this part of the State, being in the centre of "Egypt," while East St. Louis is a place of considerable population and business, I should think we ought to be entitled to the front rank.

The *COMPANION* is only taken by a few, so far as I know; but if some lively agent should visit this place, the number could soon be increased; for a magazine like this ought to be supported by all Odd Fellows.

CHAS. HANKER, Secretary.

Robert Dale Owen is to deliver the address at Indianapolis on the 26th of April next.

Wisconsin Department.

L. B. HILLS, GRAND SECRETARY, EDITOR.

LODGE FUNDS.

The proposition that the enduring prosperity of a Lodge depends upon the condition of its finances, is self-evident. Money is the all-important and essential motive power in every department of business and enterprise. What steam is to machinery, money is to the varied concerns of active human life. Without this requisite, the best-laid schemes must inevitably fail. With this fact in view, we would counsel our Brethren to look well to the fiscal affairs of their respective organizations.

In order to carry out the benevolent objects of your associated interests, means are absolutely indispensable. The prominent distinguishing feature of our institution is mutual relief; this must never be lost sight of.

We are banded together for the purpose of affording assistance to one another in the day of adversity, and although the other objects of our affiliation may be justly regarded as possessing exalted merit and being entitled to universal consideration, particularly in times of health and prosperity, yet the relief principle is of paramount consequence when a Brother is suffering under the hand of affliction. Then we must remember our obligations as dispensers of material aid, and discharge our duties with cheerful alacrity, as sympathizing friends and true-hearted Brothers. In such exigencies, it is not sufficient that we have the *will* to do good—the *wherewithal* is necessary as well. Let us contemplate this important subject as becometh those who love and cherish the benevolent inculcations of Odd Fellowship.

We should acquire wisdom from the experience of those who have preceded us. Probably as many Lodges of our Order have become extinct because of the unlooked-for depletion of their treasuries, as from all other causes combined. Like thoughtless and improvident individuals, they did not, in the season of prosperity, prepare for adversity; they laid nothing by for "a rainy day." What was the result? Sicknes and want entered their precincts, their insufficient funds were speedily exhausted, and they declined—succumbed—expired. We have, on every hand, too many illustrations of this unfortunate state of things.

Our Brethren, being cognizant of these numerous examples of mismanagement and thriftlessness—knowing full well the cause of the effect—should take heed and be wise in season. Guard your Lodge funds with scrupulous care. Do not for a moment cease to remember the sacred objects for which they are designed. Never squander or appropriate for unwarrantable purposes, those means which have, little by little, been accumulated to enable you to afford the boon of succor in the dark hours of trial and adversity, which are indeed inseparable from human

life. Recollect that not only the success and permanency of your own Lodge, but the honor and good repute of the Order of which you are constituents, depends upon these vital points. See to it, then, that your financial status is sound and healthy, and all will be well.—*Appleton Crescent*.

NEW LODGES.

Since the 1st of January, 1869, there have been instituted the following new Lodges in this jurisdiction:

Palmyra, No. 160, at Palmyra.
Winneconne, No. 161, at Winneconne.
Harmony, No. 162, at Beaver Dam.
Rhine, No. 163, at Appleton.

And the following resumed work:

Jefferson, No. 29, at Jefferson.
Plymouth Union, No. 71, at Plymouth.
And one Encampment, viz:
Omega, No. 29, at Omro.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has granted a charter to the Odd Fellows' Mutual Life Insurance Company of Wisconsin.

The following Brothers are named as directors, to wit: Stoddard Judd, A. J. Langworthy, Sam. Ryan, Jr., L. B. Hills, W. W. Dexter, C. C. Cheney, J. A. Roper, T. W. Taylor, and J. W. Merrill.

The act provides that Brothers only of this State in good standing in their respective Lodges, shall be admitted to membership.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

BRO. NASON: Ottawa Lodge, No. 41, has recently placed a center-table in its hall. On the table we place our periodicals, Grosh's Manual and other illustrated books, and a large and beautiful photograph album, which we design to fill with the *cartes-de-visites* of the members, and a smaller one for the use of the Daughters of Rebekah.

Upon our walls are many pictures, emblems, and large-sized photographs, each in a neat oval frame, of many of the members.

You will thus see that we aim to make our Lodge-room as pleasant and home-like as possible. And our efforts seem to be appreciated by the members generally; for we have a larger attendance, the Brothers come early, gathering around the center-table and elsewhere before opening, and are reluctant to leave after closing.

Is there anything in all this worthy of imitation by other Lodges, think you? II.

—*The Memento*.

On the 31st of October, 1868, H. I. F. Grosh was expelled by Franklin Lodge, 121, at Franklin, Illinois, for drunkenness and unbecoming conduct.

On the 21st of December, 1868, Charles B. Cleg-horn was expelled by Fort Clark Lodge, No. 109, of Peoria, Illinois, for swindling lying, and fraud.—*The Memento*.

Illinois Department.

GR. SEC. SAMUEL WILLARD, M. D., EDITOR.

A FINAL WORD.

Some months ago I sent to the *COMPANION* an article entitled "A Hard Case." Its basis was a letter from one L. S. D., the holder of a withdrawal card, who claimed that after many years of faithful service to the Order, he had been unable to rejoin it when he changed residence, because of ill health. This text I used because it seemed to afford an actual instance for my purpose. So far as the instance is concerned, I am glad to say that the Brothers at C., recognizing the story, have stated other circumstances omitted by L. S. D., which relieve them of the unbrotherliness implied in his letter. I very gladly exonerate them, and was careful to leave them from the first under the cloudy covering of anonymousness. If they have felt that I wronged them, let them be consoled by this acknowledgment of mine, and by the fact that none but the editor of the *COMPANION* learned any thing by the letter; and let them excuse me, for I aimed not at them, but at an evil that I thought, and think still, I saw in our organization.

Some have opposed my view, and have said that the case was not a hard one; that Brother D. knew the law and the risk of rejection. I do not care further to discuss the matter. I leave each and all to such reflections as the case may provoke; yet I cannot but think that the generous sympathy of each must be moved by the evident fact that a Brother may render active service to the Order for many years of vigorous manhood, and in declining years may be unable to rejoin it for causes beyond his power to prevent. If the case of Bro. D. is not such, remember that if Bro. D.'s Lodge had become defunct, and he had obtained a card from the Grand Secretary, it ~~they~~ would have been such.

The one thing which I wished specially to present was, not that this or that Lodge would not receive this or that worthy Brother, but that while our Lodges bind their members in a close compact for mutual assistance and support, the bond is much laxer between members of defunct Lodges, and between Lodges themselves. Simply to be a member of the Order, or to hold the *quasi* membership under a withdrawal card, does not give one the legal claim that he might have upon members of his own Lodge. I do not undertake to say what should or what can be done to unite our Lodges more closely, and to enable worthy members to enjoy always and every where all the rights, privileges, and benefits which accrue to them by uninterrupted membership. It may be that so compact an organization would develop evils of another character still graver; that the *esprit du corps* so generated would prove too strong for justice and fair dealing; and that designing men could the readier use membership for

personal advantage, while the honest, generous, and true-hearted men would be oftener fleeced by the opposite class. I cannot say. I only know that the defect that I alledge to exist has attracted the attention of others. In 1855 it was discussed in the Grand Lodge of Illinois, and a report was presented by three Past Grand Representatives, two of whom were also Past Grand Masters, closing with this resolution, which was adopted without dissent from the doctrines of the report or the recommendation of the resolution:

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge earnestly recommends to all Lodges to exercise great liberality in the matter of admitting Brothers into their Lodges."

The proposition of Representative Race (afterwards Grand Sire), in 1853, in the Grand Lodge of the United States, was for another melioration of the condition of Brothers holding withdrawal cards, viz: that they might pay a year's dues in advance, and be entitled to benefits for that time. (J. G. L. U. S., pp. 2125, 2167.)

Still later, Representative Dwinelle recognized the hardship in 1855 (Jour. G. L. U. S., 2493), when he proposed to allow Brothers honorary membership and the social benefits of the Order who fail of admission because of advanced age, sickness, or constitutional infirmity. His proposition was then rejected, but it has since prevailed, so far as relates to Brothers from defunct Lodges and Encampments. (Jour. G. L. U. S. for 1864, p. 3690.) Similarly the case of these Brothers received notice in our National or Supreme Body in 1865, 1866, and 1867, in various propositions for non-beneficial membership. It seems to me that there is a general admission that their lot is a hard one, and a desire to alleviate it as far as is consistent with the financial and general well-being of the Order.

Without a plan to propose or a scheme to advocate, and without any desire to sit in judgment and condemn my Brethren, I presented a special instance; and without desiring to prolong a discussion which was leading to no practical result, I say this final word upon it. Let the "hard case" be buried, and if any Brother has any thing to offer for the good of the Order in this line, let it come independently.

GRAND INSTRUCTORS IN ILLINOIS.

The Grand Master has appointed as official Grand Instructors the following:

A. S. BARRY, P. G. M., of No. 1, Alton.
H. S. HERR, P. G. M., of No. 77, Bloomington.
JOHN P. FOSS, P. D. G. M., of No. 55, Chicago.
SAMUEL WILLARD, Grand Secretary, of No. 6, Springfield.
J. F. ALEXANDER, P. G. M., of No. 3, Greenville.
JOHN LAKE, P. D. G. M., of No. 31, Rockford.
T. W. FLOYD, D. G. M., of No. 220, Gillespie.
T. B. NEEDLES, G. W., of No. 37, Nashville.
JAMES E. STARR, P. G. M., of No. 1, Alton.
JOHN A. BUSH, P. G. W., of No. 21, Peoria.

Our law requires that these Instructors be Grand Officers or Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge.

The list above includes all the elective Grand Officers and four others. Some prominent members of the Order, whose official honors have been obtained in the Grand Encampment, are necessarily left out, including some Past Grand Representatives.

ILLINOIS STATE CELEBRATION.

The committee on State Celebration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary, consisting of the Grand Master, Grand Patriarch, Grand Secretary, and Grand Scribe, have determined to put it at Peoria, on request of the Brotherhood at that place. The details will be made known to the fraternity throughout the State as soon as they are determined upon.

REBEKAH DEGREE LODGES.

The Grand Lodge of Illinois omitted from its legislation at the last session the Rebekah Degree Lodge; consequently none can be legally established in this jurisdiction until this oversight—for such it doubtless was—can be remedied by legislation. Probably any plan that may be adopted at the next session will be better than one could have been at the last session, as time for thought upon it could not have been had by the committee to which it belonged in course.

ITEMS.

Forest Grove Lodge, No. 379, at Forestville, Livingston County, lies between No. 290, at Fairbury, and No. 339, at Chatsworth, on the T. P. and W. R. R. No report of its institution has been yet received, but it is supposed, to have been opened.

San Jose Lodge, No. 380, was opened at San Jose, Mason County, December 23, 1868, by Special Deputy Dr. M. C. Phinney, of Mason City. Meets on Wednesday. P. G. Jonathan Cory, formerly a member of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, is N. G.; and P. G. John S. Buck, formerly of Marshall Lodge, No. 63, is Secretary: hence the Lodge is in experienced hands. We learn that it is thriving; and it will continue to do so, so long as it follows its present rule of admitting none but worthy men. It lies about midway between Nos. 207 and 337, on the railroad from Bloomington to Jacksonville.

Irrington Lodge, No. 381, is authorized at Irvington, Washington County, to be opened by Special Deputy D. A. White, of No. 80, Richview.

Fertile Lodge, No. 382, is to be opened at Shabbona, DeKalb County, by Special Deputy D. M. Vosburgh, of Earlville. This is near Spartan, No. 272, and Triumph, No. 357.

Clover Lodge, No. 383, is soon to be opened at Woodhull, Clover Township, Henry County. Bro. Geo. H. Smith, of No. 142, is selected as instituting officer.

Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 178, is reviving from a defunct of several years' duration. A previous effort failed; but the present one, under the stimulation of Grand Representative Charles Perkins, who now resides at Dover, is more fortunate. This Lodge was instituted at Dover; but not long before it went down, it was removed to Malden, on the C. B. and Q. R. R. It now goes back to Dover, where we hope it may long maintain itself, and spare a colony to Malden.

Western Star Lodge, No. 1, has been defunct since 1840. When the Order was resuscitated in Illinois, in 1842, it was not possible for a considerable time to revive the Lodges at Alton. In February, 1848, this was effected by Grand Master Parker, with the

exertions of a few zealous members; but only one of the two former Lodges could be sustained, and the organization of Alton, No. 2, was retained, and No. 1 was abandoned. But lately it has seemed desirable to have another Lodge at Alton, and a pride in having No. 1 stand on the list as a living Lodge led to an effort to revive it. When Grand Secretary Willard was Grand Representative, in 1867, and on the Legislative Committee in the G. L. U. S., having this case in mind, he brought the law respecting defunct Lodges forward, and secured such modification of the form of it as would make the revival of No. 1 legally possible. The late session of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, at Alton, still more stirred up the Brothers, and on January 30, 1869, P. G. M. Barry re-organized Western Star, No. 1. Its last recorded meeting, as appears on the old original records before us, was on February 24, 1840. Its sleep was, therefore, but twenty-five days short of twenty-nine years. After this, who shall say that any Lodge is past revival? Five old members were found to join in the petition, as required by law: P. G. M. James E. Starr, who was one of those initiated on the opening of the Lodge, Thursday, August 11, 1836; P. G. Washington L. Miller, who was initiated at the next meeting, Tuesday, August 16; P. G. Albert G. Wolford; John W. Schweppe, and F. W. Joesting. Brothers Starr, Miller and Wolford withdrew from No. 2 to join the movement. The other two had not been in a Lodge meeting for twenty-nine years. Six others were admitted by card, and these officers elected and installed: Albert G. Wolford, N. G.; S. V. Crossman, V. G.; John W. Ash, Secretary; Geo. E. Hawley, Treasurer. Meetings on Tuesday. Probably by the time these lines are printed, P. G. M. Barry will also be a member of this old-new Lodge, as it has been his intention to join the movement, of which he has been the most zealous promoter.

Brothers at Harrisburg, Saline County, are moving for a Lodge at that place.

Diligence Lodge, No. 129, Princeville, Peoria County, ceased to work two or three years ago; and in January of this year the members resolved to go to work in earnest, and intend to keep the name of Diligence on the roll of living bodies.

Members of Homer Lodge, No. 252, residing too remote to the westward of Homer, are desiring to make a Lodge at some convenient point.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, February 15, 1869.

Editor Companion: News in our city for the past month is only of local interest; but the events that have transpired in our vicinity are cheering and important—one especially, which will make glad the heart of every Odd Fellow in our State.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF WESTERN STAR LODGE, NO. 1.

Western Star Lodge, No. 1, located at Alton, after a decease, or rather after a long sleep of about twenty-nine years, awoke to renewed life and existence on Saturday evening, January 30. Five of the original members—James E. Starr, A. G. Wolford, J. W. Schweppe, F. W. Joesting, and W. T. Miller—being the applicants for restoration of charter.

The following named Brothers were chosen officers: A. G. Wolford, N. G.; S. V. Crossman, V. G.; T. W. Ash, Secretary; Geo. E. Hawley, Treasurer.

The Western Star was the first Lodge of the Order established in the State of Illinois; and the dispensation from the Grand Lodge of the United States under which it was formed bears date December 25, 1835, with the following persons as charter members: Stephen Lansing, Samuel L. Miller, John R. Woods, Thomas Wright, and John Fisher. The dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Illinois is dated August 1, 1839. The style in which these venerable documents are printed would astonish the meanest

ob office in the land in our day. Rough is literally 'no name for it.' Singularly enough, the title, Western Star, which occurs in each five times, is uniformly spelled "Starr."

The re-organization of this Lodge will fill a blank long felt in Alton, and will be productive of good results in the vicinity. From what I learn, the members of No. 1 intend to make it a model working Lodge; and as they have the material in Past Grand Officers, and well posted and true Odd Fellows, there is no doubt of their success.

From present prospects, the next month will see Lodges instituted at Upper Alton and Venice, as the forms in such cases provided are being complied with.

GREENVILLE.

While the Subordinate branch of our Order is thus progressing, the Encampment also partakes of the general interest. In company with A. S. Barry, Special Deputy Grand Patriarch, and Brother Parsons, P.G.H.P. of Missouri, we visited Greenville, in Bond County, on Friday evening, the 6th of February. On our arrival we were met and kindly cared for by the Brothers. After a short rest and a good supper, we were conducted to the Lodge-room, where a fraternal greeting awaited us. We then proceeded to business, and in short order Greenville Encampment, No. 93, was declared duly organized. The officers elected and installed are as follows: Henry Howard, C.P.; C. W. Holden, H.P.; Lemuel Adams, S.W.; J. F. Baughman, J.W.; G. A. Collins, Scribe; E. Riedemann, Treasurer.

After organization, the Encampment commenced business on its own account. Ten applications were presented for membership and accepted, and the candidates were instructed in the several Degrees. Though the work was tedious, yet it was accomplished in due form, and in a manner to be remembered; and I think that by four o'clock in the morning the officers and members were sufficiently posted in the work to go it alone. During our visit we were hospitably entertained in Patriarchal style.

GEO. F. ADAMS.

LITCHFIELD.—You have never published any thing about our Encampment in your magazine. We have one here. It was instituted last summer, commencing with seven members; now we have thirty members. It was instituted by Father D. B. Jackson, of Hillsboro, and called, after him, Jackson Encampment, No. 88. Our present officers are: W. T. Floyd, C.P.; Alf. I. Wood, H.P.; A. J. Kepler, S.W.; Ed. Lark, J.W.; B. C. McManigal, Scribe; C. Weis, Treasurer.

With the best of wishes for the success of you and your COMPANION,
ALF. I. WOOD.

GALESBURG.—On Friday, the 22d of January, our Encampment (Colfax) was visited by Hiawatha Encampment, of Monmouth. Both Encampments are young but flourishing. We passed a very pleasant evening. Brothers Mattoon, of Monmouth; Briggs, of Galesburg, and several others, made short but sensible addresses. After adjournment, the guests were entertained with an oyster supper at Brother Clarkson's, and at 11 o'clock they departed for home.

CHAS. SELK.

NEW BOSTON LODGE, No. 188, is in a flourishing condition, and doing well. Keithburg Encampment, No. 70, has been removed to New Boston, and we have had five new members since we brought it here. It now numbers about thirty members, all of them good workers, and by the end of this term I think we shall be able to report forty members to the Grand Encampment.

C. HALL.

Kentucky Department.

DR. J. C. WELCH, P.G.H.P., EDITOR.

THE MORALITY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Of all the moral institutions extant, none has a purer and better code of ethics than Odd Fellowship. Its moral power is fully attested, and thoroughly vindicated, in the exemplary conduct of its members. It enjoins upon all the practice of Friendship, Love and Truth, in their widest and most comprehensive significations. The beauty, grandeur and excellence of each of these precious principles of Odd Fellowship are exhibited in the busy scenes of every day life of every good Odd Fellow. The moral power of our noble Order is felt and acknowledged in every community where a Lodge has been instituted. Its deeds of human benefaction and charity challenge the admiration of myriads of the human family.

Pure, genuine, self-sacrificing Friendship, such as exists between the different members of our unexampled Order, is not found in any other institution of human origin. Regarding God, the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe, as our Heavenly Father, and all men as His children, and, therefore, our Brothers, we are naturally led to exercise tenderness, forbearance and brotherly love to each other.

The true Odd Fellow will not forsake his Brother when surrounded by misfortunes, nor when his reputation is endangered by the foul aspersions of the willful calumniator. Whenever and wherever, the good Odd Fellow finds a worthy Brother in distress (from whatever cause it may arise), he will, at once, render such relief as the exigency of the occasion demands. He always esteems it a pleasing duty to help those who are so unfortunate as to require aid. But Odd Fellowship discountenances all wrong doing, and never interposes to impede, or otherwise hinder, the due course of justice, in order to screen or protect the evil-doer from the rigor of the law. All are exhorted, time and again, to be "good and true men," to render a strict obedience to the laws of the land as well as the laws of God. While the good Odd Fellow will use all commendable zeal to relieve a Brother in distress, he will not depart from the established usages of the Order, to shield one who has violated any law of the land. For no man can become an Odd Fellow in spirit and in truth, "unless he is grateful to his Creator, loyal to his country, and fraternal to his fellow-man." All are exhorted to obey the sublime instructions of the Decalogue or Ten Commandments. No purer, or better code of morals has ever been promulgated at any period of the world's history, in this or any other country. Love, the second link in the mystic golden chain which unites our great Brotherhood into one family, "is the fulfilling of the law." "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." "For, if you love them who love you, what reward have you? And if you salute your Brethren only, what do you more than others?" "Be ye therefore, perfect, even as your Father, who, is in Heaven, is perfect." Such are some of the instructions from the sacred oracles of Divine Truth, which are inculcated in every Lodge room, as a part of our code of ethics.

The golden rule of doing unto others, as we would that others should do unto us, is most beautifully and forcibly impressed upon every candidate who has advanced to the Golden Rule Degree. Its sublime lessons cannot fail to suitably impress the mind and heart of every Golden Rule Degree member. The importance of a strict adherence to this invaluable rule of conduct is exhibited in such a manner as never to be forgotten. That all do not conform to its lessons of wisdom, is not the fault of the Order, but of its individual members. Were all men governed by the Golden Rule, all evil would be banished from the world, and we would have no occasion for jails, penitentiaries and other houses of solitary confinement, for malefactors of any kind or grade.

Benevolence, Brotherly Love and Charity, are striking characteristics of the good Odd Fellow. No man can become a *true* Odd Fellow, unless he possesses all the ennobling virtues of true manhood without any vices. Every member owes it to himself, to his family, to the dignity and honor of the Fraternity, to preserve a pure and unsullied character. All are, or ought to be, wiser, better and more humane, in consequence of the benign influences which are exerted upon them by the various instrumentalities peculiar to our organization.

Every Lodge should guard well the outer door and admit none of questionable morals into our "sacred retreat." All who gain admission, should render strict obedience to all its reasonable injunctions. No Lodge should relax its discipline in deference to the rank or position of the offender. The higher the rank, or more honorable the station, the greater the duty to comply with the laws. Preserve a high standard of morality, and of proud integrity.

Our Order condemns indiscriminately all the fashionable vices of the day. Therefore, none should be permitted to continue in the daily practice of offenses without being "admonished with friendship, reprehended with justice, or punished with mercy," according to their various deserts. "Purity of heart and rectitude of conduct" should be sedulously maintained by every member. Thus, and only thus, can Odd Fellowship achieve the glorious results of its exalted mission on earth. "The greatest safe-guards against the ills of life," are found in the practice of Friendship, Love and Truth. "In God we trust." Let us be diligent and faithful, and God will bless our efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

FRANKLIN LODGE, No. 7,
Was instituted at Lancaster, June 11, 1841. Is in a healthy, prosperous and flourishing condition.

It was among the first, if not the first Lodge, in the State to establish a public seminary for the education of its orphans. Its finances have ever been prudently managed and profitably invested. Had its hall, books, emblems, paraphernalia and everything else thereunto belonging, destroyed by fire on the 3d of February, 1867.

But, Phoenix-like, a magnificent edifice has arisen in stately grandeur and surpassing beauty from the ashes of the demolished building. It is an ornament to the town and an honor to the Brotherhood. The hall is large, commodious and elegantly furnished. Everything about it is in excellent taste. Franklin Lodge may feel justly proud of their new hall, and its handsome furniture. It was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the 21st of January, Brother J. D. Trapp, G.M., officiating. Brother M. J. Durham, P.G.M. and Grand Representative, delivered the dedicatory address. It was a noble effort, eminently worthy of the man, the occasion, and the cause in which it was delivered.

The kind ladies prepared a sumptuous banquet with which to regale the inner man, which also demonstrated their superior knowledge of the gastronomic art in catering to the diversified tastes of the large crowd in attendance.

The Fair, Supper and Tableau yielded a net profit of \$250. The whole affair was a complete success. All were highly delighted with the gratifying results of this great social re-union, which will long be remembered with exquisite pleasure by those who participated in its festivities.

On the 5th of February it was our pleasure, in company with Brother T. K. Letcher, P.G., to visit this Lodge. Received a cordial welcome from the Brethren. A meeting of the Lodge was called for our especial accommodation, and every attention and kindness shown to us during our short stay in their midst.

The Brethren of Lancaster know how to make a strange Brother feel at home. We feel under obligations to all of them, but more especially to T. W. Reed, D.G.M.; William Sellers, P.G.; J. D. Price, P.G.; C. K. Weil, P.G.; and Brother S. L. Burdett, M.D.

Presented the claims of the COMPANION and received 15 subscribers. Appointed Brother William Sellers, P.G., local agent, who has received 5 more since we were there, and we expect to get a good many more through his instrumentality. The officers of the Lodge are: J. Aldridge, N.G.; J. H. Dunn, V.G.; W. Sellers, Secretary; and J. T. Runyon, Treasurer.

GARRARD LODGE, No. 139.

Visited this Lodge on the 6th of February. Found it in a sickly condition, having had no meeting this year, except the present one, which was called for our special benefit. Prescribed the COMPANION as the best remedy for them. Seven concluded to try the remedy. Met the Lodge again on the 13th instant. Found it in much better plight, all owing to the encouragement given them at our former visit, and the *wonder-working* power of the COMPANION which had been received and read. Obtained 4 more subscribers. This is a small Lodge and its membership much scattered; but the material is excellent, and with a little effort it will assume high rank in the Order. Appointed Brother J. M. Phillips, D.D.G.M., local agent, who will faithfully execute the trust confided to him. Hope to hear a favorable response from him very soon. The following Brothers are officers, viz: Garrard Covert, N.G.; George H. Dobyns, V.G.; James M. Phillips, Secretary; and Jos. A. King, Treasurer.

Maryland Department.

PROF. THOS. LUCY, P.G., EDITOR.

OUR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL ADVANCEMENT.

It is by no means an uncommon thing now to see in all our journals an account of this or that Lodge that is "*working well*;" and as the phrase is thus becoming stereotyped, it may be as well to see what we all understand by it. Some would say that it means that all the signs and forms of working are executed strictly in accordance with instructions; others, that the business is all transacted in parliamentary form; others, again, that the Lodge can work *without* the book—we used to think it a praiseworthy thing to be able to work *by* the book—but have gone, it seems, a step in advance, and work both by and without the book. These several things are all as they should be, and excellent as far as they go; but we would take a more enlarged view of "*working well*," and say it means working in all respects and on all occasions *up* to the principles upon which Odd Fellowship depends for its illustrious character, which means working in true sympathy for each other and our fellow-man.

We have not generally classed SYMPATHY among the bright jewels of the tenets of the Order, and yet it is one of the very essentials of a good Odd Fellow, and one of the noblest of the capabilities of our nature for good, and which would really improve and elevate the character of man if more taught and practiced. The sympathy or feeling for another is the best distinction and ornament of humanity; and in proportion as we lose it we cease to be worthy Odd Fellows. All true greatness is sympathetic. Jonathan and David, the heroes of their age, we are told, "wept till each exceeded;" and Homer, that exquisite painter of human nature, although he considers Ulysses as exceeding all men in wisdom, represents him as sympathizing with his companions on very many occasions. So, too, Achilles, so nobly courageous, wept over the trials and distresses of others. But, above all, we have an illustrious example in one who taught us by his own actions to be tender-hearted, kind, and sympathizing—who, at the grave of Lazarus, wept for *friends*—at Jerusalem, for *enemies*. So that the unfeeling among us cannot pride themselves that they are superior either in fortitude or philosophy. He is most a *man*, and the best *Odd Fellow*, who feels for the distresses of others, and so feeling, endeavors to relieve them. The world has a tendency to a moral ossification of the heart; but the Lodge-room, where the world is shut out, should be an antidote to it. Cynics abound every where; but no cynic ever did, or ever will, make a good Odd Fellow.

In a broad intercourse with mankind, we find much of the principles of honor and sympathy scattered around, that only needs to be encouraged and cultivated to become general. Among business men,

there is, let cynics say as they will, much that is noble-minded, liberal, honest, considerate, and generous. True, the competition of trade, the desire for wealth, the fear of poverty, may make men strive for the advantage in every bargain; but under all this, there is a current of kind-heartedness towards a suffering fellow-mortal that will be uppermost, when not kept down by false pride. And if this is so with men of the world, how much greater should we find it among men claiming to be a "*band of brothers*," cemented by Friendship, Truth and Love.

There are those within and without the fraternity who seem to love to describe their fellows as not fit to be trusted; who rejoice when they hear of a man's failure or downfall in any way; who think every man dishonest until they have proved him, in their way, otherwise. Such persons will not add to our advancement, intellectually or morally, if made one of us, or, being of the Order, made officers of a Lodge; and yet how few of us *seek out* for a kind-hearted, sympathizing man to join us. Do we not rather take the influential and the opposite of our established principles in the Lodge, and often to be leaders among us, or to be rulers in the Order? And wherever this has been done, it has failed to produce a Lodge that, according to the true meaning of the term, "*works well*." A few unsympathizing, selfish men, if active in a Lodge, will convert it into a mere business society, cold, calculating, stern and obstinate.

To those who have been in the habit of visiting many different Lodges, there is presented a fine school of instruction in the many phases of human nature. It is an interesting study, to see how different Lodges receive applications for aid or sympathy, and the way they set about to attend to it. Have we never felt a tear struggling for expression, when we have heard of the disinterested kindness of some Lodge or Odd Fellow to some unfortunate? Have not their ready aid, so cheerfully and generously given, warmed our hearts, and made us feel glad that there was yet so much of the image of our Creator left in us? And, again, when some Brother, led away by trials or misfortune, is reported to his Lodge, how differently is his case considered by a Lodge which "*works well*" and one that does not. In one, he is saved—in the other, sacrificed.

But while there are both Lodges and Odd Fellows who do not come up to the measure of their own professions, there are many Brothers who are undeniably ungrateful—men who, poor and depressed, have been aided by their Brethren in various ways, who have been put on their feet by their friends, and yet who receive all this as a matter of course, and evince no gratitude, no self-sacrifice, no desire to return the kindness shown towards them. There are those whose names are on the rolls of Odd Fellowship who say they can't get along, can't do well, because they are poor and in debt, and although surrounded by Brethren many of whom are in easy circumstances; but such are largely to blame for their condition; and, as a general truth, we may safely

assert that a Brother, no matter how poor, or how much behind hand, will rise above it all, and find plenty of real Odd Fellows to help him do it, when he helps himself. Let such a one be diligent, industrious, grateful—pay what he can, if ever so little, to all his creditors, and be strictly devoted to truth in all matters, and he will find fortune favoring him. The truth is, every Brother must “*work well*” individually, if he desires to see his Lodge “*WORKING WELL*.” Every one must participate in our moral and intellectual advancement to make it a grand success. Let us, then, who have been selfish, uncharitable, or indifferent, resolve to be so no more, and all go in to make our Lodge *work well*, and make it a proud gem in the great diadem of ODD FELLOWSHIP.

OCCURRENCES OF THE MONTH.

MARION LODGE, No. 8.—This Lodge paid an official visit to Pacific Lodge, No. 63, on the 4th of January. The members of both Lodges were out in their strength, some very pleasant little speeches were made, and an interesting time resulted. These Lodges exchanged visits a year ago, which were highly enjoyed by both parties.

INDEPENDENCE LODGE, No. 77.—On the 20th of January, this Lodge held a levee in the new Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, which was conducted with much good order and propriety. No liquors were allowed in the Hall, and no one permitted to go out to procure any. Odd Fellows are getting to enjoy these meetings very much, where ladies can be present and spend an hour in a social dance with them.

MYSTO TIE.—This is a weekly journal, devoted to literature and Odd Fellowship, published in this jurisdiction, and about six months old. The Grand Master and the Grand Patriarch, on the 23d of January, both issued circulars to the Order, indorsing the enterprise, and recommending it to the fraternity. Lodges were also urged to advertise their times and places of meeting, not only to assist in giving stability to the paper, but for the information of the membership generally.

GARDEN LODGE, No. 114.—This new Lodge, located at Gardensville, Baltimore County, paid a friendly visit to William Tell Lodge, No. 4, of Baltimore City, on Tuesday evening, February 9th. There was an interchange of views on the valuable features of the Order, many introductions which will form ground for future friendship, and much increased enthusiasm for the practical fulfillment of all its duties.

DEATH OF C. H. DUPUY, P.G.M.—On Thursday, the 4th of February, this distinguished Brother was found dead on his bed. The deceased was much beloved in the Order on account of his zeal and untiring labors in the cause of Odd Fellowship. He was no sooner admitted than he saw the great value of the institution, and set about in earnest to fulfill all its requirements. His activity in the cause was soon noticed, and he was elected from one office to another until he reached the highest, that of Grand

Master of the State. He will be much missed. He came to this country more than twenty years ago from France, and being without friends or relatives here, sought and obtained admission in the Order in Corinthian Lodge. He had acquired a considerable knowledge of law, but found teaching European languages more suitable and profitable than the practice of law. He never married, but lived in rented rooms and took his meals at restaurants. Of late years he had been much subject to neuralgia, and found the best relief in chloroform. It is supposed that he returned home, after getting his breakfast, suffering from this painful disorder, and throwing himself on the bed, applied the chloroform too abundantly, or else, having sunk into sleep, he fell over on the towel saturated with the anæsthetic, which, then acting continuously, finally stopped the action of the heart and lungs, producing an insensible death. A special meeting of the Grand Lodge of Maryland was at once called, and as he had no relatives here, a committee was appointed to take charge of his body and his effects. The funeral took place from the Hall on Sunday afternoon, attended by the members of the Grand Lodge, Corinthian Lodge, Jerusalem Encampment, and the Order generally in the city. He was buried in a fine lot in Baltimore Cemetery belonging to the Grand Lodge, where a suitable tablet will be placed to his memory.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, February 11, 1869.

Editor Companion: It has been quiet for some time in this place, nothing of note transpiring. On the second day of January, a number of Patriarchs accompanied Grand Scribe H. A. Uthman to institute an Encampment at Fairhill, Marshall County, to be known as Farmers' Encampment, No. 15.

S. R. Davis was elected and installed C.P.; Joseph Turner, H.P.; Dr. John M. Elliott, S.W.; Jonathan Minnex, Scribe; Thomas McCreary, Treasurer; Ely Salters, J.W.

The Degrees were conferred upon two Brothers. The Patriarchs have every prospect of building up an Encampment of the right kind, as they are all good workers, and Brothers who take an interest in the Order that we take so much pride in.

The Lodges and Encampments in this city are all in a healthy condition, and keep steadily at the work of making good and true Odd Fellows. We started a Mutual Aid Association on the 30th of January, and now number fifty members, which is not so bad for two weeks' work, notwithstanding the croakings of the old fogies, who oppose any thing of the kind as a humbug. But we have found it a success so far, and we believe it will do the Order more good than any other scheme that has been tried. When the members understand the object of these associations, and find that they are only for the members of the Order, then no doubt every Odd Fellow in the land will belong to such an association, and not only belong, but be a better member of his Lodge, and take more interest in the Order than he did before.

H. A. U.

Indiana Department.

REV. T. G. BEHARREL, P.G.H.F., } EDITORS.
JOHN W. M'QUIDDY, F.G., }

FRIENDSHIP.

In this communication, I propose to consider Friendship, as presented in the Royal Blue Degree. This is a distinguished virtue, and is impressively taught in the ceremonies of the Degree. It has been often said that "a friend in need is a friend indeed;" and this maxim is a true one. Benevolence is a principle that honors humanity whenever it is practiced; but there is a great difference between it and true friendship. For while the former simply develops good will to mankind in general, the latter principle particularizes. It selects its subjects, and its practice involves intimacy—a regard that leads to kind offices. It is a manifestation of the attachment of true affection. As a principle, it develops personal kindnesses, and reciprocates all kind offices performed.

This being true as it regards the principle of Friendship, it seems quite proper that it should be the leading feature of a Degree of Odd Fellowship, which, as an Order, aims to fraternize humanity; and it seems to be quite proper that this should be the ruling principle in a Degree bearing the significant name of the *Royal Blue*. The color of blue denotes friendship, and as one of the seven colors into which rays of light divide themselves, when refracted, it is used to denote that feeling of regard that should always lead men to kind actions to their fellowmen.

It would be proper for us to look at some reasons existing for the practice of this principle, as inculcated in Odd Fellowship, and especially as inculcated in this Degree. Men are not all born to landed or other valuable estates; every man is not a child of fortune; all men are not blessed with wealth, health and plenty; indeed, the great mass of humanity are poor and comparatively friendless in the world, while the seeds of disease are covered up in the system of the millions; and as the earlier stages of life are reached and passed, the seed germinates and develops, like the growth of the plant, until the skill of the most skillful physician is baffled. Sickness, want, and real adversity are abundant among mankind; and any man has but to look in any direction for cases of want. During the trying months of winter, every community has in it widows and orphan children, helpless and dependent. Others, though not widows, are worse-conditioned than widows and orphans, having husbands and fathers who are slaves to the unfortunate appetite for intoxicating drink, and who, instead of procuring for the dependents food and clothing, are giving their hard-earned money in exchange for liquid fire to the dram-seller, who, while exhausting the stock of the drinker, and starving his wife ("chained mid want") and worse than fatherless children, is filling his own coffers with the canker-jug coin.

The surest test that can be given of true friendship is adversity. Yes, expressions of sympathy and affection in times of calamity, misfortune and dire distress, are a soothing balm to an aching heart; they are a grand panacea for a stricken soul. When sickness, want and helplessness are pressing; when the storm-cloud gathers and lowers; when the thunders peal and the lightnings scathe; when comforts that are so much needed are denied—then it is that friendship is tried. If the "olive yields no oil, and there are no herd in the stall"; if the last handful of meal in the barrel is reached and scraped up for the last cake, and the cruise of oil is nearly gone—then it is that there is need of a true friend, who will act the part of that old, faithful prophet, who tarried with the widow of Zarephath in Zidon until the dearth was ended, and who watched over her interests and those of her son, and saw that their wants were supplied, until the land was again blessed with plenty. The true regards of a true friendship are gauged by the adverse circumstances that call forth the expressions or lead to the acts of friendship.

Moses, the great law-giver and leader of Israel, practiced this principle during his long life of one hundred and twenty years. His life was eventful throughout, and whether we look at it during the first forty years, which he spent in Egypt; or the second forty years, which he spent in Midian; or the third forty years, which he spent between Egypt and Canaan—we observe the principle of friendship marking him and his conduct continually.

Though he was the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, and learned in all the learning of Egyptian schools; though his home was a palace, and he reveled in royalty; though courtiers were about him, and seeking his favor, and liveried servants were ever about him, anxious to do his bidding; and though he was probably heir to the throne of Egypt, and apparently destined to be one in the regular line of the Pharaohs—yet he looked with pity and true affection upon his oppressed brethren of the Hebrews, and longed for the time to come when he could lighten their burdens, and relieve them of the distress occasioned by their slavery.

As he was passing along one day, he saw an Israelite and an Egyptian contending. The feeling of love for the distressed and down-trodden led him to help his brother Israelite, and they killed the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. Again, he saw two Israelites contending, and, moved by the principle of friendship, he tried to settle the difference between them. Whether he succeeded or not, we do not know; but a fact was developed during his effort that made it necessary, in his estimation, to leave Egypt; and he went to the land of Midian. When he reached that land, wearied and fatigued by the long and hurried travel, he sat down by a well to gather strength and refresh himself. He had not sat there long, when the daughters of Jethro came out to water their father's flock. Just after they had filled the troughs with water, some barbarous

fellows took advantage of their labor, or were about to do so, by driving them and their flocks away, that their own flocks might drink. Moses saw it, and, moved by friendship, came to their assistance, drove the intruders away, and helped the women to water their flocks. They reported his kindness to their father, which led him to call Moses into his home, employ him as a shepherd, and, finally, to give him one of his daughters for a wife.

Forty years were spent by Moses in Midian, when he was called to go down into Egypt and demand the freedom of the Israelites. He did demand and secure their release from bondage, and led them out toward Canaan, their promised home. And how often, during the last forty years of his life, did he develop the principle of friendship! When they became refractory, he bore with them; when they murmured against him and against God, he reproved them mildly, yet earnestly; and when they rushed into idolatry, and angered Jehovah, so that He threatened to remove the symbols of His presence in the pillar of cloud and fire from them, Moses pitied them, and prayed earnestly for their pardon. His meek spirit, though grieved, was moved to mighty intercessions for them; and God, for his sake, had compassion, and preserved them. When they complained, even to mutiny, and made efforts to disrobe him of his leadership and his brother Aaron of his priestly garments, Moses, moved by true friendship, referred the matter to God, who answered by an unmistakable sign; and when his ministry was ended, and he was about to ascend Mt. Nebo to die, he gave a solemn charge concerning distressed Hebrews. It was probably the last law enacted during his administration, and the last record made in the copy of the law of Moses that was laid up in the sides of the Ark:

"If thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee." T. G. B.

ANNUAL SESSIONS OF GRAND LODGE.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of this State, offered by Wm. M. French, G.R., at the November communication, looking to the abolishment of the semi-annual session, is creating some interest among the Past Grands, who, for years, have been regular in their attendance upon the meetings of that body, the business of which has been directed and controlled to a great extent by them. They regard it as an innovation upon their cherished privileges, and from them may be expected the greatest opposition. They believe that the present semi-annual sessions are the most desirable for many reasons, the chief of which is the tendency of the frequent social intercourse thereby attained, which cements the bonds of brotherly regard; thus creating a greater interest in the prosperity and welfare of individual Lodges and the entire membership. This class of Past Grands will labor earnestly to prevent the change,

and we do not feel disposed to call in question their motives, as they appear to be so entirely unselfish. They are willing that the Order should bear the expense that the interchange of sentiment in the sessions of the Grand Lodge may be frequent, and they believe that the past success of Odd Fellowship in Indiana has been brought about by considerate and wise legislation, and the frequent supervision of the Grand Lodge over the fraternity; that all subjects calculated to disturb the harmony of the Brotherhood are more rapidly adjusted and removed from the Lodge-room.

On the other hand, the friends of annual sessions, looking probably more to the financial aspect of the question than otherwise, believe that all the good that is claimed for the semi-annual sessions can be accomplished at the one meeting in the twelve months, thereby saving to the Grand Lodge more, perhaps, than one-third of the entire expense of that body. In addition to this, it is believed by some of the reformers that there has been too much legislation, and that the only means to check it is to lop off one of the sessions.

It must be admitted that our Grand Lodges have, in the past, been expensive institutions, requiring a large percentage of the money accumulated for the purposes of active benevolence to carry on their workings. Can this be remedied without resorting to annual sessions? Will the Representatives in these bodies curtail expenses in such a manner as will induce the Subordinates to consent to the semi-annual sessions? These are questions of more importance to the decision of this matter than the mere individual preference of this or that Past Grand. The Order cannot consent to be taxed for the purpose of accommodating any of its members, however much they might desire to promote their individual happiness.

If means can be devised by which the expenses of the Grand Lodge of Indiana can be brought within the strictest economy, there can be no necessity for a change. The resources of the Grand Lodge are sufficient to very nearly cover the legitimate expenses, so that but a small percentage is required to meet the object. But we find, since the reduction of the percentage from ten to six per cent., there has been no corresponding decrease in the annual cost of that body. This state of affairs will lead to one of two results—increase of percentage or annual communications.

That the Subordinate Lodges will consent to an increase of tax, we do not believe; and some other means must be devised by the friends of semi-annual sessions to make both ends meet, or they will fail in their efforts to retain those sessions of the Grand Lodge. It may be possible, in order to secure this end, that the ratio of representation can be increased so as to meet the end in view. A suggestion strikes us as being eminently designed to accomplish this result. Let there be but one Representative from each Lodge allowed upon the floor of the Grand Lodge, whose mileage and per diem is paid by that body;

but upon all questions coming before the Lodge, let the Representative be empowered to cast such number of votes as shall fairly represent the ratio of membership of his Lodge. This would be the means of saving a large amount to the Grand Lodge, and would not cut off the attendance of Past Grands who are regular in their attendance, and who have labored so earnestly and faithfully for the up-building of Odd Fellowship in our State.

It is useless to avoid the issue, as it will doubtless come before the Grand Lodge for action at its May session, and we desire to see a fair expression of the opinions of the entire Brotherhood throughout the State by their representatives, whenever it may be called up for definite action. J. W. McQ.

DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

The first dispensation granted in this State under the recent law passed by the Grand Lodge of the United States was issued by Grand Master Adams to five Brethren and five Sisters of New Albany. They met on Tuesday, January 26th, and proceeded to organize the Lodge, which will be known as Ruth Lodge, No. 1, Degree of Rebekah of Indiana. The following persons were selected as officers to serve the ensuing six months: Jno. W. McQuiddy, N.G.; Mrs. Julia A. Milligan, V.G.; Mrs. M. J. Robinson, Secretary; Mrs. Bishop, Treasurer; and R. Robinson, P.G., Permanent Secretary.

The hall was filled with the members and their wives, and considerable interest was manifested on the part of both sexes. It is expected that the Lodge will at once enter upon its career of usefulness, and that many an object of charity will be relieved by the beneficence of its members. The officers have commenced to work right, discarding the use of books, and performing the work and delivering the lectures without their aid, which should always be done in all branches of the Order.

J. W. McQ.

MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

The first death in the New Albany Mutual Aid Association occurred on Saturday, February 6th—that of Bro. Hugh S. Gordon, P.G., of Hope Lodge, No. 83. The Association has been organized fourteen months, and no death occurring, the Brethren thought very little upon the subject; but since the death of Bro. G., unusual interest has manifested itself. This is owing, perhaps, to this first practical demonstration of our ability to perform what we promised; and we are now having quite an accession to our Association.

This is a subject difficult to get persons to think of. Men are apt to ask whether it will pay, before they are willing to become members; and this question they do not determine until a death occurs. This death is a case in point. Bro. G. was one of the first to join; the admission fee was three dollars; his being the first death, that amount was the only expense attendant upon his membership. The Association, through its Treasurer, within forty-eight

hours after his death, paid his widow two hundred and five dollars. Is there any thing a person can go into that will pay as well? We think not. Still, with these facts staring them in the face, we have but little over one-third of the members of the Order in our city who are members. But we judge from present indications that the Association will receive a new impetus, and that before the end of the present year we will number at least five hundred members. J. W. McQ.

RHODE ISLAND.

WARREN, February 6, 1869.

Editor Companion: The Grand Encampment of this State held its semi-annual session on the first of this month. There was a fair attendance, the business being mostly of a local nature.

A committee was appointed to purchase a flag in connection with the Grand Lodge.

A new constitution was adopted.

The Grand Lodge met on the second day, and transacted a large amount of business. The Grand Master presented a most excellent report, and all of his recommendations were adopted, except one, and that failed through the influence of the opponents of the Degree of Rebekah.

A committee was appointed, to act in conjunction with the committee from the Grand Encampment in the purchase of a flag; also to buy a set of jewels for the officers of the Grand Lodge.

The Order in this jurisdiction now number 1,046, giving us another Representative, so that little Rhoda will now have three votes; and we hope, ere long, to see her have a full number.

We gave our P.G.M. and P.G. Rep. Ham quite a surprise, a few nights ago. He is one of the oldest and most faithful members we have. On the evening of his Lodge meeting, he appeared at his usual place in the hall, not aware what was in store for him. Nearly every Lodge in the State was represented, and the hall was full. When the call was made for the good of the Order, he arose and said: "Bro. N.G., I notice we have a large delegation present this evening, and I hope we shall hear from our Brothers who are visiting with us." P.G.M. Armington, of Hope Lodge, then came forward, and made a few remarks; then turning to P.G.M. Ham, he presented him with an elegant P.G. Rep. jewel. Brother Ham was taken completely by surprise, and after recovering from it, he replied in a very happy manner. The jewel was made by a member of his own Lodge (Eagle, No. 2), who was very desirous to do it, and gave his own labor. It cost us \$100, and could not be duplicated short of \$150, and I think it is the finest jewel I have ever seen. P.G.M. Ham has been a true and faithful member for twenty-six years; the members throughout our entire jurisdiction contributed toward the gift, as a slight token of esteem and appreciation of his valuable services.

At the session of the Grand Lodge a resolution was passed, abolishing the use of books after the first day of April, 1869. SOWAMSETT.

Iowa Department.

GRAND SECRETARY WM. GARRETT, EDITOR.

REBEKAH LODGES.

On January 30th we issued dispensation for Olive Branch Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 5, at Dubuque, to work in the German language; and on the same day to Esther Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 6, at Jessup, Buchanan County; and to-day issued dispensation to Josephine Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 7, at Guttenberg, Clayton County, to work in the German language.

NEW ENCAMPMENTS.

On the 4th of February we issued a dispensation for Decorah Encampment, No. 39, at Decorah, Winneshiek County, which will be instituted by Orlando McCraney, Grand Patriarch; and I expect in my next to have the pleasure of saying that we have granted dispensations for Encampments at Council Bluffs, Sigourney and Tama City.

Prairie, No. 4, has not been reorganized as yet, but Patriarch Cadle writes me that they are getting ready, and will get to work again soon.

STATE OF THE ORDER.

I have a letter from Grand Master Sharp dated 10th, and he says: "I get cheering news from almost every quarter in regard to the prosperity of the Lodges.

Grand Treasurer Glenn under date 11th says: "Our Lodge (No. 23) and Camp (No. 14) are both doing well."

Bro. John D. Walker, of No. 107, writes me that Muscatine Lodge, No. 5, is doing well—taking in from two to four new members every Lodge meeting.

Patriarch Bronson, Scribe of Azur Camp, No. 37, writes February 8th: "We have had two initiations since the 1st of January, and now number 15.

Bro. Dietz, D.D.G.M., of No. 28, says under date of 8th: "On the evening of February 1st, I installed the officers of Osceola Lodge, No. 18, at Marion, as follows: G. A. Gray, N.G.; W. Grummond, V.G.; F. Sampson, Secretary; T. S. Ovington, Treasurer. This Lodge has been closed for five or six years, but now starts anew with good prospects for the future.

The Lodges (5) in Bro. Dietz's District are all doing well, and reports all received.

Grand Patriarch McCraney, under date of 7th, says: "Our Camp (No. 27) is now doing better work than it has ever before done. We have one or two initiations every night, and a good attendance."

Bro. Kean writes that Bonaparte, No. 22, is looking up—has regular meetings, well attended, and prospects good for the future. They are going to purchase jewels and new regalia. Bro. Kean is a *live Odd Fellow*, and I hope he may succeed and build up a large Lodge at Bonaparte.

Patriarch Hendershott, D.D.G.P., of No. 14, writes that on January 25th, he went to Eddyville to install the officers of Eddyville Camp, No. 25, and witnessed the exaltation of two Patriarchs by the Camp, after

which they had a fine oyster supper, and then he installed their officers. He says that he thinks there is not a Camp in this jurisdiction that works with more vim, or does better work than No. 25—"look out, you old Camps, No. 25 is after you." He also assisted Grand Master Sharp to install the officers of Ottumwa Lodge, No. 9, and that Lodge is doing well.

Bro. Burchinal, N.G. of 168, says his Lodge is receiving new members almost every Lodge night.

Bro. Parker, Secretary of No. 98, says: "Our Lodge is prospering finely. We have a fine hall, and a live set of members. This Lodge re-organized one year ago, with nine members, and reported December 31, 1868, 53 members in good standing.

Bro. Searle, D.D.G.M., of No. 38, (Oskaloosa) in sending reports under date of January 28th, says: "Both Lodges, I think, are working well, and although the initiations have been but few during the past term, yet there is a general interest manifest in the Order."

Bro. Allen, Secretary of Centerville Lodge, No. 76, says, January 27th: "Enclosed find the report. Our Lodge is doing fine. We have just bought another lot, for which we pay \$500. We intend to build a new hall next year, if we have good luck."

Bro. Richardson, D.D.G.M., of No. 25, sends the reports of his five Lodges, and they are all doing well.

Bro. Alexander, D.D.G.M., of No. 37, under date of January 19th, and inclosing reports from his District, says: "I installed officers of Franklin, No. 59, Independence, No. 142, and Perry, No. 158; and Bro. Wells installed the officers of Black Hawk, No. 72. The Lodges are all doing finely and future prospects good."

Bro. Finley, D.D.G.M., of No. 6, under date of the 2d says: "I send you returns from Nos. 84, 102, and 121—also dues. No. 84 is once more at work. We are doing well (after so long a time). You may look for a good report from us in July.

Patriarch Weil, D.D.G.P., of No. 1, sends reports from Nos. 1 and 28, and says: "Our Encampments here (Dubuque) are doing well, and are prospering. Our meetings are largely attended. I have installed the officers of both Encampments, and after the meeting adjourned, we had a good time. We generally have a little of a "Sociable."

Bro. Fordyce, D.D.G.M., of No. 26, (Cedar Rapids) sends reports from the five Lodges in his District, and they are all prospering.

Bro. Lawrence, D.D.G.M., of No. 18 (Boonsboro), sends reports from Nos. 79 and 153, and says: "These Lodges, I am pleased to say, are in a very prosperous condition, No. 153 particularly so, regarding her age."

Bro. Haley, D.D.G.M., of No. 24, (Davenport) sends reports from Nos. 7 and 37, and from Camp No. 3, and says: "The Lodges and Camp are in a prosperous condition. You will see by our reports that we increase in numbers, and I can assure you that we take none but No. 1 men for members."

Bro. Biggs, D.D.G.M., of No. 8 (Council Bluffs), sends reports and says: "Sioux City Lodge is prospering finely. Council Bluffs Lodge is making from one to six per week—up this week to 99. Next week, I think, we will be up to 106, and am pretty sure we will number 125 by the 1st of July next." This Lodge re-organized in July, 1867. This is doing well for a two year old Lodge.

Washington Lodge, No. 1, has an initiation next Lodge evening. We average two or three a month. We cannot keep up with some other Lodges. Our attendance, however, is good, and we try and make our Lodge meetings interesting—have original and selected pieces and orations read by the Brothers of the Lodges, and we anticipate having a celebration on the 26th day of April next. Our Camp here (Eureka, No. 2) is getting along very well—had an initiation on Friday evening last.

BURLINGTON, February 13, 1869.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, January 28, 1869.

Editor Companion: You are requested, by resolution of Julian Lodge, No. 12, of this city, to notify the Order that James O. Hildebrand has been expelled by this Lodge for swindling. He has no card issued by this Lodge, is about twenty-six years of age, a small, heavy-set man, and a fluent talker. When last heard from, he was in St. Louis. His story there was that he had been engaged in lead-mining in Dubuque, and that his father was now a resident of our city.

It gives me pleasure to be able to inform you, that the Lodges of Dubuque are all doing well. They are: Harmony, No. 2; Schiller, No. 11; Julian, No. 12, and Dubuque, No. 127. No. 11 and 127 are German Lodges.

(For the Secretary.) N. H. SCHILLING, N.G.

TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA.

Editor Companion: Since my last communication, I have visited several cities and towns in the sunny South—among others, Atlanta, Macon, and Griffin, in the State of Georgia, where, I am happy to say, I found the Order doing remarkably well, considering their losses, and the difficulties the Brethren have labored under from the effects of the late war. Every where I go, I find the same pure spirit of Friendship and Love hovering over the altar fires, welding stronger and firmer the great social chain that binds together the great Brotherhood of Odd Fellowship. I am also glad to find at most places that I visit, that the COMPANION is occupying the attention of the Brethren more or less, in conjunction with other publications which are laboring to disseminate the great principles of fraternal peace and love; and it is an established fact, that where you find the most readers of these publications, there you will find the most intelligent and best posted Odd Fellows; and I make it a point upon every favorable opportunity to urge upon the members the propriety of subscribing for one or more of these journals, assuring them

that in no other way can they become so well acquainted with the great objects of our institution, or of its rapid growth and prosperity, as they can through the columns of the COMPANION, or other works published under the auspices of our beloved Order. And I am glad to know that the circulation of these publications is increasing rapidly all over the country.

Since the 5th of January—at which time I came to Memphis in company with our Grand Sire (who, by the by, was received and entertained by the Brethren here as one whom they loved to honor)—I have given the Order here some considerable attention; and I do assure you that in no part of our great vineyard are the principles of Odd Fellowship better understood and acted upon; and as a result of this appreciation and understanding, the Order stands second to none in moral strength, as well as in the enjoyment of the highest state of prosperity. There are two good Lodges—Memphis, No. 6, and Chickasaw, No. 8—who, together with Gayoso Encampment, No. 3, jointly own what is known as one of the most prominent buildings in the city, the Odd Fellows' Hall; a good, substantial structure, all of which is under rent, except the Lodge-room in the third story, and which is one of the most beautiful Lodge-rooms I have ever seen. The property is valued at one hundred thousand dollars, and is out of debt.

On the 20th of January, I had the honor of assisting in the institution of the first Rebekah Degree Lodge in this State. It is named RUTH LODGE, No. 1. The charter for it was granted at the late session of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee. The petitioners, headed by Bro. Jesse P. Prescott, P.G., who was the prime mover in the matter, and to whom belongs the honor of bringing the subject to the notice of the Grand Lodge, and through whose efforts the Lodge has become an established fact, accompanied by some thirty members and their wives, assembled at the Hall on the evening before mentioned, and after the conferring of the Rebekah Degree, and some appropriate remarks by Bro. B. Bingham, D.D.G.M., the Lodge was duly instituted by said officer; after which the following officers were duly elected and installed: J. P. Prescott, N.G.; Mrs. J. M. Littlefield, V.G.; J. E. Russell, Secretary; H. D. Connell, Treasurer; Mrs. J. P. Prescott and Mrs. Marcus Jones, R. and L.S. to the N.G.; and Mrs. O. F. Prescott and Mrs. Jno. Beamish, R. and L.S. to the V.G.; W. S. Bruce, Warden; John Johnson, Conductor; John Beamish, I.G.; and Thomas Bacon, O.G.

Here, then, is the beginning of a new feature in our beloved Order, and from the favorable auspices under which it starts on its mission of charity and love, I have no doubt it will be the means of doing much good in alleviating the wants of the needy and distressed, and in strengthening the social ties that bind them together in the sacred bond of Brotherhood. May their most sanguine wishes be realized, is the sincere prayer of their Brother and friend,

W. CHIDSEY.

Michigan Department.

THE DUTY OF ODD FELLOWS—THE BALLOT-BOX, ETC.

The duty of an Odd Fellow is two-fold. It is his duty to live the principles and precepts taught by the Order, that his membership shall not become a reproach upon the institution and upon his Brethren, who have, in a measure, to bear the sins of the offending member. His moral life and conduct should be above reproach in all the walks of life. He should be temperate in all things. He should be just in all things. In this way, he works most effectually for the upbuilding of the Order. If his life is not upright, if he is double-dealing, tricky, dishonest, immoral, he at once becomes a target for the arrows of the profane who try to see no good in our great Brotherhood. He is at once singled out as a "specimen Odd Fellow," and the whole Order is held responsible for his wayward course.

It is the duty of every member who does not intend to illustrate the principles of Odd Fellowship by his daily walk with his fellow-men, to withdraw from the Order—and he will do this if he has a moiety of honor in his composition. If he refuses to take this course, the Lodge should protect the Order and itself by expulsion, after all the means and influences within the Order have been exhausted for his reformation.

There is one great danger in the present unprecedented prosperity of the Order—the danger of admitting improper members. It is much easier to keep out a doubtful character, than to shoulder his conduct in the Order; or to get him out after he is admitted.

In this connection, a word about the ballot-box, and the privilege of members. The sacredness of the ballot-box must ever be maintained in the Lodge room. It is the safe-guard of the Order—the vital protection.

We sometimes recommend candidates whom we know are every way fit to become our associates in the Order; but some one who has not drank in the true spirit and interest of Odd Fellowship, has a personal pique against our candidate, and will vote a black ball, while at the same time he knows full well that the candidate is a man of honor who would be an ornament to the Order. We cannot help this, and must endure it, because we must claim the privilege of the black ball when a candidate applies whom we know to be *unfit* to join the Lodge. The Odd Fellow who uses the black ball for mere personal revenge against a candidate whom, in his heart, he knows is fit to be one of our Order, only plants remorse in his own bosom—he belittles himself in his own eyes. Such a man is always conscious that he is not "an Odd Fellow in spirit and in truth," but a hypocrite, doing a mean thing under the cloak of our benevolent and charitable Order.

If we are sufficiently cautious, but rarely will such men become members, and we shall not often

have causes to regret the full power of the secret ballot.

We meet upon a common level in the Lodge room, where "party and sect" have no part or lot, and we should there meet void of all feelings of personal envy, jealousy, or revenge—as brothers of one great fraternity with one common object in view, willing to receive the aid and co-operation of all proper persons to be admitted to our circle—as members of the human family, acknowledging alike one Creator and Father of all. The Lodge room is the place where kindly feelings should be cultivated—where friendly relations should be extended, and where "Friendship, Love and Truth" should blend into the promotion of the great philanthropic aims and ends of our Order—the elevation of the character of man—the making of the world better than it is now—the promotion of human happiness.

The last session of our Grand Lodge demonstrated that that body is becoming unwieldy, and hence amendments were proposed to the constitution reducing the ratio of representation, or rather enlarging it, to one representative to eighty members, instead of fifty as now. The amendment pending last year to virtually adopt the Ohio plan of Districts and District Deputies, was not adopted, but renewed for action next year. As an indication of our prosperity, I may state that for the session of 1868, the mileage and per diem paid was \$732, at \$1 per day. At the session this year, at \$2 per day, it was over \$1,270. The amount of assets last year was about \$3,000, this year, over \$4,700. We have now about 6,000 members in this jurisdiction. An effort is to be made to build a hall in this city.

PAST GRAND.

DETROIT, February 14, 1869.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The regular semi-annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was held at Odd Fellows Hall, Boston, February 4. The attendance of representatives and visitors was unusually large, there being present upward of three hundred Brethren.

The Grand Master's report gave some interesting facts relative to the Order in this jurisdiction. The increase in membership and funds he reported as highly gratifying to the friends of the Order. He had found, in the various Lodges visited since the last communication, an unusual degree of interest in the success of Odd Fellowship among the Brethren; and the harmony and good fellowship was extremely gratifying. Two new halls had been dedicated—one at Lawrence and the other at Georgetown.

The Treasurer's report gave a very satisfactory exhibit of the pecuniary condition of the Grand Lodge. After meeting all its liabilities, there was found to be a gain of \$1,834.75 for the past six months.

From the Grand Secretary's report, it appears that during the past six months there has been an in-

crease of membership in the Commonwealth to the number of 315. Two new Lodges have been instituted during the term, and the total membership in the State is now 8,226. A large sum has been expended for charities during the term.

Petitions were received for new Lodges in Haverhill, Hyde Park, and Manchester, and for the reinstatement of Lodges at Methuen and Jamaica Plain.

Sixty Past Grands appeared and were instructed in the Grand Lodge Degrees.

It was decided that the fiftieth anniversary of Odd Fellowship, which occurs on the 26th of April next, will be celebrated in Boston. On that occasion, there will, in addition to a public parade of the Order, be an oration by Past Grand Master H. F. Garey, of Baltimore, and a poem by B. P. Shillaber, of Boston. The celebration, it is expected, will be a very imposing one, and calculated to enhance the interests of the Order throughout the Commonwealth.

The Lodge adjourned at one o'clock for dinner, which was served up in the building. At two o'clock the Lodge was called to order. The only business of a public character transacted was the selection of Boston as the next place of meeting of the Grand Lodge in August. The Lodge adjourned *sine die* at about six o'clock.

NEW ORLEANS—EXORBITANT EXPENSES.

A southern climate certainly presents many disagreeable features to a resident within its influence; but it is pleasant to be able, on this 25th day of January, 1869, to write in a room without a fire, and with open windows. While the homes of your readers are surrounded by snow and ice, we have commenced to remove our heating-apparatus for the season—that is, those of us who have the fortune to own such articles of luxury; for not all are enabled to find rest and recreation after the hard day's work by the warm fire-side.

The mild winter has been a great blessing for our poor widows, whose ability to earn the small pittance they receive for their toil depends upon the weather, and who, with sore hearts, count the cold, rainy days that stop their work, while food is as necessary as ever.

Notwithstanding the relief paid to their widows and orphans almost exhausts the resources of some Lodges, yet the amount paid for this purpose will bear no comparison to the sums which seem to be required for expenses. Here a reform has become necessary. Our entire system must become more simple, so that all elective officers perform their duties without pay. The Lodges in New Orleans alone pay the sum of three thousand dollars annually for the services of officers. How much good could not be done with this money? An orphan's home and school will then only be realized when the Brothers become accustomed to simplicity, and greet with approbation every change that is intended to promote economy.

E. RIVE.

NEW ORLEANS, January 25, 1869.

Missouri Department.

ST. LOUIS REBEKAH ASSOCIATION.

On Friday, February 5th, the North St. Louis Daughters of Rebekah Benevolent Association was fully reorganized by election of permanent officers, viz.: Mrs. J. B. Evans, President; Mrs. W. H. Woodward, V. P.; Mrs. G. S. Bradley, Secretary; Mrs. T. H. Haywood, Treasurer; Mrs. H. Diers, T. W. Seymore, G. Coch, and G. R. Rice, were elected Directors. Bros. Thomas W. Seymore and Henry Diers were appointed Councilors.

This Association starts under favorable auspices, and will build up a good name for the Order of which they are efficient co-laborers. The Brethren of the North St. Louis Lodges owe it to themselves to see that the Daughters are fully supplied with the necessary funds and articles to accomplish their work, and also to aid them by their attendance and advice at the regular meetings.

AMONG THE LODGES.

The several Lodges of the city visited seem to be prospering. Home, No. 158, (a significant name), though young, is doing well, and the members manifest an interest in their Lodge by prompt attendance. Cosmos, No. 196, the baby Lodge, is increasing in numbers, but not at the expense of the Order, as their list of rejections will testify. Though the smallest in numbers, they take more COMPANIONS than any other Lodge in the city, and it will not hurt them, either. Concordia is all right. Golden Rule the same, while Schiller and Jefferson follow suit, but a little more time devoted to the Good of the Order would improve them. When there is no initiation or Lodge business of a special character, short speeches in reference to the Order and its mission would be productive of good, and add interest to their meetings.

LODGE VISITS.

The long evenings have induced several of the Lodges to visit their friends. Home Lodge, No. 158, called upon their mother—no, not exactly their mother, but their great grandmother—Traveler's Rest, No. 1. The old lady was so pleased and delighted, that she resolved (and requested the Home to accompany her) on a visit to No. 138. No. 1, though old in years, is active and lively, and keeps up to the spirit of the times. The officers are kept well drilled for perfection in the work. A commendable practice also exists with them of having an intermission each meeting for the interchange of fraternal greeting, by which all the members become acquainted with each other better than in many other city Lodges—a good practice to copy.

Home Lodge, as a dutiful child, accepted the invitation of Traveler's Rest Lodge, and on Tuesday evening Pride of the West found their hall well filled. After most of the business was transacted, a tremendous noise was heard from the stairs, and soon Missouri, No. 11, and Laclede, No. 22, as a surprise party, announced themselves and requested

admission. To report all that was said and done with four visiting Lodges at one time, is more than I can do—but every Odd Fellow who takes the *COMPANION* (and they all should do it) can show this to his wife, and it will explain why they got home at so late an hour.

ANNIVERSARY.

Pride of the West Lodge, No. 138, on the 6th of February, celebrated their ninth anniversary in their usual manner. The meeting was called to order by Brother H. W. Linderman, N.G. Several short addresses were delivered, when all adjourned to the supper table, expressly prepared for the guests. I don't know how some of the speeches were relished; but I do know that the supper suited all, and was lively encoored by a tremendous rattle of the necessary utensils used in disposing of it. When all were satisfied, as they must have been, the enlivening notes of a good string band were heard in an adjoining hall, where the younger portion soon congregated (yes, and the old ones also) and enjoyed themselves until "broad daylight in the morning."

The Order in St. Louis are making extensive arrangements for the coming anniversary, and intend that it shall be celebrated in a manner suitable to the occasion. Invitations are being distributed far and near, inviting the Brotherhood to attend. A public procession, speeches, and a banquet at the Southern Hotel, are part of the arrangements. Visitors will meet with a cordial reception.

CARONDELET.

This Lodge (Carondelet, No. 114) is in good working order, with the right material for success. They have a nice Lodge-room, well fitted up, and manifest an interest to advance the institution. The number of subscribers there for the *COMPANION* testifies that they desire information, and I am informed that its pages afford them some light, and that nightly selections are read from its columns. A good example to imitate.

ENCAMPMENTS.

Last month I left off after speaking of Mound City. On a visit, since, to St. Louis Encampment, No. 13, after introduction on Card, I was warmly greeted, and also somewhat censured by the C.P., for my seeming neglect in not calling on them while sojourning here. If they forgive me this time, I will try to be more attentive hereafter. During the evening the Patriarchal and Royal Purple Degrees were conferred—the latter especially in an intelligent manner to me, if it *was* performed in German. This Encampment needs no instruction in the work, or how to confer the Degrees.

On the evening of the 14th of February, Washington Encampment, No. 24, was visited by Nos. 14 and 19. The Golden Rule Degree was conferred in a becoming manner. Several remarks attested the interest felt by the speakers in this branch of our Order, and with such work it must prosper. The Odd Fellows of this section are alive, and intend to be second to none. So mote it be.

Geo. F. Adams.

Ohio Department.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

R. W. G. L. OF OHIO, OFFICE OF GRAND MASTER, MILFORD, OHIO, February 2, 1869.

To the Officers and Members of the I. O. O. F. of Ohio:

BROTHERS: Whereas, at the last session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, it was resolved that the Grand Lodges under the jurisdiction of that R. W. Grand Body, and their Subordinates, be and they are hereby recommended to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, on the 26th day of April next, the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Odd Fellowship in America.

Therefore, in accordance with the above resolution, I, James A. Semple, Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Ohio, do hereby fraternally recommend that the semi-centennial anniversary of our Order in the United States be celebrated by the several Subordinates of this jurisdiction, in such a manner as to them may seem best calculated to promote the interests of our Order.

A half century ago a few good men united together in the City of Baltimore, and formed the nucleus of a society which, for purity of its principles, strength of its beneficence, and grandeur of its progress, challenges the admiration of the civilized world.

No sooner was the watchword sounded, than its peaceful echoes commenced reverberating throughout the land. They floated westward, as if carried by the breeze, crossed our rivers and broad prairies, climbed the slope of our Sierras, and swept downwards to the golden shores of the Pacific, and to-day no Brother within the limits of our civilization is beyond its benign influence. This is the work of a half century—this is Odd Fellowship—this is the day we celebrate.

Make the exercises worthy of the day. Let our wives and our children and our friends unite with us, and, with anthems of peace and good will, let us show that we appreciate the past, and are prepared to emulate it in the future.

Yours, fraternally,

JAMES A. SEMPLE, *Grand Master.*

ELECTION OF GRAND OFFICERS.

Grand Master Jas. A. Semple will please accept our thanks for early information of the result of the election for Grand Officers. The votes—which are polled in the Lodges during the last meeting in December—were counted by a committee of Past Grands on the 16th of February, and gave the following result:

JAMES TURNER, Dayton, Grand Master.

WM. A. MCINTOSH, Cleveland, Deputy Grand Master.

JAS. A. ARMSTRONG, Cincinnati, Grand Warden.

WM. C. EARL, Toledo, Grand Secretary.

GEO. D. WINCHELL, Cincinnati, Grand Treasurer.

BELDEN SKYMOUR, Cleveland, Grand Representative.

AMENDMENTS PENDING BEFORE THE GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its session in Marietta, during the second week of the coming May, will have to consider fourteen propositions to amend its laws.

There are apparently eight propositions to amend the Constitution of the Grand Lodge.

Representative McMurdie desires to amend Section 3 of Article I, so as to make D.D. Grand Masters of all the Representatives. He does not propose, however, to amend the Section which prescribes that the Grand Master *shall* appoint such officers in each District; nor does he provide for those cases where a District has two or more Representatives; the adoption of the amendment would therefore be liable to give us two or more Deputies in each District, and might lead to considerable conflict of authority.

Representative Davids, according to the printed proceedings, wants to amend Article III, Section 5, of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, by striking out "twenty" and inserting "twenty-five." We rather think Bro. Davids meant to ask for a change of Section 5 of Article IX of the Constitution of Subordinate Lodges, the effect of which would be to make the minimum funeral benefit twenty-five instead of twenty dollars.

Representatives Davids and Keim each propose to raise the salary of the Grand Secretary from \$1200 to \$1500; which amendment should become a law. The Grand Secretary is the permanent officer of the Grand Lodge; his judgment and discretion will always exercise a very great influence for weal or woe; the financial affairs of the Grand Lodge, so far as current receipts and expenses are concerned, are practically left entirely in his hands; and the Order in Ohio can certainly afford to pay him as large a salary as an ordinary book-keeper can command in any of our larger business houses.

Representative Jordan, according to the printed minutes, proposes to strike out all after the word "officers," in the first line of Article V, to the words "the Grand Master," in the fifth line, and insert "for the ensuing term shall be made in open Grand Lodge." We presume he intended to amend Section 5 of Article IV; his object being to cause the nomination of Grand Officers in open Grand Lodge, instead of according to the present mode.

Representative Deuel proposes to amend Section 1 of Article V by striking out the words "to the Noble Grand of each Lodge." The effect of the change would be, that hereafter the P.W's would be forwarded to District Deputies only, and not to Noble Grands, as now.

The same Brother proposes to strike out the word "elected," in the last line of Section 1, Article XII—a verbal amendment.

Representative Dowdall proposes the most important of all these amendments—to change the present method of raising the revenue of the Grand Lodge by substituting for Article XI:

"Sec. 1. The revenue of the Grand Lodge shall consist of the fees for charters, and such tax, per capita, upon the members of Subordinate Lodges, as the Grand Lodge shall, by a vote of two-thirds of the Representatives, adopt at each session—which amount shall be transmitted to the Grand Lodge by each Subordinate Lodge at the close of each term, and accompanying the semi-annual reports."

Thus levying a tax according to the number of

members, and placing it in the power of the Grand Lodge to regulate the amount of taxation according to their needs. It is true that the present law permits Lodges to compute their percentage upon the minimum amount allowed by law to be received for initiation, dues, and degrees; so that, practically, a per capita tax is paid now, if the calculations of the Permanent Secretary are correct; but the Grand Secretary has no means of ascertaining whether this is the case or not. Should the proposed amendment be adopted, the only calculation necessary would be a simple multiplication of the number of members by the rate of tax levied, and an error would be almost impossible, while equality of taxation would be secured beyond peradventure.

The proposed amendments of the Constitution of Subordinate Lodges are:

By Representative McMurdie, a substitute for Section 1 of Article VII, requiring that at least one month shall elapse after the conferring of one Degree before another Degree can be conferred upon the same party; that no Brother can receive more than one Degree in one evening; and making knowledge of the Degrees received a necessary qualification for further advancement.

The same Brother desires to add a clause to Section 2 of Article XIV, providing that if, after proper notice, etc., to an accused member, all parties are at the appointed time ready and willing to proceed to trial, they may do so—a proviso that to us seems superfluous.

Representative Ellis proposes to amend Section 3 of Article VI by providing that in the case treated of there one-fourth of the members present must deposit black balls to reject a candidate.

Representative Deardorff moves to amend Section 9 of Article IX by adding "unless such oversight requires manual labor." Will the addition change the meaning of the Section as desired by the Brother?

Representative Davids wants Section 1 of Article XXI amended by inserting after the words "District Grand Committee," the words "to be effected within thirty days from day of trial," thereby limiting the time during which an appeal may be taken from the action of a Lodge.

Representative Dowdall proposes a substitute for Section 1 of Article X, in order to harmonize the Constitution of Subordinates with his proposed amendment to the Grand Lodge Constitution.

Representative Theodore Jones offers a substitute for Section 2 of Article XIV, which differs from the old Section mainly in providing that in trials before Lodges, the testimony of witnesses shall be taken in writing before a committee of three, to be appointed for that purpose, and read before the Lodge, instead of being taken orally in open Lodge, as now. We question the wisdom of the proposed change; the looks and manner of witnesses are of too great importance in determining the value of their testimony.

VISIT TO LANCASTER.

On Thursday, the 11th of February, Capitol Encampment, No. 6, accompanied by Patriarchs from Johanan, No. 57, of Dublin, and Concordia, No. 96, of Columbus, paid a fraternal visit to Hockhocking Encampment, No. 28, at Lancaster. An extra train was chartered on the Hocking Valley Railroad, opened quite recently, which conveyed over three hundred Brothers. In Lancaster they were received at the depot by No. 28, and marched to the City Hall, headed by Voglesang's Band.

A large number of Patriarchs from Mineral Encampment, No. 91, at Logan, from Circleville, and other points, were present. Three candidates received the Sublime Degrees, the officers of No. 28, No. 91, and No. 6, each taking charge of one Brother. The work of Hockhocking and Mineral Encampments is spoken of with high praise.

After conclusion of Encampment work, and short remarks by a number of Brothers, the visitors partook of a magnificent banquet, furnished by Hockhocking Encampment, at the Mithoff House, and arrived at Columbus at three o'clock the next morning. At the next meeting of Capitol Encampment the following appropriate resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the thanks of this Encampment are sincerely tendered to the officers and members of Hockhocking Encampment, No. 28, at Lancaster, for the very cordial reception and sumptuous entertainment given us on the occasion of our visit to their tent on Thursday evening, February 11, 1869; and we hereby invite the members of Hockhocking Encampment to come and rest beneath our tent, and partake of our hospitality, at any time of their own choosing; assuring them that they will receive a fraternal Patriarchal welcome."

CINCINNATI.

Editor Companion: Knowing that you would be pleased to hear how the Order is flourishing in the Queen City of the West, I thought I would send you a few items.

Mahketewah Encampment, No. 32, celebrated its anniversary on the evening of the 8th of January. It was all the members could desire. Joy and happiness reigned supreme. Since its institution, this Camp has received—

For Degrees.....	\$8,464 80
For deposit of Card.....	223 25
For Dues.....	22,490 43
From all other sources.....	9,621 80

Total..... \$38,800 28

The disbursements were—

Weekly Benefits	\$11,223 73
Funeral Benefits.....	1,080 00
Expenses.....	19,520 57
Donations.....	140 00
Widows	170 00
	32,134 30

On hand January 1, 1869..... \$6,665 98

Queen City Lodge, No. 229, installed her officers for this term in public. The hall was tastefully decorated, and crowded to its utmost capacity. Jno. W. Carter, our Grand Representative, officiated as Grand Master; and he filled the position to the ad-

miration of all. R. B. Innes, P.G. (the worker), did as well as he always does. After installation, the beautiful Degree of Rebekah was conferred upon the wives of thirteen members, Bro. Carter again acting as N.G. J. A. Armstrong, P.G., as V.G., delivered his charge in a very impressive manner. He is becoming very popular as a man and an officer.

Some of the members, with an eye to business, gave a little dance after the conclusion of the work, and were able to present the handsome sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to the widow of a deceased Brother, as the proceeds of the entertainment.

The officers of Northwestern Lodge were installed by Grand Representative Daniel Fithian, and of course he performed the duties of N.G. with success. Grand High Priest James Maguire assisted as V.G. Of course he did that part of the programme to perfection, but he forgot to perform a certain part that was anticipated.

Our sister Lodge, Noah's Dove, of Covington, Kentucky, met on the 20th to confer the Degree of Rebekah on the wives of some of their enterprising and appreciative members. They ought to feel proud of their hall; it is quite handsome, and made a good appearance with its decorations and emblems. Grand Representative Jno. W. Carter officiated as N.G. I think he improves every time I listen to him. The Degree conveys a very beautiful lesson, and he must sympathize with its beautiful truths, or he could not render it so impressively and pathetically. Jas. A. Armstrong, P.G., occupied the chair of the V.G. Although it was a disagreeable night and a long walk, we were so well pleased with the visit that we unanimously agreed to go again, whenever we had an invitation.

UBIQUITY.

THE GRAND PATRIARCH AT CARDINGTON.—Pursuant to notice of Grand Patriarch James Turner, a special meeting of Whetstone Encampment, No. 95, was held on the 26th of January, at which time Bro. Turner was present, and gave instructions.

Three Brothers received the Patriarchal, Golden Rule, and Royal Purple Degrees. All the Brothers present were well pleased with Bro. Turner's mode of conferring the Degrees. We feel that our Encampment must take new life under the modifications and instructions of Bro. Turner. Too much praise cannot be given to him for his arduous labors in visiting the Encampments of Ohio. Some of the Brothers came ten and twelve miles, and all considered themselves well paid for their trouble.

E. M. CONELIN.

PUTNAM.—The following resolution was acted upon favorably by Woodlawn Lodge, No. 228, at its last meeting, which I send you, as it may probably stimulate other Lodges to do likewise:

"Resolved, That our Representative is hereby instructed to use his influence with the Grand Lodge of Ohio to have that body instruct its Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States to use their influence to have the law in regard to jewels repealed, and the aprons restored."

Woodlawn has been working harmoniously for the good of the Order and our fellow-men. Many poor widows in the vicinity have reason to bless the Order for what material aid it has rendered them.

We have not been as successful as some of our sister Lodges in receiving new members; but those who have joined our band are of the best, and will shine brightly in their new characters in the years to come.

The recent order compelling us to procure jewels has caused much discussion, and it is the firm belief of a majority of our members that the use of ornaments does not add to the usefulness of the Order, or carry out the principles upon which it stands. Many Lodges, after having extended the open hand of Charity to the poor and needy in their vicinity, have little means and less inclination to order thirty or fifty dollars' worth of jewels. JOS. SHAW.

BEVERLY.—It has long been apparent to every candid, observing mind, that Beverly Lodge, No. 84, is one of the fixed, firm, and sound institutions of this place. We now have a membership of one hundred and one, and three applications to be acted upon at the next stated meeting of the Lodge. Some of the most influential men in the community belong to or are seeking admission into our Lodge.

The officers elected at the last stated meeting in December were: J. H. Jordon, N.G.; T. E. Clark, V.G.; M. B. Johnson, Secretary; James Cooney, Permanent Secretary; T. W. Preston, Treasurer: all of whom were installed by S. H. Jewett, P.G. The officers have resolved to dispense with the use of books, and are diligently engaged in committing to memory what is necessary for a faithful discharge of their duties.

We expect to apply to the Grand Encampment at its next session for a charter for an Encampment to be located at Beverly. We have a list of thirty-three Fifth Degree members, besides those already belonging to an Encampment, who are ready to join it when instituted. S. H. JEWETT.

BETHEL.—Our present officers are: James Deel, N.G.; Phil. South, V.G.; G. W. Merrill, Secretary; G. W. Crane, Permanent Secretary; Jas. Tatman, Treasurer. Within the last few weeks of the quarter just closed, we have had a number of initiations, and we are glad now to report our Lodge on the increase. We hope to be out of debt soon. The building of our new three-story building put us behind some, but with the principles of Odd Fellowship stamped on the brows and in the hearts of Brothers as it should be, and as I now think it soon will be, we will be in a prosperous condition.

PHIL. SOUTH.

MT. HEALTHY.—I am pleased to record that the principles of our noble fraternity are steadily moving forward, with a determined purpose on the part of the membership that none but such as are creditable by their own moral worth can retain membership

or become connected with our Lodge. I assure you we are alive to the principles of Odd Fellowship; and what we lack in numbers we expect to more than overbalance in material. I think we have, for the first time since this Lodge was instituted, become alive to the responsibility we owe the community by the assertion that *we war against vice in all its forms*. I wish I was able to furnish you with a copy of an earnest appeal made in that behalf at our last Lodge meeting by our worthy member, Joseph F. Wright, P.G. (our able Representative to the Grand Lodge), who is one of the few men that have made Odd Fellowship and humanity a life-study, and labored in the cause for the benefit of their many friends.

W. C. CAPPELLER.

AKRON.—Summit Lodge, No. 50, is in good working order. The meetings are well attended, and good interest manifested. We number 148 members, and a number of applications handed in at our last meeting. I find the COMPANION all, and even more, than you promised in your prospectus, and can hardly see how any Brother can do without it who has looked through one number. B. F. WHEELER.

CHURCHILL LODGE is in a prosperous condition at present, and is looking forward to a time when we shall have a new hall. This, we think, is not far in the future. J. W. O'N.

TRACES OF A SECRET SOCIETY IN SPANISH AMERICA.

No doubt exists in my mind that a secret society similar to Odd Fellowship flourished hundreds of years before Thomas Wildey laid the foundations for that glorious structure. I have myself found traces of it, and will here endeavor to tell how and where.

While the late war was in progress, my business took me repeatedly to Havana. When there the third time, having long been severed from all connection with my relatives and friends, I went to the post office, only to be disappointed by failing to receive any letters from home. Sad and dispirited, I took a seat on the Plaza des Armas, discouraged that I was again compelled to leave the island without news from home. While in this mood, my attention was attracted by the sculptured image of an open hand, with a heart in its palm, engraved on the pedestal of the statue in the center of the plaza. What was the meaning of this symbol in this place? The monument, representing a Spanish monarch, was erected during the last century. Why did the skilled workman place the heart in hand upon the monument? Why separate it, apparently for some special purpose, from the inscription?

The idea soon struck me that here must be a trace of a secret society, existing in times long past, who used this sign as one of their symbols; and my researches in pursuance of that thought were rewarded by repeated discoveries of the same symbol.

Near Truxillo, Honduras, on the road from the city to the Indian village, I found the same symbol engraved on the east side of a large stone, repre-

senting a coffin. Although the effects of time were beginning to wear away the more delicate lines, the fingers and the heart could still be very distinctly seen. I have often rested on this stone, for from here you have an excellent view of the entire bay, bounded on the right by Cape Honduras, where Columbus first set foot on the main land of the newly found continent; on the left by Ruatan Island; and in the center by Bannacea. The background is a magnificent landscape, surrounded by high mountains and a chain of hills that reaches down close to the sea. I know of nothing that I can compare to the Bay of Truxillo, except the Bay of Naples.

The padre of Truxillo, whose position as priest was not sufficiently lucrative to support him, carried on a trade with cocoa-nuts and oil, and this more worldly occupation often brought me in contact with him. When I mentioned my discovery to him, he informed me that, according to tradition, the large coffin-shaped stone was placed there by Columbus himself, in memory of one of his most trusty adherents, whom he lost on that spot. The stone-coffin is certainly at least three hundred years old. The padre, who certainly is no Odd Fellow, and very likely has no knowledge even of the existence of such an organization, informed me that he had repeatedly found the heart and hand represented, but always upon structures that had an age of hundreds of years; and he thought that this symbol originated with a society that existed in Spain at and subsequent to the time of Columbus. In support of this theory, the padre showed me portions of letters which had been written in 1500, and in which the "los Hernanos curiosos" of the mother-country were urged to come to the newly-discovered continent, where alone they could fulfill their obligations, and need not be afraid of discovery.

A hunting expedition, undertaken at a later date to supply my schooner with some delicacies, took me, after several hours of most tedious climbing and creeping, to a small plateau, surrounded by high rocks, and almost roofed in by immense creepers. Seating myself, gun in hand, upon the giant trunk of a fallen tree, I examined my surroundings. Nothing indicated that a human foot had ever before trodden this spot; and I was following up the train of thought suggested by this idea, when a guana, probably disturbed by my presence, startled me by gliding away into the wilderness. I crept after the lizard in the hope of its capture, when I suddenly came upon a hard impediment, which, to my astonishment, turned out to be a brick wall. Farther on, I noticed several fractions of what had been pillars, and finally found a wall two feet high, which had served once to protect a well. I had evidently come upon the ruins of a large building, which had been destroyed by an earthquake. Every thing was so completely covered by vegetation of every variety—trees of so large a size had grown up among the ruins—that at least a hundred years must have passed since the building was destroyed. My search for inscriptions was without result, until

I removed the covering from the walls of the well, and was gratified to find close to the ground a stone-plate, on which portions of a sculptured hand could be seen. After more fully freeing the stone from soil and vegetation, the entire heart and hand came in view. This stone was about a foot square, and the sculptured symbol, as in former instances, was turned toward the rising sun, indicating thus a similarity of intention on the part of the builders, although the one in Truxillo, Honduras, must have been at least a hundred and fifty years older than the one in Havana.

In the evening, while drinking a cup of chocolate with the padre of Truxillo, I told him of my discoveries. He said that the "Hernanos curiosos" evidently had been a society, whose purposes were very different from those of the Spanish soldiery, who thought of nothing but conquest and destruction; for every structure of public utility carried the mark of the heart and hand. They must have been men who endeavored to rule through brotherly love, and who did not forget the public good. The grand aqueducts, the stone-fences around the largest fields, which are in good condition to-day, show that they must have practiced the doctrine of mutual assistance. The padre thought that it must have seemed odd to those not in the secret, that the members of this association could understand each other by signs, and that this fact probably gave origin to their name "curiosos." He knew of no other explanation of the contents of the old letters above referred to.

E. RIVE.

NEW ORLEANS, January, 1869.

LODGE VISITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

FORT WILKINS, MICH., January 23, 1869.

Editor Companion: The nearest Lodge to this post is Keeweenaw Lodge, No. 82, at Eagle Harbor, Michigan, and that one is seventeen miles up the lake. On the 9th of this month, I paid a visit to that Lodge, and twelve miles of the seventeen I had to travel on snow shoes, which I found was not very pleasant traveling. Nevertheless, I enjoyed myself very well while I was there.

I am a member of Carlisle Lodge, No. 91, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

C. A. BURKHOLDER,
Sergeant 43d Infantry.

ALABAMA.

MOBILE, February 8, 1869.

Editor Companion: The Grand Lodge and Grand Camp of this State held their annual sessions in this city during the present week, closing their labors on last Friday. The communications were very interesting, most of the jurisdictions being represented, and considerable business was gone through with. The official reports, in the aggregate, show a slight increase in membership, with the resurrection and putting to work of five of the sleepers, and the institution of one new Camp. We think now, in view of this result, that we have made a long crossing and

dropped in ahead of our misfortunes, and that hereafter our course will be onward.

No noticeable points came up, nor were any decisions of importance submitted. Most of the old officers were re-elected, and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout. All seemed to think that the turning point had been reached, the darkest hour passed, and our bad luck *flanked*—the Representatives going back to their Lodges in the best of spirits. The following were the officers elected:

GRAND LODGE.

W. B. WOOD, Grand Master.
J. H. MATHEWS, Deputy Grand Master.
A. J. VEAL, Grand Warden.
STUART W. CAYCE, Grand Secretary.
GEORGE AITE, Grand Treasurer.
RICHARD E. JONES, Grand Chaplain.
G. ZWEINIGER, Grand Marshal.
JAMES PATTERSON, Grand Conductor.
EDWARD MAHLER, Grand Guardian.
W. A. SHIELDS, Grand Representative.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

D. W. MCGAUGHEY, Grand Patriarch.
J. G. MCAULEY, Grand High Priest.
J. P. EMRICH, Grand Senior Warden.
M. KELSEN, Grand Junior Warden.
J. H. MATHEWS, Grand Scribe.
JAMES PATTERSON, Grand Treasurer.
G. A. HIPPLEE, Grand Sentinel.
STUART W. CAYCE, Grand Representative.

I will forward the proceedings as soon as received from the hands of the printers, and will drop you another "stick full," should any thing turn up.

ALABAMA.

TEXAS.

Some Brother has kindly furnished us with a copy of the Galveston "Bulletin," giving the names of the Grand Officers elected at the recent sessions of the Grand Bodies of Texas. They are:

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

M. W. YOUNG, Columbus, Grand Patriarch.
JACOB ZIEGLER, Galveston, Grand High Priest.
AARON KING, Galveston, Grand Senior Warden.
G. W. GROVER, Galveston, Grand Scribe.
T. M. JOSEPH, Galveston, Grand Treasurer.
V. FAYROW, Galveston, Grand Junior Warden.
HENRY E. PERKINS, Houston, Grand Representative.

GRAND LODGE.

I. C. STAFFORD, Galveston, Grand Master.
OTIS G. WELCH, Denton, Deputy Grand Master.
G. MCCORMICK, Columbus, Grand Warden.
T. M. JOSEPH, P.G.M., Galveston, Grand Treasurer.

J. N. REED, P.G.M., Galveston, Grand Secretary.
C. H. CHEREER, Columbus, Grand Chaplain.
W. E. BLANTON, Galveston, Grand Marshal.
L. F. DELESDESNIER, Houston, Grand Conductor.
W. T. FOWLER, Anderson, Grand Guardian.
E. A. GROOT, Galveston, Grand Messenger.
WILLARD RICHARDSON, HENRY B. ANDREWS, Galveston, Grand Representatives.

HENRY E. PERKINS, Houston; N. G. SHALLLEY, Austin; B. F. CHRISTIAN, Whitesboro, Grand Lecturers.

The "Bulletin" says:

"We congratulate our fellow-citizens on the honor conferred upon two of them to have a check through the continent on the iron horse, and believe it can be made the occasion of obtaining a vast amount of

useful information as to the road as well as the country through which it passes, and should be seized upon by these gentlemen, who are so favorably known throughout our State, for making a complete and thorough investigation of every matter connected with the great enterprise as would be of interest to our people and tend to facilitate the progress of such works of internal policy so essential to the prosperity of the State. We would suggest that the Chamber of Commerce of our city should confer with these gentlemen, and by placing the means in their power, enable them to secure such information on the trip as would be of service to the Chamber and interesting to the public, relative to the varied matters which are likely on such a journey to attract their attention and be worthy of adoption in our condition, and the effort made to improve thereon. We hope some action will be taken on the subject, as we seldom have such opportunities presented to us to obtain reliable information, and the character of these gentlemen would give additional weight to their reports."

THE GUIDING STAR OF CHARITY.

THE guiding star of Charity,
For ever burning bright,
Shall cheer us on life's troubled sea,
And bless us with its light;
When from the home of childhood's years
Our feet have wandered far,
To glad our hearts and dry our tears
Still shines that guiding star.

Oh! ever does its pure light beam,
Mid hours of care and pain,
To fill the heart with many a dream
Of joy and health again;
The stern disease that countless days
Hath with our life wag'd war,
Is banish'd by the cherish'd rays
Shed by our guiding star.

When friends who shar'd our careless glee
Avoid our sorrowing hours,
The beauteous star of Charity
Around its influence pours;
That beacon-light doth ever shine,
And nought its rays can bar,
But with its changeless smile divine
Still beams our guiding star.

OBITUARY.

DIED—At his residence, on Coal Hill, Preston county, West Virginia, on the 27th of January, 1869, Bro. JOHN BRATT, in the 59th year of his age.

Brother Bratt joined the Order in England, some thirty-five years ago, and has belonged to several Lodges in this country, being at the time of his death a member of Oriol Lodge, No. 20, at Newburg, West Virginia. A committee, consisting of Brothers W. P. Atwood, S. B. Crawford and Joseph Kinnsel, reported the usual resolutions of respect and sympathy, which were unanimously adopted by the Lodge, one copy ordered to be presented to the widow of Bro. Bratt, and another copy sent to the COMPANION for publication.

A COMPLETE LODGE DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS.											
No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.	No	Name.	Location.	Meet'g Night.
2	Alton	Alton	Wed	82	Concord	Concord	Sat	188	New Boston	New Boston	M
3	Clark	Greenville	Sat	83	Amicitia	Naples	M	189	Carmi	Carmi	Th
4	Illini	Jacksonville	Tue	84	Columbus	Columbus	Sat	190	Central	Carthage	Tue
5	Wilkey	Galena	M	85	Dallas	Effingham	Wed	191	Hamilton	M'Leansboro	Fri
6	Sangamon	Springfield	Tue	86	Chosen	Metropolis	Sat	192	Girard	Girard	Fri
9	Union	Chicago	Th		Friends			193	Tranquil	Oquawka	Fri
10	Shawnee	Shawneeto'n.	M	87	Six Mile	Venice	Sat	194	Lena	Lona	M
11	Duane	Chicago	Tue	88	Lacon	Lacon	Th	195	Greenfield	Greenfield	Sat
12	Quincy	Quincy	Tue	89	Tonnaluka	Princeton	Fri	196	Calumet	Chillicothe	Tue
13	Marion	Mt. Vernon	Tue	90	Kickapoo	Charleston	M	197	Polo	Polo	Sat
14	St. Charles	St. Charles	Fri	91	Edgar	Paris	Th	199	Cambridge	Cambridge	
15	Olive Br'ncb	Canton	Fri	92	Arcadia	Arcadia	Sat	200	Schiller	Pekin	Tue
16	Ark.	Beardstown	Tue	93	Hicks	Waverly	Th	202	Litchfield	Litchfield	Fri
17	Galena	Galena	Tue	95	Pittsfield	Pittsfield	Fri	204	Lincoln	Lincoln	Fri
18	Rock Island	Rock Island	M	96	Stark	Toulon	Tue	206	McLean	Lexington	Sat
19	Hebron	Equality	Sat	97	Perry	Tamaroa	Sat	207	Siloam	Delavan	Tue
20	Prairie	Russellville	Sat	98	Olive	Clinton	Tue	208	Onarga	Onarga	
21	Columbia	Peoria	Tue	99	Opal	Grayville	Tue	209	Cortland	Cortland St'n	Th
22	Excelsior	Chicago	Wed	100	Jeoptha	Clayton	Fri	210	Mercer	Keithsburg	Tue
23	Desplaines	Lockport	Th	104	Prairie State	Waynesville	Tue	212	Sandwich	Sandwich	M
24	Friendship	Rushville	Wed	106	Hutsonville	Hutsonville	Wed	213	Orphans'	Xenia	
25	Neilson	Troy	Sat	107	Macoupin	Carlinville	M		Hope		
26	Big Thunder	Belvidere	Tue	108	Metropolit'n	Centralia	Wed	214	Ft Dearborn	Chicago	Tue
27	Powhan	Joliet	Wed	109	Fort Clark	Peoria	M	215	Camp Point	Camp Point	Wed
28	Winneshiek	Freeport	Wed	111	Samaritan	Fairfield	Th	218	Howard	Kankakee	M
29	Winnebago	Rockford	M	112	Astoria	Astoria	Sat			City	
30	Manuel	Lawrenceville	Wed	113	Watchtower	Rock Island		219	Wm. Tell	Joliet	Tue
31	Irardin	Elizabeth	Wed	114	Mount Olive	Salem		220	Travelers'	Gillespie	Sat
32	Jokena	Peru	M	116	Atlanta	Greenup	Sat		Rest		
33	Vabash	Mt. Carmel	Sat	117	Okaw	Shelbyville	Fri	221	Harmonia	Chicago	Wed
34	Jarquetto	Quincy	M	118	Hennepin	Hennepin	Sat	224	Alexander	Cairo	
35	Nashville	Nashville	Tue	119	St. Clair	Lebanon	Wed	226	Scottville	Scottville	Tue
36	Dixon	Dixon	Tue	121	Franklin	Franklin		227	Benevolent	Whitehall	Sat
37	Montgom'ry	Hillsboro	Sat	122	Friends	Vandalia	Tue	230	Hickory	Lane	Th
38	Ottawa	Ottawa	Th	123	Salem	Petersburg	Th		Grove		
39	Madison	Collinsville	Sat	125	Bath	Bath	M	232	Hope	Duquoin	Sat
40	Memento	Farmington	Sat	126	Mt. Pleasant	Santa Anna	Sat	233	Carbondale	Carbondale	Sat
41	Waubonsie	Aurora	Wed	128	Wethersf'd	Kewanee	M	238	Exeter	Exeter	Sat
42	Edw'rdsville	Edwardsville	M	129	Diligence	Princeville		239	Freeport	Freeport	M
43	Covenant	Pekin	Wed	132	Amity	Murphysboro	Sat	241	Southern	Jonesboro	Wed
44	Bethel	Bethel	Sat	134	Martinsville	Martinsville	Tue	242	Williams	Spri'g Garden	Sat
45	Carroll	Mt. Carroll	M	138	Merodisia	Merodisia	Th	243	Urania	Jacksonville	Th
46	Fulton	Lewistown	M	139	Urbana	Urbana	Tue	245	North Fork	Rossville	Th
47	Sparta	Sparta	Tue	141	Glenn	Oswego	Tue	248	Asbury	Long Prairie	Sat
48	Jerseyville	Jerseyville	Th	142	Galesburg	Galesburg	M	249	Sumner	Sumner	Th
49	Empire	Elizabetht'n		143	Mason	Havana	Tue	250	Mound City	Mound City	Tue
50	Chicago	Chicago	M	144	Tazewell	Washington	M	251	Osborn	Richview	Fri
51	Chester	Chester	M	145	Military	Macomb	Tue	252	Homer	Homer	Fri
52	Robert Blum	Chicago	Tue		Tract			253	Farmers'	Mil'ord	
53	Rock River	Rockton	Sat	146	Shawneee	Tyler	Sat	254	Melrose	Melrose	Sat
54	Marshall	Henry	Wed	149	Leroy	Leroy	Th	255	Forest	Wapella	Th
55	Eureka	Marshall	Sat	157	Knoxville	Knoxville	Fri	256	Maquon	Maquon	
56	Decatur	Decatur	Tue	159	Beaucoup	Pinckney'sle	Wed	257	Grove	Morrison	Tue
57	Magnolia	Magnolia	Tue	160	Warren	Monmouth	M	258	Charter Oak	Bunker Hill	Sat
58	Saxon	Virginia	M	161	Newton	Newton	Tue	259	Ridgely	Warren	Wed
59	Danville	Danville	Fri	162	Newark	Newark	Sat	260	Coles Cou'ty	Mattoon	Tue
60	Pioneer	Winchester	Fri	164	Savanna	Savanna	M	262	Pontiac	Pontiac	Th
61	Irene	Versailles	Sat	166	Tevonia	Springfield	Wed	263	New Hope	Blandville	M
62	Pike	Griggsville	M	171	Little Rock	Plano	Sat	265	Herr	Bloomingt'n	Th
63	Iroquois	Watseka	Tue	172	Geneseo	Geneseo	Tue	267	Iris	Millersburg	Sat
64	Star	Morris	Fri	173	Pecatonica	Pecatonica	Sat	268	Rochester	Rochester	Sat
65	Principle	Perry	Th	174	Sterling	Sterling	M	269	Elsah	Elsah	Sat
66	Reme'brance	Bloomingt'n	Tue	176	Logan	Atlanta	Wed	270	Windsor	Windsor	Sat
67	Spoon River	Ellisville	Wed	177	Pocahontas	Pocahontas	Sat	271	Industry	Industry	Wed
68	Vermont	Vermont	Sat	180	Richland	Olney	M	272	Spartan	East Pawpaw	Sat
69	Richview	Richview	Sat	181	S. Somonauk	Somonauk	Sat	273	Flora	Flora	
70	Naperville	Naperville	Th	182	Eshol	Raleigh	Tue	274	Shelby	Moawequa	Th
				184	Abingdon	Abingdon	Fri	275	Mt. Auburn	Mt. Auburn	
				186	Celestial	Decatur	Fri	276	Carbon	DeSoto	Wed





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